OSHO's BIOGRAPHY

NOTE- The extracts in this anthology are taken from Osho's books. They comprise parts of Osho's books in which he refers to himself, his family and friends, and his vision. Osho's books were not written, but are verbatim transcripts of Osho's discourses; darshans, interviews with disciples, visitors, and journalists; letters written by Osho; and personal talks which Osho gave.

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Notes to Reader-

1. The extracts in this compilation are taken from Osho's books. These books were not written by Osho, but are verbatim transcripts of his discourses; darshans (intimate talks with disciples), interviews with

disciples, visitors, and journalists; letters written by Osho; and personal talks which Osho gave. The books are published over a period of thirty years, and many are translations from Hindi books.

2. Because of their diversity of origin, the style of consecutive extracts may vary.

3. Since Osho's words are recorded only since the early 1960's, the earlier part of his life is told in retrospect. After 1960, extracts are more immediate: what Osho says at the time of certain events; his teachings as he develops them; his guidance on meditation as it is given.

4. Osho tells thousands of stories about himself. The selection in this compilation is based on those stories which he most often repeats.

5. Osho's stories were told, not just to entertain, but to illustrate a point, which is also included where possible.

6. Osho requested that his words not be edited, so there is some unavoidable repetition in extracts; especially where Osho talks in one discourse about several periods in his life.

7. Osho explains that he uses very simple everyday language that everyone can understand.

And wherever he uses terminology which may be unfamiliar, he explains it. A glossary is given for words which are not self-evident from the first context in which they appear.

8. Notes are given to help the reader. These are kept to a minimum and are of three kinds: Notes in the text introduce dates and events; footnotes at the bottom of page explain part of the text; notes at the end of the book are additional information. These are mostly in the present tense, as Osho requested.

9. During his life, Osho was known by several names: Raja, as a child; then Rajneesh; Acharya Rajneesh in the 1960's; Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh from 1971; from December 1988

there are four name changes; and from September 1989, he is known simply as 'Osho'. He requested that his name be changed to Osho in all new editions of his books. In this compilation the name Osho is given throughout, except for specific public references to earlier names.

Brief Biography

1931 - 1953 Early Years

December 11,1931: Osho is born in Kuchwada, a small village in the state of Madhya Pradesh, central India.

He is the eldest of eleven children of a Jaina cloth merchant. Stories of His early years describe Him as independent and rebellious as a child, questioning all social, religious and philosophical beliefs. As a youth He experiments with meditation techniques.

March 21, 1953: \o becomes enlightened at the age of twenty-one, while majoring in philosophy at D.N. Jain college in Jabalpur.

1953 - 1956 Education

1956: Osho receives His M.A. from the University of Sagar with First Class Honors in Philosophy.

He is the All-India Debating Champion and Gold Medal winner in His graduating class.

1957-1966 University Professor and Public Speaker 1957: Osho is appointed as a professor at the Sanskrit College in Raipur.

1958: He is appointed Professor of Philosophy at the University of Jabalpur, where He taught until 1966.

A powerful and passionate debater, He also travels widely in India, speaking to large audiences and challenging orthodox religious leaders in public debates.

1966: After nine years of teaching, He leaves the university to devote

Himself entirely to the raising of human consciousness. On a regular basis, He begins to address gatherings 20,000 to 50,000 in the open-air maidans of India's major cities. Four times a year He conducts intense ten-day meditation camps.

In 1970, the 14th of April, He introduces His revolutionary meditation technique, dynamic Meditation, which begins with a period of uninhibited movement and catharsis, followed by a period of silence and stillness. Since then this meditation technique has been used by psychotherapists, medical doctors, teachers

and

other

professionals

around

the

world.

1969 - 1974 Mumbai Years

Late 1960's: His Hindi talks become available in English translations.

1970: In July, 1970, He moves to Mumbai, where He lives until 1974.

1970: Osho - at this time called Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh - begins to initiate seekers into Neo-Sannyas or discipleship, a path of commitment to self-exploration and meditation which does not involve renouncing the world or anything else. Osho's understanding of 'Sannyas' is a radical departure from the traditional Eastern viewpoint. For Him it is not the material world that needs to be renounced but our past and the conditionings and belief systems that each generation imposes on the next. He continues to conduct meditation camps at Mount Abu in Rajasthan but stops accepting invitations to speak throughout the country. He devotes his energies entirely to the rapidly expanding group of sannyasins around Him.

At this time, the first Westerners begin to arrive and to be initiated into Neo-Sannyas. Among them are leading psychotherapists from the human potential movement in Europe and America, seeking the next step in their own inner growth. With Osho they experience new, original meditation techniques for contemporary man, synthesizing the wisdom of the East with the science of the West.

1974 - 1981 Poona Ashram

During these seven years He gives a 90 minutes discourse nearly every morning, alternating every month between Hindi and English. His discourses offer insights into all the major spiritual paths, including Yoga, Zen, Taoism, Tantra and Sufism. He also speaks on Gautam Buddha, Jesus, Lao Tzu, and other mystics. These discourses have been collected into over 600 volumes and translated into 50 languages.

In the evenings, during these years, He answers questions on personal matters such as love, jealousy, meditation. These ‘darshans’ are compiled in 64 darshan diaries of which 40 are published.

The commune that arose around Osho at this time offers a wide variety of therapy groups which combine Eastern meditation techniques with Western psychotherapy. Therapists from all over the world are attracted and by 1980 the international community gained a reputation as ‘ the world’s finest growth and therapy center.’ One hundred thousand people pass through its gates each year.

1981: He develops a degenerative back condition. In March 1981, after giving daily discourses for nearly 15 years, Osho begins a three-year period of self-imposed public silence. In view of the possible need for emergency surgery, and on the recommendation of His personal doctors, He travels to the U.S. This same year, His American disciples purchase a 64,000-acre ranch in Oregon and invite Him to visit. He eventually agrees to stay in the U.S. and allows an application for permanent residence to be filed on His behalf.

1981 - 1985 Rajneeshpuram

A model agricultural commune rises from the ruins of the central Oregonian high

desert. Thousands of overgrazed and economically unviable acres are reclaimed. The city of Rajneeshpuram is incorporated and eventually provides services to 5,000 residents. Annual summer festivals are held which draw 15,000 visitors from all over the world. Very quickly, Rajneeshpuram becomes the largest spiritual community ever pioneered in America.

Opposition to the commune and new city keeps pace with its success.

Responding to the anti-cult fervor which pervades all levels of American society during the Reagan years, local, state and federal politicians make inflammatory speeches against the Rajneeshees. The Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS), the Federal Bureau of Investigations (FBI), the Treasury Department, and the Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Agency (ATF) are only a few of the agencies spending millions of dollars in taxpayers' money while harassing the commune with unwarranted and fruitless investigations. Similar costly campaigns are conducted in Oregon.

October 1984: Osho ends three and one half years of self-imposed silence.

July 1985: He resumes His public discourses each morning to thousands of seekers gathered in a two-acre meditation hall.

Sept. - Oct. 1985: The Oregon Commune is Destroyed

September 14: Osho's personal secretary Ma Anand Sheela and several members of the commune's management suddenly leave, and a whole pattern of illegal acts they have committed - including poisoning, arson, wiretapping, and attempted murder - are exposed. Osho invites law enforcement officials to investigate Sheela's crimes. The authorities, however, see the investigation as a golden opportunity to destroy the commune entirely.

October 23: A U.S. federal grand jury in Portland secretly indicts Osho and 7

others on relatively minor charges of immigration fraud.

October 28: Without warrants, federal and local officials arrest at gun point Osho and others in Charlotte, North Carolina. While the others are released, He is held without bail for twelve days. A five-hour return plane trip to Oregon takes four days. En route, Osho is held incommunicado and forced to register under the pseudonym, David Washington, in the Oklahoma County jail. Subsequent events indicate that it is probable that He was poisoned with the heavy metal thallium while in that jail and the El Reno Federal Penitentiary.

November: Emotions and publicity swell around Osho's immigration case.

Fearing for His life and the well-being of sannyasins in volatile Oregon, attorneys agree to an Alford Plea on two out of 35 of the original charges against Him. According to the rules of the plea, the defendant maintains innocence while saying that the prosecution could have convicted him. Osho and His attorneys maintain His innocence in the court. He is fined $400,000 and is deported from America.

Among others, U.S. Attorney in Portland, Charles Turner, publicly concedes that the government was intent on destroying Rajneeshpuram.

1985 - 1986 World Tour

January-February: He travels to Kathmandu, Nepal and speaks twice daily for the next two months. In February, the Nepalese government refuses visas for His visitors and closest attendants. He leaves Nepal and embarks on a world tour.

February-March: At His first stop, Greece, he is granted a 30-day tourist visa.

But after only 18 days, on March 5, Greek police forcibly break into the house where He is staying, arrest Him at gun point, and deport him. Greek media reports indicate government and church pressure provoked the police intervention.

During the following two weeks He visits or asks permission to visit 17

countries in Europe and the Americas. All of these countries either refuse to grant Him a visitor's visa or revoke His visa upon His arrival, and force Him to leave. Some refuse even landing permission for His plane.

March-June: On March 19 He travels to Uruguay. On May 14th the government has scheduled a press conference to announce that He will be granted permanent residence in Uruguay. Uruguay's President Sanguinetti later admits that he received a telephone call from Washington, D.C. the night before the press conference. He is told that if Osho is allowed to stay in Uruguay, the six billion dollar debt Uruguay owes to the U.S. will be due immediately and no further loans will be granted. Osho is ordered to leave Uruguay on June 18th.

June-July: During the next month He is deported from both Jamaica and Portugal. In all, 21 countries had denied Him entry or deported Him after arrival.

On July 29,1986, He returns to Mumbai, India.

1987 - 1989 Osho Commune International

January 1987: He returns to the ashram in Pune, India, which is renamed Rajneeshdham.

July 1988: Osho begins, for the first time in 14 years, to personally lead the meditation at the end of each evening's discourse. He also introduces a revolutionary new meditation technique called The Mystic Rose.

January-February 1989: He stops using the name "Bhagwan," retaining only the name Rajneesh. However, His disciples ask to call Him 'Osho' and He accepts this form of address. Osho explains that His name is derived from William James' word 'oceanic' which means dissolving into the ocean. Oceanic describes the experience, He says, but what about the experiencer? For that we use the word 'Osho.' At the same time, He came to find out that 'Osho' has also been used historically in the Far East, meaning "The Blessed One, on Whom the Sky Showers Flowers."

March-June 1989: Osho is resting to recover from the effects of the

poisoning, which by now are strongly influencing His health.

July 1989: His health is getting better and He makes two appearances for silent darshans during the Festival, now renamed Osho Full Moon Celebration.

August 1989: Osho begins to make daily appearances in Gautama the Buddha Auditorium for evening darshan. He inaugurates a special group of white-robed sannyasins called the "Osho White Robe Brotherhood." All sannyasins and non-sannyasins attending the evening darshans are asked to wear white robes.

September 1989: Osho drops the name "Rajneesh," signifying His complete discontinuity from the past. He is known simply as "Osho," and the ashram is renamed "Osho Commune International."

1990 Osho leaves His body

January 1990: During the second week in January, Osho's body becomes noticeably weaker. On January 18, He is so physically weak that He is unable to come to Gautama the Buddha Auditorium. On January 19, His pulse becomes irregular. When His doctor inquires whether they should prepare for cardiac

resuscitation, Osho says, "No, just let me go. Existence decides its timing." He leaves His body at 5 p.m. At 7 p.m. His body is brought to Gautama the Buddha Auditorium for a celebration, and is then carried to the burning ghats for cremation. Two days later, His ashes are brought to Osho Commune International and placed in His samadhi in Chuang Tzu Auditorium with the inscription:

OSHO

Never

Born

Never

Died

Only

Visited

This

Planet

Earth

Between

11 December 1931 - 19 January 1990

Very Brief Biography-

December 11,1931: born in Kuchwada, M.P. eldest of eleven children of a Jaina cloth merchant. Independent and rebellious child, questioning all beliefs. As a youth He experiments with meditations. March 21, 1953 enlightened at the age of 21.

1956: M.A. -Sagar University, with Gold Medal in Philosophy. All-India Debating Champion, and Public Speaker.

1957: professor at the Sanskrit College in Raipur. 1958: Professor of Philosophy at Jabalpur A powerful and passionate debater, He also travels widely in India, speaking to large audiences and challenging orthodox religious leaders in public debates.

1966:, leaves the university & begins to address gatherings upto 50,000 in India's major cities & meditation camps at Beautiful places.

14th of April 1970 -He introduces dynamic Meditation, July, 1970, He moves to Mumbai.

1970: Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh - begins to initiate seekers into Neo-Sannyas whichis a radical departure from the traditional Eastern viewpoint.

Westerners begin to arrive and to be initiated

into

Neo-Sannyas.

Among

them

are

leading

psychotherapists.

1974- 1981 Poona- During these seven years He gives a 90 minutes discourse nearly every morning, alternating every month between Hindi and English, collected into over 600 volumes and translated into 50 languages. ‘Darshans’ are compiled in 64 darshan diaries.

Ashram becomes ‘The world’s finest growth and therapy center. One Lac people pass through its gates each year. March 1981: He develops a degenerative back condition. Osho begins a three-year period of self-imposed public silence. In view of the possible need for emergency surgery, and on the doctor's advice, He travels to the U.S. This same year, His American disciples purchase a 64,000-acre ranch in Oregon and invite Him to visit.

1981 - 1985 Rajneeshpuram- 5,000 residents. 15,000 visitors from the world during festivals. October 1984: Osho ends silence. July 1985: public discourses each morning September 14: Sheela leaves Sept. - Oct. 1985: The Oregon Commune is Destroyed

October 23: A U.S. federal grand jury secretly indicts Osho October 28: Without warrants, federal officials arrest at gun point November: fined $400,000 & deported, Moves to Manali **1985 - 1986 World Tour-** January-February: He travels to Kathmandu February-March: He visits or asks permission to visit 17 countries in Europe and the Latin America.

March-June: He travels to Uruguay June-July: In all, 21 countries had denied Him entry or deported Him after arrival. On July 29,1986, He returns to Mumbai, India.

1987 - 1989 Osho Commune International- January 1987: Pune, India, which is renamed Rajneeshdham. January-February 1989: Name "Bhagwan," dropped. Later on addressed as

'Osho Rajneesh'. March-June 1989: Rests to recover from the effects of the poisoning, August 1989: "Osho White Robe Brotherhood." September 1989: He is known simply as

"Osho," **19 Jan.1990** Osho leaves His body- His samadhi has inscription:

PART I

Osho's Past Lives

The moment the child is born, you think, is the beginning of its life.

That is not true.

The moment an old man dies, you think, is the end of his life.

It is not.

Life is far bigger than birth and death.

Birth and death are not two ends of life; many births and many deaths happen *within* life. Life itself has no beginning, no end: life and eternity are equivalent. .

Life begins at the point of your past life's death. When you die, on the one side one chapter of life, which people think was your whole life, is closed. It was only a chapter in a book which has infinite chapters. One chapter closes, but the book is not closed. Just turn the page and another chapter begins.

The person dying starts visualizing his next life. This is a known fact,

because it happens before the chapter closes.. .

Buddha has a word for it, he calls it *tanha.* Literally it means desire, but metaphorically it means the whole life of desire. All these things happened: frustrations, fulfillments, disappointments, successes, failures.. but all this happened within a certain area you can call desire.

The dying man has to see the whole of it before he moves on further, just to recollect it, because the body is going: this mind is not going to be with him, this brain is not going to be with him. But the desire released from this mind will cling to his soul, and this desire will decide his future life. Whatever has remained unfulfilled, he will move towards that target.

Your life begins far back before your birth, before your mother's impregnation, further back in your past life's end. That end is the beginning of this life. One chapter closes, another chapter opens. Now, how this new life will be is ninety-nine percent determined by the last moment of your death. What you collected, what you have brought with you like a seed--that seed will become a tree, bring fruits, bring flowers, or whatever happens to it. You cannot read it in the seed, but the seed has the whole blueprint.. .

If a man dies fully alert, seeing the whole terrain that he has passed and seeing the whole stupidity of it, he is born with sharpness, with intelligence, with courage--

automatically. It is not something he does. *misery09*

There are six great religions in the world. They can be divided into two categories: one consists of Judaism, Christianity and Islam. They believe in only one life. You are just between birth and death, there is nothing beyond birth and death--life is all.

Although they believe in heaven and hell and God, they are the earnings from one life, a single life. The other category consists of Hinduism, Jainism and Buddhism.

They believe in the theory of reincarnation. One is born again and again,

eternally--

unless one becomes enlightened, and then the wheel stops. *glimpse16*

I have meditated; I have come to a point where I can see my own past lives, and that's proof enough. It is my knowing, my experiencing; it is nothing to do with Indian heritage, beliefs, or anything. I speak on my own authority. *last112*

I began as an intellectual--not only in this life but in many lives. My whole work in many lives has been concerned with the intellect--refining the intellect, sharpening the intellect. *inzen08*

I have known so many esoteric groups--in this life and before. I have been in contact with many esoteric groups, but I cannot tell you their whereabouts. I cannot tell you their names, because that is not permitted. And it is of no use really. But I can tell you that they still exist, they still try to help. . *gate08*

I traveled with Bodhidharma

I knew Bodhidharma personally. I traveled with the man for at least three months.

He loved me just as I loved him. You will be curious to know why he loved me. He loved me because I never asked him any question. He said to me, "You are the first person I have met who does not ask a question--and I only get bored with all the questions. You are the only person who does not bore me."

I said, "There is a reason."

He said, "What is that?"

I said, "I only answer. I never question. If you have any question you can ask me. If you don't have a question then keep your mouth shut."

We both laughed, because we both belonged to the same category of insanity. He asked me to continue the journey with him, but I said, "Excuse

me, I have to go my own way, and from this point it separates from yours."

He could not believe it. He had never invited anyone before. This was the man who had even refused Emperor Wu--the greatest emperor of those days, with the greatest empire--as if he was a beggar. Bodhidharma could not believe his eyes that I could refuse him.

I said, "Now you know how it feels to be refused. I wanted to give you a taste of it.

Goodbye." But that was fourteen centuries ago. *glimps06*

One of Past birth in Tibet

Some days ago Lama Karmapa had said something about me.. Karmapa had said that my one body from some past birth is preserved in a cave in Tibet. Ninety-nine bodies are preserved there; among them one body is mine. . that was said by Karmapa.

In Tibet they have tried for thousands of years to preserve the bodies in which some extraordinary things happened. They have preserved such bodies as experimentation. . .Because such events do not happen again and again, and do not happen so easily. After thousands of years, once in a while such things happen. For instance, someone's third eye opened and along with it, it broke a hole in the bone where the third eye exists. Such an event takes place sometimes once in hundreds of thousands of years. The third eye opens in so many people but this hole does not happen to everybody. When this hole happens, the reason behind it is that in that case the third eye has opened with tremendous force. Such skulls or such a body is then preserved by them.

For instance, someone's sex energy, the basic energy, arose with such force that it broke a hole in the crown of his head and merges into the cosmos. Such a thing happens only once in a while. Many people merge into the universal reality, but the energy filters through so slowly, and with such intervals, that the energy simply seeps in small measures, and a hole is not created. Once in a while, it happens with

such sudden intensity that, breaking the skull, the entire energy merges into the cosmos. So they preserve that body. This way, until now they have done the greatest experiment in the history of mankind. They have preserved ninety-nine bodies. So Karmapa had said that among those ninety-nine bodies a body of mine is also preserved. .

It is the ninety-seventh body, but if it is counted from the opposite side, it can be the third one. *samadh12*

Note: Swami Govind Siddharth, one of Osho's disciples, reported that on 6 June 1972 Karmapa told him, "Osho is the greatest incarnation since Buddha in India, and is a living Buddha!" and "Now in this life, Osho has taken birth specially in order to help people spiritually--only for this purpose. He has taken birth fully consciously."

Karmapa was very excited and indicated a close association with Osho in past life.

Osho's last birth is said to have occurred about 700 years ago. Karmapa was referring "to one birth before that". Osho was one of their great incarnations two births ago. "If you want to see one of Osho's past incarnations, you can go to Tibet and see his golden statue there which is preserved in the Hall of Incarnations."

Asked of whom Osho is an incarnation, he replied, "Now, that is a secret. Unless someone is the head of one of our monasteries, we do not disclose whose incarnation he is."

"My blessings are always there, and I know that whatever we Tibetans are not going to be able to do to help others, Osho will do. "Osho is the only person able to do this; he took birth in India specially. You are very fortunate to have him. He is the only divine incarnation living today who will be a world teacher." And "The world will know him but only a few people will realize what he actually is. He will be the only person who can guide properly, and can be a world teacher in this age, and he has taken birth only for this purpose."

Seven hundred years ago

You ask me: *Please would you say something about your last life, and if you were born in your present life fully realized.*

My previous birth took place about seven hundred years ago. .

It can be said that I was born with *near about* full knowledge. I say near about only because some steps have been left out deliberately, and deliberately that can be done.

In this connection, the Jaina thinking is very scientific; They have divided knowledge into fourteen steps. Thirteen steps are in this world and the fourteenth is in the beyond. .

After a certain stage of development, for example, after the attainment of twelve steps, the length of time that it takes to achieve the remaining steps can be stretched out. They can be attained either in one birth, two births or in three births. Great use can be made of postponement.

After the attainment of full realization there is no further possibility of taking birth more than one time more. Such an enlightened one is not likely to cooperate or be helpful for more than one additional birth. But after reaching twelve steps, if two can be set aside, then such a person can be useful for many births more. And the possibility is there to set them aside.

On reaching the twelfth step, the journey has near about come to an end. I say near about: that means that all walls have collapsed; only a transparent curtain remains through which everything can be seen. However the curtain is there. After lifting it, there is no difficulty in going beyond. After going beyond the curtain, whatsoever you are ordinarily able to see can be seen from the other side of the curtain also.

There is no difference at all.

So this is why I say near about: by taking one step more, one can go beyond the curtain. But then there is a possibility of only one more birth, while if one remains on this side of the curtain one can take as many births as one wants. After crossing into the beyond, there is no way of coming back more than once to this side of the curtain. .

Seven hundred years ago, in my previous life, there was a spiritual practice of twenty-one days, to be done before death. I was to give up my body after a total fast of twenty-one days. There were reasons for this, but I could not complete those twenty-one days. Three days remained. Those three days I had to complete in this life. This life is a continuation from there. The intervening period does not have any meaning in this respect. When only three days remained in that life, I was killed.

Twenty-one days could not be completed because I was killed just three days before, and those three days were omitted. .

The person who killed me had no enmity with me, though he was taken to be and was treated as, an enemy. That killing became valuable.. .

Now I can take still another birth. There is now a possibility of one more birth. But that will depend on whether I feel that it will be useful. During this whole life I shall go on striving to see whether one more birth will be of some use. Then it is worthwhile taking birth; otherwise the matter is over and it is no use making any more effort. So that killing was valuable and useful. .

In the last moments of my previous life, the remaining work could have been done in only three days because time was very compact. My age was one hundred and six years. Time was moving very fast. The story of those three days continued in my childhood of this birth. In my previous life it was at its end, but to finish that work here in this life took twenty-one years.

Many a time, if the opportunity is missed, it may be necessary to spend as many as seven years for every single day. So in this life I did not come with full realization, but came with near about full realization.. . *known02*

Search of your past lives

What little I have told you about my previous life is not because it has any value or that you may know something about me. I have told you this only because it may make you reflect about yourselves and set you in search of your past lives. The moment you know your past lives, there will be a spiritual revolution and evolution.

Then you will start from where you had left off in your last life; otherwise you will get lost in endless lives and reach nowhere. There will only be a repetition.

There has to be a link, a communication, between this life and the previous one.

Whatsoever you had achieved in your previous life should come to be known, and you should have the capacity to take the next step forwards.. .

Nowadays the difficulty is this: it is not very difficult to make you remember your previous births, but the thing called courage has been lost. It is possible to make you

remember your previous births only if you have achieved the capacity to remain undisturbed in the midst of the very difficult memories of this life. Otherwise it is not possible. .

When no memory of this life can be a cause of anxiety to you, only then can you be led into the memories of past lives. Otherwise those memories may become great traumas for you, and the door to such traumas cannot be opened unless you have the capacity and worthiness to face them. *known02*

Do you hear me? Do you see me? I stand at the door and knock, and I knock because of a promise made in another life and another age. *teacup06*

This was my assurance given to many friends in the previous life: that when truth is attained, I will inform them. *letter03*

PART II

1931-1939 Kuchwada

(1) Osho's parents' marriage

(2) Unusual events while Osho is in his mother's womb

(3) 1931 Osho is born in the village of Kuchwada

(4) Osho’s grandparents, Nani and Nana

(5) The family servant, Bhoora

(6) Osho argues with Nana's guru

(7) 1939 Death of Osho’s grandfather, Nana

PART II

Kuchwada

1931-1939

(1) Osho's parents' marriage

Hajji Baba of Pakistan, who is now* nearly one hundred and ten years old, was present at my father's marriage and he had come with the marriage party to my mother's place. It created a great stir in the whole Jaina community, because it is a tradition that when the bridegroom comes to the house of the bride they have to be received on the boundary of the town, and the chief of the family has to be garlanded. A turban, a very valuable turban, has to be put on his head, beautiful shoes made of velvet have to be put on his feet and he is given a robe, specially made for him.

My (paternal) grandfather said, "Hajji Baba is the chief of our family." Now, a Mohammedan, chief of the family of a Jaina.. my mother's father was at a loss--what to do? Hajji Baba was saying, "Don't do this." But my grandfather was never able to listen to anybody. He said, "It doesn't matter. Even if we have to go back, we will go back, but you are my family's chief I have always been like your younger brother, and how can I be received when you are here?"

There was no other way; my mother's father had to receive Hajji Baba as the chief of the family. *misery05*

*Note: 1985

In the past there were children married before they were ten. Sometimes children were even married when they were still in their mother's womb. Just two friends will decide that, "As our wives are pregnant, if one gives birth to a boy and the other gives birth to a girl, then the marriage is settled, promised." The question of asking the boy and the girl does not arise at all.

They are not even born yet. They are not even certain yet whether both may be girls, both may be boys. But if one is a boy and another is a girl, the marriage is settled. And people kept their word, their promises.

My own mother was married when she was seven years old. And her parents had to tie her to a pillar inside the house when the marriage party was coming* and there were many fireworks. And at the reception there was music and dance. And everybody was out of the house, and my mother reminds me still that, "I could not understand why only I was left inside the house and tied! They wouldn't let me go out." She had no understanding what marriage was. She wanted to see, like any child, everything beautiful that was happening outside--the whole village had gathered, and she was crying.

My father was not more than ten years old, and he had no understanding of what was happening. I used to ask him, "What was the most significant thing that you enjoyed in your wedding?"

He said, "Riding on the horse." Naturally, for the first time he was dressed like a king, with a knife hanging by his side, and he was sitting on the horse, and everybody was walking around. He enjoyed it tremendously. That was the most important thing that he enjoyed in his wedding.

A honeymoon was out of the question. Where will you send a ten-year-old boy and a seven-year-old girl for a honeymoon? So in India the honeymoon never used to exist, and in the past, nowhere else in the world either.

And when my father was ten years old and my mother was seven years old, my father's mother died. After the marriage, perhaps one or two years afterwards, the whole responsibility fell on my mother, who was only nine years old. Two small daughters my father's mother had left, and two small boys. So four children, and the responsibility on a nine-year-old girl and a twelve-year-old son.

My (paternal) grandfather never liked to live in the city where he had his shop. He loved the countryside. He had his own beautiful horse. And when his wife died he was absolutely free. You will not believe it, but in his time--and it is not long ago--the government used to give land to people for free.

Because there was so much land, and there were not so many people to cultivate it.

So my grandfather got fifty acres of land free from the government. And he loved living sixteen miles away from the city where he had left the whole shop in the hands of his children--my father and mother--who were only twelve and nine years old. And he enjoyed creating a garden, creating a farm, and he loved to live there in the open air. He hated the city.

Now how can you think that there could be a generation gap? My father never had any experience of the freedom of young people of today. He never became young in that way. Before he could have become young, he was already old, taking care of his younger brothers and sisters and the shop. And by the time he was twenty he had to arrange marriages for his sisters, marriages and education for his brothers.

I have never called my mother, "Mother," because before I was born she was taking care of four children who used to call her *Bhabhi.* Bhabhi means `brother's wife'.

And because four children were already calling my mother bhabhi, I also started calling her bhabhi. Even today I call her bhabhi, but she is my mother, not my brother's wife. And they have tried hard to make me change, but it comes so natural to me to call her bhabhi. All my brothers and sisters call her mother. Only I am crazy enough to call her bhabhi. But I learned it from the very beginning, when four other children. .

And then I had a rapport with my uncles and with my father's sisters, a friendliness.

They were a little older than me, but there was not much distance. I never thought of respect. They never thought of respect to be received. They loved me, I loved them.

It was a totally different world just seventy years ago. Generations were overlapping, and there used to be no youth. Now youth has come into existence and it will be growing bigger, because as machines are going to take more and more jobs in the factories, in the offices, what are you going

to do with people? They cannot be left doing nothing, otherwise they will do something absurd, something irrational,

something insane. They will go mad. So you have to extend the period of their education. *chit15*

*Note: Osho's mother was restrained because it was the custom that the bridal couple not see each other before the wedding ceremony

My diabetes is my inheritance. My great-grandfather had it, my grandfather had it, my father had it, I have it, all my uncles have it, all my brothers have it. It seems to be something intrinsic, so it cannot be cured; it can only be kept in control. *last317*

(2) Unusual events while Osho is in his mother's womb

My mother was just telling me yesterday.. that when I was five months old in her womb, a miracle happened.

She was going from my father's house to her father's house; and it was the rainy season. It is customary in India for the first child to be born at the maternal father's home, so although it was the rainy season and very difficult--no roads, and she had to go on a horse--the sooner she went, the better; if she waited longer then it would have become more difficult, so she went with one of her cousin-brothers.

In the middle of the journey was a big river, the Narmada. It was in flood. When they reached the boat, the boatman saw that my mother was pregnant, and he asked my mother's cousin-brother, "What is your relationship?"

He was not aware that he would get into trouble so he simply said, "We are brother and sister."

The boatman refused; he said, "I cannot take you because your sister is pregnant--

that means you are not two, you are three."

In India, this is a custom, an old custom--perhaps it started in the days of Krishna--

that one should not travel on water, particularly in a boat, with one's sister's son.

There is a danger of the boat sinking.

The boatman said, "What guarantee is there that the child in your sister's womb is a girl and not a boy? If he is a boy I don't want to take the risk--because it is not a question only of my life, sixty other people are going in the boat. Either you can come or your sister can come; both I won't take."

On both sides there were hills and jungle, and the boat used to go only one time a day. In the morning it would go--and the river is really vast at that point--and then it would come back by the evening. The next morning it would go again, the same boat. So either my mother had to remain on this side, which was dangerous, or go on that side, which was just as dangerous. So for three days they continued to ask him, beg him, saying that she was pregnant and he should be kind.

He said, "I can't help it--this is not done. If you can give me a guarantee that it is not a boy then I can take you; but how can you give me a guarantee?"

So for three days they had to stay in a temple there. In that temple lived a saint, very famous in those days in that area. Now, around that temple there has arisen a city in the memory of that saint, Saikheda. Saikheda means "the village of the saint." Sai means the saint; he was known as Sai Baba. It is not the same Sai Baba who became world-famous--Sai Baba of Shirdi--but they were contemporaries.. .

Finally my mother had to ask Sai Baba, "Can you do something? For three days we have been here. I am pregnant and my brother has told the boatman that he is my brother, and he won't take us in the boat. Now, unless you do something, say something to that boatman, we are in a fix. What to do? My brother cannot leave me

here alone; I cannot go alone to the other side. On both sides are wild

jungles and forests, and for at least twenty-four hours I will have to wait alone."

I never met Sai Baba, but in a way I did meet him; I was five months old. He just touched my mother's belly. My mother said, "What are your doing?"

He said, "I am touching the feet of your child."

The boatman saw this and said, "What are you doing, Baba? You have never touched anybody's feet."

And Baba said, "This is not anybody; and you are a fool--you should take them to the other side. Don't be worried. The soul that is within this womb is capable of saving thousands of people, so don't be worried about your sixty people--take her."

So my mother was saying, "At that time I became aware that I was carrying someone special."

I said, "As far as I understand, Sai Baba was a wise man: he really befooled the boatman! There is no miracle, there is nothing. And boats don't sink just because somebody is traveling with their sister's son. There is no rationality in the idea, it is just absurd. Perhaps sometime accidentally it may have happened and then it became a routine idea."

My own understanding is that because in Krishna's life his mother's brother was told by the astrologers that "one of the children of your sister will kill *you,"* he kept his sister and his brother-in-law in prison. She gave birth to seven children, seven boys, and he killed them all. The eighth was Krishna, and of course when God Himself was born, the locks of the prison opened up, and the guards fell fast asleep, and Krishna's father took him out.

The river Yamuna was the boundary of Kansa's kingdom. Kansa was the person who was killing his sister's sons in the fear that one of the sons was going to kill him. The Yamuna was in flood--and it is one of the biggest rivers in India. The father of Krishna was very much afraid, but somehow the child had to be taken to the other side, to a friend's house whose wife had given birth to a girl so he could exchange them. He could bring the girl

back with him because the next morning Kansa would be there asking, "Where is the child?" and planning to kill him. A girl he wouldn't kill--it had to be a boy.

But how to cross this river? There was no boat in the night, but it had to be crossed.

But when God can open locks without keys, without anybody opening them--they simply opened up, the doors opened up, the guards fell asleep--God would do something.

So he put the child in a bucket on his head and passed through the river--something like what happened to Moses when the ocean parted. This time it happened in an Indian way. It could not have happened to Moses because that ocean was not Indian, but this river was.

As he entered the river, the river started rising higher. He was very much afraid: what was happening? He was hoping the river would subside, but it started rising. It went to the point where it touched the feet of Krishna, then it receded. This is the Indian way, it cannot happen anywhere else. How can the river miss such a point?

When God is born and passing through her, just giving way is not enough, not mannerly.

Since that time there has been this idea that there is a certain antagonism between a person and his sister's son, because Krishna killed Kansa. The river was crossed, it subsided; it favored the child. Since then rivers are angry against maternal uncles--

all the rivers of India. And that superstition is carried even today.

I told my mother, "One thing is certain--that Sai Baba must have been a wise man and had some sense of humor." But she wouldn't listen. And it became known in the village what had happened, and to support it, after one month another thing happened which. . In life there are so many coincidences out of which you can make miracles. Once you are bent upon making a miracle then any coincidence can be turned into a miracle.

After one month there was a very great flood, and in front of my mother's house in the rainy season it was almost like a river. There was a lake, and a small road between the lake and the house, but in the rainy season so much water came that the road was completely like a river, and the lake and the road became merged into one. It was almost oceanic; as far as you could see it was all water. And that year perhaps India had the biggest floods ever.

Floods ordinarily happen every year in India, but that year a strange thing was noted, that floods started reversing the rivers' flow of water. The rains were so heavy that the ocean was not able to take the water as quickly as it was coming, so the water at the ocean front was stuck; it started flowing backwards. Where small rivers fall into big rivers, the big rivers refused to take the water, because they were not able even to contain their own water. The small rivers started moving backwards.

I have never seen it--that one also I missed--but my mother says that it was a strange phenomenon to see the water moving backwards. And it started entering houses; it entered my mother's house. It was a double-storied house, and the first story was completely full of water. Then it started entering the second story. Now, there was nowhere to go, so they were all sitting on the beds, the highest place that was possible there. But my mother said, "If Sai Baba was right, then something will happen." And it must have been a coincidence that the water came up to my mother's stomach and then receded!

These two miracles happened before I was born, so I have nothing to do with them.

But they became known; when I was born I was almost a saint in the village!

Everybody was so respectful; people were touching my feet, even old people. I was told later on that "the whole village has accepted you as a saint." *misery14*

(3) Osho is born in the village of Kuchwada

The East has never bothered about birthdays. The East simply laughs at the whole absurdity of it. What has chronological time to do with Krishna's birth? We don't have any record. Or we have many records, contradictory, contradicting each other.

But, see, I was born on eleventh December. If it can be proved that I was not born on eleventh December, will it be enough proof that I was never born? *yoga907*

I was incarnated into this body on this day. This is the day I saw for the first time the green of the trees and the blue of the skies. This was the day I for the first time opened my eyes and saw God all around. Of course the word 'God' didn't exist at that moment, but what I saw was God. *body01*

You can ask my mother something.. . After my birth, for three days I didn't take any milk, and they were all worried, concerned. The doctors were concerned, because how was this child going to survive if he simply refused to take milk? But they had no idea of my difficulty, of what difficulty they were creating for me. They were trying to force me in every possible way. And there was no way I could explain to them, or that they could find out by themselves.

In my past life, before I died, I was on a fast. I wanted to complete a twenty-one day fast, but I was murdered before my fast was complete, three days before. Those three days remained in my awareness even in this birth; I had to complete my fast. I am really stubborn! Otherwise, people don't carry things from one life to another life; once a chapter is closed, it is closed.

But for three days they could not manage to put anything in my mouth; I simply rejected it. But after three days I was perfectly okay and they were all surprised:

"Why was he refusing for three days? There was no sickness, no problem--and after three days he is perfectly normal." It remained a mystery to them.

But these things I don't want to talk about because to you they will all be hypothetical, and there is no way for me to prove them scientifically. And I

don't want to give you any belief, so I go on cutting all that may create any belief system in your mind.

You love me, you trust me, so whatever I say you may trust it. But I insist, again and again, that anything that is not based on your experience, accept it only hypothetically. Don't make it your belief. If sometimes I give an example, that is sheer necessity--because the person has asked, "How did you manage to be so courageous and sharp in your childhood?"

I have not done anything, I have simply continued what I was doing in my past life.

And that's why in my childhood I was thought to be crazy, eccentric--because I would not give any explanation of why I wanted to do something. I would simply say, "I want to do it. There are reasons for me, why I am doing it, but I cannot give you those reasons because you cannot understand.". . *misery09*

I am reminded again of the small village where I was born. Why existence should have chosen that small village in the first place is unexplainable. It is as it should be.

The village was beautiful. I have traveled far and wide but I have never come across that same beauty. One never comes again to the same. Things come and go, but it is never the same.

I can see that still, small village. Just a few huts near a pond, and a few tall trees where I used to play. There was no school in the village. That is of great importance, because I remained uneducated for almost nine years, and those are the most formative years. After that, even if you try, you cannot be educated. So in a way I am still uneducated, although I hold many degrees. Any uneducated man could have done it. And not any degree, but a first-class master's degree--that too can be done by any fool. So many fools do it every year that it has no significance. What is significant is that for my first years I remained without education. There was no school, no road, no railway, no post office. What a blessing! That small village was a world unto itself. Even in my times away from that village I remained in that world, uneducated.

I have read Ruskin's famous book, *Unto This Last,* and when I was reading it I was thinking of that village. *Unto This Last...* that village is still unaltered. No road connects it, no railway passes by, even now after almost fifty years; no post office, no police station, no doctor--in fact nobody falls ill in that village, it is so pure and so unpolluted. I have known people in that village who have not seen a railway train, who wonder what it looks like, who have not even seen a bus or a car. They have never left the village. They live so blissfully and silently.

My birthplace, Kuchwada, was a village with no railway line and no post office. It had small hills, hillocks rather, but a beautiful lake, and a few huts, just straw huts.

The only brick house was the one I was born in, and that too was not much of a brick house. It was just a little house.

I can see it now, and can describe its every detail.. but more than the house or the village, I remember the people. I have come across millions of people, but the people of that village were more innocent than any, because they were very primitive. They knew nothing of the world. Not even a single newspaper had ever entered that village. You can now understand why there was no school, not even a primary school. .what a blessing! No modern child can afford it.

I remained uneducated for those years and they were the most beautiful years.. .

Kuchwada was surrounded by small hills and there was a small pond. Nobody could describe that pond except Basho. Even he does not describe the pond, he simply says:

The ancient pond

Frog jumps in

Plop!

Is this a description? The pond is only mentioned, the frog too. No description of the pond or the frog. .and plop!

The village had an ancient pond, very ancient, and very ancient trees surrounding it-

-they were perhaps hundreds of years old--and beautiful rocks all around. .and certainly the frogs jumped. Day in and day out you could hear "plop," again and again. The sound of frogs jumping really helped the prevailing silence. That sound made the silence richer, more meaningful.

This is the beauty of Basho: he could describe something without actually describing it. He could say something without even mentioning a word. "Plop!" Now, is this a word? No word could do justice to the sound of a frog jumping into the ancient pond, but Basho did it justice.

I am not a Basho, and that village needed a Basho. Perhaps he would have made beautiful sketches, paintings, and haikus.. . I have not done anything about that village--you will wonder why--I have not even visited it again. Once is enough. I never go to a place twice. For me number two does not exist. I have left many villages, many towns, never to return again. Once gone, gone forever, that's my way; so I have not returned to that village. The villagers have sent messages to me to come at least once more. I told them through a messenger, "I have been there once already, twice is not my way."

But the silence of that ancient pond stays with me. *glimps01*

I was a lonely child because I was brought up by my maternal grandfather and grandmother; I was not with my father and mother. Those two old people were

alone and they wanted a child who would be the joy of their last days. So my father and mother agreed: I was their eldest child, the first-born; they sent me.

I don't remember any relationship with my father's family in the early years of my childhood. With these two old men--my grandfather and his old servant, who was really a beautiful man--and my old grandmother. .these three people. And the gap was so big.. I was absolutely alone. It was not

company, it could not be company.

They tried their hardest to be as friendly to me as possible but it was just not possible.

I was left to myself. I could not say things to them. I had nobody else, because in that small village my family were the richest; and it was such a small village--not more than two hundred people in all--and so poor that my grandparents would not allow me to mix with the village children. They were dirty, and of course they were almost beggars. So there was no way to have friends. That caused a great impact. In my whole life I have never been a friend, I have never known anybody to be a friend.

Yes, acquaintances I had.

In those first, early years I was so lonely that I started enjoying it; and it is really a joy. So it was not a curse to me, it proved a blessing. I started enjoying it, and I started feeling self-sufficient; I was not dependent on anybody.

I have never been interested in games for the simple reason that from my very childhood there was no way to play, there was nobody to play with. I can still see myself in those earliest years, just sitting.

We had a beautiful spot where our house was, just in front of a lake. Far away for miles, the lake.. and it was so beautiful and so silent. Only once in while would you see a line of white cranes flying, or making love calls, and the peace would be disturbed; otherwise, it was almost the right place for meditation. And when they would disturb the peace--a love call from a bird. .after his call the peace would deepen, it would become deeper.

The lake was full of lotus flowers, and I would sit for hours so self-content, as if the world did not matter: the lotuses, the white cranes, the silence.. .

And my grandparents were very aware of one thing, that I enjoyed my aloneness.

They had continuously been seeing that I had no desire to go to the village to meet anybody, or to talk with anybody. Even if they wanted to talk my

answers were yes, or no; I was not interested in talking either. So they became aware of one thing, that I enjoyed my aloneness, and it was their sacred duty not to disturb me.

So for seven years continuously nobody tried to corrupt my innocence; there *was* nobody. Those three old people who lived in the house, the servant and my grandparents, were all protective in every possible way that nobody should disturb me. In fact I started feeling, as I grew up, a little embarrassed that because of me they could not talk, they could not be normal as everybody is. It was just the opposite situation. .

It happens with children that you tell them, "Be silent because your father is thinking, your grandfather is resting. Be quiet, sit silently." In my childhood it happened the opposite way. Now I cannot answer why and how; it simply happened. That's why I said it simply *happened*-- the credit does not go to me.

All those three old people were continuously making signs to each other: "Don't disturb him--he is enjoying so much." And they started loving my silence.

Silence has its vibe; it is infectious, particularly a child's silence which is not forced, which is not because you are saying, "I will beat you if you create any nuisance or noise." No, that is not silence. That will not create the joyous vibration that I am talking about, when a child is silent on his own, enjoying for no reason; his happiness is uncaused. That creates great ripples all around.

In a better world, every family will learn from children. You are in such a hurry to teach them. Nobody seems to learn from them, and they have much to teach you.

And you have nothing to teach them.

Just because you are older and powerful you start making them just like you without ever thinking about what you are, where you have reached, what your status is in the inner world. You are a pauper; and you want the same for your child also?

But nobody thinks; otherwise people would learn from small children. Children bring so much from the other world because they are such fresh arrivals. They still carry the silence of the womb, the silence of the very existence.

So it was just a coincidence that for seven years I remained undisturbed--no one to nag me, to prepare me for the world of business, politics, diplomacy. My grandparents were more interested in leaving me as natural as possible--

particularly my grandmother. She is one of the causes--these small things affect all your life patterns--she is one of the causes of my respect for the whole of womanhood.

She was a simple woman, uneducated, but immensely sensitive. She made it clear to my grandfather and the servant: "We all have lived a certain kind of life which has not led us anywhere. We are as empty as ever, and now death is coming close." She insisted, "Let this child be uninfluenced by us. What influence can we.. ? We can only make him like us, and we are nothing. Give him an opportunity to be himself."

My grandfather--I heard them discussing in the night, thinking that I was asleep--

used to say to her, "You are telling me to do this, and I am doing it; but he is somebody else's son, and sooner or later he will have to go to his parents. What will they say?--`You have not taught him any manners, any etiquette, he is absolutely wild.'"

She said, "Don't be worried about that. In this whole world everybody is civilized, has manners, etiquette, but what is the gain? You are very civilized--what have you got out of it? At the most his parents will be angry at us. So what?--let them be angry.

They can't harm us, and by that time the child will be strong enough that they cannot change his life course."

I am tremendously grateful to that old woman. My grandfather was again

and again worried that sooner or later he was going to be responsible: "They will say, `We left our child with you and you have not taught him anything.'"

My grandmother did not even allow. .because there was one man in the village who could at least teach me the beginnings of language, mathematics, a little geography.

He was educated to the fourth grade--the lowest four; that is what was called primary education in India. But he was the most educated man in the town.

My grandfather tried hard: "He can come and he can teach him. At least he will know the alphabet, some mathematics, so when he goes to his parents they will not say that we just wasted seven years completely."

But my grandmother said, "Let them do whatsoever they want to do after seven years. For seven years he has to be just his natural self, and we are not going to interfere." And her argument was always, "You know the alphabet, so what? You know mathematics, so what? You have earned a little money; do you want him also to earn a little money and live just like you?"

That was enough to keep that old man silent. What to do? He was in a difficulty because he could not argue, and he knew that he would be held responsible, not she, because my father would ask him, "What have you done?" And actually that would have been the case, but fortunately he died before my father could ask.

But my father continuously was saying, "That old man is responsible, he has spoiled the child." But now I was strong enough, and I made it clear to him: "Before me, never say a single word against my maternal grandfather. He has saved me from being spoiled by you--that is your real anger. But you have other children--spoil them. And at the final stage you will say who IS spoiled."

He had other children, and more and more children went on coming. I used to tease him, "You please bring one child more, make it a dozen. *Eleven*

children? People ask,

"How many children?" Eleven does not look right; one dozen is more impressive."

And in later years I used to tell him, "You go on spoiling all your children; I am wild, and I will remain wild."

What you see as innocence is nothing but wildness. What you see as clarity is nothing but wildness. Somehow I remained out of the grip of civilization.

And once I was strong enough.. . And that's why people insist, "Take hold of the child as quickly as possible, don't waste time because the earlier you take hold of the child, the easier it is. Once the child becomes strong enough, then to bend him according to your desires will be difficult."

And life has seven-year circles. By the seventh year the child is perfectly strong; now you cannot do anything. Now he knows where to go, what to do. He is capable of arguing. He is capable of seeing what is right and what is wrong. And his clarity will be at the climax when he is seven. If you don't disturb his earlier years, then at the seventh he is so crystal clear about everything that his whole life will be lived without any repentance.

I have lived without any repentance. I have tried to find: Have I done anything wrong, ever? Not that people have been thinking that all that I have done is right, that is not the point: I have never thought anything that I have done was wrong. The whole world may think it was wrong, but to me there is absolute certainty that it was right; it was the right thing to do.

So there is no question of repenting about the past. And when you don't have to repent about the past you are free from it. The past keeps you entangled like an octopus because you go on feeling, "That thing I should not have done," or, "That thing which I was supposed to do and did not do.. ." All those things go on pulling you backwards.

I don't see anything behind me, no past.

If I say something about my past, it is simply factual memory, it has no psychological involvement. I am telling you as if I am telling you about

somebody else. It is just factual; it has nothing to do with my personal involvement. It might have occurred to somebody else, it might have happened to somebody else.

So remember, a factual memory is not enslaving. Psychological memory is, and psychological memory is made up of things that you think, or you have been conditioned to think, were wrong and you did them. Then there is a wound, a psychological wound. *dark02*

(4) Osho's grandparents, Nani and Nana

For most of my very early years I lived with my mother's parents. Those years are unforgettable. Even if I reach to Dante's paradise I will still remember those years. A small village, poor people, but my grandfather--I mean my mother's father--was a generous man. He was poor, but rich in his generosity. He gave to each and everyone whatsoever he had. I learned the art of giving from him; I have to accept it. I never saw him say no to any beggar or anybody.

I called my mother's father "Nana"; that's the way the mother's father is called in India. My mother's mother is called "Nani." I used to ask my grandfather, "Nana, where did you get such a beautiful wife?"

My grandmother looked more Greek than Indian. .

Perhaps there was some Greek blood in her. No race can claim purity. The Indians particularly should not claim any purity of blood--the Hunas, the Moguls, the Greeks and many others have attacked, conquered and ruled India. They have mixed themselves in the Indian blood, and it was so apparent with my grandmother. Her features were not Indian, she looked Greek, and she was a strong woman, very strong. My Nana died when he was not more than fifty. My grandmother lived till eighty and she was fully healthy. Even then nobody thought she was going to die. I promised her one thing, that when she died I would come, and that would be my last visit to the family. She died in 1970. I had to fulfill my promise.

For my first years I knew my Nani as my mother; those are the years when one grows. This circle* is for my Nani. My own mother came after that; I

was already grown up, already made in a certain style. And my grandmother helped me immensely. My grandfather loved me, but could not help me much. He was so loving, but to be of help more is needed--a certain kind of strength. He was always afraid of my grandmother. He was, in a sense, a henpecked husband. When it comes to the truth, I am always true. He loved me, he helped me.. what can I do if he was a henpecked husband? Ninety-nine point nine percent of husbands are, so it is okay. *glimps02*

*Note: circle: reminiscences of a series of events, which are now seen to be interconnected, forming a circle

This too is worth noting: that ninety years ago, in India, Nani had had the courage to fall in love. She remained unmarried up till the age of twenty-four. That was very rare. I asked her once why she had remained unmarried for so long. She was such a beautiful woman. .I just jokingly told her that even the king of Chhatarpur, the state where Khajuraho is, might have fallen in love with her.

She said, "It is strange that you should mention it, because he did. I refused him, and not only him but many others too." In those days in India, girls were married when they were seven, or at the most nine years of age. Just the fear of love.. if they are older they may fall in love. But my grandmother's father was a poet; his songs are still sung in Khajuraho and nearby villages. He insisted that unless she agreed, he

was not going to marry her to anybody. As chance would have it, she fell in love with my grandfather.

I asked her, "That is even stranger: you refused the king of Chhatarpur, and yet you fell in love with this poor man. For what? He was certainly not a very handsome man, nor extraordinary in any other way; why did you fall in love with him?"

She said, "You are asking the wrong question. Falling has no 'why' to it. I just saw him, and that was it. I saw his eyes, and a trust arose in me that has never wavered."

I had also asked my grandfather, "Nani says she fell in love with you. That's okay on her part, but why did you allow the marriage to happen?"

He said, "I am not a poet or a thinker, but I can recognize beauty when I see it."

I never saw a more beautiful woman than my Nani. I myself was in love with her, and loved her throughout her whole life.. .

I am fortunate in many ways, but I was most fortunate in having my maternal grandparents.. and those early golden years. *glimps06*

I was born in a family which belongs to a very small section of Jainism.. it follows a madman who must have been just a little bit less mad than me. I cannot say more mad than me.

I am going to talk about his two books, which are not translated in English, not even into Hindi, because they are untranslatable. I don't think that he is ever going to have any international audience. Impossible. He believes in no language, no grammar, nothing whatsoever. He speaks exactly like a madman. His book is *Shunya Svabhava*--"The Nature of Emptiness."

It is just a few pages, but of tremendous significance. Each sentence contains scriptures, but very difficult to understand. You will naturally ask how could I understand him. In the first place just as Martin Buber was born into a Hassid family, I was born into this madman's tradition. His name is Taran Taran. It is not his real name, but nobody knows his real name. *Taran Taran* simply means "The Savior." That has become his name.

I have breathed him from my very childhood, listened to his songs, wondered what he meant. But a child never cares about the meaning. .the song was beautiful, the rhythm was beautiful, the dance was beautiful, and it is enough.

One needs to understand such people only if one is grown up, otherwise, if from their very childhood they are surrounded by the milieu they will not need to understand and yet deep down in their guts they will understand.

I understand Taran Taran--not intellectually, but existentially. Moreover I

also know what he is talking about. Even if I had not been born into a family of his followers I would have understood him. I have understood so many different traditions and it is not that I have been born into all of them.. I have understood so many madmen that anybody could go mad just by making an effort to understand them! But just look at me, they have not affected me at all.. . They have remained somewhere below me. I have remained transcendental to them all.

Still, I would have understood Taran Taran. I may not have come into contact with him, that is possible, because his followers are very few, just a few thousand, and found only in the middle parts of India. And they are so afraid because of their being in such a minority, that they don't call themselves the followers of Taran Taran, they

call themselves Jainas. Secretly they believe, not in Mahavira as the rest of the Jainas believe, but in Taran Taran, the founder of their sect.

Jainism itself is a very small religion; only three million people believe in it. There are two main sects: the Digambaras, and the Svetambaras. The Digambaras believe that Mahavira lived naked, and was naked. The word *digambara* means "sky clad"; metaphorically it means "the naked." This is the oldest sect.

The word *svetambara* means the "white clad," and the followers of this sect believe that although Mahavira was naked he was covered by the gods in an invisible white cloth.. this is a compromise just to satisfy the Hindus.

The followers of Taran Taran belong to the Digambara sect, and they are the most revolutionary of the Jainas. They don't even worship the statues of Mahavira; their temples are empty, signifying the inner emptiness.

It would have been almost impossible to have come to know Taran if not for the chance that I was born into a family who believed in him. But I thank God, it was worth the trouble to be born into that family. All the troubles can be forgiven just for this one thing, that they acquainted me with a tremendous mystic.

His book *Shunya Svabhava* says only one thing again and again, just like a

madman.

You know me, you can understand. I have been saying the same thing again and again for twenty-five years.. I've said again and again "Awake!" That's what he does in *Shunya Svabhava. books14*

Nana used to go to the temple every morning, yet he never said, "Come with me." He never indoctrinated me. That is what is great...not to indoctrinate. It is so human to force a helpless child to follow your beliefs. But he remained untempted--yes, I call it the greatest temptation. The moment you see someone dependent on you in any way, you start indoctrinating. He never even said to me, "You are a Jaina."

I remember perfectly--it was the time that the census was being taken. The officer had come to our house. He made many inquiries about many things. They asked about my grandfather's religion; he said, "Jainism." They then asked about my grandmother's religion. My Nana said, "You can ask her yourself. Religion is a private affair. I myself have never asked her." What a man!

My grandmother answered, "I do not believe in any religion whatsoever. All religions look childish to me." The officer was shocked. Even I was taken aback. She does not believe in any religion at all! In India to find a woman who does not believe in any religion at all is impossible. But she was born in Khajuraho, perhaps into a family of Tantrikas, who have never believed in any religion. They have practiced meditation but they have never believed in any religion.

It sounds very illogical to a Western mind: meditation without religion? Yes.. in fact, if you believe in any religion you cannot meditate. Religion is an interference in your meditation. Meditation needs no God, no heaven, no hell, no fear of punishment, and no allurement of pleasure. Meditation has nothing to do with mind; meditation is beyond it, whereas religion is only mind, it is within mind.

I know Nani never went to the temple, but she taught me one mantra which I will reveal for the first time. It is a Jaina mantra, but it has nothing to do with Jainas as such. It is purely accidental that it is related to Jainism.. .

The mantra is so beautiful. It is going to be difficult to translate it, but I will do my best. .or my worst. First listen to the mantra in its original beauty:

Namo arihantanam namo namo

Namo siddhanam namo namo

Namo uvajjhayanam namo namo

Namo loye savva sahunam namo namo

Aeso panch nammukaro

Savva pavappanasano

Mangalam cha savvesam padhamam havai mangalam

Arihante saranam pavajjhami

Siddhe saranam pavajjhami

Sahu saranam pavajjhami

Namo arihantanam namo namo

Namo siddhanam namo namo

Namo uvajjhayanam namo namo

Om, shantih, shantih, shantih....

Now my effort at translation: "I go to the feet of, I bow down to, the *arihantas....* "

Arihanta is the name in Jainism, as *arhat* is in Buddhism, for one who has achieved the ultimate but cares nothing about anybody else. He has come home and turned his back on the world. He does not create a religion, he does not even preach, he does not even declare. Of course he has to be remembered first. The first remembrance is for all those who have known and remained silent. The first respect is not for words, but for silence. Not

for serving others, but for the sheer achievement of one's self. It does not matter whether one serves others or not; that is secondary, not primary. The primary is that one has achieved one's self, and it is so difficult in this world to know one's self.. .

The Jainas call the person arihanta who has attained to himself and is so drowned, so drunk in the beautitude of his realization that he has forgotten the whole world.

The word 'arihanta' literally means "one who has killed the enemy"--and the enemy is the ego. The first part of the mantra means, "I touch the feet of the one who has attained himself."

The second part is: *Namo siddhanam namo namo.* This mantra is in Prakrit, not Sanskrit. Prakrit is the language of the Jainas; it is more ancient than Sanskrit. The very word 'sanskrit' means refined. You can understand by the word 'refined' there must have been something before it, otherwise what are you going to refine?

'Prakrit' means unrefined, natural, raw, and the Jainas are correct when they say their language is the most ancient in the world. Their religion too is the most ancient.

The Hindu scripture *Rigveda* mentions the first master of the Jainas, Adinatha. That certainly means it is far more ancient than *Rigveda. Rigveda* is the oldest book in the world, and it talks about the Jaina *tirthankara,* Adinatha, with such respect that one thing is certain, that he could not have been a contemporary of the people writing *Rigveda.* ...

The mantra is in Prakrit, raw and unrefined. The second line is: *Namo siddhanam namo namo*--"I touch the feet of the one who has become his being." So, what is the difference between the first and the second?

The arihanta never looks back, never bothers about any kind of service, Christian or otherwise. The siddha, once in a while holds out his hand to drowning humanity, but

only once in a while, not always. It is not a necessity, it is not compulsory, it

is his choice; he may or he may not.

Hence the third: *Namo uvajjhayanam namo namo...* "I touch the feet of the masters, the uvajjhaya." They have achieved the same, but they face the world, they serve the world. They are in the world and not of it.. but still in it.

The fourth: *Namo loye savva sahunam namo namo...* "I touch the feet of the teachers."

You know the subtle difference between a master and a teacher. The master has known, and imparts what he has known. The teacher has received from one who has known, and delivers it intact to the world, but he himself has not known.

The composers of this mantra are really beautiful; they even touch the feet of those who have not known themselves, but at least are carrying the message of the masters to the masses.

Number five is one of the most significant sentences I have ever come across in my whole life. It is strange that it was given to me by my grandmother when I was a small child. When I explain it to you, you too will see the beauty of it. Only she was capable of giving it to me. I don't know anybody else who had the guts to really proclaim it, although all Jainas repeat it in their temples. But to repeat is one thing; to impart it to one you love is totally another.

"I touch the feet of all those who have known themselves". .without any distinction, whether they are Hindus, Jainas, Buddhists, Christians, Mohammedans. The mantra says, "I touch the feet of all those who have known themselves." This is the only mantra, as far as I know, which is absolutely nonsectarian.

The other four parts are not different from the fifth, they are all contained in it, but it has a vastness which those others do not have. The fifth line must be written on all the temples, all the churches, irrespective of to whom they belong, because it says, "I touch the feet of all those who have known it." It does not say "who have known God." Even the "it" can be dropped: I am only putting "it" in the translation. The original simply means "touching the

feet of those who have known"--no "it." I am putting "it" in just to fulfill the demands of your language; otherwise someone is bound to ask, "Known? Known what? What is the object of knowledge?" There is no object of knowledge; there is nothing to know, only the knower.

This mantra was the only religious thing, if you can call it religious, given to me by my grandmother, and that too, not by my grandfather but by my grandmother...because one night I asked her. One night she said, "You look awake.

Can't you sleep? Are you planning tomorrow's mischief?"

I said, "No, but somehow a question is arising in me. Everybody has a religion, and when people ask me, 'To what religion do you belong?' I shrug my shoulders. Now, certainly shrugging your shoulders is not a religion, so I want to ask you, what should I say?"

She said, "I myself don't belong to any religion, but I love this mantra, and this is all I can give you--not because it is traditionally Jaina, but only because I have known its beauty. I have repeated it millions of times and always I have found tremendous peace.. just the feeling of touching the feet of all those who have known. I can give you this mantra; more than that is not possible for me."

Now I can say that woman was really great, because as far as religion is concerned, everybody is lying: Christians, Jews, Jainas, Mohammedans--everybody is lying.

They all talk of God, heaven and hell, angels and all kinds of nonsense, without knowing anything at all. She was great, not because she knew but because she was unable to lie to a child. Nobody should lie--to a child at least it is unforgivable.

Children have been exploited for centuries just because they are willing to trust. You can lie to them very easily and they will trust you. If you are a father, a mother, they will think you are bound to be true. That's how the whole of humanity lives in corruption, in a thick mud, very slippery, a thick mud of lies told to children for centuries.

If we can do just one thing, a simple thing: not lie to children, and to confess to them our ignorance, then we will be religious, and we will put them on the path of religion. Children are only innocence; leave them not your so-called knowledge. But you yourself must first be innocent, unlying, true, even if it shatters your ego--and it will shatter. It is bound to shatter.

My grandfather never told me to go to the temple, to follow him. I used to follow him many times, but he would say, "Go away. If you want to go to the temple, go alone.

Don't follow me."

He was not a hard man, but on this point he was absolutely hard. I asked him again and again, "Can you give me something of your experience?" And he would always avoid it. .

"Namo arihantanam namo namo

Namo siddhanam namo namo

Namo uvajjhayanam namo namo

Namo loye savva sahunam namo namo

Om, shantih, shantih, shantih...."

What does it mean? It means "Om"--the ultimate sound of soundlessness. And he disappeared like a dewdrop in the first rays of the sun.

There is only peace, peace, peace. . I am entering into it now. .

Namo arihantanam namo namo....

I go to the feet of those who have known.

I go to the feet of those who have achieved.

I go to the feet of all who are masters.

I go to the feet of all the teachers.

I go to the feet of all who have ever known,

Unconditionally.

Om, shantih, shantih, shantih. glimps05

My grandfather wanted the greatest astrologers in India to make my birth chart.

Although he was not very rich--in fact not even rich, what to say of very rich, but in that village he was the richest person--he was ready to pay any price for the birth chart. He made the long journey to Varanasi and saw the famous men. Looking at the notes and dates my grandfather had brought, the greatest astrologer of them all said, "I am sorry, I can only make this birth chart after seven years. If the child survives then I will make his chart without any charge, but I don't think he will survive. If he does it will be a miracle, because then there is a possibility for him to become a buddha."

My grandfather came home weeping. I had never seen tears in his eyes. I asked,

"What is the matter?"

He said, "I have to wait until you are seven. Who knows whether I will survive those years or not? Who knows whether the astrologer himself will survive, because he is so old. And I am a little concerned about you."

I said, "What's the concern?"

He said, "The concern is not that you may die, my concern is that you may become a buddha."

I laughed, and amongst his tears he also started laughing. Then he himself said, "It is strange that I was worried. Yes, what is wrong in being a buddha?". .

When I was seven an astrologer came to my grandfather's village searching for me.

When a beautiful horse stopped in front of our house, we all rushed out. The horse looked so royal, and the rider was none other than one of the famous astrologers.. .

He said to me, "So you are still alive? I have made your birth chart. I was worried, because people like you don't survive long."

My grandfather sold all the ornaments in the house just to give a feast for all the neighboring villages, to celebrate that I was going to become a buddha, and yet I don't think he even understood the meaning of the word 'buddha'.

He was a Jaina and may not have even heard it before. But he was happy, immensely happy. .dancing, because I was to become a buddha. At that moment I could not believe that he could be so happy just because of this word 'buddha'. When everyone had departed I asked him, "What is the meaning of 'buddha'?"

He said, "I don't know, it just sounds good. Moreover I am a Jaina. We will find out from some Buddhist."

In that small village there were no Buddhists, but he said, "Someday, when a passing Buddhist *bhikkhu* comes by, we will know the meaning."

But he was so happy just because the astrologer had said that I was to become a buddha. He then said to me, "I guess 'buddha' must mean someone who is very intelligent." In Hindi *buddhi* means intelligence, so he thought 'buddha' meant the intelligent one.

He came very close, he almost guessed right. Alas that he is not alive, otherwise he would have seen what being a buddha means--not the dictionary meaning, but an encounter with a living, awakened one. And I can see him dancing, seeing that his grandson has become a buddha. That would have been enough to make him enlightened! But he died. His death was one of my most significant experiences. Of that, later on. *glimps02*

And to me he was not just a maternal grandfather.

It is very difficult for me to define what he was to me. He used to call me Rajah--

rajah means the king--and for those seven years he managed to have me live like a king. On my birthday he used to bring an elephant from a nearby town.. . Elephants in India, in those days, were kept either by kings--because it is very costly, the maintenance, the food and the service that the elephant requires--or by saints.

Two types of people used to have them. The saints could have elephants because they had so many followers. Just as the followers looked after the saint, they looked after the elephant. Nearby there was a saint who had an elephant, so for my birthday my maternal grandfather used to bring the elephant. He would put me on the elephant with two bags, one on either side, full of silver coins.. .

In my childhood, in India, notes had not appeared; pure silver was still used for the rupee. My grandfather would fill two bags, big bags, hanging on either side, with silver coins, and I would go around the village throwing the silver coins. That's how he used to celebrate my birthday. Once I started, he would come in his bullock cart behind me with more rupees, and he would go on telling me, "Don't be miserly--I am keeping enough. You cannot throw more than I have. Go on throwing!"

Naturally, the whole village followed the elephant. It was not a big village either, not more than two or three hundred people in the whole village, so I would go around the village, the only street in the village. He managed in every possible way to give me the idea that I belonged to some royal family. *person27*

In my Nani's village I was continuously either in the lake or in the river. The river was a little too far away, perhaps two miles, so I had to choose the lake more often.

But once in a while I used to go to the river, because the quality of a river and a lake are totally different. A lake, in a certain way, is dead, closed, not flowing, not going anywhere at all, static. That's the meaning of death: it is not dynamic.

The river is always on the go, rushing to some unknown goal, perhaps not

knowing at all what that goal is, but it reaches, knowing or unknowing--it reaches the goal.

The lake never moves. It remains where it is, dormant, simply dying, every day dying; there is no resurrection. But the river, howsoever small, is as big as the ocean, because sooner or later it is going to become the ocean.

I have always loved the feel of the flow: just going, that flux, that continuous movement.. aliveness. So, even though the river was two miles away, I used once in a while to go just to have the taste. *glimps27*

I used to swim in the lake. Naturally my grandfather was afraid. He put a strange man to guard over me, in a boat. In that primitive village you cannot conceive what a

"boat" meant. It is called a *dongi.* It is nothing but the hollowed-out trunk of a tree. It is not an ordinary boat. It is round, and that is the danger: unless you are an expert you cannot row it. It can roll at any moment. Just a little imbalance and you are gone forever. It is very dangerous.

I learned balance through rowing a dongi. Nothing could be more helpful. I learned the "middle way" because you have to be exactly in the middle: this way, and you are gone; that way, and you are gone. You cannot even breathe, and you have to remain absolutely silent; only then can you row the dongi. *glimps03*

During those first years when I lived with my grandfather, I was absolutely protected from punishment. He never said "Do this," or "Don't do that." On the contrary he put his most obedient servant, Bhoora, at my service, to protect me.

Bhoora used to carry a very primitive gun with him. He used to follow me at a distance, but that was enough to frighten the villagers. That was enough to allow me to do whatsoever I wanted.

Anything one could imagine.. like riding on a buffalo backwards with Bhoora following. .

In my village particularly, and all over India, nobody rides on a buffalo. The

Chinese are strange people, and this person Lao Tzu was the strangest of all. But God knows, and only God knows, how I discovered the idea--even I don't know--to sit on a buffalo in the marketplace, backwards. I assume it was because I always liked anything absurd. .

Those early years--if they could be given to me again, I would be ready to be born again. But you know, and I know, nothing can be repeated. That's why I am saying that I would be ready to be born again; otherwise who wants to, even though those days were full of beauty. .

I was so mischievous. I cannot live without it; it is my nourishment. I can understand the old man, my grandfather, and the trouble my mischief caused him. The whole day he would sit on his *gaddi*-- as the seat of a rich man is called in India--listening less to his customers, and more to the complainers. But he used to say to them, "I am ready to pay for any damage he has done, but remember, I am not going to punish him."

Perhaps his very patience with me, a mischievous child. .even I could not tolerate it.

If a child like that was given to me and for years.. my God! Even for minutes and I would throw the child out of the door forever. Perhaps those years worked a miracle for my grandfather; that immense patience paid. He became more and more silent. I saw it growing every day. Once in a while I would say, "Nana, you can punish me. You need not be so tolerant." And, can you believe it, he would cry! Tears would come to his eyes, and he would say, "Punish you? I cannot do that. I can punish myself but not you."

Never, for a single moment, have I ever seen the shadow of anger towards me in his eyes--and believe me, I did everything that one thousand children could do. In the morning, even before breakfast I was into my mischief, until late at night. Sometimes I would come home so late--three o'clock in the morning. But what a man he was! He never said, "You are too late. This is not the time for a child to come home." No, not even once. In fact, in front of me he would avoid looking at the clock on the wall. *glimps05*

(5) The family servant, Bhoora

The man who was put on guard to save me, I called him strange. Why? Because his name was Bhoora, and it means "white man." He was the only white man in our village. He was not a European; it was just by chance that he did not look like an Indian. He looked more like a European but he was not. His mother most probably had worked in a British Army camp and had become pregnant there. That's why nobody knew his name, everybody called him Bhoora. Bhoora means "the white one." It is not a name but it became his name. He was a very impressive-looking man. He came to work for my grandfather from early childhood, and even though he was a servant he was treated like one of the family.

I also called him strange because although I have come to know many people in the world, one rarely comes across such a man as Bhoora. He was a man you could trust.

You could say anything to him and he would keep the secret forever. This fact became known to my family only when my grandfather died. .

What a man! But such men used to exist on earth. They are disappearing by and by, and instead of such people you find all kinds of cunning people taking their place.

These people are the very salt of the earth. I call Bhoora a strange man because in a cunning world, to be simple *is* strange. It is to be a stranger, not of this world. *glimps03*

Bhoora may have been just an obedient servant to my grandfather, but to me he was a friend. Most of the time we were together--in the fields, in the forest, on the lake, everywhere. Bhoora followed me like a shadow, not interfering, always ready to help, and with such a great heart...so poor and yet so rich, together.

He never invited me to his house. Once I asked him, "Bhoora, why do you never invite me to your house?"

He said, "I am so poor that although I want to invite you, my poverty prevents me. I don't want you to see that ugly house in all its dirtiness. In this life I cannot see a time when I will be able to invite you. I really have

dropped the very idea."

He was very poor. In that village there were two parts: one for the higher castes, and the other for the poorer ones, on the other side of the lake. That's where Bhoora lived. Although I tried many times to reach his house I could not manage it because he was always following me like a shadow. He would prevent me before I even stepped in that direction.

Even my horse used to listen to him. When it came to going towards his house, Bhoora would say, "No! Don't go." Of course he had brought the horse up from its very childhood; they understood each other, and the horse would stop. There would be no way to get the horse to move either towards Bhoora's house, or even towards the poorer part of the village. I had only seen it from the other side, the richer, where the brahmins and the Jainas lived, and all those who are by birth, pure.

Bhoora was a sudra. The word 'sudra' means "impure by birth," and there is no way for a sudra to purify himself.

This is the work of Manu*. That's why I condemn him and hate him. I denounce him, and want the world to know of this man, Manu, because unless we know of such people we will never be able to be free of them. They will continue to influence us in some form or another. Either it is race--even in America, if you are a negro, you are a sudra, a "nigger," untouchable.

Whether you are a negro or a white man, both need to be acquainted with the insane philosophy of Manu. It is Manu who has influenced the two world wars in a very subtle way. And perhaps he will be the cause of the third, and last. .a really influential man!. .

I don't think any man has influenced humanity more than Manu. Even today, whether you know his name or not, he influences you. If you think yourself superior just because you are white or black, or just because you are a man or a woman, somehow Manu is pulling your strings. Manu has to be absolutely discarded. *glimps19*

*Note: Manu gave the anicent caste system its scriptural 'authority' in his

books Manu Samhita and Manu Smrati. Nietzsche and Hitler were influenced by Manu I was looking at some pictures of the marriage procession of Princess Diana, and strangely, the only thing that impressed me in the whole nonsense was the beautiful horses, their joyous dance. Looking at those horses I remembered my own horse. I have not told anyone about it. .but now that I am not keeping anything secret, even this can be told.

I not only owned one horse; in fact I had four horses. One was my own--and you know how fussy I am.. even today nobody else can ride in the Rolls Royces. It is just fussiness. I was the same at that time too. Nobody, not even my grandfather, was

allowed to ride my horse. Of course, I was allowed to ride everyone else's horse.

Both my grandfather and my grandmother had one. It was strange in an Indian village for a woman to ride a horse--but she was a strange woman, what to do! The fourth horse was for Bhoora, the servant who always followed me with his gun, at a distance of course.

Destiny is strange. I have never harmed anyone in my life, not even in my dreams. I am absolutely vegetarian. But as destiny would have it, from my very childhood I have been followed by a guard. I don't know why, but since Bhoora I have never been without a guard. Even today my guards are always either ahead or behind, but always there. Bhoora started the whole game.

I already told you that he looked like a European, that's why he was called Bhoora. It was not his real name. *Bhoora* simply means "the white one." Even I don't know his real name at all. He looked European, very European, and it looked really strange, especially in that village where I don't think any European had ever entered. And still there are guards.. .

Even when I was a child, I could see the point of Bhoora following me at a distance on his horse, because twice there was an attempt to abduct me. I don't know why anybody should have been interested in me. Now at least I can understand. My grandfather, though not very rich by Western

standards, was certainly very rich in that village. *Dakaits*. .it is not an English word; it comes from the Hindi word *daku....*

Dakait is a transliteration of daku; it means thief--not just an ordinary thief, but when a group of people, armed and organized, plan the act of stealing, then it is dakaitry.

Even when I was young, in India it was a common practice to steal rich people's children, then to threaten the parents that if they didn't pay, then the hands of the child would be cut off. If they paid, then they could save the child's hands.

Sometimes the threat would be to blind the child, or if the parents were really rich then the threat was direct--that the child would be killed. To save the child, the poor parents were ready to do anything whatsoever.

Twice they tried to steal me. Two things saved me: one was my horse, who was a really strong Arabian; the second was Bhoora, the servant. He was ordered by my grandfather to fire into the air--not at the people trying to abduct me, because that is against Jainism, but you are allowed to fire into the air to frighten them. Of course my grandmother had whispered in Bhoora's ear, "Don't bother about what my husband says. First you can fire into the air, but if it doesn't work, remember: if you don't shoot the people I will shoot you." And she was a really good shot. I have seen her shoot and she was always accurate to the minutest point--she did not miss much.

Nani was very exact as far as details are concerned. She was always to the point, never around it. There are some people who go around and around and around: you have to figure out what they really want. That was not her way; she was exact, mathematically exact. She told Bhoora, "Remember, if you come home without him just to report he has been stolen, I will shoot you immediately." I knew, Bhoora knew, my grandfather knew, because although she said it into Bhoora's ear, it was not a whisper; it was loud enough to be heard by the whole village. She meant it. She always meant business.

My grandfather looked the other way. I could not resist; I laughed loudly and said,

"Why are you looking the other way? You heard her. If you are a real Jaina, tell Bhoora not to shoot anybody."

But before my grandfather could say anything, my Nani said, "I have told Bhoora on your behalf too, so you keep quiet." She was such a woman that she would even have shot my grandfather. I knew her--I don't mean literally, but metaphorically, and that is more dangerous than literally. So he kept quiet.

Twice I was almost abducted. Once my horse brought me home, and once Bhoora had to fire the gun, of course into the air. Perhaps if there had been a need he would have fired at the person who was trying to abduct me. But there was no need, so he saved himself and also my grandfather's religion.

Since then, it is strange.. it seems very, very strange to me because I have been absolutely harmless to everybody, yet I have been in danger many times. Many attempts have been made on my life. I have always wondered, since life will end by itself sooner or later, why anybody should be interested to put an end to it in the middle. What purpose can it serve? If I could be convinced of that purpose I can stop breathing this very moment. .

But when she had said to Bhoora, "If anyone touches my child, you are not just to fire into the air because we believe in Jainism.. . That belief is good, but only in the temple. In the marketplace we have to behave in the way of the world, and the world is not Jaina. How can we behave according to our philosophy?"

I can see her crystal-clear logic. If you are talking to a man who does not understand English, you cannot speak to him in English. If you speak to him in his own language then there is more possibility of communication. Philosophies are languages; let that be clearly noted. Philosophies don't mean anything at all--they are languages. And the moment I heard my grandmother say to Bhoora, "When a dakait tries to steal my child, speak the language he understands, forget all about Jainism"--in that moment I understood. Although it was not so clear to me as it became later on, it must have been clear to Bhoora. My grandfather certainly understood the situation because he closed his eyes and started repeating his mantra: *"Namo arihantanam namo...namo siddhanam namo...."*

I laughed, my grandmother giggled; Bhoora, of course, only smiled. But everybody understood the situation--and she was right, as always.. .

My grandmother had the same quality of being always right. She said to Bhoora, "Do you think these dakaits believe in Jainism? And that old fool. ." she indicated my grandfather who was repeating his mantra. She then said, "That old fool has only told you to fire into the air because we should not kill. Let him repeat his mantra.

Who is telling him to kill? You are not a Jaina, are you?"

I knew instinctively at that moment that if Bhoora was a Jaina he would lose his job.

I had never bothered before whether Bhoora was a Jaina or not. For the first time I became concerned about the poor man, and started praying. I did not know to whom, because Jainas don't believe in any God. I was never indoctrinated into any belief, but still I started saying within myself, "God, if you are there, save this poor man's job." Do you see the point? Even then I said, *"If* you are there.. ." I cannot lie even in such a situation.

But mercifully Bhoora was not a Jaina. He said, "I am not a Jaina so I don't care."

My Nani said, "Then remember what I have told you, not what that old fool has said."

In fact she always used to use that term for my grandfather: "that old fool". But that

"old fool" is dead. My mother. .my grandmother is dead. Excuse me, again I said "my mother." I really cannot believe she was not my mother and only my grandmother...

When she spoke to Bhoora I knew she meant it. Bhoora knew she meant it too.

When my grandfather started the mantra, I knew he also understood that she meant business.

Twice I was attacked--and to me it was a joy, an adventure. In fact, deep down I wanted to know what it meant to be abducted. That has always been my characteristic, you can call it my character. It is a quality I rejoice in. I used to go on my horse to the woods which belonged to us. My grandfather promised that all that belonged to him would be willed to me, and he was true to his word. He never gave a single *pai* to anybody else.

He had thousands of acres of land. Of course, in those days it didn't have any value.

But value is not my concern--it was so beautiful: those tall trees, and a great lake, and in summer when the mangoes became ripe it was so fragrant. I used to go there on my horse so often that the horse became accustomed to my path.. .

I used to go on my horse, and seeing those horses in Princess Diana's wedding procession I could not believe that England could have such beautiful horses.. .

All those people, and I could only love the horses! They were the real people. What joy! What steps! What dance! Just sheer celebration. I immediately remembered my own horse, and those days.. their fragrance is there still. I can see the lake, and myself as a child on the horse in the woods. It is strange--I can smell the mangoes, the neem trees, the pines, and I can also smell my horse.

It is good that I was not allergic to smell in those days, or, who knows, I may have been allergic but unaware of it. It is a strange coincidence that the year of my enlightenment was also the year of my becoming allergic. *glimps10*

(6) Osho argues with Nana's guru

Jainism is the most ascetic religion in the world, or in other words the most masochistic and sadistic. Jaina monks torture themselves so much that one wonders if they are insane. They are not. They are businessmen, and the followers of the Jaina monks are all businessmen. It is strange, the whole Jaina community consists only of businessmen--but not really

strange because the religion itself is basically motivated for profit in the other world. The Jaina tortures himself in order to gain something in the other world which he knows he cannot attain in this.

I must have been about four or five years old when I saw the first naked Jaina monk being invited into my grandmother's house. I could not resist laughing. My grandfather told me, "Keep quiet! I know you are a nuisance. I can forgive you when you are a pain in the neck to the neighbors, but I cannot forgive you if you try to be mischievous with my guru. He is my master; he initiated me into the inner secrets of religion."

I said, "I am not concerned about the inner secrets, I am concerned about the outer secrets that he is showing so clearly. Why is he naked? Can't he at least wear short pants?"

Even my grandfather laughed. He said, "You don't understand."

I said, "Okay, I will ask him myself." I then asked my grandmother, "Can I ask a few questions to this utterly insane man who comes naked in front of ladies and gentlemen?"

My grandmother laughed and said, "Go ahead, and don't take any notice of what your grandfather says. I allow you. If he says anything just indicate towards me and I will put him right."

She was really a beautiful woman, courageous, ready to give freedom without any limits. She did not even ask me what I was going to ask. She simply said, "Go ahead. . "

All the villagers had assembled for the *darshan* of the Jaina monk. In the middle of the so-called sermon I stood up. That was forty or so years ago, and since then I have been fighting these idiots continuously. That day a war began which is only going to end when I am no more. Perhaps it may not end even then; my people may continue it.

I asked simple questions that he could not answer. I was puzzled. My grandfather was ashamed. My grandmother patted me on the back and said, "Great! You did it! I knew you were able to."

What had I asked?--just simple questions. I had asked, "Why don't you want to be born again?" That's a very simple question in Jainism, because Jainism is nothing but an effort not to be born again. It is the whole science of preventing rebirth. So I asked him the basic question, "Don't you ever want to be born again?"

He said, "No, never."

Then I asked, "Why don't you commit suicide? Why are you still breathing? Why eat?

Why drink water? Just disappear, commit suicide. Why make so much fuss over a simple thing?" He was not more than forty years of age.. . I said to him, "If you continue in this way, you may have to continue for another forty years or even more." It is a scientific fact that people who eat less live longer. .

So I said to the monk--I did not know these facts then--"If you don't want to be born again, why are you living? Just to die? Then why not commit suicide?" I don't think anybody had ever asked him such a question. In polite society nobody ever asks a real question, and the question of suicide is the most real of all.

Marcel says: Suicide is the only real philosophical question. I had no idea of Marcel then. Perhaps at that time there was no Marcel, and his book had not been written yet. But this is what I said to the Jaina monk: "If you don't want to be born again, which you say is your desire, then why do you live? For what? Commit suicide! I can show you a way. Although I don't know much about the ways of the world, as far as suicide is concerned I can give you some advice. You can jump off the hill at the side of the village, or you can jump into the river."

The river was three miles away from the village, and so deep and so vast that to swim across it was such a joy for me. Many times while swimming across the river I would think it was the end and I would not be able to reach the other shore. It was so wide, particularly in the rainy season, miles wide. It looked almost like an ocean.

In the rainy season one could not even see the other shore. When it was in full flood, that was when I would jump in, either to die or to reach the other shore. The greater probability was that I would never reach the other shore.

I told the Jaina monk, "In the rainy season you can jump into the river with me. We can keep company for a little while, then you can die, and I will reach the other shore. I can swim well enough."

He looked at me so fiercely, so full of anger, that I had to tell him, "Remember, you will have to be born again because you are still full of anger. This is not the way to get rid of the world of worries. Why are you looking at me so angrily? Answer my question in a peaceful and silent way. Answer joyously! If you cannot answer, simply say, 'I don't know.' But don't be angry."

The man said, "Suicide is a sin. I cannot commit suicide. But I want never to be born again. I will achieve that state by slowly renouncing everything that I possess."

I said, "Please show me something that you possess because, as far as I can see you are naked and you don't possess anything. What possessions do you have?"

My grandfather tried to stop me. I pointed towards my grandmother and then said to him, "Remember, I asked permission of Nani, and now nobody can prevent me, not even you. I spoke to her about you because I was worried that if I interrupted your guru and his rubbishy, so-called sermon, you would be angry with me. She said to 'Just point towards me, that's all. Don't be worried: just a look from me and he will become silent.'" And strange.. it was true! He became silent, even without a look from my Nani.

Later on my Nani and I both laughed. I said to her, "He did not even look at you."

She said, "He could not, because he must have been afraid that I would say 'Shut up!

Don't interfere with the child.' So he avoided me. The only way to avoid me

was to not interfere with you."

In fact he closed his eyes as if he was meditating. I said to him, "Nana, great! You are angry, boiling, there is fire within you, yet you sit with closed eyes as if you are meditating. Your guru is angry because my questions are annoying him. You are angry because your guru is not capable of answering. But I say, this man who is sermonizing here is just an imbecile." And I was not more than four or five years old.

From that time on that has remained my language. I immediately recognize the idiot wherever he is, whoever he is. Nobody can escape my x-ray eyes. I can immediately see any retardedness, or anything else whatsoever. *glimps07*

I have been talking about an incident that is absolutely important in order to understand my life and its workings.. and it is still alive for me.

By the way, I was saying I can still remember, but the word 'remember' is not right. I can still see the whole incident happening. Of course I was just a young child, but that does not mean that what I said is not to be taken seriously. In fact it is the only serious thing that I have ever talked about: suicide.

To a Westerner it may seem a little rude to ask a monk--who is almost like a pope to the Jainas--such a question: "Why don't you commit suicide?" But be kind to me. Let me explain before you conclude, or stop listening to me.

Jainism is the only religion in the world which respects suicide. Now it is your turn to be surprised. Of course they do not call it suicide; they give it a beautiful metaphysical name, *santhara.* I am against it, particularly the way it is done. It is very violent and cruel. It is strange that a religion which believes in nonviolence should preach santhara, suicide. You can call it metaphysical suicide, but after all,

suicide is suicide; the name does not matter. What matters is that the man is no longer alive.

Why am I against it? I am not against the right of man to commit suicide. No, it should be one of the basic human rights. If I don't want to live, who has the right to force me to live? If I myself want to disappear, then all that others can do is to make it as comfortable as possible. Note it: one day I would like to disappear. I cannot live forever. .

. .I am not against the Jaina attitude to suicide, but the method. .their method is not to eat anything. It takes almost ninety days for the poor man to die. It is torture. You cannot improve on it....

Jaina monks and their masochistic practices. They are superb! They never cut their hair, they pull it out with their hands. Look what a great idea!

Every year the Jaina monk pulls out his hair, beard and mustache, and all hair on the body, just with his bare hands! They are against any technology--and they call it logic, going to the very logical end of a thing. If you use a razor, that is technology; did you know that? Have you ever considered a razor a technological thing? Even so-called ecologists go on shaving their beards without knowing that they are committing a crime against nature.

Jaina monks pull out their hair--and not privately, because they do not have any privacy. Part of their masochism is not to have any privacy, to be utterly public. They pull their hair out while standing naked in the marketplace. The crowds, of course, cheer and applaud. And Jainas, although they feel great sympathy--you can even see tears in their eyes--unconsciously they also enjoy it, and without needing a ticket. I abhor it. I am averse to all such practices.

The idea of committing santhara, suicide, by not eating or drinking, is nothing but a very long process of self-torture. I cannot support it. But I am absolutely in support of the idea of the freedom to die. I consider it a birthright, and sooner or later every constitution in the world will contain it, will have to have it as the most basic birthright--the right to die. It is not a crime.

But to torture anybody, including yourself, is a crime. With this you will be able to understand that I was not being rude, I was asking a very relevant

question. On that day I began a lifelong struggle against all kinds of stupidities, nonsense, superstitions--in short, religious bullshit. Bullshit is such a beautiful word. It says so much, in short.

That day I began my life as a rebel, and I will continue to be a rebel to my very last breath--or even after it, who knows.. .

That day was significant, historically significant. I have always remembered that day along with the day when Jesus argued with the rabbis in the temple. He was a little older than I was, perhaps eight or nine years older. The way he argued determined the whole course of his life.

I don't remember the name of the Jaina monk; perhaps his name was Shanti Sagar, meaning "ocean of bliss." He certainly was not that. That is why I have forgotten even his name. He was just a dirty puddle, not an ocean of bliss or peace or silence.

And he was certainly not a man of silence, because he became very angry.

Shanti can mean many things. It may mean peace, it may mean silence; those are the two basic meanings. Both were missing in him. He was neither peaceful nor silent,

not at all. Nor could you say that he was without any turmoil in him because he became so angry that he shouted at me to sit down.

I said, "Nobody can tell me to sit down in my own house. I can tell you to get out, but you cannot tell me to sit down. But I will not tell you to get out because I have a few more questions. Please don't be angry. Remember your name, Shanti Sagar--ocean of peace and silence. You could at least be a little pool. And don't be disturbed by a little child."

Without bothering whether he was silent or not, I asked my grandmother, who was by now all laughter, "What do you say, Nani? Should I ask him more questions, or tell him to get out of our house?"

I did not ask my grandfather of course, because this man was his guru. My Nani said,

"You can ask whatsoever you want to, and if he cannot answer, the door is open, he can get out."

That was the woman I loved. That was the woman who made me a rebel. Even my grandfather was shocked that she supported me in such a way. That so-called Shanti Sagar immediately became silent the moment he saw that my grandmother supported me. Not only her, the villagers were immediately on my side. The poor Jaina monk was left absolutely alone.

I asked him a few more questions. I asked, "You have said, 'Don't believe anything unless you have experienced it yourself.' I see the truth in that, hence this question.. ."

Jainas believe there are seven hells. Up to the sixth there is a possibility of coming back, but the seventh is eternal. Perhaps the seventh is the Christian hell, because there too, once you are in it you are in it forever. I continued, "You referred to seven hells, so the question arises, have you visited the seventh? If you have, then you could not be here. If you have not, on what authority do you say that it exists? You should say that there are only six hells, not seven. Now please be correct: say that there are only six hells, or if you want to insist on seven, then prove to me that at least one man, Shanti Sagar, has come back from the seventh hell."

He was dumbfounded. He could not believe that a child could ask such a question.

Today, I too cannot believe it! How could I ask such a question? The only answer I can give is that I was uneducated, and utterly without any knowledge. Knowledge makes you very cunning. I was not cunning. I simply asked the question which any child could have asked if he were not educated. Education is the greatest crime man has committed against poor children. Perhaps the last liberation in the world will be the liberation of children.

I was innocent, utterly unknowledgeable. I could not read or write, not even count beyond my fingers. Even today, when I have to count anything I start with my fingers, and if I miss a finger I get mixed up.

He could not answer. My grandmother stood up and said, "You have to answer the question. Don't think that only a child is asking; I am also asking and I am your hostess."

Now again I have to introduce you to a Jaina convention. When a Jaina monk comes to a family to receive his food, after taking his meal, as a blessing to the family, he gives a sermon. The sermon is addressed to the hostess. My grandmother said, "I am your hostess today, and I also am asking the same question. Have you visited the

seventh hell? If not, say truthfully that you have not, but then you cannot say there are seven hells."

The monk became so puzzled and confused--more so by being confronted by a beautiful woman--that he started to leave. My Nani shouted, "Stop! Don't leave! Who is going to answer my child's question? And he still has a few more to ask. What kind of man are you, escaping from a child's questions!"

The man stopped. I said to him, "I drop the second question, because the monk cannot answer it. He has not answered the first question either, so I will ask him the third; perhaps he may be able to answer that."

He looked at me. I said, "If you want to look at me, look into my eyes." There was great silence, just as it is here. Nobody said a word. The monk lowered his eyes, and I then said, "Then I don't want to ask. My first two questions are unanswered, and the third is not asked because I don't want a guest of the house to be ashamed. I withdraw." And I really withdrew from the gathering, and I was so happy when my grandmother followed me.

The monk was given his farewell by my grandfather, but as soon as he had left, my grandfather rushed back into the house and asked my grandmother, "Are you mad?

First you supported this boy who is a born troublemaker, then you went with him without even saying goodbye to my master."

My grandmother said, "He is not my master, so I don't care a bit. Moreover

what you think to be a born troublemaker is the seed. Nobody knows what will come out of it."

I know now what has come out of it. Unless one is a born troublemaker one cannot become a buddha. And I am not only a buddha, as Gautam the Buddha; that is too traditional. I am Zorba the Buddha. I am a meeting of the East and the West. In fact, I do not divide East and West, higher and lower, man and woman, good and bad, God and the devil. No! A thousand times no! I don't divide. I join together all that has been divided up to now. That is my work.

That day is immensely significant in order to understand what happened during my whole life, because unless you understand the seed, you will miss the tree and the flowering, and perhaps the moon through the branches.

From that very day I have always been against everything masochistic. Of course I came to know the word much later, but the word does not matter. I have been against all that is ascetic; even that word was not known to me in those days, but I could smell something foul. You know I am allergic to all kinds of self-torture. I want every human being to live to the fullest; minimum is not my way. Live to the maximum, or if you can go beyond the maximum, then fantastic. Go! Don't wait! And don't waste time waiting for Godot.. .

. .I am not against the idea of ending life. If one decides to end it, then of course it is his right. But I am certainly against making it a long torture. When this Shanti Sagar died, he took one hundred and ten days of not eating. A man is capable, if he is ordinarily healthy, of easily lasting ninety days without food. If he is extraordinarily healthy then he can survive longer.

So remember, I was not rude to the man. In that context my question was absolutely correct, perhaps more so because he could not answer it. And, strange to tell you today, that was the beginning not only of my questioning, but also the beginning of

people not answering. Nobody has answered any of my questions in these

last forty-five years. I have met many so-called spiritual people, but nobody has ever answered any of my questions. In a way that day determined my whole flavor, my whole life.

Shanti Sagar left very annoyed, but I was immensely happy, and I did not hide it from my grandfather. I told him, "Nana, he may have left annoyed, but I am feeling absolutely correct. Your guru was just mediocre. You should choose someone of a little more worth."

Even he laughed and said, "Perhaps you are right, but now at my age to change my guru will not be very practical." He asked my Nani, "What do you think?"

My Nani, as ever true to her spirit, said, "It is never too late to change. If you see what you have chosen is not right, change it. In fact, be quick, because you are getting old. Don't say, 'I am old, so I cannot change.' A young man can afford not to change, but not an old man, and you are old enough."

And only a few years later he died, but he could not gather the courage to change his guru. He continued in the same old pattern. My grandmother used to poke him saying, "When are you going to change your guru and your methods?"

He would say, "Yes, I will, I will."

One day my grandmother said, "Stop all this nonsense! Nobody ever changes unless one changes right now. Don't say 'I will, I will.' Either change or don't change, but be clear."

That woman could have become a tremendously powerful force. She was not meant to be just a housewife. She was not meant to live in that small village. The whole world should have known about her. Perhaps I am her vehicle; perhaps she has poured herself into me. She loved me so deeply that I have never considered my real mother to be my real mother. I always consider my Nani to be my real mother.

Whenever I had to confess anything, any wrong that I had done to

somebody, I could only confess it to her, nobody else. She was my trust. I could confide anything to her because I have come to realize one thing, and that is: she was capable of understanding. .

. .That moment in my life, asking the Jaina monk strange, irritating, annoying questions, I don't consider that I did anything wrong. Perhaps I helped him. Perhaps one day he will understand. If he had had courage he would have understood even that day, but he was a coward--he escaped. And since then, this has been my experience: the so-called mahatmas and saints are all cowards. I have never come across a single mahatma--Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian, Buddhist--who can be said to be really a rebellious spirit. Unless one is rebellious one is not religious.

Rebellion is the very foundation of religion. *glimps08*

I was telling you of the incident that happened between me and the Jaina monk. It was not the end of that story, because that next day he had to come again to beg for his food from my grandfather's house.

It will be difficult for you to understand why he had to come again when he had left our house in such anger. I have to explain the context to you. A Jaina monk cannot take food from anybody except another Jaina, and unfortunately for him, we were the only Jaina family in that small village. He could not beg elsewhere for his food,

although he would have liked to, but it was against his discipline. So, in spite of himself, he came again.

I and my Nani were both waiting upstairs, watching from the window because we knew he had to come. My Nani said to me, "Look, he is coming. Now, what are you going to ask him today?"

I said, "I don't know. First, let him at least eat, and then conventionally he is bound to address the family and the people who have gathered." After each meal, a Jaina monk delivers a sermon of thanks. "Then don't be worried," I told her, "I will find something or other to ask. First let him speak."

He was very cautious in speaking, and very brief, which was unusual. But

whether you speak or not, if someone wants to question you, he can. He can question your silence. The monk was speaking about the beauty of existence, thinking perhaps that it could not create any trouble, but it did.

I stood up. My Nani was laughing at the back of the room--I can still hear her laughter. I asked him, "Who created this beautiful universe?"

Jainas do not believe in God. It is difficult for the Western Christian mind to even comprehend a religion that does not believe in God. Jainism is far superior to Christianity; at least it does not believe in God, and the Holy Ghost, and the whole nonsense that follows. Jainism is, believe me or not, an atheistic religion--because to be atheist and yet religious seems to be contradictory, a contradiction in terms.

Jainism is pure ethics, pure morality, with no God. So when I asked the Jaina monk,

"Who created this beauty?" obviously, as I knew he would, he answered, "Nobody."

That was what I was waiting for. I then said, "Can such beauty be created by no one?"

He said, "Please don't misunderstand me.. ." This time he had come prepared; he looked more together. "Please don't misunderstand me," he said, "I am not saying that no one is someone.". .

I said to the Jaina monk, "I know that no one is no one, but you talk so beautifully, so praisingly of existence that it shocks me, because Jainas are not supposed to do that.

It seems that because of yesterday's experience you have changed your tactics. You can change your tactics but you cannot change me. I still ask, if no one created the universe how did it come to be?"

He looked here and there; all were silent except for my Nani, who was laughing loudly. The monk asked me, "Do you know how it came to be?"

I said, "It has always been there; there is no need for it to come." I can

confirm that sentence after forty-five years, after enlightenment and no-enlightenment, after having read so much and having forgotten it all, after knowing that which is, and--

put it in capitals--IGNORING IT. I can still say the same as that young child: the universe has always been there; there is no need for it to have been created or to have come from somewhere--it simply is.

The Jaina monk did not turn up on the third day. He escaped from our village to the next where there was another Jaina family. But I must pay homage to him: without knowing it he started a small child on the journey towards truth.

Since then, how many people have I asked the same question, and found the same ignorance facing me--great pundits, knowledgeable people, great mahatmas

worshipped by thousands, and yet not able to answer a simple question put by a child.

In fact, no real question has ever been answered, and I predict that no real question will ever be answered, because when you come to a real question, the only answer is silence. Not the stupid silence of a pundit, a monk or a mahatma, but your own silence. Not the silence of the other, but the silence that grows within you. Except that, there is no answer. And that silence that grows within is an answer to you, and to those who merge with your silence with love; otherwise it is not an answer to anyone except you.. .

When the monk had disappeared from that village we laughed continuously for days, particularly my Nani and I. I cannot believe how childlike she was! At that time she must have been nearly fifty, but her spirit was as if she had never grown older than a child. She laughed with me and said, "You did well."

Even now I can still see the back of the escaping monk. Jaina monks are not beautiful people; they cannot be, their whole approach is ugly, just ugly. Even his back was ugly. I have always loved the beautiful wherever it is found--in the stars, in a human body, in flowers, or in the flight of a bird.

.wherever. I am an unashamed worshipper of the beautiful, because I cannot see how one can know truth if one cannot love beauty. Beauty is the way to truth. And the way and the goal are not different: the way itself ultimately turns into the goal. The first step is also the last.

That encounter--yes, that's the right word--that encounter with the Jaina mystic began thousands of other encounters; Jaina, Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian, and I was ready to do anything just to have a good argument.. .

. .I was saying that my first encounter with the naked Jaina monk started a long, long series of encounters with many so-called monks--bullshitters. They all suffer from intellectuality, and I was born to bring them down to earth. But it is almost impossible to bring them to their senses. Perhaps they don't want to because they are afraid. Perhaps not to have sensibility or intelligence is very advantageous to them.

They are respected as holy men; to me they are only holy cow dung. One thing about cow dung is good: it does not smell. I remind you of that because I am allergic to smells. Cow dung has this one good quality, it is nonallergic, nonallergenic. *glimps09*

(7) Death of Osho's grandfather, Nana

You are asking: *What was that event that made you turn toward the spiritual? What was that miracle?*

There has been no such event. It happens many times that some event occurs and a person takes a turn in life. It also happens that as a result of the collective effect of many events, a person's life is changed. In my life there has been no such event that can be singled out as having caused such a change. However, there have been many events whose collective impact may have caused a turning point, but when this happened cannot be determined. Furthermore, I do not think I ever "turned to the spiritual." I was already in that direction. I do not remember any day when I have not been thinking about the spiritual. From my very first memories, I have been thinking about it.

Many events have occurred in which the collective effect is to be

considered. I remember no single event that is so outstanding. Ordinarily, just one excuse sometimes diverts the mind suddenly. However, I believe that the mind diverted toward something by a single event can revert back also. But if the turning is the collective result of many events, then there is no reverting back because that turning is deeper and has entered into the many layers of one's personality. Just as by a single push you can be forced in a certain direction, so also can another push in the opposite direction cause you to return back.

Again, turning by only a single push is a type of reaction. It is possible, but you are not fully ready for it and you simply become diverted. When the effect of that push vanishes, you can return back. But if every moment of life slowly and steadily brings you to a state where even you yourself are not able to decide how you came there, then returning back out of reaction is not possible--because then that condition becomes even part of your breathing, so to speak.

However, one memory in my life which is worth remembering is that of death. It is difficult to tell what I might have thought on that day. My early childhood passed at the house of my maternal grandparents and I had great love for them... I came in touch with my father and mother only after the death of my maternal grandfather.

His passing away and the manner in which it happened became the first valuable memory for me because I had loved only them and received love only from them.

His passing away was very strange. The village in which they were staying was about thirty-two miles away from any town. Neither was there any doctor nor any *vaidya,* one who practices ayurvedic medicine.

In the very first attack of death upon my grandfather, he lost his speech. For twentyfour hours we waited in that village for something to happen. However, there was no improvement. I remember a struggle on his part in an attempt to say something, but he could not speak. He wanted to tell something, but could not tell it. Therefore, we had to take him toward the town of Gadarwara* in a bullock cart. Slowly, one after the other, his senses were giving way. He did not die all at once, but slowly and painfully.

First his speech stopped, then his hearing. Then he closed his eyes as well.

In the bullock cart, I was watching everything closely, and there was a long distance of thirty-two miles to travel.

Whatsoever was happening seemed beyond my understanding then. This was the first death witnessed by me, and I did not even understand that he was dying. But slowly all his senses were giving way and he became unconscious. While we were still near the town, he was already half dead. His breathing still continued, but everything else was lost. After that he did not resume consciousness, but for three days he continued breathing. He died unconsciously.

This slow losing of his senses and his final dying became very deeply engraved in my memory. It was he with whom I had my deepest relationship. For me, he was the only love object, and because of his death, perhaps, I have not been able to feel attached to anyone else so much. Since then, I have been alone. *known05*

*Note: where Osho's parents lived

Separation has its own beauty, as does meeting. I don't see that there is anything wrong with separation. Separation has its own poetry; one just has to learn its language, and one has to live it in its depth. Then out of sadness itself comes a new

kind of joy. .which looks almost impossible, but it happens. I have known it. That's what I was talking about this morning. I was talking about the death of my Nana. It was a total separation. We will not meet again, yet there was a beauty in it, and he made it more beautiful by repeating the mantra. He made it more prayerful...it became fragrant.

He was old and dying, perhaps from a severe heart attack. We were not aware of it because the village had no doctor, not even a pharmacist, no medicine. So we didn't know the cause of his death, but I think it was a severe heart attack.

I asked him in his ear, "Nana, have you something to say to me before you

depart?

Any last words? Or do you want to give me something to remember you by forever?"

He took off his ring and put it in my hand. That ring is with some sannyasin now; I gave it to someone. But that ring was always a mystery. His whole life he would not allow anybody to see what was in it, yet again and again he used to look into it. That ring had a glass window on both sides that you could look through. On top was a diamond; on each of its sides there was a glass window.

He had not allowed anybody to see what it was that he used to look at through the window. Inside there was a statue of Mahavira, the Jaina tirthankara; a really beautiful image, and very small. It must have been a small picture of Mahavira inside, and those two windows were magnifying glasses. They magnified it and it looked really huge. It was of no use to me because, I am sorry to say, even though I have tried my best I have never been able to love Mahavira as much as I love Buddha, although they were contemporaries.. .

I was telling you that my grandfather, before he died, gave me his most cherished thing--a statue of Mahavira hidden behind a diamond in a ring. With tears in his eyes he said, "I don't have anything else to give you because all that I have will be taken away from you too, just as it has been taken away from me. I can only give you my love for the one who has known himself."

Although I did not keep his ring, I have fulfilled his desire. I have known the one, and I have known it in myself. In a ring what does it matter? But the poor old man, he loved his master, Mahavira, and he gave his love to me. I respect his love for his master, and for me. The last words on his lips were, "Don't be worried, because I am not dying."

We all waited to see if he was going to say something else, but that was all. His eyes closed and he was no more.

I still remember that silence. The bullock cart was passing through a river

bed. I exactly remember each detail. I didn't say anything because I didn't want to disturb my grandmother. She did not say a thing. A few moments passed, then I became a little worried about her and said, "Say something; don't be so quiet, it is unbearable."

Can you believe it, she sang a song! That's how I learned that death has to be celebrated. She sang the same song she had sung when she was in love with my grandfather for the first time. *glimps06*

I was telling you that my grandfather's death was my first encounter with death.

Yes, an encounter and something more; not just an encounter, otherwise I would have missed the real meaning of it. I saw the death, and something more that was not dying, that was floating above it, escaping from the body. .the elements. That

encounter determined my whole course of life. It gave me a direction, or rather a dimension, that was not known to me before.

I had heard of other people's deaths, but only heard. I had not seen, and even if I had seen, they did not mean anything to me.

Unless you love someone and he then dies, you cannot really encounter death. Let that be underlined:

Death can only be encountered in the death of the loved one.

When love plus death surrounds you, there is a transformation, an immense mutation, as if a new being is born. You are never the same again. But people do not love, and because they do not love they can't experience death the way I experienced it. Without love, death does not give you the keys to existence. With love, it hands over to you the keys to all that is.

My first experience of death was not a simple encounter. It was complex in many ways. The man I had loved was dying. I had known him as my father. He had raised me with absolute freedom, no inhibitions, no suppressions, and no commandments.. .

Love with freedom--if you have it, you are a king or a queen. That is the real kingdom of God--love with freedom. Love gives you the roots into the earth, and freedom gives you the wings.

My grandfather gave me both. He gave his love to me, more than he ever had given to either my mother or even my grandmother; and he gave me freedom, which is the greatest gift. As he was dying he gave me his ring, and with a tear in his eye told me,

"I don't have anything else to give you."

I said, "Nana, you have already given me the most precious gift."

He opened his eyes and said, "What is that?"

I laughed and said, "Have you forgotten? You have given me your love and you have given me freedom. I think no child ever had such freedom as you gave to me. What more do I need? What more can you give? I am thankful. You can die peacefully."

Since then I have seen many people die, but to die peacefully is really difficult. I have only seen five people die peacefully: the first was my grandfather; the second was my servant Bhoora; the third was my Nani; the fourth, my father, and the fifth was Vimalkirti*. *glimps13*

*Note: Vimalkirti became a disciple of Osho, see Part VII

Tvadiyam vastu Govinda, tubhyam eva samarpayet: "My Lord, this life you have given to me, I surrender it back to you with my thanks." Those were the dying words of my grandfather, although he never believed in God and was not a Hindu. This sentence, this sutra, is a Hindu sutra--but in India things are mixed up, particularly good things. Before he died, among other things, he said one thing again and again:

"Stop the wheel."

I could not understand it at the time. If we stopped the wheel of the cart, and that was the only wheel there was, then how could we reach the

hospital? When he repeated again and again, "Stop the wheel, the *chakra,"* I asked my grandmother,

"Has he gone mad?"

She laughed.

That was the thing I liked in that woman. Even though she knew, as I did, that death was so close.. if even I knew, how could it be possible that she did not know? It was

so apparent that just at any moment he would stop breathing, yet he was insisting on stopping the wheel. Still she laughed. I can see her laughing now.

She was not more than fifty at the most. But I have always observed a strange thing about women: the phony ones, who pretend to be beautiful, at the age of forty-five are the ugliest. You can go around the world and see what I am saying. With all their lipstick and makeup, and false eyebrows and whatnot.. my God!

Even God did not think of these things when he created the world. At least it is not mentioned in the Bible that on the fifth day he created lipstick, and on the sixth day he created false eyebrows etcetera. At the age of forty-five, if the woman is really beautiful she comes to her peak. My observation is: man comes to his peak at the age of thirty-five, and woman at the age of forty-five. She is capable of living ten years longer than a man--and it is not unjust. Giving birth to children she suffers so much that a little bit of extra life, just to compensate, is perfectly okay.

My Nani was fifty, still at the peak of her beauty and youth. I have never forgotten that moment--it was such a moment! My grandfather was dying and asking us to stop the wheel. What nonsense! How could I stop the wheel? We had to reach the hospital, and without the wheel we would be lost in the forest. And my grandmother was laughing so loudly that even Bhoora, the servant, our driver, asked, of course from the outside, "What is going on? Why are you laughing?" Because I used to call her Nani, Bhoora also used to call her Nani, just out of respect for me. He then said,

"Nani, my master is sick and you are laughing so loudly; what's the matter? And why is Raja so silent?"

Death, and my grandmother's laughter, both made me utterly silent, because I wanted to understand what was happening. Something was happening that I had never known before and I was not going to lose a single moment through any distraction.

My grandfather said, "Stop the wheel. Raja, can't you hear me? If I can hear your grandmother's laughter you must be able to hear me. I know she is a strange woman; I have never been able to understand her."

I said to him, "Nana, as far as I know she is the simplest woman I have seen, although I have not seen much yet."

But now to you I can say, I don't think there is any man on the earth, alive or dead, who has seen so much of women as I have. But just to console my dying grandfather I said to him, "Don't be worried about her laughter. I know her. She is not laughing at what you are saying, it is something else between us, a joke that I told her."

He said, "Okay. If it is a joke that you told her then it is perfectly okay for her to laugh. But what about the chakra, the wheel?"

Now I know, but at that time I was absolutely unacquainted with such terminology.

The wheel represents the whole Indian obsession with the wheel of life and death.

For thousands of years, millions of people have been doing only one thing: trying to stop the wheel. He was not talking about the wheel of the bullock cart--that was very easy to stop; in fact it was difficult to keep it moving.

There was no road--not only at that time, even now!..

. .No roads existed then, and even today no railway line passes by that village. It is a really poor village, and when I was a child it was even poorer.

I could not understand at that moment why my Nana was so insistent. Perhaps the bullock cart--because there was no road--was making too much noise. Everything was rattling, and he was in agony, so naturally he wanted to stop the wheel. But my grandmother laughed. Now I know why she laughed. He was talking about the Indian obsession with life and death, symbolically called the wheel of life and death-

-and in short, the wheel--which goes on and on.. .

The whole of the *Mahabharata* is nothing but the Indian obsession written at length, voluminously, saying that man is born again and again and again, eternally.

That's why my grandfather was saying, "Stop the wheel." If I could have stopped the wheel I would have stopped it, not only for him but for everybody else in the world.

Not only would I have stopped it, I would have destroyed it forever so that nobody could ever turn it again. But it is not in my hands.

But why this obsession?

I became aware of many things at that moment of his death. I will talk about everything that I became aware of in that moment, because that has determined my whole life. *glimps14*

Death is not the end but only the culmination of one's whole life, a climax. It is not that you are finished, but you are transported to another body. That is what the Easterners call "the wheel." It goes on turning and turning. Yes, it can be stopped, but the way to stop it is not when you are dying.

That is one of the lessons, the greatest lesson I learned from my grandfather's death.

He was crying, with tears in his eyes, and asking us to stop the wheel. We were at a loss what to do: how to stop the wheel?

His wheel was his wheel; it was not even visible to us. It was his own consciousness, and only he could do it. Since he was asking us to stop it, it

was obvious that he could not do it himself; hence the tears and his constant insistence on asking us again and again, as if we were deaf. We told him, "We have heard you, Nana, and we understand. Please be silent."

In that moment something great happened. I have never revealed it to anybody; perhaps before this moment was not the time. I was saying to him, "Please be silent"--the bullock cart was rattling on the rough, ugly road. It was not even a road, just a track, and he was insisting, "Stop the wheel, Raja, do you hear? Stop the wheel."

Again and again I told him, "Yes, I do hear you. I understand what you mean. You know that nobody except you can stop the wheel, so please be silent. I will try to help you."

My grandmother was amazed. She looked at me with such big, amazing eyes: what was I saying? How could I help?

I said, "Yes. Don't look so amazed. I have suddenly remembered one of my past lives.

Seeing his death I have remembered one of my own deaths." That life and death happened in Tibet. That is the only country which knows, very scientifically, how to stop the wheel. Then I started chanting something.

Neither my grandmother could understand, nor my dying grandfather, nor my servant Bhoora, who was listening intently from the outside. And what is more, neither could I understand a single word of what I was chanting. It was only after

twelve or thirteen years that I came to understand what it was. It took that much time to discover it. It was *Bardo Thodal,* a Tibetan ritual.

When a man dies in Tibet, they repeat a certain mantra. That mantra is called *bardo.*

The mantra says to him, "Relax, be silent. Go to your center, just be there; don't leave it whatsoever happens to the body. Just be a witness. Let it happen, don't interfere.

Remember, remember, remember that you are only a witness; that is your true nature. If you can die remembering, the wheel is stopped."

I repeated the *Bardo Thodal* for my dying grandfather without even knowing what I was doing. It was strange--not only that I repeated it, but also that he became utterly silent listening to it. Perhaps Tibetan was such a strange thing to hear. He may never have heard a single word in Tibetan before; he may not even have known that there was a country called Tibet. Even in his death he became utterly attentive and silent.

The *bardo* worked although he could not understand it. Sometimes things you don't understand work; they work just because you don't understand. .

I was repeating the *bardo* though I did not understand its meaning, nor did I know where it was coming from, because I had not read it yet. But when I repeated it just the shock of those strange words made my grandfather silent. He died in that silence.

To live in silence is beautiful, but to die in silence is far more beautiful, because death is like an Everest, the highest peak in the Himalayas. Although nobody taught me, I learned much in that moment of his silence. I saw myself repeating something absolutely strange. It shocked me to a new plane of being and pushed me into a new dimension. I started on a new search, a pilgrimage. *glimps15*

The moment my Nana died, my grandmother was still laughing the last flicker of her laughter. Then she controlled herself. She was certainly a woman who could control herself. But I was not impressed by her control, I was impressed by her laughter in the very face of death.

Again and again I asked her, "Nani, can you tell me why you laughed so loudly when death was so imminent? If even a child like me was aware of it, it is not possible that you were not aware."

She said, "I was aware, that is why I laughed. I laughed at the poor man trying to stop the wheel unnecessarily, because neither birth nor death mean anything in the ultimate sense."

I had to wait for the time when I could ask and argue with her. When I myself become enlightened, I thought, then I will ask her. And that's what I did. *glimps16*

That was my first encounter with death, and it was a beautiful encounter. It was not in any way ugly, as it more or less happens for almost every child around the world.

Fortunately I was together with my dying grandfather for hours, and he died slowly.

By and by, I could feel death happening to him, and I could see the great silence of it.

I was also fortunate that my Nani was present. Perhaps without her I may have missed the beauty of death, because love and death are so similar, perhaps the same.

She loved me. She showered her love upon me, and death was there, slowly happening. A bullock cart.. I can still hear its sound. .the rattling of its wheels on the stones.. Bhoora continuously shouting to the bullocks.. the sound of his whip hitting them.. . I can hear it all still. It is so deeply rooted in my experience that I don't think

even my death will erase it. Even while dying I may again hear the sound of that bullock cart.

My Nani was holding my hand, and I was completely dazed, not knowing what was happening, utterly in the moment. My grandfather's head was in my lap. I held my hands on his chest, and slowly slowly, the breathing disappeared. When I felt that he was no longer breathing I said to my grandmother, "I'm sorry, Nani, but it seems that he is no longer breathing."

She said, "That's perfectly okay. You need not be worried. He has lived enough, there is no need to ask for more." She also told me, "Remember, because these are the moments not to be forgotten: never ask for more. What is, is enough." *glimps12*

Since the day my maternal grandfather died, death became a constant

companion to me. I was only seven years old when he died. He died on my lap. .

After that, death became a constant companion to me. That day I also died, because one thing became certain, that whether you live seven years or seventy years--he was seventy years--what does it matter, you have to die.

My grandfather was a rare man. I could not conceive him telling a lie, breaking a promise, even judging somebody as bad.

Such a good man, a beautiful man, simply died. What was the meaning of his life?

That became a tortuous question to me--what was the meaning? What had he attained? For seventy years he lived the life of a good man; but what was the point of it all? It simply ended. .not even a trace was left behind. His death made me immensely serious.

I was serious even before his death. By the age of four I started thinking of problems that people somehow manage to go on postponing to the very end. I don't believe in postponing. I started asking questions to my maternal grandfather and he would say, "These questions! Your whole life is there--there is no hurry--and you are too young."

I said, "I have seen young boys dying in the village: they had not asked these questions, they have died without finding the answer. Can you guarantee me that I will not die tomorrow or the day after tomorrow? Can you give me a guarantee that I will die only after I have found the answer?"

He said, "I cannot guarantee that, because death is not in my hands, nor is life in my hands."

"Then," I said, "You should not suggest to me any postponement. I want the answer now. If you know, then say that you know and give me the answer. If you don't know, then don't feel awkward in accepting your ignorance."

Soon he realized that with me there was no alternative. Either you had to say yes.. .

But it was not easy then; then you had to go into deeper details about it--and you could not deceive me. He started accepting his ignorance, that he didn't know.

I said, "You are very old, soon you will be dying What have you been doing for your whole life? At the moment of death you will have only ignorance in your hands and nothing else. And these are vital questions--I am not asking you any trivia.

"You go to the temple. I ask you why you go to the temple--have you found anything in the temple? You have been going your whole life, and you try to persuade me to come along with you to the temple." The temple was made by him. One day he accepted that the truth is "Because I have made the temple. If even I don't go there,

then who is going to go there? But before you I accept it, that it is futile. I have been going there my whole life and I have not gained anything."

Then I said, "Try something else. Don't die with the question--die with the answer."

But he died with the question.

The last time he spoke to me, almost ten hours before he died, he opened his eyes and he said, "You were right: postponing is not right. I am dying with all the questions with me. So remember, whatever I was suggesting to you was wrong. You were right, don't postpone. If a question arises, try to find the answer as quickly as possible." *person23*

Bhoora died just because he could not conceive of living in a world without his master. He simply died. He relaxed into death. He had come with us to my father's village because he had been driving the bullock cart. When for a few moments he heard nothing, no word from the inside of the covered cart, he asked me, "Beta"--it means son--"is everything okay?"

Again and again Bhoora asked, "Why this silence? Why is nobody speaking?" But he was the kind of man who would not look inside the curtain which divided him from us. How could he look inside when my

grandmother was there? That was the trouble, he could not look. But again and again he asked, "What is the matter--why is everybody silent?"

I said, "There is nothing wrong. We are enjoying the silence. Nana wants us to be silent." That was a lie, because Nana was dead--but in a way it was true. He was silent; that was a message for us to be silent.

I finally said, "Bhoora, everything is okay; only Nana is gone."

He could not believe it. He said, "Then how can everything be okay? Without him I cannot live." And within twenty-four hours he died. Just as if a flower had closed. .refusing to remain open in the sun and the moon, of his own accord. We tried everything to save him, because now we were in a bigger town, my father's town.

My father's town was, for India of course, just a small town. The population was only twenty thousand. It had a hospital and a school. We tried everything possible to save Bhoora. The doctor in the hospital was amazed because he could not believe that this man was Indian; he looked so European. He must have been a freak of biology, I don't know. Something must have gone right. As they say, "Something must have gone wrong," I have coined the phrase, "Something must have gone right"--why always wrong?

Bhoora was in shock because of his master's death. We had to lie to him until we got to the town. Only when we reached the town and the corpse was taken out of the bullock cart did Bhoora see what had happened. He then closed his eyes and never opened them again. He said, "I cannot see my master dead." And that was only a master-servant relationship. But there had arisen between them a certain intimacy, a certain closeness which is indefinable. He never opened his eyes again, that much I can vouch for. He lived only a few hours longer, and he went into a coma before dying.

Before my grandfather died, he had told my grandmother, "Take care of Bhoora. I know you will take care of Raja--I do not have to tell you that--but take care of Bhoora. He has served me as nobody else could."

I told the doctor, "Do you, can you, understand the kind of devotion that must have existed between these two men?"

The doctor asked me, "Is he a European?"

I said, "He looks like one."

The doctor said, "Don't be tricky. You are a child, only seven or eight years old, but very tricky. When I asked whether your grandfather was dead, you said no, and that was not true."

I said, "No, it was true: he is not dead. A man of such love cannot be dead. If love can be dead then there is no hope for the world. I cannot believe that a man who respected my freedom, a small child's freedom so much, is dead just because he cannot breathe. I cannot equate the two, not breathing and death."

The European doctor looked at me suspiciously and told my uncle, "This boy will either be a philosopher or else he will go mad." He was wrong: I am both together.

There is no question of either/or. I am not Soren Kierkegaard; there is no question of either/or. But I wondered why he could not believe me.. such a simple thing.. .

I could not understand why the doctor could not believe that my grandfather was not dead. I knew and he knew that as far as the body was concerned, it was finished; there was no quarrel about that. But there is something more than the body--in the body and yet not part of the body. Let me repeat it to emphasize it: in the body and yet not of the body. Love reveals it; freedom gives it wings to soar in the sky. *glimps13*

My grandfather had entrusted to Bhoora all the keys and all the affairs of the house and the land. .

Many years later when I was again living in Bombay, Bhoora's son came to me and gave me the keys and said, "We have been waiting and waiting for you to come, but nobody came. We have taken care of the land and looked after the crops and put aside all the money."

I gave him the keys back and said to him, "Everything now belongs to you. The house, the crops and the money belong to you, they are yours. I am sorry that I did not know before, but none of us wanted to go back and feel the pain." *glimps03*

I was telling you about an astrologer who had promised to work on my life's birth chart. He died before he had done it, so his son had to prepare the chart, but he was also puzzled. He said, "It is almost certain that this child is going to die at the age of twenty-one. Every seven years he will have to face death." So my parents, my family, were always worried about my death. Whenever I would come to the end of a seven-year cycle, they would become afraid. And he was right. At the age of seven I survived, but I had a deep experience of death--not of my own, but of the death of my maternal grandfather. And I was so much attached to him that his death appeared to be my own death.

In my own childish way I imitated his death. I would not eat for three days continuously, would not drink water, because I felt that if I did so it would be a betrayal. I loved him so much, he loved me so much, that when he was alive I was never allowed to go to my parents. I was with my maternal grandfather. He said,

"When I die, only then can you go." He lived in a very small village, so I couldn't go to any school because there was no school. He would never leave me, but then the time

came when he died. He was part and parcel of me. I had grown with his presence, his love.

When he died I felt that it would be a betrayal to eat. Now I didn't want to live. It was childish, but through it something very deep happened. For three days I remained lying down; I would not come out of the bed. I said, "Now that he is dead, I do not want to live." I survived, but those three days became a death experience. I died in a way, and I came to realize--now I can tell about it, though at that time it was just a vague experience--I came to feel that death is impossible. This was a feeling. *vbt24*

The facticity of aloneness took hold of me from the age of seven years on. Aloneness became my nature. His death freed me forever from all relationships. His death became for me the death of all attachments. Thereafter, I could not establish a bond of relationship with anyone. Whenever my relationship with anyone would begin to become intimate, that death stared at me. Therefore with whomsoever I experienced some attachment, I felt that if not today, tomorrow that person could also die.

Once a person becomes clearly aware of the certainty of death, then the possibility of attachment is lessened in the same proportion. In other words, our attachments are based on the forgetfulness of the fact of death. With whomsoever we love, we continue to believe that death is not unavoidable. That is why we speak of love as immortal. It is our tendency to believe that whomsoever we love will not die.

But for me love invariably became associated with death. This meant that I was not able to love without being aware of death. There can be friendship, there can be compassion, but no infatuation over anything could catch me. Very deeply did death touch me--and so intensely that the more I thought of it, the more and more clear did it become to me each day.

Thus, the madness of life did not affect me. Death stared at me before the thrust into life began. This event can be considered as the first which left a deep impact and influence on my mind. From that day onwards, every day, every moment, the awareness of life invariably became associated with the awareness of death. From then onwards, to be or not to be had the same value for me. At that tender age, loneliness seized me.

Sooner or later in life--in old age--loneliness seizes everyone. But it seized me before I knew what company meant. I may live with everyone, but whether I am in a crowd or a society, with a friend or an intimate, I am still alone. Nothing touches me; I remain untouched.

As that first feeling of loneliness became deeper and deeper, something new began to happen in life. At first that loneliness had made me only unhappy, but slowly it began changing into happiness--because it is a rule that when we become attached to anyone or anything, in one way or the other we turn from facing ourselves.

Actually, the desire for attachment to someone or something is a device for escaping from one's own self. And as the other goes on becoming more and more important to us, to the very same extent he becomes the center for us and we become the periphery.

We continue to remain other-centered for the whole life. Then one's own self can never become the center. For me, the possibility of anyone else becoming my center was destroyed in the very first steps of my life. The first center that was formed

broke down, and there was no other way but to revert back to my own self. I was, so to speak, thrown back to my own self. Slowly, that made me more and more happy.

Afterwards I came to feel that this close observation of death at a tender age became a blessing in disguise for me. If such a death had occurred at a later age, perhaps I would have found other substitutes for my grandfather.

So the more unripe and innocent the mind is, the more difficult it becomes to replace a love object. The more clever, skillful, cunning and calculative the mind becomes, the more easy it becomes to replace or substitute another for the one lost.

The more quickly you replace, the sooner you become free from the unhappiness derived from the first. But it was not possible for me to find a substitute on that very day when death occurred.

Children are not able to find a substitute easily. The place of the love object that is lost remains empty. The older you are the faster you can fill the emptiness, because then one can think. A gap in thought can be filled up quickly, but emotional emptiness cannot be quickly filled. A thought can persuade one faster, but the heart cannot persuade. And at a tender age when one is not capable of thinking but is capable only of feeling, the difficulty is greater.

Therefore, the other could not become important to me in the sense that it could save me from my own self. So I had to live with my own self only. At

first this seemed to give me unhappiness, but slowly it began giving me the experience of happiness. Thereafter, I did not suffer any unhappiness.

The cause of unhappiness lies in our attaching ourselves to the other, in expectation from the other, in the hope of gaining happiness from the other. You never actually gain happiness, but the hope is always sustained. And whenever that hope gives way, frustration begins.

Thus, in the very first experience, I became so badly disappointed from the other that I did not try again. That direction was closed for me, and so thereafter I never became unhappy. Then a new type of happiness began to be experienced which can never come from the other. Happiness can never come from the other; what is created is only a hope for future happiness. Actually, only the shadow of happiness is received.

Exactly the reverse is the situation when encountering oneself for the first time.

When encountering oneself, unhappiness is experienced in the beginning, but authentic happiness progressively comes about as the encounter continues. On the contrary, encountering the other gives happiness in the beginning, but unhappiness is the end.

So, to me, being thrown upon oneself begins the journey toward the spiritual. How we become thrown back in this way is another matter. Life gives many opportunities for being thrown back to oneself. But the more clever we are, the quicker we are in rescuing ourselves from such an opportunity. At such moments we move out from ourselves.

If my wife dies, I am immediately in search, and then I marry another. If my friend is lost, I begin to search for another. I cannot leave any gap. By filling that gap, the opportunity I would have had to revert back to my own self is lost in a moment, along with its immense possibilities.

If I had become interested in the other, I would have lost the opportunity to journey toward the self. I became a sort of a stranger to others. Generally, it is at this tender age that we become related with the other, when we are admitted into society. That is the age when we are initiated, so to speak, by

the society which wants to absorb us. But I have never been initiated into society. It just could not happen. Whenever I entered into the society, I entered as an individual and I remained aloof and separate like an island.

I do not remember that I ever cultivated any friendship, though there were many who wanted to be my friends. Many persons made friends with me, and they enjoyed making friendship with me because it was not possible to make me an enemy. But I do not recall that I have ever gone of my own accord to anyone in order to make any friend. If someone threw himself on me, it was a different matter. It is not that I never welcomed friendship. If someone made a friend of me, I wholeheartedly welcomed it. But even then I could not become a friend in the ordinary sense. I have always remained aloof.

In short, even while studying in school, I remained aloof. Neither with any of my teachers, nor with any fellow student, nor with any other, could I develop such a relationship as would drown me or break my being an island. Friends came and also stayed with me. I met many people as well; I had many friends. But from my side there was nothing that could make me dependent upon them or which would cause me to remember them.

It is very interesting to note that I do not remember anyone. It has never happened that I would sit pondering over someone with the feeling that if I would meet him it would be very pleasant. If someone does meet me, it makes me very happy, but I do not become unhappy due to not meeting someone. For the state of ultimate joy, I believe that only my grandfather's death was responsible. That death threw me back to myself permanently. I have not been able to revert back from the center. Due to this condition of being an outsider, a stranger, I have seen a new dimension of experience. It is a condition in which, although I am amidst everything, I continue to remain outside. *known05*

PART III

1939-1951 Gadarwara

🎬 (1) 1939 Osho settles in Gadarwara with Nani, and his parents

- (2) Osho’s paternal grandfather, Baba
- (3) Osho and his father
- (4) Swimming in the river, and early spiritual experiences
- (5) Osho’s first day at school, and Shambhu Dube
- (6) Osho’s early love of Books
- (7) Osho’s early experiences with orthodox religions
- (8) Village entertainment
- (9) Other villagers
- (10) Osho meets Mahatma Gandhi
- (11) Influence of the mystic, Magga Baba
- (12) Influence of mystics, Pagal Baba and Masto
- (13) Osho's interest in death
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- (15) 1948 Assassination of Mahatma Gandhi
- (16) Osho’s early experiences as story-teller and public speaker
- (17) Osho’s growing library
- (18) 1948 High School
- (19) 1951 Osho leaves school, and decides to study philosophy

PART III

Gadarwara

1939-1951

Osho settles in Gadarwara with Nani,

and his parents

And after my Nana's death, my Nani never went back to the village of Kuchwada; she was so heartbroken. I have seen thousands of couples very intimately because I have been staying with so many families, wandering around India, but I could never find anybody who could be compared with those two old people: they really loved each other.

When my Nana died, my Nani--my maternal grandmother--wanted to die with him.

It was a difficult task to prevent her. She wanted to sit on the funeral pyre with her husband. She said, "My life is gone--now what is the point of being alive?" Everybody tried, and by that time.. . This is an ancient tradition in India called *sati.*

The word sati means the woman who dies sits on the funeral pyre, alive, with her dead husband. The word sati means truthfulness. *Sat* means "truth," also "being"; sati means "who has a true being--whose being is of truthfulness." She has loved the person so deeply that she has become identified with his life; there is no point in her living. But after the British Raj the sati tradition was declared illegal.

To the Western eye it looked almost like committing suicide; literally it was so. And for almost ninety-nine percent of women who became satis it was nothing but suicide. But for one percent I cannot say it was suicide. For one percent, to live without the person whom they had loved totally and from whom they had never thought for a single moment to be separated, living

was suicide.

But law is blind and cannot make such fine distinctions. What Britishers saw was certainly ugly and had to be stopped. The one percent went on the funeral pyre of their own accord. But it became such a respectable thing that any woman who was not willing to do it. .and it was really a very dangerous, torturous way of dying--just entering the funeral pyre alive!

Ninety-nine percent were not willing to do it but their families, their relatives felt awkward because this meant the woman never loved the man totally. It would be a condemnation of the whole family: the honor of the family was at stake. So what these people did was they forced the woman; and a certain climate was created in which you would not be able to discover that the woman was being forced. She was of course in a terrible state, in a great shock.

She was taken to the funeral pyre and on the funeral pyre so much ghee, purified butter, was poured that there was a cloud of smoke all over the place; you could not see what is happening. Around that cloud there were hundreds of brahmins loudly chanting Sanskrit sutras, and behind the brahmins there was a big band with all kinds of instruments making as much noise as possible--so to hear the woman screaming or crying or trying to get out of the funeral pyre was impossible. Around the funeral pyre the brahmins were standing with burning torches to push the woman back in.

When Britishers saw this--this was certainly not only suicide but murder too. In fact, it was murder; the woman was not willing. The whole atmosphere was created so that you could not hear her screams, you could not see that she was trying to escape--everybody else was out of the circles of brahmins.

When Britishers found out that this was something criminal and ugly, they made it illegal: if any woman tried it and was found out and caught alive, she would be sentenced for her whole life. And anybody who persuaded her--the family, the priests, the neighbors--they were also partners in the crime and they would also be punished according to whatsoever part they had played in it.

So the institution slowly slowly disappeared; it had to disappear. But once in a while those one percent of women were always there for whom it didn't matter, because their lives were now a sentence unto death. Why not take the chance of finishing it with your loved one?

So they all tried, everybody, to persuade my Nani not to do it, but she said, "I have nothing to live for. I cannot go back to my village because in that same house where we both lived our whole life for sixty years, I cannot live alone. He will be too much there. I have not eaten a single meal before he did; it will be impossible for me to eat.

In the first place, impossible to cook because I used to cook for him; he loved delicious foods and I enjoyed cooking for him. Just to see him delighted was my delight. Now for whom am I going to cook?

"And I have never taken my meal before him. Even if it was very late if he had gone to some other village for some work, or to the court in a faraway town--I had to wait the whole day, but it was a joy to wait for him. In sixty years of married life I have not eaten a single meal before him."

That has been a tradition in India: how can you eat unless the person you love and for whom you have cooked and prepared has eaten?..

For almost ten or twelve days my grandmother didn't eat. First it was difficult to prevent her from going on the funeral pyre. Finally they all, my whole family, told me, "Only you can persuade her; you have been with her for seven years." And certainly I succeeded. All that I had to do--I said to her, "You are saying constantly,

'For what do I have to live?' Not for me? Just tell me you don't want to live for me.

Then I will tell the whole family that we both are going on the funeral pyre."

She said, "What!"

I said, "Then why am I going to be here? For what? It is good we both go."

She said, "Stop this nonsense. Who has ever heard of a boy, seven years

old. .? It is not for you, it is for a woman whose husband has died."

I said, "Your husband has died, my Nana has died, and my Nani is going to die--it is enough reason for me. And anyway, any day I will have to die, so why wait so long?

Finish it quickly."

She said, "I know you are mischievous and even though your Nana is dead you are playing a trick on me."

I said, "Then stop harassing the whole family, otherwise I am coming with you." She agreed that she wouldn't go to the funeral, she would live for me.

She stayed in my father's town, but she was a very independent woman: she did not like the big joint family; my father's brothers, their wives, their children--it was a huge caravan. She said, "This is not the place for me. I have lived my whole life with my husband, in silence. Only for seven years were you there, otherwise there has not been much conversation either, because there was nothing to say. We had talked about all those things before, so there was nothing to say--we just sat silently."

And it was a beautiful place where they lived, facing a very big lake, so they would sit looking at the lake and the water birds flying, coming in thousands in certain seasons.

She said, "I would like to live alone." So a house was found for her near the river where she would find some similarity; in this town we had no lake but we had a beautiful river.

The whole day I was in school or roaming around the town or doing a thousand and one things, and at night I always stayed with my Nani. Many times she said, "Your parents may feel bad. We took you from them for seven years, for which they cannot forgive us. We thought that we should return you as clean as we had got you, not trying to impose anything on you. But they are angry; they don't say so but I can feel it and I hear from other people that we spoiled you. And now you don't go to sleep with your father and mother and your family; you come here every night. They will

think that the spoiling is continuing--the old man is gone but the old woman is still here."

I said to her, "But if I don't come can you really sleep? For whom do you prepare the second bed every night before I come?--because I do not tell you that tomorrow I will be coming. About tomorrow, from the very beginning I have been uncertain because who knows what will happen tomorrow? Why do you prepare the second bed? And not only the second bed. . "

I had a long habit which my physician somehow had to manage to finish; it took him almost two or three years. I had, from my very childhood, as long as I remember, needed sweets before going to bed, otherwise I could not sleep. So she was not only

preparing my bed, she used to go out and buy sweets, the sweets that I liked, and she would keep the sweets by my bed so that I could eat; even in the middle of the night if I felt like it again, I could eat. She would put enough so that if you ate the whole night there would be no problem.

I asked her, "For whom do you bring these sweets?--you don't eat them; since Nana died you have not tasted sweets." My Nana loved sweets. In fact it seems he gave me this idea of sweets; he also used to eat before going to sleep. That is not done in any Jaina family. Jainas don't eat in the night; they don't even drink water or milk or anything. But he lived in a village where he was the only Jaina, so there was no problem. And it is perhaps from him that I got the habit. I don't remember even how I started it: it must have been he, eating and calling me also to join him. I must have joined him, and by and by it became a routine thing. For seven years he trained me!

I could not go to my parents' house for two reasons. One reason was those sweets--

because in my mother's place it was not possible: there were so many children that if you allowed one child, then all the children would ask. And anyway it was against the religion--you simply could not even ask. But my difficulty was this, that I could not go to sleep without them.

Secondly, I felt, "My Nani must be feeling to be alone, and here it is difficult to be alone--so many people, it is always a marketplace. Nobody will be missing me if I am not here." Nobody ever missed me. They just made certain that I was sleeping with my Nani, then there was no problem.

So even after those seven years I was not under the influence of my parents. It was just accidental that from the very beginning I was on my own. Doing right or wrong-

-that was not the important thing, but doing on my own. And slowly slowly, that became my style of life, about everything--for example, about clothes. *misery01*

I wanted to go back to the village of Kuchwada but nobody was ready to support me.

I could not conceive how I could exist there alone, without my grandfather, my grandmother, or Bhoora. No, it was not possible, so I reluctantly said, "Okay, I will stay in my father's village." But my mother naturally wanted me to stay with her and not with my grandmother, who from the very beginning had made it clear that she would stay in the same village, but separately. A little house was found for her in a very beautiful place near the river.

My mother insisted that I stay with her. For over seven years I had not been living with my family. But my family was not a small affair, it was a whole jumbo-jet--so many people, all kinds of people: my uncles, my aunts, their children and my uncle's relatives, and so on and so forth.

In India the family is not the same as in the West. In the West it is just singular: the husband, the wife, one, two or three children. At the most there may be five people in the family. In India people would laugh--five? Only five? In India the family is uncountable. There are hundreds of people. Guests come and visit and never leave, and nobody says to them, "Please, it is time for you to go," because in fact nobody knows whose guests they are.

The father thinks, "Perhaps they are my wife's relatives so it is better to keep quiet."

The mother thinks, "Perhaps they are my husband's relatives.. ." In India it is possible to enter a home where you are not related at all, and if you keep your mouth shut, you can live there forever. Nobody will tell you to get out; everybody

will think somebody else invited you. You have only to keep quiet and keep smiling.. .

I did not want to enter this family, and I told my mother, "Either I will go back to the village alone--the bullock cart is ready, and I know the way; I will get there somehow. And I know the villagers: they will help support a child. And it is only a question of a few years, then I will repay them as much as I can. But I cannot live in this family. This is not a family, it's a bazaar."

And it was a bazaar, continuously buzzing with so many people, no space at all, no silence. Even if an elephant had jumped into that ancient pond, nobody would have heard the plop; there was too much going on. I simply refused, saying, "If I have to stay then the only alternative is for me to live with my Nani."

My mother was, of course, hurt. I am sorry, because since then I have been hurting her again and again. I could not help it. In fact I was not responsible; the situation was such that I could not live in that family after so many years of absolute freedom, silence, space. In fact, in my Nana's house I was the only one who was ever heard.

My Nana was mostly silently chanting his mantra, and of course my grandmother had no one else to talk to.

I was the only one who was ever heard; otherwise there was silence. After years of such beautitude, then to live in that so-called family, full of unfamiliar faces, uncles, and their fathers-in-law, cousins--what a lot! One could not even figure out who was who! Later I used to think somebody ought to publish a small booklet about my family, a *Who's Who.* .

I wanted to return to the village but could not. I had to come to a compromise just not to hurt my mother. But I know I have been hurting her, really wounding her.

Whatsoever she wanted I have never done; in fact, just the opposite. Naturally, slowly slowly she accepted me as one who was lost to her. .

I could not manage to live in the family according to them. Everybody was giving birth; every woman was almost always pregnant. Whenever I remember my family I suddenly think of freaking out--although I cannot freak out; I just enjoy the idea of freaking out. All the women were always with big bellies. One pregnancy over, another starts--and so many children. .

"No," I said to my mother, "I know it hurts you, and I am sorry, but I will live with my grandmother. She is the only one who can understand me and allow me not only love but freedom too." *glimps19*

Everybody is born in a family. I was born in a family. And in India there are joint families, big families. In my family there must have been fifty to sixty people--all the cousins, uncles, aunts, living together. I have seen the whole mess of it. In fact, those sixty people helped me not to create my own family. That experience was enough.

If you are intelligent enough, you learn even from other people's mistakes. If you are not intelligent, then you don't learn even from your own mistakes. So I learned from my father's mistake, my mother's mistake, my uncles', my aunts'. It was a big family, and I saw the whole circus, the misery, the continuous conflict, fights about small things, meaningless. From my very childhood one thing became decisive in me, that I was not going to create a family of my own.

I was surprised that everybody is born in a family. . And why does he still go on creating a family? Seeing the whole scene, he again repeats it. *socrat05*

Osho's paternal grandfather, Baba

My paternal grandfather loved very much. He was old, very old, but he remained active to the very last breath. He loved nature almost too much. He lived in a faraway farm. Once in a while he would come to the city, but he never liked it. He always liked the wild world, where he lived.

Once in a while I used to go to him and he always liked somebody to massage his feet. He was becoming so old and he was working so hard, so I would massage his feet. But I told him, "Remember, I am not fulfilling any responsibility. I don't have any responsibility towards anyone in the world. I love you, and I will massage your feet but only up to the point where it is not troublesome to me. So when I stop, never ask me to do a little more. I will not. I am doing it out of my joy, not because you are my grandfather. I could have done the same to any beggar, any stranger, just out of love."

He understood the point. He said, "I never thought that responsibility and love are two things. But you are right. When I am working on the field, I always feel I am doing it for my children and their children, as a duty. It is heavy on my heart. But I will try to change this attitude of responsibility. I may be too old to change--it has become a fixation in my mind--but I will try to change."

I said to him, "There is no need. If you feel it is becoming a burden on you, you have done enough. You rest. There is no need to continue working, unless you enjoy the open sky and the green field and love these trees and the birds. If you are doing it out of joy and you love your children and you want to do something for them, only then continue. Otherwise stop."

Although he was old, something synchronized between me and him. That never happened with any other member of my family. We were great friends. I was the youngest in the family and he was the oldest, just two polarities. And everybody in the house laughed, "What kind of friendship is this? You laugh together, you joke with each other, you play with each other, you run after each other. And he is so old and you are so young. And you don't communicate the same way with anybody else, nor does he communicate the same way with anybody else."

I said, "Something has happened between us. He loves me and I love him. Now it is no more a question of any relationship; neither am I his grandchild nor is he my grandfather. We are just two friends: one is old, one is young." *chit30*

My grandfather was not a religious man, not at all. He was closer to Zorba the Greek: eat, drink and be merry; there is no other world, it is all

nonsense. My father was a very religious man; perhaps it was because of my grandfather--the reaction, the generation gap. But it was just upside down in my family: my grandfather was an atheist and perhaps because of his atheism my father turned out to be a theist. And whenever my father would go to the temple, my grandfather would laugh and he would say, "Again! Go on, waste your life in front of those stupid statues!"

I love Zorba for many reasons; one of the reasons was that in Zorba I found my grandfather again. He loved food so much that he used to not trust anybody; he would prepare it himself. In my life I have been a guest in thousands of families in India, but I have never tasted anything so delicious as my grandfather's cooking.

And he loved it so much that every week it was a feast for all his friends--and he would prepare the whole day.

My mother and my aunts and the servants and cooks--everybody was thrown out of the kitchen. When my grandfather was cooking, nobody was to disturb him. But he was very friendly to me; he allowed me to watch and he said, "Learn, don't depend on other people. Only you know your taste. Who else can know it?"

I said, "That is beyond me; I am too lazy, but I can watch. The whole day cooking?--I cannot do it." So I have not learned anything, but just watching was a joy--the way he worked, almost like a sculptor or a musician or a painter. Cooking was not just cooking, it was art to him. And if anything went just a little below his standard, he would throw it away immediately. He would cook it again, and I would say, "It is perfectly okay."

He would say, "You know it is not perfectly okay, it is just okay; but I am a perfectionist. Until it comes up to my standard, I am not going to offer it to anybody.

I love my food."

He used to make many kinds of drinks.. and whatsoever he did the whole family was against him: they said that he was just a nuisance. He wouldn't allow anybody in the kitchen, and in the evening he gathered all the atheists

of the town. And just to defy Jainism, he would wait till the sun set. He would not eat before because Jainism says: eat before sunset; after sunset eating is not allowed. He used to send me again and again to see whether the sun had set or not.

He annoyed the whole family. And they could not be angry with him--he was the head of the family, the oldest man--but they were angry at me. That was easier. They said, "Why do you go on coming again and again to see whether the sun has set or not? That old man is getting you also lost, utterly lost."

I was very sad because I only came across the book *Zorba the Greek,* when my grandfather was dying*. The only thing that I felt at his funeral pyre was that he would have loved it if I had translated it for him and read it for him. I had read many books to him. He was uneducated. He could only write his signature, that was all. He could neither read nor write--but he was very proud of it.

He used to say, "It is good that my father did not force me to go to school, otherwise he would have spoiled me. These books spoil people so much." He would say to me,

"Remember, your father is spoiled, your uncles are spoiled; they are continually reading religious books, scriptures, and it is all rubbish. While they are reading, I am living; and it is good to know through living."

He used to tell me, "They will send you to the university--they won't listen to me.

And I cannot be much help, because if your father and your mother insist, they will send you to the university. But beware: don't get lost in books."

He enjoyed small things. I asked him, "Everybody believes in God, why don't you believe, baba?" I called him baba; that is the word for (paternal) grandfather in India.

He said, "Because I am not afraid."

A very simple answer: "Why should I be afraid? There is no need to be

afraid; I have not done any wrong, I have not harmed anybody. I have just lived my life joyously. If there is any God, and I meet Him sometime, He cannot be angry at me. I will be

angry at Him:'Why have You created this world?--this kind of world?' I am not afraid." *ignor16*

*Note: grandfather dies after Osho became a professor, see Part V

Look at the East: in the villages still, a businessman is not just a profit maker, and the customer has not come just to purchase something. They enjoy it. I remember my old grandfather. He was a cloth merchant, and I and my whole family were puzzled because he enjoyed it so much. For hours together it was a game with the customers. If something was worth ten rupees, he would ask fifty rupees for it--and he knew this was absurd, and his customers knew it too. They knew that it must be worth nearabout ten rupees, and they would start from two rupees. Then a long haggling would follow--hours together. My father and my uncles would get angry.

"What is going on? Why don't you simply say what the price is?" But he had his own customers. When they came, they would ask, "Where is Dada, where is grandfather?

because with him it is a game, a play. Whether we lose one rupee or two, whether it is more or less, that is not the point!"

They enjoyed it. The very activity in itself was something worth pursuing. Two persons were communicating through it. Two persons were playing a game and both knew it was a game--because of course a fixed price was possible.

In the West now they have fixed prices, because people are more calculating and more profit-motivated. They cannot conceive of wasting time. Why waste time? The thing can be settled within minutes. There is no need. You can just write the exact price. Why fight for hours together? But then the game is lost and the whole thing becomes a routine. Even machines can do it. The businessman is not needed; the customer is not needed. .

Even now in villages in India the haggling goes on. It is a game and worth enjoying.

You are playing. It is a match between two intelligences, and two persons come in deep contact. But it is not time-saving. Games can never be time-saving. And in games you don't worry about the time. You are carefree, and whatsoever is going on, you enjoy it right in that moment. *vbt79*

Osho and his father

But the first seven years are the most important in life; never again will you have that much opportunity. Those seven years decide your seventy years, all the foundation stones are laid in those seven years. So by a strange coincidence I was saved from my parents--and by the time I reached them, I was almost on my own, I was already flying. I knew I had wings. I knew that I didn't need anybody's help to make me fly. I knew that the whole sky is mine.

I never asked for their guidance, and if any guidance was given to me I always retorted, "This is insulting. Do you think I cannot manage it myself? I do understand that there is no bad intention in giving guidance--for that I am thankful--but you do not understand one thing, that I am capable of doing it on my own. Just give me a chance to prove my mettle. Don't interfere."

In those seven years I became really a strong individualist: hard-core. Now it was impossible to put any trip on me.

I used to pass through my father's shop, because the shop was in front--at the back was the house where the family lived. That's how it happens in India: house and shop are together so it is easily manageable. I used to pass through my father's shop with closed eyes.

He asked me, "This is strange. Whenever you pass through the shop into the house, or from the house"-- it was just a twelve foot space to pass--"you always keep your eyes closed. What ritual are you practising?"

I said, "I am simply practicing so that this shop does not destroy me as it

has destroyed you. I don't want to see it at all; I am absolutely uninterested, totally uninterested." And it was one of the most beautiful cloth shops in that city--the best materials were available there--but I never looked to the side, I simply closed my eyes and passed by!

He said, "But in opening your eyes there is no harm."

I said, "One never knows--one can be distracted. I don't want to be distracted by anything." *misery01*

When I was very small I had long hair like a girl. In India boys don't have that long hair--at least at that time it was not allowed. I used to have very long hair, and whenever I used to enter, and the entrance was from the shop. . The house was behind the shop, so to enter I had to pass through the shop. My father was there, his customers were there, and they would say, "Whose girl is this?"

My father would look at me and say, "What to do? He does not listen." And he felt offended.

I said, "You need not feel offended. I don't see any problem. If somebody calls me a girl or a boy, that is his business; what difference does it make to me?"

But he was offended that his boy was being called a girl. Just the idea of a boy and girl. . In India when a boy is born, there are gongs and bands and songs, and sweets are distributed in the whole neighborhood. And when a girl is born, nothing happens--nothing. You immediately know that a girl is born because no gongs, no bells, no band, no singing--nothing is happening, no distribution of sweets--that means a girl is born. Nobody will come to ask because it will be offending you: you will have to answer that a girl is born. The father is sitting with his face down.. a girl is born.

So he said, "This is strange. I have a boy, and I am suffering from having a girl." So one day he really became angry because the man who had asked was a very important man; he was the collector of the district. He was sitting in the shop, and he asked, "Whose girl is this? It is strange, the clothes seem to be a boy's--and with so many pockets and all full of

stones?"

My father said, "What to do? He is a boy, he is not a girl. But today I am going to cut his hair--this is enough!" So he came with his scissors and cut my hair. I didn't say anything to him. I went to the barber's shop which was just in front of my house and I told him.. . He was an opium addict, a very beautiful man, but sometimes he would cut half your mustache and would forget the other half. You would be sitting in his chair, with his cloth around your neck and he was gone, so you would search--where had he gone? It was difficult; nobody knew where he had gone. And with a half mustache, where would you go to search for him? But he was the only one I liked, because it took hours.

He would tell you a thousand and one things, unrelated to anything in the world. I enjoyed it. It is from that man, Nathur--Nathur, that was his name--that I learned how the human mind is. My first acquaintance with the human mind came from him, because he was not a hypocrite. He would say anything that came to his mind; in fact, between his mind and his mouth there was no difference!--he simply spoke whatsoever was in his mind. If he was fighting with somebody in his mind, he would start fighting loudly--and nobody was there. I was the only one who would not ask,

"With whom are you fighting?" So he was very happy with me, so happy that he would never charge me for cutting my nails or anything.

That day I went there and I told him--we used to call him "Kaka", kaka means uncle--

"Kaka, if you are in your senses, just shave my whole head."

He said, "Great." He was not in his senses. If he had been, he would have refused because in India you shave your head only when your father dies; otherwise it is not shaved. So he had taken a good dose of opium and he shaved my head completely.

I said, "That's good."

I went back. My father looked at me and said, "What happened?"

I said, "What is the point? You cut my hair with the scissors; it will grow again. I am finished with that. And Kaka is willing, I have asked him. He said he is willing:

'Whenever there is no customer you can come and I will shave your head completely, and no question of money.' So you need not be worried. I am his free customer because nobody listens to him; I am the only person who listens."

My father said, "But you know perfectly well that now this will create more trouble."

And immediately one man came and asked, "What happened? Has this boy's father died?" Without that, nobody. .

Then my father said, "Look! It was better that you were a girl. Now I am dead! You grow your hair as fast as you can. Go to your Kaka, that opium addict, and ask him if he can help somehow; otherwise this is going to create more trouble for me. The whole town will go on coming. You will be moving around the whole city and everybody will think that your father is dead. They will start coming."

And they did start coming. That was the last time he did anything to me. After that he said, "I am not going to do anything because it leads into more trouble."

I said, "I had not asked--I simply go on doing my thing. You interfered unnecessarily." *ignor13*

One day I was playing--I must have been five or six years old. . A man used to come to see my father, an utterly boring man. And my father was growing tired of him. So he called me and told me, "I see that man is coming; he will waste my time unnecessarily and it is very difficult to get rid of him. I always have to go out, and say to him, `Now I have some appointment'--unnecessarily I have to go out, just to get rid of him. And sometimes it happens that he says, Ì am coming with you. So on the way we can have a good talk.' And there is no talk, it is a monologue. He talks, and tortures people."

So my father said, "I am going inside. You just remain playing outside. And when he comes, you simply say to him that your father is out."

And my father used to teach me continuously, "Never speak an untruth." So I was shocked. This was contradictory.

So when the man came and asked me, "Where is your father?" I said, "He is in, but he says that he is out."

My father heard this from inside, and the man entered with me, so he could not say anything in front of him. When the man had gone, after two or three hours my father was really angry with me, not with the man.

He said, "I told you to tell him, `My father is out.'"

I said, "Exactly, I repeated the same thing. I told him the same thing: `My father says to tell you that he is out. But he is in, the truth is he is in.' You have been teaching me to be true whatever the consequence. So I am ready for the consequence. Any punishment, if you want to give me, give. But remember, if truth is punished, truth is destroyed. Truth has to be rewarded. Give me some reward, so I can go on speaking the truth whatever happens."

He looked at me and he said, "You are clever."

I said, "That you know already. Just give me some reward. I have spoken the truth."

And he had to give me some reward; he gave me a one rupee note. At that time one rupee was almost equal to twenty-five rupees today. You could live with a one rupee note for almost half a month. And he said, "Go and enjoy whatever you want to purchase."

I said, "You have to remember it. If you tell me to speak a lie, I am going to tell the person that you have told me to. I am not telling a lie. And each time you contradict yourself, you will have to reward me. So stop lying. If you don't want that man, you should tell him directly that you don't have any time and don't like his boring talk because he says the same things again and again. Why are you afraid? Why do you have to tell a lie?"

He said, "The difficulty is, he is my best customer."

My father had a very beautiful cloth shop, and this man was rich. He used to purchase a huge lot for his family, relatives, friends. He was a very generous man--

just being boring was his problem.

So my father said, "I have to suffer all the boredom because he is my best customer and I cannot lose him."

I said, "That is your problem, that is not my problem. So you are lying because he is your best customer, and I am going to say this to him."

He said, "Wait!"

I said, "I cannot wait because he must be told immediately that you go on suffering all his boring talk just because he is a good customer--and you will have to give me some reward."

He said, "You are so difficult. You are destroying my best customer. And I will have to give you a reward too. But just don't do that."

But I did it. And I got two rewards, one from that boring man because I told him,

"Truth should always be rewarded, so give me some reward because I am destroying one of the best customers of my father."

He hugged me and he gave me two rupees. And I said, "Remember, don't stop buying from my father's shop, but don't bore him either. If you want to talk, you can talk to the walls, to the trees. The whole world is available. You can just close your room and talk to yourself. And then you will be bored."

And I told my father, "Don't be worried. Look, one rupee I have got from you, two rupees I have got from your customer. Now one more rupee I am owed; you have to give it me, because I have told the truth. But don't be

worried. I have made him a better customer and he will never bore you again. He has promised me."

My father said, "You have done a miracle!" Since that day that man never came, or even if he did come he would stay just for one or two minutes to say hello and he would go away. And he continued to purchase from my father's shop.

And he said to my father, "It is because of your son that I continue. Otherwise I would have felt wounded, but that little boy managed both things. He stopped me boring you and he asked me, requested me, `Don't stop shopping from my father's shop. He depends on you.' And he got two rupees from me and he was saying such a shocking thing to me. Nobody has ever dared tell me that I am a boring man."

He was the richest man in the village. Everybody was in some way connected with him. People borrowed money from him, people have borrowed lands from him to work on. He was the richest man and the biggest landowner in that village.

Everybody was somehow or other obliged to him, so nobody was able to say to him that he was boring.

So he said, "It was a very great shock, but it was true. I know I am boring. I bore myself with my thoughts. That's why I go to others to bore them, just to get rid of my thoughts. If I am bored with my thoughts, I know perfectly well the other person will be bored, but everybody is under an obligation to me. Only this boy has no obligation and is not afraid of the consequences. And he is daring. He asked for the reward. He said to me, Ìf you don't reward truth, you are rewarding lies.'"

This is why this society is in such a mad space. Everybody is teaching you to be truthful, and nobody is rewarding you for being truthful, so they create a schizophrenia. *gdead07*

Living two or three blocks away from my family was a brahmin family, very orthodox brahmins. Brahmins cut all their hair and just leave a small part on the seventh chakra on the head uncut so that part goes on growing. They

go on tying it and keeping it inside their cap or inside their turban. And what I had done was, I had cut the father's hair. In summertime in India, people sleep outside the house, on the street. They bring their beds, cots, on the streets. The whole town sleeps on the streets in the night, it is so hot inside.

So this brahmin was sleeping--and it was not my fault.. he had such a long *choti;* it is called choti, that bunch of hair. I had never seen it because it was always hidden inside his turban. While he was sleeping, it was hanging down and touching the street. From his cot it was so long that I was tempted, I could not resist; I rushed home, brought the scissors, cut it off completely and took it and kept it in my room.

In the morning he must have found that it was gone. he could not believe it because his whole purity was in it, his whole religion was in it--his whole spirituality was destroyed. But everybody in the neighborhood knew that if anything goes wrong...first they would rush to me. And he came immediately. I was sitting outside knowing well that he would come in the morning. He looked at me. I also looked at him. He said to me, "What are you looking at?"

I said, "What are you looking at? Same thing."

He said, "Same thing?"

I said, "Yes. The same thing. You name it.

He asked, "Where is your father? I don't want to talk to you at all."

He went in. He brought my father out and my father said, "Have you done anything to this man?"

I said, "I have not done anything to this man, but I have cut a choti which certainly cannot belong to this man, because when I was cutting it, what was he doing? He could have prevented it."

The man said, "I was asleep."

I said, "If I had cut your finger while you were asleep, would you have remained asleep?"

He said, "How could I remain asleep if somebody was cutting my finger?"

I said, "That certainly shows that hairs are dead. You can cut them but a person is not hurt, no blood comes out. So what is the fuss about? A dead thing was hanging there.. and I thought that you are unnecessarily carrying this dead thing inside your turban for your whole life--why not relieve you? It is in my room. And with my father I have the contract to be true."

So I brought out his choti and said, "If you are so interested in it, you can take it back. If it is your spirituality, your brahminism, you can keep it tied and put it inside your turban. It is dead anyway; it was dead when it was attached to you, it was dead when I detached it. You can keep it inside your turban."

And I asked my father, "My reward?"--in front of that man.

That man said, "What reward is he asking for?"

My father said, "This is the trouble. Yesterday he proposed a contract that if he speaks the truth, and sincerely. . He is not only speaking the truth, he is even giving the proof. He has told the whole story--and even has logic behind it, that it was a dead thing so why be bothered with a dead thing? And he is not hiding anything."

He rewarded me with five rupees. In those days, in that small village, five rupees was a great reward. The man was mad at my father. He said, "You will spoil this child. You should beat him rather than giving him five rupees. Now he will cut other people's chotis. If he gets five rupees per choti, all the brahmins of the town are finished, because they are all sleeping outside in the night; and when you are sleeping you cannot go on holding your choti in your hand. And what are you doing?--this will become a precedent."

My father said, "But this is my contract. If you want to punish him, that is your business; I will not come into it. I am not rewarding him for his mischief, I am rewarding him for his truth--and for my whole life I will go on rewarding him for his truth. As far as mischief is concerned, you are free to do anything with him." *ignor14*

My father only punished me once because I had gone to a fair which used to happen a few miles away from the city every year. There flows one of the holy rivers of the Hindus, the Narmada, and on the bank of the Narmada there used to be a big fair for one month. So I simply went there without asking him.

There was so much going on in the fair. . I had gone only for one day and I was thinking I would be back by the night, but there were so many things: magicians, a circus, drama. It was not possible to come back in one day, so three days.. . The whole family was in a panic: where had I gone?

It had never happened before. At the most I had come back late in the night but I had never been away for three days continuously. .and with no message. They enquired at every friend's house. Nobody knew about me and the fourth day when I came home my father was really angry. Before asking me anything, he slapped me. I didn't say anything.

I said, "Do you want to slap me more? You can, because I have enjoyed enough in three days. You cannot slap me more than I have enjoyed, so you can do a few more slaps. It will cool you down, and to me it is just balancing. I have enjoyed myself."

He said, "You are really impossible. Slapping you is meaningless. You are not hurt by it; you are asking for more. Can't you make a distinction between punishment and reward?"

I said, "No, to me everything is a reward of some kind. There are different kinds of reward, but everything is a reward of some kind."

He asked me, "Where have you been for these three days?"

I said, "This you should have asked before you slapped me. Now you have lost the right to ask me. I have been slapped without even being asked. It is a full stop--close the chapter. If you wanted to know, you should have asked before, but you don't have any patience. Just a minute would have been enough. But I will not keep you continually worrying where I have been, so I will tell you that I went to the fair."

He asked, "Why didn't you ask me?"

I said, "Because I wanted to go. Be truthful: if I had asked, would you have allowed me? Be truthful."

He said,"No."

I said, "That explains everything, why I did not ask you--because I wanted to go, and then it would have been more difficult for you. If I had asked you and you had said no, I still would have gone, and that would have been more difficult for you. Just to make it easier for you, I didn't ask, and I am rewarded for it. And I am ready to take any more reward you want to give me. But I have enjoyed the fair so much that I am going there every year. So you can.. whenever I disappear, you know where I am.

Don't be worried."

He said, "This is the last time that I punish you; the first and last time. Perhaps you are right: if you really wanted to go then this was the only way, because I was not going to allow you. In that fair every kind of thing happens: prostitutes are there, intoxicants are available, drugs are sold there"--and at that time in India there was no illegality about drugs, every drug was freely available. And in a fair all kinds of monks gather, and Hindu monks all use drugs "--so I would not have allowed you to go. And if you really wanted to go then perhaps you were right not to ask."

I told him, "But I did not bother about the prostitutes or the monks or the drugs. You know me: if I am interested in drugs, then in this very city. . " Just by the side of my house there was a shop where all drugs were available: "and the man is so friendly to me that he will not take any money if I want any drug. So there is no problem.

Prostitutes are available in the town; if I am interested in seeing their dances I can go there. Who can prevent me? Monks come continually in the city. But I was interested in the magicians.". .

So I told my father, "I was interested only in the magic, because in the fair all kinds of magicians gather together, and I have seen some really great

things. My interest is

that I want to reduce miracles into magic. Magic is only about tricks--there is nothing spiritual in it--but if you don't know the trick, then certainly it appears to be a miracle."

I have been punished, but I have enjoyed every mischief so much that I don't count those punishments at all. They are nothing.

I have a certain rapport with women, perhaps that's why mischief--if it was Mister Chief or Master Chief, perhaps I would have avoided it, but Miss Chief!--the temptation was so much that I could not avoid it. In spite of all the punishment I continued it. And I still continue it! *ignor25*

I was in constant trouble in my childhood. Anybody who was older, a distant relative--in India you don't know all your relatives--my father would tell me, "Touch his feet, he is a distant relative."

I would say, "I will not touch his feet unless I find something respectable in him."

So whenever any relative was to come, they would persuade me to go out, "because it is very embarrassing. We are saying to you, `Respect the old man,' and you ask,

`Let us wait. Let me see something respectable. I will touch his feet--but without knowing, how do you expect me to be honest and truthful?'"

But these are not the qualities society respects. Smile, honor, obey--whether it is right or wrong does not matter. You will have respectability. *1seed04*

In my childhood. .there were many children in my family. I had ten brothers and sisters myself, then there were one uncle's children, and another uncle's children. .and I saw this happening: whoever was obedient was respected. I had to decide one thing for my whole life--not only for being in my family or for my childhood--that if I in any way desire respect, respectability, then I cannot blossom as an individual. From my very childhood I dropped the idea of respectability.

I told my father, "I have to make a certain statement to you."

He was always worried whenever I would go to him, because he knew that there would be some trouble. He said, "This is not the way a child speaks to his father--Ì

am going to make a statement to you.'"

I said, "It is a statement through you to the whole world. Right now the whole world is not available to me; to me you represent the whole world. It is not just an issue between son and father; it is an issue between an individual and the collectivity, the mass. The statement is that I have renounced the idea of respectability, so in the name of respectability never ask anything from me; otherwise I will do just the opposite.

"I cannot be obedient. That does not mean I will always be disobedient, it simply means it will be my choice to obey or not to obey. You can request, but the decision is going to be mine. If I feel my intelligence supports it, I will do it; but it is not obedience to you, it is obedience to my own intelligence. If I feel it is not right, I am going to refuse it. I am sorry, but you have to understand one thing clearly: unless I am able to say no, my yes is meaningless."

And that's what obedience does: it cripples you--you cannot say no, you have to say yes. But when a man has become incapable of saying no, his yes is just meaningless; he is functioning like a machine. You have turned a man into a robot. So I said to him, "This is my statement. Whether you agree or not, that is up to you; but I have decided, and whatever the consequences, I am going to follow it."

It is such a world. .In this world to remain free, to think on your own, to decide with your own consciousness, to act out of your own conscience has been made almost impossible. Everywhere--in the church, in the temple, in the mosque, in the school, in the university, in the family--everywhere you are expected to be obedient. *psycho04*

Trust is simply a very purified love. Love without sex, that is trust. They

loved me. I was their eldest son, and in India it is traditional that the eldest son is going to inherit the whole family's property, money, everything. So the eldest son has to be trained, prepared for all the responsibilities that will be his sooner or later. He will be the head of the family, a joint family, and he will have to manage it.

Naturally they loved me. They tried their best to make me as capable, as intelligent as possible. I loved them because it was not only love from their side, but respect too--respect for my individuality. Soon they understood that nothing can be imposed on me. It took a little time for them to understand that they have a different kind of child; they cannot impose anything on me. At the most they can persuade, they can argue, and if they can convince me about something, I will do it. But they cannot just order and say, "Do it because I am your father."

I had made it clear to them that I am not going to accept anybody's order. "You may be my father, but that does not mean that you are going to be my intelligence, my individuality, my life. You have given birth to me, but that does not mean that you possess me. I am not a thing. So if you want me to do something, be prepared. Do your homework well. I am going to argue to the very end, til I feel convinced."

So on each small thing soon they recognized the fact that it is better to propose a thing and leave him to decide whether he wants to do it or not. Don't waste unnecessary time and don't unnecessarily harass him and be harassed by him. And because they gave me every freedom, my love became trust.

Love becomes trust when it is non-possessive. It does not reduce you into a thing. It accepts your individuality, your freedom, and it has every respect for you although you are just a child. Their respect towards me became my trust towards them. I knew that they are people who can be trusted, who cannot deceive me in anything.

And because I trusted so much--this is just a circle--because I trusted so much, they could not do anything or say anything which would disturb my trust in them. They never took me to the temple, they never gave me any religion. I have grown up on my own, and they allowed it. They protected

me in every possible way. They helped me in every possible way, but they never interfered with me. And that's what every parent should do.

If these three things are the guidelines, we will have a totally new world and a new man. We will have individuals, not crowds, not mobs. And every individual is so unique that to force him to become part of a crowd is to destroy him, his uniqueness.

He could have contributed immensely to the world, but that was possible only if he was left alone--supported, helped, but not directed.

Everywhere now there is a vast generation gap. The parents are responsible for it, because they have been trying to impose their ideologies, political, social, religious, philosophical--all kinds of things they are trying to impose on their children. *last212*

My father. . Yes, he was a simple man, just like anybody else. So was Buddha and so was Mahavira and so was Jesus--simple people, innocent people. He was not in any

way extraordinary; that was his extraordinariness. I have known him from my very childhood--so simple, so innocent, anybody could deceive him.

He used to believe anybody. I have seen many people cheating him, but his trust was immense; he never distrusted human beings although he was cheated many times. It was so simple to see that people were cheating him that even when I was a small child I used to say to him, "What are you doing? This man is simply cheating you!"

Once he built a house and a contractor was cheating him. I told him, "This house is not going to stand, it will fall, because the cement is not in the right proportion and the wood that is being used is too heavy." But he wouldn't listen; he said, "He is a good man, he cannot cheat us."

And that's what actually happened; the house could not stand the first rains. He was not there, he was in Bombay. I sent him a telegram telling him, "What I have been telling you has happened: the house has fallen." He did not even answer. He came when he was supposed to come, after

seven days, and he said, "Why did you unnecessarily waste money on the telegram? The house had fallen, so it had fallen!

Now what can I do? That contractor wasted ten thousand rupees and you wasted almost ten rupees unnecessarily--those could have been saved.

And the first thing that he did was to celebrate that we had not moved--because we had been going to move within two or three weeks. He celebrated: "God is gracious, he saved us. He made the house fall before we had moved into it." So he invited the whole village. Everybody was just unable to understand: "Is this a moment to celebrate?" Even the contractor was called invited, because he had done a good job: before we moved, the house fell.

He was a simple man. And if you look deep down, everybody is simple. The society makes you complex, but you are born simple and innocent. Everybody is born a Buddha; the society corrupts you. *bestil10*

Swimming in the river,

and early spiritual experiences

The first thing my own father taught me--and the only thing that he ever taught me--

was a love for the small river that flows by the side of my town. He taught me just this--swimming in the river. That's all that he ever taught me, but I am tremendously grateful to him because that brought so many changes in my life. Exactly like Siddhartha, I fell in love with the river. Whenever I think of my birthplace I don't remember anything except the river.

The day my father died I only remembered the first day he brought me to the riverbank to teach me swimming. My whole childhood was spent in a close love affair with the river. It was my daily routine to be with the river for at least five to eight hours. From three o'clock in the morning I would be with the river; the sky would be full of stars and the stars reflecting in the river. And it is a beautiful river; its water is so sweet that people have named it Shakkar-- *shakkar* means sugar. It is a beautiful phenomenon.

I have seen it in the darkness of the night with the stars, dancing its course towards the ocean. I have seen it with the early rising sun. I have seen it in the full moon. I have seen it with the sunset. I have seen it sitting by its bank alone or with friends,

playing on the flute, dancing on its bank, meditating on its bank, rowing a boat in it or swimming across it. In the rains, in the winter, in the summer.. .

I can understand Herman Hesse's Siddhartha and his experience with the river. It happened with me: so much transpired, because slowly slowly, the whole existence became a river to me. It lost its solidity; it became liquid, fluid.

And I am immensely grateful to my father. He never taught me mathematics, language, grammar, geography, history. He was never much concerned about my education. He had ten children. .and I had seen it happen many times: people would ask, "In what class is your son studying?"--and he would have to ask somebody because he would not know. He was never concerned with any other education. The only education that he gave to me was a communion with the river. He himself was in deep love with the river.

Whenever you are in love with flowing things, moving things, you have a different vision of life. Modern man lives with asphalt roads, cement and concrete buildings.

These are nouns, remember, these are not verbs. The skyscrapers don't go on growing; the road remains the same whether it is night or day, whether it is a fullmoon night or a night absolutely dark. It doesn't matter to the asphalt road, it does not matter to the cement and concrete buildings.

Man has created a world of nouns and he has become encaged in his own world. He has forgotten the world of the trees, the world of the rivers, the world of the mountains and the stars. *There* they don't know of any nouns, they have not heard about nouns; they know only verbs. Everything is a process.

God is not a thing but a process. *dh0503*

In my childhood I used to go early in the morning to the river. It is a small village.

The river is very very lazy, as if not flowing at all. And in the morning when the sun is not yet arisen, you cannot see whether it is flowing, it is so lazy and silent. And in the morning when there is nobody, the bathers have not come yet, it is tremendously silent. Even the birds are not singing in the morning--early, no sound, just a soundlessness pervades. And the smell of the mango trees hangs all over the river.

I used to go there, to the furthest corner of the river, just to sit, just to be there.

There was no need to do anything, just being there was enough, it was such a beautiful experience to be there. I will take a bath, I will swim, and when the sun will arise I will go to the other shore, to the vast expanse of sand, and dry myself there under the sun, and lie there, and sometimes even go to sleep.

When I came back my mother used to ask, "What have you been doing the whole morning?" I will say, "Nothing," because, actually, I had not been doing anything.

And she will say, "How is it possible? Four hours you have not been here, how is it possible that you have not been doing anything? You must have been doing something." And she was right, but I was also not wrong.

I was not doing anything at all. I was just being there with the river, not doing anything, allowing things to happen. If it *felt* like swimming, remember, if it *felt* like swimming, I would swim, but that was not a doing on my part, I was not forcing anything. If I felt like going into sleep, I would go. Things were happening, but there was no doer. And my first experiences of satori started near that river: not doing anything, simply being there, millions of things happened.

But she would insist: "You must have been doing something." So I would say, "Okay, I took a bath and I dried myself in the sun," and then she was satisfied. But I was not, because what happened there in the river is not

expressed by words: "I took a bath"-

-it looks so poor and pale. Playing with the river, floating in the river, swimming in the river, was such a deep experience. To say simply, "I took a bath," makes no sense about it; or to just say, "I went there, had a walk on the bank, sat there," conveys nothing.

Even in ordinary life you feel the futility of words. And if you don't feel the futility of words, that shows that you have not been alive at all; that shows that you have lived very superficially. If whatsoever you have been living can be conveyed by words, that means you have not lived at all.

When for the first time something starts happening which is beyond words, life has happened to you, life has knocked at your door. And when the ultimate knocks at your door, you are simply gone beyond words--you become dumb, you cannot say; not even a single word is formed inside. And whatsoever you say looks so pale, so dead, so meaningless, without any significance, that it seems that you are doing injustice to the experience that has happened to you. Remember this, because *Mahamudra* is the last, the ultimate experience.

Mahamudra means a total orgasm with the universe. *suprem01*

My own experience in childhood was.. the flooded river of my town--nobody used to cross it by swimming when it was flooded. It was a mountainous river. Ordinarily, it was a small river, but in rainy times it was at least one mile wide. The current of the water was tremendous; you could not stand in it. And the water was deep, so there was no way to stand anyway.

I loved it. I waited for the rainy season because it always helped. .there would come a moment when I would feel that I was dying, because I was tired and I could not see the other shore, and the waves were high and the current was strong...and there was no way to go back, because now the other shore was as far away. Perhaps I was in the middle; it was the same either way. I would feel so completely tired and the water would take me down with such a force that there would come a time when I would see, "Now there is no possibility of living any more." And that was the moment when I would suddenly see myself above the water and my body in the

water. When it happened the first time, it was a very frightening experience. I thought I must have died. I had heard that when you die, the soul goes out of the body: "So I have gone out of the body and I am dead." But I could see the body was still trying to reach the other shore, so I followed the body.

That was the first time I became aware of a connection between your essential being and the body. It is connected just below the navel--two inches below the navel--by something like a silver cord, a silver rope. It is not material, but it shines like silver.

Each time I reached the other shore, the moment I reached the other shore my being would enter into the body. The first time it was frightening; then it became a great entertainment.

When I told my parents, they said, "Someday you are going to die in that river. This is enough of a sign. Stop going into the river when it is flooded."

But I said, "I am enjoying it so much. .the freedom, no force of gravitation, and seeing one's own body completely away.". .

The same experience had happened in the river many times, so there was no fear...

It used to happen automatically that when the body reached the shore, my being would enter into the body. I had no idea how to enter the body; it had always happened of its own accord. *transm03*

In my childhood days I used to take my friends to the river. There was a small path by the side of the river. To walk on that edge was very dangerous; just one step taken in unconsciousness and you will fall into the river, and that was the place where the river was the deepest. Nobody used to go there, but that was my most loved spot. And I will take all my friends to come along with me to move on that narrow edge. Very few were ever ready to go along with me, but those few had really a beautiful experience. They will all report, "This is strange, how the mind stops!"

I will take my friends to the railway bridge to jump from the bridge into the river. It was dangerous, certainly dangerous; it was prohibited. There was

always a policeman standing on the railway bridge because that was the place from where people used to commit suicide. We had to bribe the policeman, that "We are not committing suicide, we have just come to enjoy the jump!" And slowly slowly he became aware that these are the same people--they don't die or anything, they come again, they come again and they are not interested in suicide. In fact, he started loving us and stopped taking bribes. He said, "You can jump--I will not look at that side. Whenever you want you can come."

It was dangerous. The bridge was very high and to jump from there.. And before you will reach the river there was a time between--the gap between the bridge and the river--when the mind will suddenly stop.

Those were my first glimpses of meditation; that's how I became more and more interested in meditation. I started inquiring how these moments can be made available without going to the mountains, to the river, to the bridges; how one can allow oneself to move into these spaces without going anywhere, just by closing one's eyes. Once you have tasted, it is not difficult. *ggate208*

You are asking me: *Although you were born almost enlightened, when I listen to your stories of your early life, I never get the impression that you saw yourself as a spiritual seeker. Were you looking for enlightenment, or was enlightenment a by-product of an impeccable resolve to never compromise what you felt to be true?*

There are things which cannot be sought directly. The more valuable a thing is, the more indirectly you have to go into it. In fact you have to do something else that simply prepares the situation around you--in which things like enlightenment, truth, can happen.

You cannot go seeking and searching for truth. Where will you go? Kabul? Kulu-Manali? Kathmandu? Goa?.. and then back home. All seekers of truth go this route and come back home looking more foolish than before. They have not found anything.

Where will you go to seek the truth? You don't know the way, there is no map, there is no direction available. Nobody knows what, where, when it is

possible to realize truth.

The real seeker of truth never seeks truth. On the contrary, he tries to clean himself of all that is untrue, unauthentic, insincere--and when his heart is ready, purified,

the guest comes. You cannot find the guest, you cannot go after him. He comes to you; you just have to be prepared. You have to be in a right attitude.

I have never been spiritual in the sense that you understand the word. I have never gone to the temples or the churches, or read scriptures, or followed certain practices to find truth, or worshipped God or prayed to God. That has not been my way at all.

So certainly you can say that I was not doing anything spiritual. But to me spirituality has a totally different connotation. It needs an honest individuality. It does not allow any kind of dependence. It creates a freedom for itself, whatever the cost. It is never in the crowd but alone, because the crowd has never found any truth. The truth has been found only in people's aloneness.

So my spirituality has a different meaning from your idea of spirituality. My childhood stories--if you can understand them--will point to all these qualities in some way or other. Nobody can call them spiritual. I call them spiritual, because to me they have given all that man can aspire to.

While listening to my childhood stories you should try to look for some quality in it--

not just the story but some intrinsic quality that runs like a thin thread through all of my memoirs. And that thin thread is spiritual.

Spiritual, to me, simply means finding oneself. I never allowed anybody to do this work on my behalf--because nobody can do this work on your behalf; you have to do it yourself. And you cannot do it directly either, you have to create a certain milieu in which it happens. It is a happening; enlightenment, liberation, awakening, realization--all these words point

towards absolutely one thing and that is a happening.

That creates a kind of fear in many people: "If it is happening, then what are we supposed to do? Whenever it will happen, it will happen." That is not so. It is a happening, but you can do much to prepare the ground for it to happen.

Preparing the ground may not look spiritual to those who do not understand. But it must be spiritual because the enlightenment has happened.

The end proves that whatever means were used were substantially right. It is the goal that proves that the way that was followed was right. *transm10*

I was from my very childhood in love with silence. As long as I could manage I would just sit silently. Naturally my family used to think that I was going to be good for nothing--and they were right. I certainly proved good for nothing, but I don't repent it.

It came to such a point that sometimes I would be sitting and my mother would come to me and say something like, "There seems to be nobody in the whole house. I need somebody to go to the market to fetch some vegetables." I was sitting in front of her, and I would say, "If I see somebody I will tell.. . "

It was accepted that my presence meant nothing; whether I was there or not, it did not matter. Once or twice they tried and then they found that "it is better to leave him out, and not take any notice of him"--because in the morning they would send me to fetch vegetables, and in the evening I would come to ask, "I have forgotten for what you had sent me, and now the market is closed. ." In villages the vegetable markets close by the evening, and the villagers go back to their villages.

My mother said, "It is not your fault, it is our fault. The whole day we have been waiting, but in the first place we should not have asked you. Where have you been?"

I said, "As I went out of the house, just close by there was a very beautiful

bodhi tree"--the kind of tree under which Gautam Buddha became awakened. The tree got the name bodhi tree--or in English, *bo* tree--because of Gautam Buddha. One does not know what it used to be called before Gautam Buddha; it must have had some name, but after Buddha it became associated with his name.

There was a beautiful bodhi tree, and it was so tempting for me. There used to be always such silence, such coolness underneath it, nobody to disturb me, that I could not pass it without sitting under it for some time. And those moments of peace, I think sometimes may have stretched the whole day.

After just a few disappointments they thought, "It is better not to bother him." And I was immensely happy that they had accepted the fact that I am almost non-existent.

It gave me tremendous freedom. Nobody expected anything from me. When nobody expects anything from you, you fall into a silence.. The world has accepted you; now there is no expectation from you.

When sometimes I was late coming home, they used to search for me in two places.

One was the bodhi tree--and because they started searching for me under the bodhi tree, I started climbing the tree and sitting in the top of it. They would come and they would look around and say, "He does not seem to be here."

And I myself would nod; I said, "Yes, that's true. I'm not here."

But I was soon discovered, because somebody saw me climbing and told them, "He has been deceiving you. He is always here, most of the time sitting in the tree"--so I had to go a little further. *tahui28*

Osho's first day at school, and Shambhu Dube

In India in those days, the educational structure began with four years of primary education--it was a separate phenomenon, under the local authorities--then three years more if you wanted to continue in the same

direction. That is seven years; and then you would get a certificate. .

But there was another way too, and that is what actually happened. After four years you could either continue in the same line or change: you could go to the middle school. If you continued in the same line you never learned English. Primary education ended after seven years, and you were fully educated in only the local language--and in India there are thirty recognized languages. But after the fourth year there was an opening and you could change gear. You could go to the English school; you could join the middle school as it was called.

Again it was a four-year course, and if you continued in that line then after another three years later you became a matriculate. My God! What a wastage of life! All those beautiful days wasted so mercilessly, crushed! And by the time you were a matriculate, you were then capable of going to university. Again it was a six-year course! In all, I had to waste four years in primary school, four years in middle school, three years in high school, and six years in university--seventeen years of my life!

I think, if I can make any sense out of it, the only word that comes to me, in spite of Beelzebub and his disciples doing great work--ex-disciples, I mean--the only word

that comes to me is 'nonsense'. Seventeen years! And I was eight or nine when I started this whole nonsense, so the day I left the university I was twenty-six, and so happy--not because I was a gold medalist but because I was free at last. Free again. *glimps21*

I remained in my father's village for eleven years, and I was forced almost violently to go to school. And it was not a one-day affair, it was an everyday routine. Every morning I had to be forced to go to school. One of my uncles, or whosoever, would take me there, would wait outside until the master had taken possession of me--as if I was a piece of property to be passed from one hand to another, or a prisoner passed from one hand to another. But that's what education is still: a forced and violent phenomenon.

Each generation tries to corrupt the new generation. It is certainly a kind of rape, a spiritual rape--and naturally the more powerful, stronger and bigger

father and mother can force the small child. I was a rebel from the very first day that I was taken to school. The moment I saw the gates I asked my father, "Is it a jail or a school?"

My father said, "What a question! It is a school. Don't be afraid."

I said, "I am not afraid, I am simply inquiring about what attitude I should take.

What is the need for this big gate?"

The gate was closed when all the children, the prisoners, were inside. It was only opened again in the evening when the children were released for the night. I can still see that gate. I can still see myself standing with my father ready to register at that ugly school.

The school was ugly, but the gate was even uglier. It was big, and it was called "The Elephant Gate," *Hathi Dwar.* An elephant could have passed through it, it was so large. Perhaps it would have been good for elephants from a circus--and it was a circus--but for small children it was too big.

I will have to tell you many things about these nine years.. . *glimps19*

I am standing before the Elephant Gate of my primary school. .and that gate started many things in my life. I was not standing alone of course; my father was standing with me. He had come to enroll me at the school. I looked at the tall gates and said to him, "No."

I can still hear that word. A small child who has lost everything. . I can see on the child's face a question mark as he wonders what is going to happen.

I stood looking at the gates, and my father just asked me, "Are you impressed by this great gate?"

Now I take the story into my own hands:

I said to my father, "No." That was my first word before entering primary school, and you will be surprised, it was also my last word on leaving the university. In the first case, my own father was standing with me. He was

not very old but to me, a small child, he was old. In the second case, a really old man was standing by my side, and we were again standing at an even larger gate.. .

The first gate was the Elephant Gate, and I was standing with my father not wanting to enter. And the last gate was also an Elephant Gate, and I was standing with my old professor*, not wanting to enter again. Once was enough; twice would have been too much.

The argument that had begun at the first gate lasted up till the second gate. The no that I had said to my father was the same no that I had said to my professor, who was really a father to me.. .

That 'no' became my tone, the very stuff of my whole existence. I said to my father,

"No, I don't want to enter this gate. This is not a school, it's a prison." The very gate, and the color of the building. . It is strange, particularly in India, the jails and the schools are painted the same color, and they are both made of red brick. It is very difficult to know whether the building is a prison or a school. Perhaps once a practical joker had managed to play a joke, but he did it perfectly.

I said, "Look at this school--you call it a school? Look at this gate! And you are here to force me to enter for at least four years." That was the beginning of a dialogue that lasted for many years; and you will come across it many times, because it runs criss-cross through the story.

My father said, "I was always afraid. ." and we were standing at the gate, on the outside of course, because I had not yet allowed him to take me in. He went on ". .I was always afraid that your grandfather, and particularly this woman, your grandmother, were going to spoil you."

I said, "Your suspicion, or fear, was right, but the work has been done and nobody can undo it now, so please let us go home."

He said, "What! You have to be educated."

I said, "What kind of a beginning is this? I am not even free to say yes or

no. You call it education? But if you want it, please don't ask me: here is my hand, drag me in. At least I will have the satisfaction that I never entered this ugly institution on my own.

Please, at least do me this favor."

Of course, my father was getting very upset, so he dragged me in. Although he was a very simple man he immediately understood that it was not right. He said to me,

"Although I am your father it does not feel right for me to drag you in."

I said, "Don't feel guilty at all. What you have done is perfectly right, because unless someone drags me in I am not going to go of my own decision. My decision is 'no.'

You can impose your decision on me because I have to depend on you for food, clothes, shelter and everything. Naturally you are in a privileged position."

What an entry!--being dragged into school. My father never forgave himself. The day he took sannyas, do you know the first thing he said to me? "Forgive me, because I have done so many wrong things to you. There are so many I cannot count, and there must be more which I don't know at all. Just forgive me.". .

A great dialogue started with my father on that day, and it continued on and off, and ended only when he became a sannyasin. After that there was no question of any argument, he had surrendered. The day he took sannyas, he was crying and holding my feet. I was standing, and can you believe it. .like a flash, the old school, the Elephant Gate, the small child resisting, not ready to go in, and my father pulling him--it all flashed by. I smiled.

My father asked, "Why are you smiling?"

I said, "I am just happy that a conflict has ended at last."

But that is what was happening. My father dragged me; I never went to school willingly. .

I am happy that I was dragged in, that I never went on my own, willingly. The school was really ugly--all schools are ugly, in fact. It is good to create a situation where children learn, but it is not good to educate them. Education is bound to be ugly.

And what did I see as the first thing in the school? The first thing was an encounter with the teacher of my first class. I have seen beautiful people and ugly people, but I have never seen *something* like that again!--and underline something; I cannot call that something someone. He did not look like a man. I looked at my father and said,

"This is what you have dragged me into?"

My father said, "Shut up!" Very quietly, so that the "thing" did not hear. He was the master, and he was going to teach me. I could not even look at the man. God must have created his face in a tremendous hurry. Perhaps his bladder was full, and just to finish the job he did this man and then rushed to the bathroom. What a man he created! He had only one eye, and a crooked nose. That one eye was enough! But the crooked nose really added great ugliness to the face. And he was huge!--seven feet in height--and he must have weighed at least four hundred pounds, not less than that.

How do these people defy medical research? Four hundred pounds, and he was always healthy. He never took a single day off, he never went to a doctor. All over the town it was said that this man was made of steel. Perhaps he was, but not very good steel--more like barbed wire! He was so ugly that I don't want to say anything about him, although I will have to say a few things, but at least not about him directly.

He was my first master, I mean teacher. Because in India schoolteachers are called

"masters"; that's why I said he was my first master. Even now if I saw that man I would certainly start trembling. He was not a man at all, he was a horse!

I said to my father, "First look at this man before you sign."

He said, "What is wrong with him? He taught me, he taught my father--he has been teaching here for generations."

Yes, that was true. That's why nobody could complain about him. If you complained your father would say, "I cannot do anything, he was my teacher too. If I go to him to complain, he could even punish me."

So my father said, "Nothing is wrong with him, he is okay." Then he signed the papers.

I then told my father, "You are signing your own troubles, so don't blame me."

He said, "You are a strange boy."

I said, "Certainly we are strangers to each other. I have lived away from you for many years, and I have been friends with the mango trees and the pines and the mountains, the oceans and the rivers. I am not a businessman, and you are. Money means everything to you; I cannot even count it.". .

I told my father, "You understand money, and I don't. Our languages are different; and remember, you have stopped me from going back to the village, so now if there is a conflict, don't blame me. I understand something you don't, and you understand something that I neither understand nor want to. We are incompatible. Dada, we are not made for each other."

And it took nearly his whole life to cover the distance between us, but of course, it was him who had to travel. That's what I mean when I say that I am stubborn. I could not budge even a single inch, and everything started at that Elephant Gate.

The first teacher--I don't know his real name, and nobody in the school knew it either, particularly the children; they just called him Kantar Master. *Kantar* means

"one-eyed"; that was enough for the children, and also it was a condemnation of the man. In Hindi kantar not only means "one-eyed," it is also used as a curse. It cannot be translated in that way because the nuance is lost in the translation. So we all called him Kantar Master in his

presence, and when he was not there we called him just Kantar--that one-eyed fellow.

He was not only ugly; everything he did was ugly. And of course on my very first day something was bound to happen. He used to punish the children mercilessly. I have never seen or heard of anybody else doing such things to children. I knew of many people who had left school because of this fellow, and they remained uneducated.

He was too much. You would not believe what he used to do, or that any man could do that. I will explain to you what happened to me on that very first day--and much more was to follow.

He was teaching arithmetic. I knew a little because my grandmother used to teach me a little at home--particularly a little language and some arithmetic. So I was looking out of the window at the beautiful pipal tree shining in the sun. There is no other tree which shines so beautifully in the sun, because each leaf dances separately, and the whole tree becomes almost a chorus--thousands of shining dancers and singers together, but also independent.

The pipal tree is a very strange tree because all other trees inhale carbon dioxide, and exhale oxygen during the day.. . Whatever it is you can put it right, because you know that I am not a tree, nor am I a chemist or a scientist. But the pipal tree exhales oxygen twenty-four hours a day. You can sleep under a pipal tree, and not any other because they are dangerous to health. I looked at the tree with its leaves dancing in the breeze, and the sun shining on each leaf, and hundreds of parrots just jumping from one branch to another, enjoying, for no reason. Alas, they didn't have to go to school.

I was looking out of the window and Kantar Master jumped on me.

He said, "It is better to get things right from the very beginning."

I said, "I absolutely agree about that. I also want to put everything as it should be from the very beginning."

He said, "Why were you looking out of the window when I was teaching arithmetic?"

I said, "Arithmetic has to be heard, not seen. I don't have to see your beautiful face. I was looking out of the window to avoid it. As far as the arithmetic is concerned, you can ask me; I heard it and I know it."

He asked me, and that was the beginning of a very long trouble--not for me but for him. The trouble was that I answered correctly. He could not believe it and said,

"Whether you are right or wrong I am still going to punish you, because it is not right to look out of the window when the teacher is teaching."

I was called in front of him. I had heard about his punishment techniques--he was a man like the Marquis de Sade. From his desk he took out a box of pencils. I had heard of these famous pencils. He used to put one of those pencils between each of your fingers, and then squeeze your hands tight, asking, "Do you want a little more?

Do you need more?"--to small children! He was certainly a fascist. I am making this statement so it is at least on record: people who choose to be teachers have

something wrong with them. Perhaps it is the desire to dominate or a lust for power; perhaps they are all a little bit fascist.

I looked at the pencils and said, "I have heard of these pencils, but before you put them between my fingers, remember, it will cost you very dearly, perhaps even your job."

He laughed. I can tell you it was like a monster in a nightmare laughing at you. He said, "Who can prevent me?"

I said, "That is not the point. I want to ask: is it illegal to look out of the window when arithmetic is being taught? And if I am able to answer the questions on what was being taught and am ready to repeat it word for word, then is it wrong in any way to look out of the window? Then why has the window been created in this classroom? For what purpose?--because

for the whole day somebody is teaching something, and a window is not needed during the night when there is nobody to look out of it."

He said, "You are a troublemaker."

I said, "That's exactly true, and I am going to the headmaster to find out whether it is legitimate for you to punish me when I have answered you correctly."

He became a little more mellow. I was surprised because I had heard that he was not a man who could be subdued in any way.

I then said, "And then I am going to the president of the municipal committee who runs this school. Tomorrow I will come with a police commissioner so that he can see with his own eyes what kind of practices are going on here."

He trembled. It was not visible to others, but I can see such things which other people may miss. I may not see walls but I cannot miss small things, almost microscopic. I told him, "You are trembling, although you will not be able to accept it. But we will see. First let me go to the headmaster."

I went and the headmaster said, "I know this man tortures children. It is illegal, but I cannot say anything about it because he is the oldest schoolteacher in the town, and almost everybody's father and grandfather has been his pupil once at least. So no one can raise a finger against him."

I said, "I don't care. My father has been his student and also my grandfather. I don't care about either my father or my grandfather; in fact I don't really belong to that family. I have been living away from them. I am a foreigner here."

The headmaster said, "I could see immediately that you must be a stranger, but, my boy, don't get into unnecessary trouble. He will torture you."

I said, "It is not easy. Let this be the beginning of my struggle against all torture. I will fight."

And I hit with my fist--of course just a small child's fist--on his table, and

told him, "I don't care about education or anything, but I must care about my freedom. Nobody can harass me unnecessarily. You have to show me the educational code. I cannot read, and you will have to show me whether it is unlawful to look out of the window even though I could answer all the questions correctly."

He said, "If you answered correctly then there is no question at all about where you were looking."

I said, "Come along with me."

He came with his educational code, an ancient book that he always carried. I don't think anybody had ever read it. The headmaster told Kantar Master, "It is better not to harass this child because it seems that it may bounce back on you. He won't give up easily."

But Kantar Master was not that type of man. Afraid, he became even more aggressive and violent. He said, "I will show this child--you need not worry. And who cares about that code? I have been a teacher here my whole life, and is this child going to teach me the code?"

I said, "Tomorrow, either I will be in this building or you, but we cannot both exist here together. Just wait until tomorrow."

I rushed home and told my father. He said, "I was worried whether I had entered you in school just to bring trouble upon others and upon yourself, and to also drag me into it."

I said, "No, I am simply reporting so that later you don't say you were kept in the dark."

I went to the police commissioner. He was a lovely man; I had not expected that a policeman could be so nice. He said, "I have heard about this man. In fact my own son has been tortured by him. But nobody complained. It is illegal to torture, but unless you complain nothing can be done, and I cannot complain myself because I am worried that he may fail my child. So it is better to let him go on torturing. It is only a question of a few months, then my child will go into another class."

I said, "I am here to complain, and I am not concerned about going into another class at all. I am ready to stay in this class my whole life."

He looked at me, patted me on the back and said, "I appreciate what you are doing. I will come tomorrow."

I then rushed to see the president of the municipal committee, who proved to be just cow dung. Yes, just cow dung, and not even dry--so ugly! He said to me, "I know.

Nothing can be done about it. You have to live with it, you will have to learn how to tolerate it."

I said to him, and I remember my words exactly, "I am not going to tolerate anything that is wrong to my conscience."

He said, "If that is the case, I cannot take it in hand. Go to the vice president, perhaps he may be more helpful."

And for that I must thank that cow dung, because the vice president of that village, Shambhu Dube, proved to be the only man of any worth in that whole village, in my experience. When I knocked on his door--I was only eight or nine years old, and he was the vice president--he called, "Yes, come in." He was expecting to see some gentleman, and on seeing me he looked a little embarrassed.

I said, "I am sorry that I am not a little older--please excuse me. Moreover, I am not educated at all, but I have to complain about this man, Kantar Master."*

The moment he heard my story--that this man tortures little children in the first grade by putting pencils between their fingers and then squeezing, and that he has pins which he forces under the nails, and he is a man seven feet tall, weighing four hundred pounds--he could not believe it.

He said, "I have heard rumors, but why has nobody complained?"

I said, "Because people are afraid that their children will be tortured even more."

He said, "Are you not afraid?"

I said, "No, because I am ready to fail. That's all he can do." I said I was ready to fail and I was not insisting on success, but I would fight to the last: "It is either this man or me--we both cannot be there in the same building."

Shambhu Dube called me close to him. Holding my hand he said, "I always love rebellious people, but I never thought a child of your age could be a rebel. I congratulate you."

We became friends, and this friendship lasted until he died. That village had a population of twenty thousand people, but in India it is still a village. In India, unless the town has one hundred thousand people it is not considered a town. When there are more than fifteen hundred thousand people then it is a city. In my whole life I never came across another in that village of the same caliber, quality or talent as Shambhu Dube. If you ask me, it will look like an exaggeration, but in fact, in the whole of India I never found another Shambhu Dube. He was just rare.. .

He just loved me, and this love started at that meeting, on that day when I had gone to protest against Kantar Master.

Shambhu Dube was the vice president of the municipal committee, and he said to me, "Don't be worried. That fellow should be punished. In fact, his service is finished. He has applied for an extension but we will not give it to him. From tomorrow you will not see him in that school again."

I said, "Is that a promise?"

We looked into each other's eyes. He laughed and said, "Yes, it is a promise."

The next day Kantar Master was gone. He was never able to look at me after that. I tried to contact him, knocked at his door many times just to say goodbye, but he was really a coward, a sheep under a lion's skin. But that first day in school turned out to be the beginning of many, many things. *glimps20*

*Note: Professor Saxena, at Sagar University, see Part IV

Kantar Master was never seen at the school again. He was immediately sent on leave, because there was only one month before his retirement, and his application for an extension had been canceled. This created a great celebration in the village.

Kantar Master had been a great man in that village, yet I had had him thrown out in just a single day. That was something. People started respecting me. I would say,

"What nonsense is this? I have not done anything--I simply brought the man and his wrongdoing to the light."

I am surprised how he continued torturing small children his whole life. But that is what was thought to be education. It was thought then, and many Indians still think, that unless you torture a child he cannot be taught--although they may not say so clearly. *glimps21*

The second day was my real entry into the school, because Kantar Master had been thrown out and everybody was joyous. Almost all the children were dancing. I could not believe it, but they told me, "You did not know Kantar Master. If he dies we will distribute sweets for the whole town, and burn thousands of candles in our houses."

I was received as if I had done a great deed. .

The second day at school was as if I had done something great. I could not believe that people had been so oppressed by Kantar Master. It was not that they were rejoicing for me; even then I could see the distinction clearly. Today too, I can

remember perfectly that they were rejoicing because Kantar Master was no longer on their backs.

They had nothing to do with me, although they were acting as if they were rejoicing for me. But I had come to school the day before and nobody had even said, "Hello."

Yet now the whole school had gathered at the Elephant Gate to receive me.

I had become almost a hero on just my second day.

But I told them then and there, "Please disperse. If you want to rejoice go to Kantar Master. Dance in front of his house, rejoice there. Or go to Shambhu Babu, who is the real cause of his removal. I am nobody. I did not go with any expectation, but things happen in life that you had never expected, nor deserved. This is one of those things, so please forget about it."

But it was never forgotten in my whole school life. I was never accepted as just another child. Of course, I was not very concerned with school at all. Ninety percent of the time I was absent. I would appear only once in a while for my own reason, but not to attend school. *glimps46*

The man I was talking about, his full name was Pandit Shambhuratan Dube. We all used to call him Shambhu Babu. He was a poet, and rare in that he was not eager to be published. That is very rare in a poet. I have come across hundreds of the tribe, and they are all so eager to be published that poetry becomes secondary. I call any ambitious person a politician, and Shambhu Dube was not ambitious.

He was not an elected vice president either, because to be elected you have to at least stand for election. He was nominated by the president, who was just holy cow dung as I have said before, and he wanted some men with intelligence to do his work. The president was an absolute cow dung, and he had been in office for years.

Again and again he had been chosen by other cow dungs.

In India, to be a holy cow dung is a great thing--you become a mahatma. This president was almost a mahatma, and as bogus as they all are, otherwise they would not be mahatmas in the first place. Why should a man of creativity and intelligence choose to be a cow dung? Why should he be at all interested in being worshipped? I will not even mention the name of the holy cow dung; it is filthy. He had nominated Shambhu Babu as his vice president, and I think that was the only good thing that he did in his whole life. Perhaps he did not know what he was doing--cow dungs are not conscious people.

The moment Shambhu Babu and I saw each other, something happened: what Carl Gustav Jung calls "synchronicity." I was just a child; not only that, wild too. I was fresh from the woods, uneducated and undisciplined. We had nothing in common.

He was a man of power and very respected by the people, not because he was a cow dung but because he was such a strong man, and if you were not respectful to him, some day you might suffer for it. And his memory was very very good. Everybody was really afraid of him and so they were all respectful, and I was just a child.

Apparently there was nothing in common between us. He was the vice president of the whole village, the president of the lawyers' association, the president of the Rotary Club, and so on and so forth. He was either the president or the vice president of many committees. He was everywhere, and he was a well-educated man. He had the highest degrees in law, but he did not practice law in that village.. .

He never published his poetry while he was still alive. He was a great story writer too, and by chance a famous film director became acquainted with him and his stories. Now Shambhu Babu is dead but a great film has been made using one of his stories, *Jhansi ki rani*--"The Queen of Jhansi." It won many awards, both national and international. Alas he is no more. He was my only friend in that place. *glimps21*

He was a great poet. He was also great because he never bothered to publish his work. He never bothered to read at any gathering of poets. It looked strange that he would read his poetry to a nine-year-old child, and he would ask me, "Is it of any worth, or just worthless?"

Now his poetry is published, but he is no more. It was published in his memory. It does not contain his best work because the people who chose it, none of them were even poets, and it needs a mystic to choose from Shambhu Babu's poetry. I know everything he wrote. There was not much--a few articles, and very few poems, and a few stories, but in a strange way they all connect with a single theme.

The theme is life, not as a philosophical concept but as it is lived moment to

moment. Life with a small 'l' will do, because he would never forgive me if you wrote life with a capital 'L'. He was against capital letters. He never wrote any word with capitals. Even the beginning of a sentence would always be written with small letters. He would even write his own name in small letters. I asked him, "What is wrong with capital letters? Why are you so against them, Shambhu Babu?"

He said, "I am not against them, but I am in love with the immediate, not the faraway. I am in love with small things: a cup of tea, a swim in the river, a sunbath.. .

I am in love with little things, and they cannot be written with capital letters."
glimpse21

Shambhu Babu was well-educated, I was uneducated, when the friendship began. He had a glorious past; I had none. The whole town was shocked by our friendship, but he was not even embarrassed. I respect that quality. We used to walk hand in hand.

He was my father's age, and his children were older than me. He died ten years before my father. I think he must have been about fifty at that time. This would have been the right time for us to be friends. But he was the only man to recognize me. He was a man of authority in the village, and his recognition was of immense help to me.. .

My father used to ask Shambhu Babu, "Why are you so friendly to that troublesome boy?"

And Shambhu Babu would laugh and say, "One day you will understand why. I cannot tell you now." I was always amazed at the beauty of the man. It was part of his beauty that he could answer by saying, "I cannot answer. One day you will understand."

One day he said to my father, "Perhaps I should not be friendly to him, but respectful."

It shocked me too. When we were alone, I said to him, "Shambhu Babu, what nonsense were you telling to my father? What do you mean by saying

that you should respect me?"

He said, "I do respect you because I can see, but not very clearly, as if hidden behind a smokescreen, what you are going to be one day."

Even I had to shrug my shoulders. I said, "You are just talking rubbish. What can I be? I am already it."

He said, "There! That's what amazes me in you. You are a child; the whole village laughs at our friendship and they wonder what we talk about together, but they don't know what they are all missing. I know"--he emphasized it--"I *know* what I am missing. I can feel it a little, but I can't see it clearly. Perhaps one day when you are really grown up, I may be able to see you." *glimps21*

I was talking to you about my strange friendship with Shambhu Babu. It was strange on many counts. First, he was older than my father, or perhaps the same age--but as far as I remember, he looked older--and I was only nine years old. Now, what kind of friendship is possible? He was a successful legal expert, not only in that small place, but he practiced in the high court and in the supreme court. He was one of the topmost legal authorities. And he was a friend of a wild, unruly, undisciplined, illiterate child. When he said, on that first meeting, "Please be seated," I was amazed.

I had not hoped that the vice president would stand to receive me and would say,

"Please be seated."

I said to him, "First, you be seated. I feel a little embarrassed to sit before you do.

You are old, perhaps even older than my father."

He said, "Don't be worried. I am a friend of your father. But relax and tell me what you have come for."

I said, "I will tell you later on why I have come here. First. ." He looked at

me, I looked at him; and what transpired in that small fragment of a moment became my first question. I asked him, "First, tell me what happened just now, between your eyes and mine."

He closed his eyes. I think perhaps ten minutes must have passed before he opened them again. He said, "Forgive me, I cannot figure it out--but *something* happened."

We became friends; that was sometime in 1940. Only later on, years afterwards, just one year before he died--he died in 1960, after twenty years of friendship, strange friendship--only then was I able to tell him that the word he had been searching for had been invented by Carl Gustav Jung. That word is 'synchronicity'; that is what was happening between us. He knew it, I knew it, but the word was missing.

Synchronicity can mean many things all together, it is multidimensional. It can mean a certain rhythmic feeling; it can mean what people have always called love; it can mean friendship; it can simply mean two hearts beating together without rhyme or reason it is a mystery. Only once in a while one finds someone with whom things fit; the jigsaw just disappears. All the pieces that were not fitting suddenly fit on their own accord. *glimps22*

I was telling you about a certain relationship that happened between a child of about nine years of age and an old man of perhaps fifty. The difference in age was great, but love can transcend all barriers. If it can happen even between a man and a woman, then what other barrier could be bigger? But it was not, and cannot be described as just love. He could have loved me like a son, or like his grandson, but that was not it.

What happened was friendliness--and let it be on record: I value friendliness higher than love. There is nothing higher than friendliness. I know you must have noticed

that I have not used the word 'friendship'. I was using it, but now is the time to tell you of something greater than friendship--friendliness.

Friendship can also be binding, in its own way, like love. It can also be jealous, possessive, afraid that it may be lost, and because of that fear, so

much agony and so much struggle. In fact people are continuously fighting those whom they love--

strange, just strange.. unbelievably strange.

Friendliness rises higher, to all that man knows and feels. It is more a fragrance of being, or you can say a flowering of being. Something transpires between two souls, and suddenly there are two bodies, but one being--that is what I call flowering.

Friendliness is freedom from all that is small and mediocre, from all that we are acquainted with--in fact, too acquainted with. *glimps23*

Osho's early love of books

I really did not attend primary school much, because the river was so attractive and its call was irresistible. So I was always at the river--not alone of course, but with many other students. Then there was the forest beyond the river. And there was so much real geography to explore--who bothered about the dirty map that they had in the school? I was not concerned where Constantinople was, I was exploring on my own: the jungle, the river--there were so many other things to do.

For example, as my grandmother had slowly taught me to read, I started reading books. I don't think anybody before or after me had ever been so involved in the library of that town. Now they show everybody the place where I used to sit, and the place where I used to read and write notes. But in fact they should show people that this was the place from where they wanted to throw me out. They threatened me again and again.

But once I started reading, a new dimension opened. I swallowed the whole library, and I started reading the books that I love most to my grandmother at night. You will not believe it, but the first book I read to her was *The Book of Mirdad.* That began a long series.

Of course once in a while, she used to ask, in the middle of a book, the meaning of a certain sentence, or passage, or a whole chapter--just the gist of it. I would say to her, "Nani, I have been reading it to you, and you have

not heard it?"

She said, "You know, when you read I become so interested in your voice that I completely forget what you are reading. To me, you are my Mirdad. Unless you explain it to me, Mirdad will remain absolutely unknown as far as I am concerned."

So I had to explain to her, but that was a great discipline to me. To explain, to help the other person who is willing to go a little deeper than he could go on his own, to hold him by the hand, slowly slowly, that became my whole life. I have not chosen it. .

I am an unplanned man, that is why I stay still wild. Sometimes I wonder what I am doing here, teaching people to be enlightened. And once they become enlightened, I immediately start teaching them how to become unenlightened again. What am I doing? *glimps26*

I have loved many books, thousands of books, but none like Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons.* I used to force my poor father to read it. He is dead, otherwise I would have asked him to forgive me. Why did I force him to read the book? That was the only way for him to understand the gap between himself and me. But he was really a wonderful man, he used to read the book again and again, just because I said. It wasn't once he read it, but many times. And not only did he read the book, but at least between him and me the gap was bridged. We were no longer father and son.

That ugly relationship of father and son, mother and daughter, and so on.. at least with me my father dropped it, we became friends. It is difficult to be friends with your own father, or your own son; the whole credit goes to him, not to me. *Books13*

Leo Tolstoy's *Resurrection:* for his whole life, Leo Tolstoy was concerned, immensely concerned with Jesus, hence the title, *Resurrection.* And Leo Tolstoy has really created a tremendous work of art. It has been a bible to me. I can still see myself, when I was young, continuously carrying Tolstoy's *Resurrection* with me. Even my father became worried. "It is okay to read a book," he said to me one day, "but why do you go on carrying this book the whole day? You have read it."

I said, "Yes, I have read it, not only once but many times. But I am going to carry it with me." My whole village knew about it, that I was continuously carrying a certain book called *Resurrection.* They all thought I was mad and a madman can do anything. But why was I carrying *Resurrection* the whole day?--and not only during the day, but during the night too. The book was with me by my bed. I loved it. .the way Leo Tolstoy reflects the whole message of Jesus. He succeeds far more than any of the apostles, except Thomas.. *books13*

I don't like Gorky. He is a communist, and I hate communists. When I hate I simply hate, but the book *The Mother,* even though written by Maxim Gorky, I love it. I have loved it my whole life. I had so many copies of that book that my father used to say,

"Are you mad? One copy of a book is enough, and you go on ordering more! Again and again I see a postal package and it is nothing but another copy of *The Mother* by Maxim Gorky. Are you mad or something?"

I said to him, "Yes, as far as Gorky's *The Mother* is concerned, I am mad, utterly mad."

When I see my own mother I remember Gorky. *Books13*

Osho's early experiences with orthodox religions

It was a problem for me also in my childhood. My whole family was going to the temple and I was resistant. I was willing--if they could explain what this whole thing was all about. They had no explanation except, "It has been done always, and it is good to follow your elders, to follow your old generations, to follow the ancient heritage.. it is good." This is not an explanation.

I told them, "I am not asking whether it is good or bad; I am asking what it is. I don't see any God, I see only a stone statue. And you know perfectly well that it is a stone statue--you know better than me, because you have purchased it from the market.

So God is being sold in the market? You have installed it with your own

hands in the temple; at what point did it become God?--because in the shop of the sculptor it is not worshipped. People are haggling for its price; nobody is praying to it! Nobody

thinks that these are gods, because there are so many statues. And you can choose according to your liking.

"You haggled for the price, you purchased the statue, and I have been an observer all the time, waiting to see at what moment the stone statue becomes God, at what moment it is not a commodity to be purchased and sold, but a divinity to be worshipped."

They had no explanation. There *is* no explanation, because in fact it never became God; it is still a statue. It is just no longer in the shop, it is in the temple. And what is the temple?--another house.

I was asking them, "I want to participate with you in your prayers, in your worship; I don't want to remain an outsider. But I cannot do it against myself. First I have to be satisfied, and you don't give any answer that is satisfying. And what are you saying in your prayers?

"`Give us this,' `Give us that'--and do you see the whole hilarious scene? You have purchased a stone statue, installed it in a house, and now you are begging from the statue, which is purchased by you, `Give us this,' `Give us that. .prosperity to our family, health to our family.' You are behaving very strangely, in a weird way, and I cannot participate in it.

"I don't want to disobey for disobedience's sake. And this is not disobedience; I am ready to follow your order, but you are not prepared to give it to me. You never asked your own parents. They lived in ignorance, you are living in ignorance, and you want me also to live in ignorance."

They thought that I would cool down by and by. They used to take me to the temple.

They would all bow down, and I would stand by the side. And my father would say to me, "Just for our sake.. it doesn't look good. It looks odd that you stand by the side when everybody is bowing down with so much

religiousness."

I said, "I don't see any religiousness; I simply see a certain kind of exercise. And if these people are so much interested in exercise, they can go to a gymnasium, which will *really* give them health.

"Here they are asking, `Give us health,' and `Give us wealth.' Go to the gymnasium and there you will get health, and you will have real exercises. This is not much! And you are right that it looks odd--not my standing here but you all doing all kinds of stupid rituals. *You* are odd. I may be in the minority, but I am not odd.

"And you say for your sake I should participate. Why are you not participating with me for my sake? You all should stand in a line in the corner--That will show that you really want to participate."

Finally he told me, "It is better you don't come to the temple, because other people come and they see you, and you are always doing something nasty."

I said, "What?". .because I was always sitting with my back towards God, which is not allowed--that is "nasty."

I said, "If God is omnipotent, he can change his position. Why should I be bothered about it? But he goes on sitting in the same position. If he does not want to see my back, he can move; he can start looking at the other side. I am more alive than your God, that's why you tell me to change my position; you don't tell your God. You know that he is dead."

And they said, "Don't say such things!"

I said, "What can I do? He does not breathe, he does not speak, and I don't think he hears, because a man who is not breathing, who is not seeing, who cannot move, cannot hear--all these things happen in an organic unity, and the organism has to be alive. So to whom are you praying?"

And slowly, slowly I persuaded my family to get rid of the temple. It was made by my family, but then they gave it to the community; they stopped going there. I told them, "Unless you explain it to me, your going shows that

you are not behaving intelligently." *psycho12*

In India, if somebody has smallpox it is not thought to be a physical disease.

Smallpox is called in India, *mata; mata* means mother goddess. And in every town there is a temple for the mother goddess, or many temples.. the mother goddess is angry, that's why poor little children are suffering from smallpox.

People like Mahatma Gandhi were against vaccination because it was unnatural.

Smallpox is natural. It destroys so many beautiful children's faces, their eyes, and it kills many. And the prophet of non-violence was against vaccination because he was against anything scientific--and moreover it was thought the disease is not a physiological disease, it is a spiritual anger.

One of my sisters died of smallpox, and I was very angry because I loved that sister more than any of my brothers or my sisters. I told them, "You have killed her. I have been telling you that she needs vaccination.

"I have suffered from smallpox, but at that time I could not say anything to you; I don't even remember it, it happened just in my first year. And every child suffers.

When this girl was born I was insisting that she should be vaccinated. But you are all followers of Mahatma Gandhi: Vaccination is against nature. And to prevent. .the anger of the mother goddess will be dangerous. It will come in some other form."

And when the girl became sick with smallpox they were doing both things: they were taking medicine from the doctor and they were continuously going to worship the mother goddess.

I said, "Then please do one thing at least; either take the medicine, or go and worship your mother. But you are being cunning; you are even deceiving the mother goddess. I am honest, I spit on your mother goddess

every day"--because I used to go to the river and the temple was just on the way so there was no harm; coming and going I would spit.

And I said, "Whatsoever you do.. but it is strange--I am spitting, I should suffer. Why should she suffer? And I cannot understand that the mother goddess becomes angry and small children suffer--who have not committed any crime, who have just arrived, who have not had time enough to do anything, nor are capable of doing anything. Others should suffer, but they are not suffering.

"And mother goddess you call her! You should call her a witch, because what kind of mother is she who makes small children suffer? And then you are cunning. You are also not certain; otherwise don't take the medicine. Throw all the medicines; depend completely on your mother goddess. There too you are afraid. You are trying to ride on two horses. This is sheer stupidity. Either depend on the mother and let the girl die, or depend on the medicine, and forget about that mother."

They would say, "We can understand that there is a contradiction, but please don't bring it to our notice, because it hurts."

I said, "Do you think it hurts only you, and it does not hurt me seeing my parents being stupid, silly? It does not hurt me? It hurts me more. There is still time, you can change; but on the contrary, you are trying to change me, and you call it help. You think without your help I am going to be lost. Please let me be lost. At least I will have one satisfaction, that nobody else is responsible for my being lost; it is my own doing. I will be proud of it."

Up to seven years, if a child can be left innocent, uncorrupted by the ideas of others, then to distract him from his potential growth becomes impossible. The child's first seven years are the most vulnerable. And they are in the hands of parents, teachers, priests.. . *dark01*

Religions could exploit humanity for a simple reason: man feels a kind of inner unease when there are questions and there is no way to find the answer. Questions are there--man is born with questions, with a big question mark in his heart--and it is good.

It is fortunate that man is born with a question mark, otherwise he would be just another species of animal.. .

I am reminded of my own childhood and so many things that will help you to understand the beauty of the question mark. And unless you understand the question mark as something intrinsic to your humanity, to your dignity, you will not understand what mysticism is.

Mystifying is not mysticism.

Mystifying is what the priests have been doing.

They have taken your question mark. .

This is what I was going to tell you. In my childhood they started giving me answers.. because there was a special class for Jainism in the Jaina temple and every child had to attend it, one hour every evening. I refused.

I told my father, "In the first place I don't have those questions for which they are supplying answers. This is stupid. When I have questions I will go and learn their answers and try to find out whether they are correct or not. Right now I am not even interested in the question. Who created the world? My foot!--I am not interested. I know one thing for certain: I have not created it.

My father said, "You are a strange child. All the children from the family are going, from the neighborhood, everybody is going."

Jainas tend to live in a neighborhood, a close-knit neighborhood. Minorities are afraid of the majority so they remain close to each other; it is more protective. So all the children of the neighborhood go and their temple is in the middle of the neighborhood. That too is for protection, otherwise it will be burned any day if it is in a Hindu neighborhood or in a Mohammedan neighborhood.

And it will become difficult: if there is a riot you cannot go to your own temple. And there are people who will not eat without going to the temple. First they have to go to the temple and worship, then only can they eat. So Jainas live in small sections of the town, city, village, with their temple in the

middle, and surrounding it is their whole community.

"Everybody is going," my father said.

I said, "They may have questions, or they are idiots. I am not an idiot, and I don't have those questions, so I simply refuse to go. And I know what the teacher goes on teaching the children is absolute rubbish."

My father said, "How can you prove that? You always ask me to prove things; now I ask you, how can you prove what he says is rubbish?"

I said, "Come with me."

He had to go many times to many places; it was just that the arguments had to be concluded. And when we reached the school, the teacher was teaching that Mahavira had these three qualities: omnipotence, all-powerful; omniscient, all-knowing; omnipresent, everywhere-present. I said, "You have listened, now come with me to the temple." The class was just by the side of the temple, a room attached to the temple. I said, "Now come into the temple."

He said, "But what for?"

I said, "Come, I will give you the proof."

What I had done was on Mahavira's statue I had just put a *laddoo*--that is an Indian sweet, a round sweet, just like a ball--I had put a laddoo on Mahavira's head, so naturally two rats were sitting on Mahavira's head eating the laddoo. I said, This is your omnipotent Mahavira. And I have seen these rats pissing on his head."

My father said, "You are just impossible. Just to prove this you did all that!"

I said, "What else to do? How else to prove it? Because I cannot find where Mahavira is. This is a statue. This is the only Mahavira I know and you know and the teacher knows. And he is omnipresent so he must be present here seeing the rats and what they are doing to him. He could have driven those rats away and thrown away my laddoo. I was not here. I had gone to pick you up--I had all the arrangements to make. Now prove to me that this

man is omnipresent. And I'm not bothered at all--

he may be. Why do I care?"

But before a child even asks a question, you stuff his head with an answer.

That is a basic and major crime of all the religions.

This is what programming is, conditioning is. *person01*

One of my father's friends--he was a very good ayurvedic physician--wanted to give me a certain ancient medicine made of a very rare kind of root. It is only found in the Himalayas and even there only in very rare places. It is called *brahmaboti.* The very name means that if you go through the whole ritual of taking that medicine. .It is not just a pill you can swallow, it is a whole ritual. With that root juice they write OM on your tongue. It is so bitter that one almost feels like vomiting, and you have to stand naked in the river or in the lake, water up to your neck. Then the word OM will be written, while mantras are being chanted around you by three Sanskrit scholars.

He loved me and he was sincere. It is said that if brahmaboti is used for any child before the age of twelve then he will certainly realize God in his life. *Brahma* means the ultimate, God. So he wanted to do the ritual on me.

I said, "I am surprised that you have three sons and you have not tried the ritual on them. Don't you want them to realize God? I know those three scholars who will be chanting around me have their own children. Nobody has tried it on them, so why do you want me?"

He said, "Because I love you, and I feel you may realize God."

I said, "If you feel that, then I will realize without your brahmaboti. If brahmaboti helps people to realize God, you would have given it to your children. Just out of curiosity I am willing to go through the ritual, but I absolutely doubt that it has any value. If God could be realized by such a simple method that others do to you...I don't have to do anything--just stand in the water, maybe a little shivering, for as long as your mantras are being chanted. .and just a little bitter taste, perhaps some vomiting, but these are

not big things to achieve God. So I want it to be clearly understood: I am skeptical of it, but out of curiosity I am ready. Just I want to know, how much time will it take me to realize God?"

He said, "The scriptures don't say anything about it."

I said, "In this life at least?"

He said, "Yes, in the same life."

So the ritual was arranged and I went through the whole torture. For almost one hour I was standing shivering in the water. And I used to think that *neem,* one of the trees in India, has the bitterest leaves, but this brahmaboti surpassed everything. I don't think anything can make you feel so bad. They wrote *Om* on my tongue; it was almost impossible to keep down because my whole stomach was upturned, and I felt like throwing up, but I did not want to disturb their ritual. And that was one of the parts of it, that you should not throw up; otherwise the whole ritual has gone wrong, nothing will happen.

After one hour I was released from that ritual. I asked the old physician, "Do you really believe this kind of nonsense can help anything, that it has any relevance to the experience of God? Then why do people go on doing ascetic practices their whole life, self-torture, all kinds of disciplines?--this one hour torture is enough!"

He said, "That creates a question in my mind too. I have been worshipping God my whole life, and when I was writing OM on your tongue I thought, `My God! Perhaps he will realize, and I have been worshipping God my whole life--morning and evening. I am tired of it but I go on, because unless I realize I am not going to stop.' "

I said to him, "It is absolutely absurd. I don't see any logic in it except torturing small children for no reason at all." And I was not the only one, because when they arranged this whole ritual a few other rich people became aware and they had brought their sons.

There were at least nine boys standing in a row in the river because

whatever is done for one, is done for nine; it takes the same time. And I said, "I know these boys; most of them are idiots. If they can realize God, then I don't want to realize, because I don't want to be in heaven with these boys. They are so idiotic that even in school if they are in my class I change the class, I go to another subject. I have never been with those people. This is for the first time--in a great effort for God-realization--that I have been standing with them."

Later a few of them dropped out before the middle school because they could not pass, and I asked the physician, "What is the matter? The people who are going to realize God could not pass a small examination! They have proved perfectly well that your ritual was an exercise in futility."

He used to be angry but he was also considerate. He said, "You have a point there, but what can I do?" One of the boys is in jail; he murdered somebody. The three who failed just have small businesses. The remaining have disappeared in the big world.

I went on asking him again and again, "What about those nine who were prepared for God-realization? Are you still thinking that they will realize God?"

Finally he said, "You are so persistent that I have to tell you, I don't believe in this ritual; it is just that it is written in the scriptures. And seeing the failure of all these people.. but don't tell it to anybody."

I asked, "Why?"

He said, "Be wise."

I said, "You call it being wise?"

"Don't tell it to anybody, because everybody believes in the scriptures. Why create enemies? Keep it to yourself."

I said, "That is a way of lying."

He said, "That's true, it is a way of lying."

And I said, "All those scriptures continuously say `Be truthful.' So should I follow the scriptures or should I follow the masses?"

He said, "You create dilemmas for me. I am old and tired, and I don't want to get into any trouble. Now this is a real dilemma for me. I cannot tell you to be untrue and I cannot tell you to be truthful. I cannot tell you to be untrue because it will go against the scriptures. I cannot tell you to be true because it will endanger your life. I can simply say, `Be wise.'"

I said, "I used to think wisdom consists of being truthful, but here it seems that to be wise means to be political; to be wise means deceitful, uncaring about the truth, just thinking about your own comfort and respectability."
mystic16

In Jainism a beautiful incident happened.

A woman named Mallibai asked the contemporary tirthankara, the contemporary Jaina master, "Why is a woman prevented?"

He said, "For the simple reason that unless you are naked and live like we live, you cannot become enlightened." And a woman certainly feels shy to be naked, particularly amongst so-called celibates.

But Mallibai was a lioness! She immediately dropped her clothes, and she said, "If nakedness is the only problem, I am naked."

And she rose to deep meditations, to such a height that Jainism had to accept her as one of the tirthankaras. But such cunningness, such callousness.. they changed her name so that posterity would never know that a woman had become equal to Mahavira! They changed her name from Mallibai-- *bai* means a woman--to Mallinath-

- *nath* means a man.

I used to harass my father, that "I want to see which one of the twenty-four statues in the temple is Mallibai."

He said, "I don't know. Don't harass me. They all are men!"

Even the statue has been made that of a man! The name has been changed, the statue is made of a man, just so that the fact that a woman has become enlightened is erased from the memory of man. *poetry04*

My sister was being married and I told my father, "If the word *kanyadan,* donation of the daughter, is being used, I will never come back to this family again. Then you can think I am dead."

He said, "But this is strange. That word has been used for centuries."

I said, "I don't care about the centuries, I care about the *meaning* of the word. You can donate things, you can donate money--you cannot donate people! And I will not allow it, even if the marriage party goes back. Let them go to hell!"

He said, "I was worried that you might create some trouble, but I had not thought about this kind of trouble. The marriage party is coming--you can hear the band, and the people are coming closer--and you ask me not to use the word `kanyadan'. .! But what about the brahmin priest who will say, `Where is the father? He has to come and do kanyadan.'"

I said, "I have made arrangements with the priest before I talked to you."

The priest used to live just behind my house. There used to be a big neem tree in the middle--and it was a very narrow street--and I had spread the gossip around the town that the tree was full of ghosts. And the brahmin was very much afraid, because he had to pass through that street. He was the only person who lived behind our house, the only person who had to go through that street. And he used to ask me, "Is it true?"

I said, "Do you want to experience? I have some acquaintance with those people because I live in the house.. "

And one day I managed to give him some experience....

He used to almost run in the street. From the main street he would start running saying, "Hare Krishna, Hare Rama, Hare Krishna, Hare Rama.. " just to avoid the ghosts which were there. And he had just begun with, "Hare Krishna, Hare Rama.. "

when I gave him the experience.

I had just done a simple thing. As he was coming from his work in the town--some worship, some marriage or whatever--it must have been ten o'clock in the night, it was a dark night.. I had a drum with me and a big blanket. As he came under the tree, I threw the blanket over him so he could not see what was happening, and I just banged the drum and threw the drum also over him. He got so confused at what was happening, he ran away, back down the street. And by chance, the drum fell over his head. I had not thought that it would go that way--that his head was completely covered by the drum, and underneath the drum was the blanket covering his whole body. So by the time he reached the road, people started running, thinking that the ghost had come onto the road!

He had to shout and struggle, "I am the brahmin who lives behind! I am not the ghost! It is the work of the ghost that I am in such a situation." But there was no other way. So he was always very polite and respectful of me after the experience.

Whatever I said he always said, "Yes, I will do it."

I told him, "My sister is going to be married. You are not to use the word `kanyadan', because no person can be donated. It is not a gift--a human being given as a donation? If you usèkanyadan', then remember, from this day you will never be able to reach your home.. *every* day those ghosts will trouble you."

He said, "I will do everything, but please no more blankets, no more drums."

So I told my father, "He is willing." *sword22*

In my childhood, one of my father's friends was a great physician in that area, and also a very learned scholar. So saints, mahatmas, scholars used to stay in his home.

And because of my father's friendship with him, I was allowed in his home, there was no barrier for me--although whenever there was any guest he

wanted me not to

come. He used to say, "This is a strange coincidence, that whenever I want you not to come you immediately appear"--because I was constantly watching from my house so that if some saint arrived, then the second person to arrive would be me. And I found out from my very childhood. .these people were almost all Vedantins, the philosophy that teaches all is illusory.

One of the famous Hindu saints, Karpatri, used to stay there. One day he was sitting; behind him was a door going inside the house. I simply dropped a book on his head.

Now, a clean-shaved head. .and the book was not just dropping, it was really hitting.

And he said, "What are you doing?"

I said, "Nothing, it is all illusory."

The physician was not present.

He said, "Let the physician come. You should be barred from entering into this house."

I said, "Strange, you believe in the house? You believe in the physician? He is sitting there just in front of you."

He looked. He said, "There is nobody there."

I said, "It is illusory, how can you see illusions? I can see him perfectly well; he is sitting in his seat surrounded by his medicines."

He looked again.

I said, "It must be that you are getting old and you need glasses."

He said, "I can see everything else perfectly--tables, chairs, the walls--it is just the physician I cannot see." And at that very time the physician came

out, and he said,

"Here is the physician!"

I said, "The whole day you are talking about illusion, illusion, illusion, but in your life I don't see any impact of your philosophy. And what is the point of having a philosophy of life which is just verbal, intellectual?"

Avoid these people.

In my childhood, when these people would be giving discourses in the temple, I used to stand up--and this was one of the points I would make to them: "Don't mention that things are illusory. If you mention it, I will prove that they are not. And you know me perfectly well, because we have met at the physician's place in the morning. I have already proved it.

It started happening that they would avoid coming to my village. The physician told my father, "Saints used to come to my house. Your son is such trouble that when I go to the railway station to receive them they say, `We are not coming, because it becomes such an embarrassing situation: before thousands of people he stands up and he says he can prove.. And he *can* prove, and we cannot prove, that is true. It is only a philosophy that the world is illusory.'"

Always remember that philosophies are worthless unless they can give you an insight, unless they can give you a new vision of life, unless they can transform you, unless they are alchemical. *upan31*

From my very childhood I have been continuously questioning knowledgeable people. My (parents') house was a guest house of many Jaina saints, Hindu monks, Sufi mystics, because my grandfather was interested in all of these people. But he was not a follower of anybody. He, rather, enjoyed me bothering these saints.

Once I asked him, "Are you really interested in these people? You invite them to stay in the house and then you tell me to harass them. In what are you really interested?"

He said, "To tell you the truth I enjoy their being harassed, because these

guys go on pretending that they know--and they know nothing. But anywhere else it would be difficult to harass them because people would stop you. People would tell me, `Your grandson is a nuisance here--take him away.' So I invite them, and then in our own house you can do whatever you want. And you have all my support: you can ask any questions you want."

And I enquired of these people, just simple questions: "Be true and just simply tell me, do you know God? Is it your own experience or have you just heard? You are learned, you can quote scriptures, but I am not asking about scriptures: I am asking about *you.* Can you quote yourself, your experience?"

And I was surprised that not a single man had any experience of God, or of himself.

And these were great saints in India, worshiped by thousands of people. They were deceiving themselves and they were deceiving thousands of others. That's why I say that knowledge has done much harm. Ignorance has done no harm. *dark09*

There was one man in India. .

There were only two persons who were called Mahatma: one was Mahatma Gandhi, another was Mahatma Bhagwandin. I never agreed with Mahatma Gandhi, but with Mahatma Bhagwandin I had a great friendship. He was very old and I was so young, but we both felt some synchronicity. So whenever Mahatma Bhagwandin used to come to my city, he used to stay in our house. He was a great scholar and immensely informed. I have never come across anybody who is so informed about so much rubbish. You ask him anything and he will function almost like the *Encyclopaedia Britannica.*

I used to go for a morning walk with him, and he would tell me about every tree: its name, its Greek name, its Latin name, its ayurvedic qualities, its medicinal purposes, its age.. The first time I tolerated it; the next day when he started again I said,

"Please! Because of your knowledge you cannot enjoy the walk. These

beautiful trees become covered with Latin words, Greek words, Sanskrit roots, and I am not interested to know. It is enough for me that the tree is dancing in the wind, and I can hear the song and the joy. And I certainly can say that you cannot hear, you are deaf.

You are a great encyclopedia, but you are not a conscious human being."

He was surprised, shocked. For half an hour he remained silent; and then he started again. As he came across a tree he said, "Look, this is the only tree that exhales oxygen in the night and inhales oxygen in the day."

I said, "My God, I have told you that I am not interested. It is enough for me that the tree is green, full of flowers and looking so beautiful in the morning sun.. the dewdrops are still on the leaves. You destroy the whole beauty, you don't have any aesthetic sense! And you are an old man--you are my grandfather's friend, you are not my friend; the distance of age between me and you is half a century as far as years are concerned. But if you think of consciousness, the difference between me and you is many, many centuries!"

He said, "You are strange; I wanted to make you more informed. In life one needs knowledge, information about everything."

I said, "Who is going into that life where knowledge is a commodity, where knowledge is sold, purchased? Who is going? My interest is not in the world of names. My interest is in the hidden splendor which you are completely forgetting because of your knowledge. You are covered with your knowledge--so thick that you cannot see the light, the joy of anything. Your knowledge becomes a China Wall."

I thought he must be angry, but on the contrary--he was a very sincere man--he reported to my grandfather, "Although he has insulted me again and again on my morning walk I am not angry. I am simply happy that his interest is not in the names but in the nameless. In seventy years nobody has told me"--and he was respected all over India as a great saint--"nobody has told me, `You are wasting your life in accumulating knowledge.' This child has made me aware that I have wasted seventy years. If I live a little longer I will start learning again so that I can have some acquaintance with

the nameless, with the formless, with that which is."

It happened by chance, that the day he died I was present. He died in Nagpur; I was passing from Chanda to Jabalpur. Nagpur was just in the middle, so I asked the driver to take me to Mahatma Bhagwandin, "just for half an hour and you can take a rest."

I could not believe it when I saw him. He had become an absolute skeleton. I had not seen him for almost five years.

He was dying but his eyes were showing a tremendous light. He had become only eyes; everything else had become dead, just a skeleton.

Looking at me he said, "It cannot be coincidence that you have come at the right time. I was waiting, because I wanted to thank you before I leave the body. These years have been difficult in dropping knowledge, information, and finding that which is hidden behind names. But you have put me on the right track, and now I can say all names are false, and all knowledge may be useful but is not existential, is not true. I am dying with absolute peace, the silence which you have been talking about again and again."

I had to delay because it seemed that he was going to die within a few minutes, or maybe a few hours at the most. Within five or six hours he died, but he died with such peace, with such joy. His face was so blissful, although his whole body was suffering from many diseases. But he had already got disentangled from the body; he had found himself. *livzen11*

In my neighborhood there was a temple, a temple of Krishna, just a few houses away from my house. The temple was on the other side of the road, my house was on this side of the road. In front of the temple lived the man who had made the temple; he was a great devotee.

The temple was of Krishna in his childhood--because when Krishna becomes a young man he creates many troubles and many questions, so there are many people who worship Krishna as a child--hence the temple was called the temple of *Balaji.*

Balaji means.. *bal* means child, and Balaji has become the name for

Krishna. And then everything is simple because about his childhood you cannot raise all those questions which would be raised later on.. .

He becomes a politician, a warrior, manages the whole war and collects all those women--anything that you can imagine, he has done it. So in India there are many temples which are of the child Krishna. .

And in India many temples are called Balaji's temple, which means Krishna in his childhood.

This Balaji's mandir was just in front of the house of the man who had made it.

Because of the temple and the man's devotion, continuous devotion.. . He would take a bath--just in front of the temple was a well--he would take a bath there first thing.

Then he would do his prayers for hours; and he was thought to be very religious. By and by people started also calling him Balaji. It became so associated that I don't remember his real name myself because by the time I had any idea that he existed, I only heard his name as Balaji. But that cannot be his name; that name must have come because he made the temple.

I used to go to the temple because the temple was very beautiful and very silent--

except for this Balaji who was a disturbance there. And for hours--he was a rich man so there was no need for him to be worried about time--three hours in the morning, three hours in the evening, he was constantly torturing the god of the temple.

Nobody used to go there, although the temple was so beautiful that many people would have gone there; they would go to a temple further away because this Balaji was too much. And his noise--it can only be called noise, it was not music--his singing was such that it would make you an enemy of singing for your whole life.

But I used to go there and we became friendly. He was an old man. I said,

"Balaji, three hours in the morning, three hours in the evening--what are you asking for?

And everyday?--and he has not given it to you?"

He said, "I am not asking for any material things. I ask for spiritual things. And it is not a matter of one day; you have to continue your whole life and they will be given after death. But it is certain they will be given: I have made the temple, I serve the lord, I pray; you can see even in winter, with wet clothes.. ." It is thought to be a special quality of devotion, to be shivering with wet clothes. My own idea is that with shivering, singing comes easier. You start shouting to forget the shivering.

I said, "My idea about it is different but I will not tell you. Just one thing I want because my grandfather goes on saying, 'These are only cowards; this Balaji is a coward. Six hours a day he is wasting, and it is such a small life; and he is a coward.'"

He said, "Your grandfather said that I am a coward?"

I said, "I can bring him."

He said, "No, don't bring him to the temple because it will be an unnecessary trouble--but I am not a coward."

I said, "Okay, we will see whether you are a coward or not."

Behind his temple there was what in India is called an *akhara,* where people learn to wrestle, do exercises, and the Indian type of wrestling. I used to go there--it was just behind the temple, by the side of the temple--so I had all the wrestlers there as my friends. I asked three of them, "Tonight you have to help me."

They said, "What has to be done?"

I said, "We have to take Balaji's cot--he sleeps outside his house--we have just to take his cot and put it over the well."

They said, "If he jumps or something happens he may fall into the well."

I said, "Don't worry, the well is not that deep. I have jumped into it many times--it is not that deep nor is it that dangerous. And as far as I know Balaji is not going to

jump. He will shout from the cot; sitting in the cot, he will call to his Balaji, 'Save me!'"

With difficulty I could convince three persons: "You have nothing really to do with it.

Just alone I cannot carry his cot, and I am asking you because you are all strong people. If he wakes up in the middle it will be difficult to reach to the well. I will wait for you. He goes to sleep at nine o'clock, by ten the street is empty and eleven is the right time not to take any chances. At eleven we can move him."

Only two persons turned up; one didn't turn up, so we were only three. I said, "This is difficult. One side of the cot.. and if Balaji wakes up.. .I said, "Just wait, I will have to call my grandfather."

And I told my grandfather, "This is what we are going to do. You have to give us a little help."

He said, "This is a little too much. You have some nerve to ask your own grandfather to do this to that poor man who does no harm to anybody except that he shouts six hours a day.. but we have become accustomed to it."

I said, "I have not come to argue about it. You just come, and anything that you want, anytime, I will owe it to you; you just say, and I will do it. But you have to come for this thing, and it is not much--just a twelve-foot road has to be crossed without waking up Balaji."

So he came. That's why I say he was a very rare man--he was seventy-five! He came.

He said, "Okay, let us have this experience also and see what happens."

The two wrestlers started escaping, seeing my grandfather. I said, "Wait,

where are you going?"

They said, "Your grandfather is coming."

I said, "I am bringing him. He is the fourth person. If you escape then I will be at a loss. My grandfather and I will not be able to manage. We can carry him, but he will wake up. You need not be worried."

They said, "Are you sure of your grandfather?--because they are almost of the same age; they may be friends and some trouble may arise. He may tell on us."

I said, "I am there, he cannot get me into any trouble. So don't you be afraid, you will not be in any trouble, and he does not know your names or anything."

We carried Balaji and put his cot over his small well. Only he used to take a bath there, and once in a while I used to jump into it, which he was very much against--

but what can you do? Once I had jumped in, he had to arrange to take me out. I said,

"What can you do now? The only thing is to take me out. And if you harass me, I will jump in every day. And if you talk about it to my family, then you know I will start bringing my friends to jump into it. So right now, keep it a secret between us. You take your bath outside, I take my bath inside; there is no harm."

It was a very small well, so the cot could completely fit over it. Then I told my grandfather, "You go away because if you are caught then the whole city will think that this is going too far."

And then, from far away we started throwing stones to wake him up.. because if he did not wake up the whole night, he might turn and fall into the well, and something would go wrong. The moment he woke up he gave such a scream! We had heard his voice, but this.. ! The whole neighborhood gathered. He was sitting in his cot and he said, "Who has done it?" He was trembling and shaking and afraid.

People said, "Please get out of the cot at least. Then we will find out what has happened." I was there in the crowd, and I said,"What is the matter? You could have called your Balaji. But you didn't call him, you gave a scream and you forgot all about Balaji. Six hours training every day for your whole life.. ."

He looked at me and he said, "Is that too a secret?"

I said, "Now there are two secrets you have to keep. One you have already kept for many years. This is now the second."

But from that day he stopped that three hours shouting in the temple. I was puzzled.

Everybody was puzzled. He stopped taking a bath in that well, and those three hours evening and morning he just forgot. He arranged a servant priest to come every morning to do a little worship and that was all.

I asked him, "Balaji, what has happened?"

He said, "I had told you a lie that I am not afraid. But that night, waking up over the well--that shriek was not mine." You can call it the primal scream. It was not his, that is certainly true. It must have come from his deepest unconscious. He said, "That scream made me aware that I am really an afraid man, and all my prayers are nothing but trying to persuade God to save me, to help me, to protect me.

"But you have destroyed all that, and what you have done was good for me. I am finished with all that nonsense. I tortured the whole neighborhood my whole life, and if you had not done that, I may have continued. I am aware now that I am afraid.

And I feel that it is better to accept my fear because my whole life has been meaningless and my fear is the same."

Only in 1970, I went for the last time to my city. I had a promise with my mother's mother that when she dies--she had taken it as a promise--that I would come. So I had gone. I just went around the town to meet people and

I saw Balaji. He was looking a totally different man. I asked him, "What has happened?"

He said, "That scream changed me completely. I started to live the fear. Okay, if I am a coward, then I am a coward; I am not responsible for it. If there is fear, there is fear; I was born with it. But slowly, slowly as my acceptance grew deeper, that fear has disappeared, that cowardliness has disappeared.

"In fact I have disposed of the servant from the temple, because if my prayers have not been heard, then how is a servant's prayer going to be heard. .a servant who goes to thirty temples the whole day?"because he gets two rupees from each temple.

"He is praying for two rupees. So I have disposed of him. And I am perfectly at ease, and I don't bother a bit whether God exists or not. That is His problem, why should I be bothered?

"But I am feeling very fresh and very young in my old age. I wanted to see you, but I could not come, I am too old. I wanted to thank you that you did that mischief; otherwise, I would have continually prayed and died, and it was all just meaningless, useless. Now I will be dying more like a man freed, completely freed." He took me into his house. I had been there before; all the religious books were removed. He said, "I am no longer interested in all that." *ignor17*

I have come across many priests, and it was, in the beginning, a great shock to me that they are people who know nothing about religion; they are the people who know nothing of prayer; they are the people who have never meditated. They

worship, but their worship is superficial--it is not of the heart--and they worship on behalf of someone else. They are servants, not really priests.

In India, every rich man has a small temple in his house. But the rich man has no time for God. Why waste time for God? In that much time, he can earn much. A priest can be purchased--and he will pray on behalf of you.

Man is so deceptive that he can deceive even himself. The god is dead; he has purchased it from the market. It is nothing but stone, carved into the shape of some unknown god who has never been seen by anyone. The god is just a thing. Of course, the richer the man, the costlier will be the god. But whether costly or not, it is a commodity. And on top of that, even the priest is a salaried servant. He has nothing to do with God--he has something to do with money. I have seen priests running from one temple to another. If a priest can manage to pray in twenty temples, then he is a rich priest.

The whole idea is so absurd and unbelievable. It is just as if you have a paid servant to love your beloved on your behalf. Perhaps one day it is going to happen--because the time you waste in loving your beloved can produce much money, much power.

This game of love can be done by an ordinary servant. Why waste your time? And if the woman is also intelligent, there is no need for her to be there; she can also afford a woman servant. They both can love each other. Why waste time unnecessarily? *mess212*

I have been sitting, hiding in temples, and listening to what people are asking. I was puzzled. There is not a single thing in the world that you will not hear being asked.

Somebody is after some woman, and the woman is not paying any attention to him.

Offer a coconut, and God will take care of it.

In India, it is impossible to destroy *baksheesh....*

You should go to a temple--just stand by the side so nobody observes you, and watch the people who come to pray. If there is a crowd, they pray long, because so many people are seeing them--they will spread the rumor in the city that this man is very religious. If there is nobody to observe them, their prayer is a shortcut. They finish it quickly and. .gone. What is the point?--nobody is watching.

I have seen the same person praying before the crowd--then he goes long--

and the same person alone in the temple, unaware that I am hiding there--he quickly finishes the prayer. If there is nobody seeing him, what is the point? *mess212*

I have met thousands of people who are known as great religious masters and teachers. India is so full of sages and saints you can meet them anywhere. There is no need to seek and search. They are seeking and searching for you, and fighting:

"You belong to me, not to yourself"--whosoever catches hold of you first. But they are all parts of a certain cult, repeating parrot-like--exactly parrot-like or you can say computer-like--scriptures, great words. But words only mean that which the person *has.*

The search for truth is basically the search for a living master. It is very rare that you can find the way without a master. But I allow the exception. I allow the exception because I myself never had any master.

I have met with many so-called masters, but they all wanted to get rid of me, because my presence was such a danger to their respectability. I raised questions that they could not answer. Other disciples started disappearing, and they would

say, "Please, you go on and find somebody else; don't disturb our disciples. They never asked such questions before you came; now they have started asking strange questions about which we know nothing."

There are around the world many who pretend that they know. But you can see in their eyes, in their gestures, in their silences, in their words, whether they know or they are just tape recorders, quoting scriptures. *ignor18*

For example, the law of the Hindu society that divides it into four castes is absolutely unlawful, unjust. It has no reasonable support for it--I have seen *idiots* who are born in a brahmin family. Just because you are born in a brahmin family, you cannot claim superiority.

I have seen people who are born in the lowest category of Hindu law, the sudras, the untouchables, so intelligent: when India became independent,

the man who made the constitution of India, Dr. Babasaheb Ambedkar, was a sudra. There was no equal to his intelligence as far as law is concerned--he was a world-famous authority. *mess202*

The sudra is not allowed to have any education, he's not allowed to read any religious scripture. Obviously, he cannot read because he has never been in a school.

It was the British government who made a law that sudras can and should be allowed in the schools. When I was a child and I first entered school, I was surprised that a few children were sitting outside the class. I asked, "What is the matter? Why are these children sitting out of the class?"

And the teacher told me, "They are sudras. Although the law has been enforced, we cannot drop our culture. They have to sit outside."

Even if some sudra somehow manages to learn to read, he cannot read any religious scripture. The penalty and the punishment is death. Forget all about reading religious scriptures--he cannot even *listen.* If somewhere brahmins are reciting the *Vedas,* the sudra is not allowed to listen.

This is the respect that you have given to labor. The parasites, the brahmins, are the highest caste; you have to touch their feet. *mess113*

Jainism in India, on its sacred days, ten days per year, you have to fast and you cannot eat in the night. According to Jainism you cannot eat in the night any day of the year; eating in the night is sin. When the sun sets, Jainas cannot eat. Not only that, those who are very orthodox will not drink water.

It was such a trouble in my childhood, because I was born in a Jaina family, that I simply refused. In India it is so hot, and summer nights are so hot, and you cannot even drink water. I said, "I am willing to go to hell--that will happen after death.

There is time.. I will do something.. but right now I am going to drink. I don't want to suffer this night in hell."

In those ten days you cannot eat at all for ten days continuously. And I know that in those ten days Jainas think only of food, nothing else. Day and

night, their dreams are full of food. *last209*

From my childhood I was taught a very very strict vegetarianism. I was born in a Jaina family, absolutely dogmatic about vegetarianism. Not even tomatoes were allowed in my house, because tomatoes look a little like red meat. Poor innocent tomatoes, they were not allowed. Nobody has ever heard of anybody eating in the

night; the sunset was the last limit. For eighteen years I had not eaten anything in the night, it was a great sin.

Then for the first time I went on a picnic with a few friends to the mountains. And they were all Hindus and I was the only Jaina. And they were not worried to cook in the day. Mm? The mountains were so beautiful and there was so much to explore--

so they didn't bother about cooking at all, they cooked in the night. Now it was a great problem for me to eat or not to eat? And I was feeling really hungry. The whole day moving in the mountains, it had been arduous. And I was really feeling hungry--

for the first time so hungry in my life.

And then they started cooking. And the aroma and the food smell. And I was just sitting there, a Jaina. Now it was too difficult for me--what to do? The idea of eating in the night was impossible--the whole conditioning of eighteen years. And to sleep in that kind of hunger was impossible. And then they all started persuading me. And they said, 'There is nobody here to know that you have eaten, and we will not tell your family at all. Don't be worried.' And I was ready to be seduced, so they seduced me and I ate. But then I could not sleep--I had to vomit two or three times in the night, the whole night became nightmarish. It would have been better if I had not eaten.

Conditioning for eighteen years that to eat in the night is sin. Now nobody else was vomiting, they were all fast asleep and snoring. They have all committed sin and they are all sleeping perfectly well. And they have been committing the sin for eighteen years, and I have committed it for the first

time and I am being punished.

This seems unjust! *body04*

One Jaina monk was in the town. Jaina monks sit on a very high pedestal, so that even standing you can touch their feet with your head. .at least a five-foot, six-foot-high pedestal--and they sit on it. Jaina monks move in a group, they are not allowed to move alone; five Jaina monks should move together. That is a strategy so that the four keep an eye on the fifth to see that nobody tries to get a Coca-Cola--unless they all conspire. And I have seen them conspiring and getting Coca-Cola, that's why I remember it.

They are not allowed even to drink in the night and I have seen them drinking Coca-Cola in the night. In fact, in the day it was dangerous to drink Coca-Cola--what if somebody saw it!--so only in the night.. . I had supplied it myself so there was no problem about it. Who else would supply them? No Jaina would be ready to do it, but they knew me, and they knew that any outrageous thing, and I would be ready to do it.

So five pedestals were there. But one monk was sick, so when I went there with my father, I went to the fifth pedestal and sat on it. I can still remember my father and the way he looked at me.. he could not even find words: "What to say to you?" And he could not interfere with me, because I had not done any wrong to anybody. Just sitting on a pedestal, a wooden pedestal, I was not hurting anybody or anything. .

And those four monks were in such uneasiness and they also could not say anything--what to say? One of them finally said, "This is not right. Nobody who is not a monk should sit on an equal level." So they told my father, "You bring him down."

I said, "You think twice. Remember the bottle!" because I had supplied the Coca-Cola.

They said, "Yes, that's right, we remember the bottle. You sit on the pedestal as long as you please."

My father said, "What bottle?"

I said, "You ask these people. I have a double contract: one with you and one with them, and nobody can prevent me. You all four agree that I can sit here, or I will start telling the name of the bottle."

They said, "We are perfectly satisfied. You can sit here, there is no harm--but please keep silent about the bottle."

Now, many people were there, and they all became interested. .what bottle? When I came out of the temple everybody gathered; they all said, "What is this bottle?"

I said, "This is a secret. And this is my power over these fools whose feet you go on touching. If I want, I can manage to tell them to touch my feet, otherwise--the bottle.. ." These fools!

My father, on the way home, asked me, "You can just tell me. I will not tell anybody: what is this bottle? Do they drink wine?"

I said, "No. Things have not gone that far, but if they remain here a few days more, I will manage that too. I can force them to drink wine.. otherwise I will name the bottle."

The whole town was discussing the bottle, what the bottle was, and why they had become afraid: "We have always thought that they were such spiritual sages, and this boy made them afraid. And they all agreed that he could sit there, which is against the scriptures." Everybody was after me. They were ready to bribe me: "Ask whatsoever--you just tell us what is the secret of the bottle."

I said, "It is a very great secret, and I am not going to tell you anything about it. Why don't you go and ask your monks what the bottle is? I can be there, so they cannot lie--and then you will know what kind of people you are worshipping. And these are the people who are conditioning your mind!" *ignor04*

In India many religions teach how to destroy the taste of the food before you eat it.

There are many traditions in India where the monk will beg and put all kinds

of things in one begging bowl, because he is not allowed to beg from just one house.

And even if he begs from just one house, then in one begging bowl sweet things are there, salty things are there, all kinds of spices are there, rice is there, all kinds of dahls are there; and they all get mixed up. But that is not enough! First the monk should go to the river and dip the whole begging bowl in the river--they don't take any chances--and then mix everything. .and then enjoy it! Have a nice lunch, dinner, or whatever you call it.

In fact, once it happened: I was sitting on the bank of my village river, and a monk whom I knew--he used to beg from my house too, and he was very friendly with my father, and they used to chitchat--was doing this horrible thing of dipping his begging bowl.

I said to him, "Have you ever thought of one thing? The way you enjoy your food, even a buffalo would refuse it, a donkey would refuse it."

He said, "What?"

I said, "Yes." And in India if you want to find donkeys, you will find them near the river because the washermen use donkeys to carry their clothes to the river. Only the washermen use the donkey. Nobody else even touches the donkey because the

washerman is untouchable and his donkey is untouchable too. So while they are washing clothes their donkeys are just standing on the bank of the river waiting for the washermen to load them again, and then they will start moving home.

So I said, "There is a donkey. Just give me your begging bowl; and don't be worried--

if he eats it I will bring you a full bowl again from my house. If he does not eat it, you have to eat it.

He said, "I take the challenge."

I put the begging bowl in front of the donkey and the donkey simply

escaped. He escaped for two reasons: one was the food, the other was me. That was not known to the monk--that any donkey would have escaped. All the donkeys of my town were afraid of me because whenever I got a chance I would ride on them--just to harass my whole village. I would go to the marketplace sitting on a donkey. The whole village used to say, "this is too much!" And I would say, "The donkey is a creation of God, and God cannot create anything bad. And I don't see what is wrong. He is a poor fellow, and nice."

So all the donkeys knew me perfectly well. It became so that even from far away, even at night, if a donkey was standing there and I was coming towards him, he would just escape. They started recognizing me. The monk was not aware that there were two reasons for the donkey running away, but he certainly saw that the donkey refused the food.

I said, "This is what your religion has been teaching you, to fall below the donkey.

Even a donkey can sense that this is not food, not worth eating." *person12*

In my town there was only one church. There were very few Christians, perhaps four or five families, and I was the only non-Christian who used to visit the church.

But that was not special; I used to visit the mosques, the *Gurudwara,* Hindu temples, Jaina temples. I always had the idea that everything belongs to me. I don't belong to any church, I don't belong to any temple, but any temple and any church that exists on the earth belongs to me.

Seeing a non-Christian boy coming continually every Sunday, the priest became interested in me. He said to me, "You seem to be very interested. In fact, in my whole congregation--it is such a small congregation--you seem to be the most interested.

Others are sleeping, snoring, but you are so alert and listening and watching everything. Would you like to become like Jesus Christ?" and he showed me Jesus Christ's picture, of course of him hanging on the cross.

I said, "No, absolutely no. I have no desire to be crucified. And a man who is crucified must have something wrong with him; otherwise who cares to crucify anybody? If his whole country, his people, decided to crucify him, then that man must be carrying something wrong with him. He may be a nice man, he may be a good man, but something must have led him to crucifixion. Perhaps he had a suicidal instinct.

"The people who have suicidal instincts are not generally so courageous as to commit suicide, but they can manage to get others to murder them. And then you will never find that they had a suicidal instinct, that they prompted you to kill them so that the responsibility falls on you."

I said, "I don't have any suicidal instinct in me. Perhaps he was not a suicidal man but certainly he was some kind of masochist. Just looking at his face--and I have seen many of his pictures--I see him looking so miserable, so deadly miserable, that I

have tried standing before a mirror and looking as miserable as he looks, but I have failed. I have tried hard, but I cannot even make his face; how can I become Jesus Christ? That seems to be impossible. And why should I become Jesus Christ?"

He was shocked. He said, "I thought you were interested in Jesus."

I said, "I am certainly interested, more interested than you are, because you are a mere preacher, salaried. If you don't get a salary for three months you will be gone, and all your teaching will disappear." And that's what finally happened, because those Christian families were not permanent residents of the town--they were all railway employees, so sooner or later they got transferred. He was left alone with a small church that they had made. Now there was nobody to give money, to support him, nobody to listen to him except me.

On Sundays he used to say, "Dear friends--"

I would say, "Wait! Don't use the plural. There are no friends, just 'dear friend' will do. It is almost like two lovers talking; it is not a congregation. You can sit down--

nobody is there. We can have a good chitchat. Why unnecessarily go on standing for one hour, and shout and. .?"

And that's how it happened. Within three months he was gone, because if you don't pay him.. . Although Jesus says, "Man cannot live by bread alone," man cannot live without bread either. He needs the bread. It may not be enough, he needs many more things, but many more things come only later on; first comes the bread.

Man certainly can live by bread alone. He will not be much of a man--but who *is* much of a man? But nobody can live without bread, not even Jesus.

I was going into the mosque, and they allowed me, because Christians, Mohammedans--these are converting religions; they want people from other folds to come to their fold: They were very happy seeing me there--but the same question: "Would you like to become like Hazrat Mohammed?" I was surprised to know that nobody was interested in my just being myself, helping me to be myself.

Everybody was interested in somebody else, the ideal, their ideal, and I have only to be a carbon copy? God has not given me any original face? I have to live with a borrowed face, with a mask, knowing that I don't have any face at all? Then how can life be a joy? Even your face is not yours.

If you are not yourself, how can you be happy?

The whole existence is blissful because the rock is rock, the tree is tree, the river is river, the ocean is ocean. Nobody is bothering to become somebody else; otherwise they would all go nuts. And that's what has happened to man.

You are being taught from the very childhood not to be yourself, but the way it is said is very clever, cunning. They say, "You have to become like Krishna, like Buddha," and they paint Buddha and Krishna in such a way that a great desire arises in you to be a Buddha, to be a Jesus, to be a Krishna. This desire is the root cause of your misery.

I was also told the same things that you have been told, but from my very

childhood I made it a point that whatsoever the consequence I was not going to be deviated from myself. Right or wrong I am going to remain myself. Even if I end up in hell I will have at least the satisfaction that I followed my own course of life. If it leads to hell, then it leads to hell. Following others' advice and ideals and disciplines, even if I

end up in paradise I will not be happy there, because I will have been forced against my will.

Try to understand the point. If it is against your will, even in paradise you will be in hell. But following your natural course of being, even in hell you will be in paradise.

Paradise is where your real being flowers.

Hell is where you are crushed and something else is imposed on you.
misery15

Hajj is the Mohammedan's holy pilgrimage, and Mohammed has said at least once in a life every Mohammedan has to do hajj. If you miss hajj you will not be allowed into paradise. So truth is not important, love is not important, compassion is not important; what is important is a pilgrimage to Mecca. And you can do everything else you want, but you should do hajj. Once a person does hajj he is called hajji. And that is a title that makes his paradise a certainty; all hajjis go to paradise. So even poor Mohammedans.. .

In my village I have seen such poor Mohammedans collecting money, eating only one time a day so that at least once in their whole life.. because it will need their life's savings. And I have seen people selling their houses, their land, borrowing money and remaining always in debt because they could not even pay the interest--

there was no question of paying the original money. And they have taken it at such high interest; nobody is going to give it to them at a low interest because everybody knows the money is never coming back. And there is every possibility that this man may die because hajj, in the old days, was almost a suicidal pilgrimage. Now it is a little better, but not much better.

So at such a high interest, perhaps twenty-five percent per month, they have sold themselves for their whole lives, they have become slaves. Their house is gone, their land is gone, and whatsoever they earn they have to give in interest; but people will take this risk because without becoming a hajji there is no hope. *person19*

There are Mohammedans in India. .You will be surprised to know that India is not a Mohammedan country, but India has the largest population of Mohammedans in the whole world; no other country has a bigger population of Mohammedans. They have a certain festival every year in which they believe that the saints can be called back in a trance-like state in people. So in every place where there is a grave of a saint, many people will go into trance. And sometimes a few people will start speaking in trance. You can ask questions and they will answer, and it is thought that those answers are being given by the spirit of the saint.

I never believed it for the simple reason. .in the first place whatever I had heard about the saint did not convince me that he was a saint. Simple qualities which are needed just to be human, even those were not there. For example, Mohammedans are all meat eaters. And they become saints if they convert many Hindus--even at the point of the sword, even if they kill to convert people. They have many wives, and most are Hindu women forcibly brought to their house--and Hindus are in a totally different world. If a woman has spent the night in a Mohammedan's house, she cannot be accepted back; she has fallen. So there is no way for her other than to become a Mohammedan or commit suicide. Her family's door is closed.

So whatever I had heard about a saint in my birthplace, I didn't feel that there was anything saintly in it. And moreover, Mohammedans, just like Christians and Jews, believe only in one life, and I cannot accept that because it is my own experience

that lives are continuously coming one after another. You don't have one life; you have many, hundreds, thousands. So when a person dies, whether he believes in one life or not doesn't matter, he will have to be born into another life. So after three hundred years, who is going to come?

I was very young. I must have been ten years old when I became interested

in this phenomenon of trance, in the people who were going into trance and answering.

And people were worshipping them, bringing fruits and sweets, and rupees and clothes. I would just sit by their side with a long needle and go on jabbing the needle, and they would go on trying hard to keep me from doing that--and they are in trance! They are replying and in the middle of the reply they will just. .because my needle was there!

They have a certain. .They bring the coffin of the saint out of the grave and the one who goes the deepest in trance, he takes it on his waist--they have certain arrangements--he holds it. There are ropes, four ropes; four other people are holding those four ropes and he dances. And I would go on doing my work, because it is a crowd thing. And certainly he would dance more; he would jump higher than anybody else. He would be angry with me, but he would get more sweets and more rupees and more clothes, and more people would be worshipping him. In fact he would become the topmost person, the one who has gone deepest into the trance.

And afterwards he would meet me and he would say, "It hurts, but no harm. You can come.. "

I said, "In fact you should share. Those things have come to you because of my needle, not because of your trance. And if you don't share, I can change people; I can go to any other. There are fifteen people dancing."

"No, no," he would say. "Don't go. You can take your share. Without you I cannot manage."

It became.. others became also aware, what is the point? Wherever this boy is, only there the spirit comes. So others asked me, "What is the reason that wherever you are the spirit comes?"

I said, "I am a spiritual person. If you want to have a taste, I can give it in your side.

People will come. But don't get angry at me."

None of them was in trance. I tried all of them. None of them was in trance;

they were all pretending. But thousands of people believe.

One can go into trance but it is really a kind of deep hypnosis. It can't do any harm to you, but it has nothing spiritual in it. And it is never a superconscious state.

I became so much known to these people that one day before the festival they would start coming to me: "Please help me. Don't go to anybody else. I promise, half and half we will share. But you have to promise to come to me."

I said, "Don't be worried. I will see, because I have many other clients. Who is going to give me more and who is strong enough because this needle.. for one or two hours I have to go on giving injections. An ordinary man may break down and may simply shout, Ì don't want all this. Stop! This needle is too much.' "

A few of them came to me and said, "Can't you bring a smaller needle?"

I said, "No, this is a special needle. Without it I cannot work."

My father said, "Why do these Mohammedans come to you?--and just before their festival?" That day he had been watching. He said, "I have seen almost ten persons come to you and I don't see the point. Why?"

I said, "You don't know." I showed him the needle.

He said, "I cannot connect."

I said, "This is their trance."

He said, "My God, so you are doing this business!"

I said, "They are doing business. I am just a partner. And my work is very simple. I just have to keep the person dancing higher than others, giving him more and more energy with the needle. Naturally more people are attracted towards him. Others by and by slow down, seeing that nobody is coming to them. He becomes the center of the whole festival. And if they offer me half of their share.. ?"

He said, "You are strange. I have been telling you to come to the temple. You won't come, and you have started going to the mosque to do this business. And this business.. if somebody comes to know about it, it can create a riot in the town--that you are disturbing their people who are in trance."

I said, "You don't be worried. Nobody can say this, because I know all of them, and they are all dependent on me. Their trance is dependent on my needle. Before I entered into this business, they were just jumping slowly because the dead body is too much of a weight. They need some energy."

My father said, "I don't understand you. You call this needle energy?"

I said, "You should come and see"--and he came. He saw me, and he saw that it was true that the person I was with had the most presents and he was jumping high, higher. He could see on his face. .each time I had to use the needle his face would go-

-because it was a big needle. But it was a question of competition, too. Those fifteen people.. and nobody said anything to anybody else, because then they would be exposing themselves--that they were all fake, nobody was true.

In all the Mohammedan countries around the world this goes on happening every year, and millions of people are befooled--there is no trance.

Trance is possible but for that you need a certain training in auto-hypnosis. Or, you may have a natural tendency of falling unconscious. *mystic13*

Village entertainment

One of the greatest losses to India happened when India became divided from Pakistan, and that was the last thing the politicians ever thought about.

In my childhood I encountered it almost every day, because all over the country the streets were full of magicians.

I have seen with my own eyes things which even today I cannot figure out

how they were managing. Of course there were tricks behind them; there was no miracle, neither were they claiming that they were performing miracles. They were simple people, poor people, not arrogant, but what they were doing was almost a miracle.

I have seen magicians in my childhood putting a small plant of a mango tree, just six inches high at the most. . In front of everybody they would dig the hole, put in the plant, then cover the plant and then chant in gibberish so you cannot understand

what they are saying. The pretension is that there is some communication between them and the hidden plant.

The moment they remove the cover, that six inch mango plant has ripe mangoes.

And they would invite people--you could come close, you could see that those mangoes were not in any way tied on. People would come and see and they would say that they are grown, not attached.

The magician would offer those mangoes to a few people so that they could taste that they were not false or illusory--and people would taste them and say, "We have never tasted such sweet mangoes in our whole life!" And there was no claim for any miracle.

I have seen magicians bringing from their bellies big round balls of solid steel. They would be so big it was difficult to take them out of their mouths--people were needed to pull them out of their mouths--and they were so heavy that when they were thrown on the earth they would make a dent.

The magician would go on bringing bigger and bigger balls.. . It was a trick--but how were they managing it? And they would throw those big balls, almost the size of a football--they would throw them in the air and they would fall and create such a big dent in the earth. They would tell people, "You can try"--and people would try, but they were so heavy that it was difficult to pick them up. And they all have come--a dozen or more, all around--from the belly of the magician.

He would show, half naked, the upper part of his body naked--he would show that the ball was moving upwards. You could see that the ball was moving upwards, that it was stuck in his throat, and you could see and you could go and touch and feel that the ball was inside. Then, with great difficulty, he would bring it into his mouth and he would cry, tears coming, and ask people somehow to take it out, because he is not able. They would destroy all his teeth to help him--and the miracle was that as they were taking it out, the ball was becoming bigger. By the time it was completely out, it was so big that that man's belly could not contain even a single ball, to say nothing of one dozen balls.

But all these magicians were Mohammedans, because it was not a very creditable job. These were street people. Because of the division of Pakistan, all those Mohammedan magicians have moved to Pakistan. They were coming from faraway Pakhtoonistan, Afghanistan. But now the roads are closed; now you don't see the magicians anywhere.

Otherwise it was almost an everyday affair--in this marketplace, in that street, near the school, anywhere where they thought they could gather a crowd.

I have seen with my own eyes something which sometimes I wonder whether I have seen it or dreamed it. I have not dreamed for thirty-five years.. but the thing is such that it is absolutely unbelievable that it really happened.

A magician came to our school. The school was a very big school, with almost one thousand students and nearabout fifty teachers. Even the principal of the school, who was a postgraduate in science, first rejected the man: "We don't want any nonsense here."

But I had seen that man doing impossible things, and I told him, "You wait." I went into the office of the principal and said, "You are missing a tremendous opportunity.

You are a scientist.. . I know this man; I have seen him performing. I can ask him to

do the best that he can, and what is the harm? After school time, those who want to see can stay."

Those magicians were so poor that if you could give them five rupees, that was too much. I told the magician that I had convinced the principal, he was ready to allow it after school--"but you have to do the greatest trick that you know. On your behalf I have promised--and he is a man of scientific mind, so be careful. There will be fifty graduates, postgraduates, so you have to be very alert. You should not be caught, because it is also a question of my prestige."

He said, "My boy, don't you be worried."

And he did such a thing that my principal called me and said, "You should not associate with such people. It is dangerous."

I said, "Have you any idea what he did?"

He said, "I don't have any idea, and I can't even believe that this has happened."

The magician threw up a rope which stood in the air just like a pillar--a rope which has no bones, nothing, it was just coiled and he had carried it on his shoulder--

ordinary rope. He went on uncoiling it and throwing it out, and soon we could not see the other end. What happened to the other end?

All magicians used to have a child who was their helper. He called the boy, "Are you ready to go up the rope?"

The boy said, "Yes, master"--and he started climbing the rope. And just as the other end of the rope had disappeared, at a certain point the boy also disappeared. Then the magician said to the crowd, "I will bring the boy down, piece by piece."

I was sitting by the side of the principal. He said, "Are you going to create some trouble for me? If the police come here and see that a boy is cut into pieces.. ."

I said, "Don't be worried, he is just performing a magic trick. Nothing is going to be wrong. I have been watching him in many shows--but this I have never seen."

The magician threw a knife up and one leg of the boy came down, and everybody was almost breathless. He went on throwing knives.. another leg. .one hand. .another hand. .and they were lying there on the ground in front of us, not bleeding at all, as if the boy was made of plastic or something. But he was speaking. .he was doing all the things the magician was saying. Finally came his body, and just the head remained.

My principal said, "Don't cut his head!"

I said, "Don't be worried. If he has cut him.. what does it mean? If the police come, you will be caught."

He said, "I was saying from the very beginning, no nonsense here, and now you are talking about police. I have always been suspicious of you; perhaps you may have informed the police beforehand to come at the right time."

I said, "Don't be worried."

And then the magician shouted into the sky, "Boy, only your head is there; let it drop." The head came rolling down, and he started putting the boy together again.

He joined him perfectly well, and the boy started collecting his things and said,

"What about the rope? Should I start pulling it back?" The magician said, "Yes"--and the boy started pulling the rope back and coiling it.

I had only heard about the rope trick, which is world famous. Akbar mentions in his *Akbar Nama,* his autobiography. Since Akbar it has been a rumor in the air that there are magicians who can perform it, but no authoritative account is available. One

British viceroy, Curzon, mentions in his memoirs that he saw the rope trick in New Delhi before his whole court.

I was making every effort to find some magician--so many magicians were passing through my village, and I would ask them, "Can you perform the rope trick?"

They said, "It is the ultimate, and only very rare masters in magic can do it."

But this man--I had not asked him particularly for the rope trick, but he did it. Even today I cannot believe it. I can see the whole scene, I can see the principal freaking out--and all the magician got was five rupees.

Magic simply means something unbelievable, so absurd, so irrational that you cannot find a way to figure it out. *satyam18*

Call it meditation, call it awareness, call it watchfulness--it all comes to the same: that you become more alert, first about your conscious mind, what goes on in your conscious mind. . And it is a beautiful experience. It is really hilarious, a great panorama.

In my childhood in my town there were no movies, talkies. There was no cinema hall. Now there is, but in my childhood there was not. The only thing that was available was that once in a while a wandering man would come with a big box. I don't know what it is called. There is a small window in it. He opens the window, you just put your eyes to it and he goes on moving a handle and a film inside moves.

And he goes on telling the story of what is happening.

Everything else I have forgotten but one thing I cannot forget for a certain reason.

The reason, I know, was because it was in all those boxes that came through my village. I had seen every one, because the fee was just one paise. Also the show was not long, just five minutes. In every box there were different films, but one picture was always there: the naked washerwoman of Bombay. Why did it used to be in every one?--a very fat naked woman, the naked washerwoman of Bombay. That used to be always there. .perhaps that was a great attraction, or people were fans of that naked washerwoman; and she was really ugly. And why from

Bombay?

If you start looking. .just whenever you have time, just sit silently and look at what is passing in your mind. There is no need to judge, because if you judge, the mind immediately changes its scenes according to you. The mind is very sensitive, touchy.

If it feels that you are judging, then it starts showing things that are good. Then it won't show you the naked washerwoman of Bombay, that picture will be missed out. So don't judge, then that picture is bound to come. *ignor26*

When films were shown for the first time in small villages people started throwing money, as is the custom in villages. If there is a drama company or something, someone dancing, they throw money. They started throwing money at films in small villages. I have seen people in small villages throwing money--at the screen--a dancing girl dances, they start throwing money. When a dancing girl dances and her petticoat begins to rise up in the dance, they bend down and start looking from below. There is nothing there, just a play of light and shadow. But people, people just like other people. This is how their whole life is. *death05*

Have you ever gone to see a drama, not from the audience, but backstage where actors and actresses dress themselves up and prepare themselves? Then you will be surprised.

That was one of my hobbies in my childhood, to somehow get backstage. In my village every year they used to play *Ramleela,* the great story of Rama. And it is far more beautiful if you see what happens at the back. I have seen Sita, the wife of Rama.. In India she is worshipped as the greatest woman ever born, absolutely virtuous, pure. It is impossible to conceive of a purer woman or a purer love. It is absolutely impossible to conceive of a more religious, more pious, more holy woman. But at the back of the stage I have seen Sita before she goes on the stage--

smoking beedies!. .

Just to prepare herself, just to give herself a shot of nicotine, Sita was

smoking beedies. It was so absurd. I enjoyed it so much!

And Ravana, the man who is the criminal in the drama of Rama's life, who steals Sita and who represents evil in India, was telling Rama, 'You be aware! Last night you were continuously looking at my wife in the audience, and if I see you doing that again I will teach you a lesson!'

Now, Rama is the incarnation of God, but in the drama he was just a schoolboy--and schoolboys are schoolboys. And Ravana teaching him, evil incarnate teaching God. .'Don't look at my wife--that is not right!'

I enjoyed being backstage so much that what happened on the stage looked very ordinary.

When you become a witness you enter the backstage of life--and there things are *really* absurd--you start seeing things as they are. Everything is illogical, nothing makes sense. But that is the beauty of life: that nothing makes sense. If everything made sense, life would be a boredom. Because nothing makes sense, life is always a constant joy, a constant surprise. *lotus04*

In my village, as happens all over the East, every year Ramleela was played--the life of Rama.

The man who used to play the part of Ramana, the enemy of Rama who steals Rama's wife, was a great wrestler. He was the champion of the whole district, and the next year he was going to stand for the championship of the whole state. We used to take a bath in the river almost simultaneously in the morning, so we became friends. I told him, "Every year you become Ramana, every year you are being deceived. Just the moment that you are going to break Shiva's bow so that you can get married to Sita, the daughter of Janaka, a messenger comes running in and informs you that your capital of Sri Lanka is on fire. So you have to go, rush back to your country. And meanwhile, Rama manages to break the bow and marry the girl.

Don't you get bored every year with the same thing?"

He said, "But this is how the story goes."

I said, "The story is in our hands if you listen to my suggestion. You must have seen that most of the people are asleep because they have seen the same thing year after year, generation after generation--make it a little juicy."

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "This time you do one thing I say."

And he did it!

When the messenger came with the message: "Your capital, the golden Sri Lanka, is on fire, you have to get there soon," he said, "You shut up, idiot"--he spoke in English!

That's what I had told him! All the people who were asleep woke up: "Who is speaking English in the Ramleela?"

And Ramana said, "You go away. I don't care. You have deceived me every year. This time I am going to marry Sita."

And he went and broke the bow of Shiva to pieces, and threw it into the mountains--

it was just a bamboo bow. And he asked Janaka, "Bring. .where is your daughter? My jumbo-jet is waiting!"

It was so hilarious. Even after forty years, whenever I meet somebody from my village, they remember that Ramleela. They said, "Nothing like that has ever happened."

The manager had to drop the curtains. And the man was a great wrestler, and at least twelve people had to carry him out.

That day the Ramleela could not be played. And next day they had to change Ramana; they found another person.

By the river, Ramana met me. He said, "You disturbed my whole thing."

I said, "But did you see the people clapping, enjoying, laughing? For years you have been playing the part and nobody has clapped, nobody has laughed. It was worth it!"

Religion needs a religious quality. A few qualities are missing. One of the most important is a sense of humor.

They stopped me meeting their actors. They made it clear to every actor that if anybody listened to me or met me, he would not be allowed to act. But they forgot to tell one man who was not an actor. .

He was a carpenter. He used to come to do some work in my house also. So I said to him, "I cannot approach the actors this year. Last year was enough! Although I did no harm to anybody--everybody loved it, the whole city appreciated it. But now they are guarding every actor and they don't allow me close to them. But you are not an actor. Your function is some other work. But *you* can help me."

He said, "Whatever I can do, I will do, because last year it was really great. Can I be of some help?"

I said, "Certainly."

And he did it!

In the war, Lakshmana, Rama's younger brother, gets wounded by a poisonous arrow. It is fatal. The physicians say that unless a certain herbal plant from the mountain Arunachal is brought, he cannot be saved, by the morning he will be dead.

He is lying down on the stage unconscious. Rama is crying.

Hanuman, his most devoted follower, says, "Don't be worried. I will go immediately to Arunachal, find the herb, bring it before the morning. I just want some indications from the physician how to find it, how it looks. There may be so many herbs on the Arunachal, and the time is short, soon it is night."

The physician said, "There is no difficulty. That special herb has a unique quality. In the night it radiates and is full of light so you can see it. So anywhere you see a luminous herb you can bring it."

Hanuman goes to Sri Arunachal, but he is puzzled because the whole of Arunachal is full of luminous herbs. It is not the only herb that has that special quality. There are many other herbs which have the same quality of being luminous in the night.

Now the poor Hanuman--he is just a monkey--is at a loss what to do. So he decides to take the whole mountain, and put the mountain there in front of the physician to find the herb.

The carpenter was on top of the roof. He had to pull the rope on which Hanuman comes with a cardboard mountain with lighted candles. And I had told him, "Stop exactly in the middle. Let him hang there, with the mountain and everything!"

And he managed it!

The manager rushed out. The whole crowd was agog with excitement at what was happening. And Hanuman was perspiring, because he was hanging on the ropes with the mountain also in the other hand. Something had got stuck in the wheel on which the rope was going to be rolled. The manager rushed up. He asked the carpenter. .and the carpenter said, "I don't know what has gone wrong. The rope has got stuck somewhere."

In a hurry, finding nothing, the manager cut the ropes, and Hanuman with his mountain fell on the stage. And naturally he was angry. But the thousands of people were immensely happy. That made him even more angry.

Rama continued repeating the lines he had been told to say. He said, "Hanuman, my devoted friend. ."

And Hanuman said, "To hell with your friends! Perhaps I have fractures."

Rama went on saying, "My brother is dying."

Hanuman said, "He can die any moment. What I want to know is, who cut the rope? I will kill him."

Again the curtain had to be dropped, the Ramleela postponed. And the manager and the people who were organizing all approached my father saying, "Your son is destroying everything. He's making a mockery of our religion."

I said, "I'm not making a mockery of your religion. I'm simply giving it a little sense of humor."

I would like people to laugh. What is the point of repeating an old story every year?

Then everybody is asleep because they know the story, they know every word of it.

It is absolutely pointless.

But it is very difficult for the old traditionalists, the orthodox people to accept laughter. You cannot laugh in a church. *sword04*

I was learning, but not in school, and I never repented for it. I learned from all kinds of strange people. You cannot find them working in schools as teachers; that is not possible. I was with Jaina monks, Hindu *sadhus,* Buddhist *bhikkhus,* and all kinds of people one is not expected to associate with.

The moment I became aware that I was not supposed to associate with somebody, that was enough for me to associate with that person, because he must be an outsider. Because he was an outsider, hence the prohibition--and I am a lover of outsiders.

I hate the insiders. They have done so much harm that it is time to call the game off.

The outsiders I have always found a little crazy, but beautiful--crazy yet intelligent.

Not the intelligence of Mahatma Gandhi--he was a perfect insider--nor is it the intelligence of the so-called intellectuals: Jean-Paul Sartre, Bertrand Russell, Karl Marx, Hugh Bach. .the list is endless. *glimps46*

Other villagers

Just nearby is sitting Narendra. His father had a strange disease: six

months he used to be mad and six months he used to be sane--a great balance of enjoying both worlds. Whenever he was sane he was always sick, always grumpy. He would lose weight, and he would fall victim to all kinds of infection; all his resistance to disease would be lost. And in the six months when he was mad, he was the healthiest person you could find--no disease, no infection--and he was always happy.

The family was in trouble. Whenever he was happy the family was in trouble, because his happiness was a certain indication that he was mad. If he was not going to the doctors, if he was enjoying his health--he was mad.

While he was insane, he would get up early in the morning, four o'clock, and wake up the whole neighborhood saying, "What are you doing? Just go for a morning walk, go to the river, enjoy swimming. What are you doing here in bed?"

The whole neighborhood was tortured. .but he enjoyed it. He would purchase fruits and sweets and say, "You can come to my shop and get your money." Naturally--

Narendra was very small, his other brothers were even smaller--even the smallest children were watching him, that he does not steal the money. But whether they watched or not, he would go on distributing fruits and sweets to people and saying to them, "Rejoice! Why are you sitting so sad?" Naturally, they had to pay money to all kinds of people.

It was a very strange situation. Children steal money, and fathers, grandfathers, prevent them. In Narendra's house, the situation was just the opposite: the father used to steal money, and the small children would shout for the mother: "He is taking money again!"

And by the time the mother was there, he was gone--gone to the market to purchase sweets, fruits, or anything whatsoever, wholesale! He was not concerned with small things--just wholesale purchase and distributing. And everybody loved it, but everybody was tortured, also.

Once it happened that he escaped while he was insane. He had just gone to the station, and the train was there, so he sat in the train. One thing just

led to another. .and he reached Agra.

In India there is a sweet; its name is such that it can create trouble, and it created trouble for him. He was feeling hungry, so he went to a shop and he asked what it was, and the man said, "Khaja." *Khaja* in Hindi means two things: it is the name of that sweet, and it also means, "Eat it". .so he ate it.

The man could not believe it. He said, "What are you doing?"

He said, "What you said."

He was dragged to the court because, "This man seems to be strange. First he asked the name, and when I said 'khaja,' he started eating it!"

Even the magistrate laughed. He said, "The word has both meanings. But this man seems to be insane--because he seems so happy, so healthy." Even in the court he was enjoying everything--no fear, no sign of fear. He was sent to a madhouse for six months, and he asked happily, "Only six months?"

He was sent to Lahore--in those days Lahore was part of India--and just by coincidence.. . There was some cleaning stuff for bathrooms; after four months in the

Lahore madhouse he drank the whole drum of that cleaning stuff and it gave him vomits and motions. For fifteen days he could not eat anything. .but it cleaned his whole system--so he became sane!

And then began a great period of difficulty. He went to the superintendent and said,

"Just because of drinking that stuff, for fifteen days I could not eat anything, and my whole system has been cleaned. I have become sane."

The superintendent said, "Don't bother me, because every mad person thinks he is sane."

He tried his best to convince him, but the superintendent said, "This is the whole business here every day--every madman thinks he is sane."

He was telling me that those two months were really very troublesome. Those first four months were perfectly beautiful: "Somebody was pulling my leg, or somebody was cutting my hair--it was all okay. Who cares?--somebody was sitting on my chest. .so what?

"But when I became sane, and the same things continued--now I could not tolerate it if somebody was sitting on my chest, somebody was cutting my hair, somebody has cut half my mustache.. . "

They were all mad people. Amongst those mad people he was the only one who was sane. No mad person ever accepts that he is mad. The moment he accepts he is mad, sanity has started coming. *spirit07*

But superstitions...

You go for a morning walk and you meet a man with only one eye--finished, your whole day is finished. Now nothing can be right. Strange. .what does that poor fellow have to do with your whole day? But a superstition, centuries old. .

I had a small boy in my neighborhood with only one eye. Whomsoever I wanted to torture.. early in the morning I would take the boy and just give him chocolates, and he was ready. I would watch from far away: "You just stand in front of the door. Let the fool open the door. . " And the moment he would open the door and see the one-eyed boy, he would say, "My God! Again? But why do you come here in the morning?"

One day he became so angry that he wanted to beat him. I had to come from my hiding place, and I said, "You cannot beat him. It is a public road, and it is his right to stand here every morning. We used to come once in a while; now we will come every day. It is up to you to open your door or not to open your door."

He said, "But if I don't open my door, how will I go to my shop?"

I said, "That is *your* problem, not our problem. But this boy is going to stand here."

He said, "This is strange. But why this boy. .? Can't you take him to

somebody else?

Just.. my neighbor is a competitor in my business, and I am getting defeated continually because of this boy."

I said, "It is up to you. *Baksheesh!*-- if you give one rupee to this boy, he will stand at the other gate."

He said, "One rupee?" In those days one rupee was very valuable, but he said, "I will give."

I said, "Remember, if the other man gives two rupees, then this boy will still be standing here. It is a sheer question of business."

He said, "I am going to report to the police. I can.. . "

I said, "You can go. Even the police inspector is afraid of this boy. You can get him to write the report, but he will not call him into his office. Everybody is afraid--even the teachers are afraid. And this boy is so precious. .so whoever creates any trouble in the city, I take this boy. Nothing has to be done--he simply stands there in front of the door."

Problems are all around you. So even if you somehow get finished with one problem, another problem arises. And you cannot prevent problems arising. Problems will continue to arise till you come to a deep understanding of witnessing. That is the only golden key, discovered by centuries of inward search in the East: that there is no need to solve any problem. You simply observe it, and the very observation is enough; the problem evaporates. *spirit06*

In my village there is one man, Sunderlal. I have been surprised. . *sunder* means beauty, *sunderlal* means beautiful diamond; and he is anything other than a beauty.

He is not even homely. I have been surprised again and again that names are given to people which are just the opposite of their qualities.. .

This Sunderlal was really ugly. To talk to him meant that you had to look this way and that way; to look at him made one feel a little sick--something

went berserk in the stomach. His front two teeth were out, and he had such crossed eyes that to look at him for a little while meant a certain headache--and he was Sunderlal! He was the son of a rich man, and he was a little nuts too.

I used to call him Doctor Sunderlal although he was never able to pass matriculation.

He failed so many times that the school authorities asked his father to remove him because he brought their average low every year--and he was not going to pass.

How they managed to get him up to matriculation, that is a miracle. But it is understandable, because up to matriculation all examinations are local, so you can bribe the teachers. This was difficult to do in the matriculation examination because it is not local, it is state-wide. So it is very difficult to find out who is setting the papers, who is examining the papers. It is almost impossible; unless you happen to be the education minister or some relative of the education minister, it is very difficult to find out.

But I started calling him Doctor Sunderlal. He said, "Doctor? But I am not a doctor."

I said, "Not an ordinary doctor like these physicians: you are an honorary doctor."

But he said, "Nobody has given me an honorary doctorate either."

I said, "I am giving you an honorary doctorate. It does not matter who gives it--you get the doctorate, that's the point."

He said, "That is true, " and by and by I convinced him that he *was* an honorary doctor. He started introducing himself to people as Doctor Sunderlal. When I heard this, that he introduces himself as Doctor Sunderlal.. . He was a relative of our sannyasin, Narendra.

One day I saw a letterhead with "Doctor Sunderlal, D.Litt., Honorary," printed on it in golden letters, embossed. I said, "This is great!" And as time passed by people completely forgot: he is now known as Doctor Sunderlal,

D.Litt. Nobody suspects, nobody even enquires who gave him a doctorate, from what university? But the whole town knows him. And because he is an honorary doctorate he inaugurates social gatherings in the school, in the college--now the town has a college--and he is the most literary figure.

Just now* my mother was saying that Doctor Sunderlal has become a member of parliament. The new government. .after Indira's assassination, Rajiv Gandhi chose him. He is rich and certainly respected in the town because he is the only doctor--an honorary doctor! People get. .and perhaps he believes it. Now you cannot tell him that he is not. He will drag you to the court.

Now, for almost thirty years he has been a doctor; that is enough. Nobody has objected, nobody has raised a question. In his election campaign his name was Doctor Sunderlal, D.Litt.--"Vote for Doctor Sunderlal, D.Litt." Perhaps--and he *is* a little nuts--he believes that he is. I know that even I cannot persuade him that "this doctorate I gave to you." He will laugh and say, "What are you saying? I have been a doctor for thirty years. You were just a little kid when I became a doctor!"

He will not agree so easily to drop his doctorate. But even if you get a doctorate from a university, what does it mean? There is not much difference. *dark06*

*Note: 1985

One of the richest men of his time, in 1940. .I was a small child and my father was sick, so I was with my father in the hospital. This rich man, Sir Seth Hukumchand, had created a really great hospital in Indore. He used to come, and by chance we became friends. He was an old man but he used to come every day and I used to wait for him at the gate. I asked him, "You have so much. ." Almost three-fourths of the houses of Indore were his property. And Indore is the next most beautiful and rich place to Bombay.

He said, "You are asking a strange question. Nobody ever asked me."

I had asked him, "Why are you still creating new industries, creating new palaces?

And you are becoming old. How is all this going to be of any help at the time of death?"

He said, "I know, everything will remain here and I will be gone. But just a desire to be the most successful, rich man in the country keeps driving me. For no other reason, just that everything I have must be the best."

He has the only Rolls Royce in the whole world made of solid gold. It was never driven, it was just for show, standing in front of his beautiful palace. He has the best horses in the world that you can imagine. I have never seen such beautiful horses.

He had a whole palace filled with all kinds of exotic things. And the reason was that he wanted to be the only owner of a certain thing. It was his absolute condition: whenever he purchases a thing, that thing should not be produced again; he should be the only owner. And he was ready to pay any money for it.

His only desire was--because Indore in those days was a state--to purchase all the houses in the state, even the palace of the king. And he almost succeeded--seventy-five percent of the houses of Indore belonged to him. Even the king had to borrow money from him, and he was giving to him very generously in order to finally settle that the whole of Indore.. "He may be the king but it is *my* property."

I asked him, "What will it do to you? What peace will it bring? You are always anxious, tense, coming to the hospital, asking the psychiatrist about your troubles.

These houses cannot solve your troubles and this money cannot solve your troubles."

And finally a time came when he captured all the gold of India, he became the gold king of India. He purchased all the gold, wherever it was possible. And once you

have all the gold in your hands, you have the whole country in your hands. If you start selling it, the prices will go down. He kept the whole market

dependent on him just because he was holding the gold.

And I asked him, "What enjoyment are you getting out of it?"

He said, "I don't know, just there is a tremendous desire to be the richest, to be the most powerful."

The inward journey begins only when you understand it clearly that anything outside is not going to give you contentment. *exist03*

I used to have a friend who was condemned in the whole city--he was a thief, and you can say he was a master thief. For almost six months he would be in jail, and six months outside. Nobody in the city even wanted to talk to him.

From the jail he used to come directly to my house. He was a very lovable man. And whenever he would come from the jail to my house, naturally everybody in the family was disturbed. My father again and again insisted to me that this friendship was not good. I said, "Why do you believe in him and not in me? Am I your son, or is he your son?"

And he said, "What kind of argument are you giving me?"

I said, "I am saying exactly the right thing. You don't believe in me, you believe in him. You are afraid I will be affected by him--you are not giving even a single thought that I may affect him. Why do you think I am so weak?"

He said, "I have never thought from this angle--perhaps you are right."

Slowly, slowly that man became accepted by my family. It took a little time; there were many reasons for them to reject him. The first reason was that he was a Mohammedan; second, he was a thief.

I had to sit outside the dining room because they would not allow him in the dining room. In a Jaina family, no Mohammedan can be allowed in the dining room. Even for guests or customers, separate plates, glasses, saucers, cups--everything is kept, but it is kept separate; it is used only for them. And I insisted that when I invited him for food, I was going to eat with

him--I could not insult him. He may be a thief, he may be a Mohammedan, it doesn't matter; I respect his humanity. So the only way was that I would also have to sit outside the dining room. And my friend used to say,

"Why do you unnecessarily continue to fight with your family?"

And slowly, slowly my respect towards him changed him. He was angry with me, saying, "Your respect prevents me from being a thief, and I don't know anything else. I am uneducated."

He was an orphan, and there was no other way for him except either to beg or to steal, and certainly stealing is better than begging. Begging degrades you very badly; by stealing, at least you are using your intelligence, your courage.

He was angry and said, "Now my life has become really a problem, and you are the cause. I cannot steal because I cannot betray your trust, your love and your respect.

And nobody is ready to give me employment."

So I took him to my father and I said to him, "Now my friend wants employment.

You are against his stealing, now give him employment; otherwise you will be responsible for his stealing. The poor fellow is ready to do any work, but nobody in the whole city is ready to give him work because he is a thief. People say to him,

`Bring certificates from where you have been working. Who has ever employed you ever in your whole life?' And he has no certificates."

I told my father, "Listen, somebody has to give him work the first time; otherwise, how can he get a certificate? You give him employment, and then you can give him a certificate. And I guarantee that he will not steal and he will not do anything wrong."

On my guarantee my father employed him. All other friends of my father said, "What are you doing, giving a job to a thief? He will deceive you." But

my father said, "My son has given his guarantee, and I have to give the man an opportunity because my son's reasoning is right: If nobody gives him an opportunity, then everybody is pushing him towards the jail. And the whole society is responsible for pushing him towards the jail. He wants to work, but if nobody is willing to give him work. . What do you want--that he should commit suicide or what?"

Once a person goes into jail, then it becomes his only place, his home. Then within a few days he is back, because there is nobody outside to give him any protection, any dignity, any respect, any love. It is better to be in the jail.

He proved tremendously trustworthy, and finally my father had to accept. He said,

"You are right. I was thinking that I was taking an unnecessary risk. I had not thought that your reasoning was going to work. He is a professional thief--his whole life has been just going in and out of the jail. But you were right."

My father was a very sincere man and very truthful; he was always willing to accept his mistakes, even in front of his own son. He said, "You were right, that I trusted more in him--I thought he would spoil your life. I did not trust that you might transform his life." *invita25*

Osho meets Mahatma Gandhi

Hundreds of times we had discussed Mahatma Gandhi and his philosophy, and I was always against. People were a little bit puzzled why I was so insistent against a man I had only seen twice, when I was just a child. I will tell you the story of that second meeting. .

I can see the train. Gandhi was traveling, and of course he traveled third class. But his "third class" was far better than any first class possible. In a sixty-man compartment there was just him and his secretary and his wife; I think these three were the only people. The whole compartment was reserved. And it was not even an ordinary first-class compartment, because I have never seen such a compartment again. It must have been a

first-class compartment, and not only first class, but a special first class. Just the name plate had been changed and it became "third class"

so Mahatma Gandhi's philosophy was saved.

I was just ten. My mother--again I mean my grandmother--had given me three rupees. She said, "The station is too far and you may not be back in time for lunch, and one never knows with these trains: it may come ten hours, twelve hours late, so please keep these three rupees." In India in those days, three rupees was almost a treasure. One could live comfortably for three months on them.

She had made a really beautiful robe for me. She knew I did not like long pants; at the most I wore pajama pants and a *kurta.* A kurta is a long robe which I have always loved, and slowly slowly the pajama has disappeared, only the robe remains.

Otherwise one has not only divided the upper body and the lower body, but even made different clothes for each. Of course the higher body should have something better, and the lower body is just to be covered, that's all.

She had made a beautiful kurta for me. It was summer and in those parts of central India summer is really difficult because the hot air going into the nostrils feels as if it's on fire. In fact, only in the middle of the night can people find a little rest. It is so hot in central India that you are continuously asking for some cold water, and if some ice is available then it is just paradise. Ice is the costliest thing in those parts, naturally, because by the time it comes from the factory, a hundred miles away, it is almost gone. It has to be rushed as quickly as possible.

My Nani said I should go to see Mahatma Gandhi if I wanted to and she prepared a very thin muslin robe. Muslin is the most artistic and the most ancient fabric too, as far as clothes are concerned. She found the best muslin. It was so thin that it was almost transparent. At that time gold rupees had disappeared and silver rupees had taken their place. Those silver rupees were too heavy for the poor muslin pocket.

Why am I saying it?--because something I'm going to say would not be

possible to understand without it.

The train came as usual, thirteen hours late. Almost everybody was gone except me.

You know me, I'm stubborn. Even the stationmaster said, "Boy, you are something.

Everybody has gone but you seem ready to stay the whole night. There is no sign of the train and you have been waiting since early this morning."

To come to the station at four o'clock that morning I had to leave my house in the middle of the night. But I had not yet used those three rupees because everybody had brought so many things with them, and they were all so generous to a little boy who had come so far. They were offering me fruits, sweets, cakes and everything, so there was no question of feeling hungry. When the train finally arrived, I was the only person there--and what a person! Just a ten-year-old boy, standing by the side of the stationmaster.

He introduced me to Mahatma Gandhi and said, "Don't think of him as just a boy.

The whole day I have watched him, and I have discussed many things with him, because there was no other work. And he is the only one who has remained. Many had come but they left long ago. I respect him because I know he would have stayed here till the last day of existence; he would not leave until the train arrived. And if the train had not arrived, I don't think he would ever have left. He would have lived here."

Mahatma Gandhi was an old man; he called me close and looked at me. But rather than looking at me, he looked at my pocket--and that put me off him forever. And he said, "What is that?"

I said, "Three rupees."

He said, "Donate them." He used to have a box with a hole in it by his side. When you donated, you put the rupees in the hole and they disappeared. Of course he had the key, so they would appear again, but for you they had

disappeared.

I said, "If you have the courage you can take them. The pocket is there, the rupees are there, but may I ask you for what purpose you are collecting these rupees?"

He said, "For poor people."

I said, "Then it is perfectly okay." And I myself dropped those three rupees into his box. But he was the one to be surprised, for when I started leaving I took the whole box with me.

He said, "For God's sake, what are you doing? That is for the poor!"

I said, "I have heard you already, you need not bother repeating it again. I am taking this box for the poor. There are many in my village. Please give me the key; otherwise I will have to find a thief so that he can open the lock. He is the only expert in that art."

He said, "This is strange.. ." He looked at his secretary. The secretary was dumb, as secretaries always are; otherwise why should they be secretaries? He looked at Kasturba, his wife, who said, "You have met your equal. You cheat everybody, now he is taking your whole box. Good! It is good, because I am tired of seeing that box always there, just like a wife!"

I felt sorry for that man and left the box, saying, "No, you are the poorest man, it seems. Your secretary does not have any intelligence, nor does your wife seem to have any love for you. I cannot take this box away--you keep it. But remember, I had come to see a mahatma, but I saw only a businessman."

That was his caste. In India, *baniya,* businessman, is exactly what you mean by a Jew.

India has its own Jews; they are not Jews, they are baniyas. To me, at that age, Mahatma Gandhi appeared to be only a businessman. I have spoken against him thousands of times because I don't agree with anything in his philosophy of life. *glimps45*

There was an earthquake in Bihar, in India, and Mahatma Gandhi said that the earthquake happened because God was punishing the sinners. I was very young, but I wrote him a letter that it is very strange that God should punish the sinners only in Bihar. What about the whole rest of the world? Do you consider that only Bihar consists only of sinners, and the whole world consists of saints?

And he had neither guts nor a gentleman's attitude. He never gave any answer. I wrote a letter to Ramdas, his son--because he was my friend--I wrote to Ramdas asking him whether his father had received my letter or not. He said he *had* received it, "but he has no answer to give so he is keeping quiet." *last202*

In India they say, "Even a leaf of a tree moves only if God wants to move it." So even the murderer is not really responsible, he is simply doing what God wants to do.

That's the whole teaching in the *Gita* of Krishna, and the Gita is worshipped by Hindus and even by non-Hindus. And one cannot believe.. even people like Mahatma Gandhi, who pretend to be non-violent, call the Gita their mother. Gandhi used to say that Hindus and Mohammedans are one.

I was not more than seventeen when I wrote him a letter and asked him, "If Hindus and Mohammedans are one, if the Gita is your mother, what about the holy *Koran?* Is the holy Koran your father?" He was so angry--his son was my friend and he told me that he simply threw the letter out the window. Ramdas, his son, told him, "What he is asking is relevant. If you can call the Gita your mother... If you cannot call the Koran your father, you can call it step-father, uncle, but some relationship has to be there, otherwise how are Hindus and Mohammedans one?" I never received any letter. Ramdas informed me, "You will never receive any answer."

I wrote Gandhi another letter: "On the one hand you say you are non-violent, and on the other hand you worship the Gita, which teaches simply violence and nothing else." The whole book is a teaching for violence. Krishna, to his disciple Arjuna, is teaching, "You go to the war, fight, because that's what is the will of God, because without his will nothing happens. So if this big war is happening, it cannot happen without his will."

Krishna tries in every way to persuade Arjuna. Arjuna argues but he is not a great logician, otherwise it was so simple.

If I was in his place, I would have simply got out of the chariot and walked towards the forest, and told him, "This is what God wills. What can I do? I am simply following his will. Nobody can do anything against his will, so if I am going to the forest to meditate and not to fight, it is his responsibility." There was no need for any argument. And the whole Gita is just an argument: Arjuna trying to argue or non-violence and Krishna imposing violence because God wants it. His sole argument is, "You should surrender to God's will and do whatever He wants."

Arjuna must have been stupid. I would have accepted in the very beginning--there would have been no need for the Gita--that "You are right, I surrender and now I will do only that which God wants." And I would have walked into the forest. *last321*

Influence of the mystic, Magga Baba

I have been in contact with many esoteric groups. I have known many persons who are still alive who belong to some group. I have known many keys which were delivered by authentic teachers. But no key of the old tradition is enough..

I have known so many esoteric groups--in this life and before. I have been in contact with many esoteric groups, but I cannot tell you their whereabouts. I cannot tell you their names, because that is not permitted. And it is of no use really. But I can tell you that they still exist, they still try to help. *gate08*

On this pilgrimage I have met many more remarkable men than Gurdjieff recounts in his book *Meetings with Remarkable Men.* By and by, as and when it happens, I will talk about them. Today I can talk about one of those remarkable men.

His real name is not known, nor his real age, but he was called "Magga Baba." *Magga* simply means "big cup." He always used to keep his magga, his cup, in his hand. He used it for everything--for his tea, his milk, his food,

for the money people gave him, or whatsoever the moment demanded. All he possessed was his magga and that is why he was known as Magga Baba. *Baba* is a respectful word. It simply means grandfather, your father's father. In Hindi your mother's father is nana, your father's father is baba.

Magga Baba was certainly one of the most remarkable men that may ever have lived on this planet. He was really one of the chosen ones. You can count him with Jesus, Buddha, Lao Tzu. I know nothing about his childhood or his parents. Nobody knows from where he came--one day suddenly he appeared in the town.

He did not speak. People persisted in asking questions of all kinds. He either remained silent, or if they nagged too much he started shouting gibberish, rubbish, just meaningless sounds. Those poor people thought he was speaking in a language that perhaps they didn't understand. He was not using language at all. He was just

making sounds. For example, *"Higgalal hoo hoo hoo guloo higga hee hee."* Then he would wait and again ask, *"Hee hee hee?"* It seemed as if he was asking, "Have you understood?"

And the poor people would say, "Yes, Baba, yes."

Then he would show his magga and make the sign. This sign in India means money.

It comes from the old days when there were real gold and silver coins. People used to check whether it was real gold or not by throwing the coin to the ground and listening to its sound. Real gold has its own sound, and nobody can fake it. So Magga Baba would show his magga with one hand and with the other give the sign for money, meaning, "If you have understood then give something to me." And people would give.

I would laugh myself to tears because he had not said anything. But he was not greedy for money. He would take from one person and give it to another. His magga was always empty. Once in a while there would be something in it, but rarely. It was a passage: money would come into it and go; food would come into it and go; and it always remained empty. He was

always cleaning it. I have seen him morning, evening and afternoon, always cleaning it.

I want to confess to you--'you' means the world--that I was the only person to whom he used to speak, but only in privacy, when nobody else was present. I would go to him deep in the night, perhaps two o'clock in the morning, because that was the most likely time to find him alone. He would be hugged up in his old blanket, on a winter's night, by the side of a fire. I would sit at his side for a while. I never disturbed him; that was the one reason why he loved me. Once in a while it would happen that he would turn on his side, open his eyes and see me sitting there and start talking of his own accord.

He was not a Hindi-speaking person, so people thought it was difficult to communicate with him, but that is not true. He was certainly not a Hindi-oriented person, but he knew not only Hindi but many other languages too. Of course he knew the language of silence the most; he remained silent almost all his life. In the day he would not speak to anybody, but in the night he would speak to me, only when I was alone. It was such a blessing to hear his few words.

Magga Baba never said anything about his own life, but he said many things about life. He was the first man who told me, "Life is more than what it appears to be.

Don't judge by its appearances but go deep down into the valleys where the roots of life are." He would suddenly speak, and suddenly he would be silent. That was his way. There was no way to persuade him to speak: either he spoke or not. He would not answer any questions, and the conversations between us two were an absolute secret. Nobody knew about it. This is for the first time that I am saying it.

I have heard many great speakers, and he was just a poor man, but his words were pure honey, so sweet and nourishing, and so pregnant with meaning. "But," he told me, "you are not to tell anybody that I have been speaking to you until I die, because many people think I am deaf. It is good for me that they think so. Many think that I am mad--that is even better as far as I am concerned. Many who are very intellectual try to figure out what

I say, and it is just gibberish. I wonder, when I hear the meaning that they have derived from it. I say to myself, 'My God! If these people are the intellectuals, the professors, the pundits, the scholars, then what about the poor

crowd? I had not said anything, yet they have made up so many things out of nothing, just like soap bubbles.'"

For some reason, or maybe for no reason at all, he loved me.

I have had the fortune to be loved by many strange people. Magga Baba is the first on my list.

The whole day he was surrounded by people. He was really a free man, yet not even free to move a single inch because people were holding on to him. They would put him into a rickshaw and take him away wherever they wanted. Of course he would not say no, because he was pretending to be either deaf or dumb or mad. And he never uttered any word that could be found in any dictionary. Obviously he could not say yes or no; he would simply go.

Once or twice he was stolen. He disappeared for months because people from another town had stolen him. When the police found him and asked him whether he wanted to return, of course he did his thing again. He said some nonsense, *"Yuddle fuddle shuddle...."*

The police said, "This man is mad. What are we going to write in our reports: *'Yuddle fuddle shuddle'* ? What does it mean? Can anyone make any sense out of it?" So he remained there until he was stolen back again by a crowd from the original town.

That was my town where I was living soon after the death of my grandfather.

I visited him almost every night without fail, under his neem tree, where he used to sleep and live. Even when I was sick and my grandmother would not allow me to go out, even then, during the night when she was asleep, I would escape. But I had to go; Magga Baba had to be visited at least once

each day. He was a kind of spiritual nourishment.

He helped me tremendously although he never gave any directions except by his very being. Just by his very presence he triggered unknown forces in me, unknown to me. I am most grateful to this man Magga Baba, and the greatest blessing of all was that I, a small child, was the only one to whom he used to speak. Those moments of privacy, knowing that he spoke to no one else in the whole world, were tremendously strengthening, vitalizing.

If sometimes I would go to him and somebody else was present, he would do something so terrible that the other person would escape. For example he would throw things, or jump, or dance like a madman, in the middle of the night. Anybody was bound to become afraid--after all, you have a wife, children, and a job, and this man seems to be just mad; he could do anything. Then, when the person had gone, we would both laugh together.

I have never laughed like that with anybody else, and I don't think it is going to happen again in this lifetime.. and I don't have any other life. The wheel has stopped.

Yes, it is running a little bit, but that is only past momentum; no new energy is being fed into it.

Magga Baba was so beautiful that I have not seen any other man who can be put by his side. He was just like a Roman sculpture, just perfect--even more perfect than any sculpture can be, because he was alive, so full of life I mean. I don't know whether it is possible to meet a man like Magga Baba again, and I don't want to either because one Magga Baba is enough, more than enough. He was so satisfying--

and who cares for repetition? And I know perfectly, one cannot be higher than that. *glimps15*

To me Magga Baba was important, but if I had to choose between my Nani and him I would still choose my Nani. Although she was not enlightened then and Magga Baba was, sometimes an unenlightened person is so beautiful that one would choose them, even though the enlightened one is available as an alternative.

Of course if I could choose both I would. Or, if I had a choice of two among the whole world of millions of people, then I would have them both. Magga Baba on the outside.. he wouldn't enter my grandmother's house; he would remain outside under his neem tree. And of course my Nani could not sit at the side of Magga Baba.

"That fellow!" she used to call him. "That fellow! Forget about him and never go close to him. Even when you just pass by him, always take a shower." She was always afraid he had lice, because nobody had ever seen him take a bath.

Perhaps she was right: he had never taken a bath as long as I had known him. They could not exist together, that too is true. Coexistence could not be possible in this case--but we could always make arrangements. Magga Baba could always be under the neem tree outside in the courtyard, and Nani could be the queen in the house.

And I could have the love of them both, without having to choose this or that. I hate

"either/or." *glimps15*

Influence of mystics, Pagal Baba and Masto

Pagal Baba was one of those remarkable men whom I am going to talk about. He was of the same category as Magga Baba. He was known just as Pagal Baba; *pagal* means

"the mad." He came like a wind, always suddenly, and then disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

I did not discover him, he discovered me. By that I mean I was just swimming in the river when he passed by: he looked at me, I looked at him, and he jumped in the river and we swam together. I don't know how long we swam but I was not the one to say "enough." He was already an established saint. I had seen him before, but not so closely. At a gathering, doing *bhajan* and singing songs of God, I had seen him and had a certain feeling towards him, but I had kept it to myself. I had not even uttered a

single word about it. There are things which are better kept in the heart; there they grow faster. That's the right soil.

At this time he was an old man; I was not more than twelve. Obviously he was the one to say, "Let us stop. I am feeling tired."

I said, "You could have told me any time and I would have stopped, but as far as I am concerned I am a fish in the river."

Yes, that's how I was known in my town. Who else swims six hours every morning from four till ten? *glimps27*

This man Pagal Baba will be referred to many times, for the simple reason that he introduced so many people to me. Whenever I mention them, Pagal Baba will have to be mentioned too. Through him a world opened up. He was far more valuable to me than any university, because he introduced me to all that is best in every possible field.

He used to come to my village just like a whirlwind and he would take hold of me.

My parents could not say no to him; not even my Nani could say no to him. In fact, the moment I mentioned Pagal Baba they all said, "Then it's okay," because they knew that if they denied me, Pagal Baba would come and create a nuisance in the house. He could break things, he could beat people, and he was so respected that nobody would prevent him from doing any damage. So it was best for everybody to say, "Yes.. if Pagal Baba wants to take you with him, you can go. And we know," they said, "that with Pagal Baba you will be safe."

My other relatives in the town used to tell my father, "You are not doing the right thing in sending your boy along with that insane man."

My father replied, "My boy is such that I am more worried about that old insane man than about him. You need not bother."

I traveled many places with Pagal Baba. He took me not only to great artists and musicians, but also to the great places. It was with him that I first saw the Taj Mahal, and the caves of Ellora and Ajantas. He was the man

with whom I first saw the Himalayas. I owe him too much, and I have never even thanked him. I could not because he used to touch my feet. If I would ever say anything to him in thanks, he would immediately put his hand to his lips and say, "Just be quiet. Never mention your thankfulness. I am thankful to you, not you to me."

One night when we were alone I asked him, "Why are you thankful to me? I have not done anything for you and you have done many things for me, yet you don't even allow me to say thank you."

He said, "One day you will understand, but right now go to sleep and don't mention it again at all, never, never. When the time comes you will know." By the time I came to know it was too late, he was no more. I came to know, but too late.

If he had been alive perhaps it would have been too difficult for him to realize that I had come to know that once, in a past life, he had poisoned me. Although I had survived, he was now just trying to compensate; he was trying to efface it. He was doing everything in his power to be good to me--and he was always good to me, more than I ever deserved--but now I know why: he was trying to bring balance.

In the East they call it *karma,* the "theory of action." Whatever you do, remember, you will have to bring a balance again to things disturbed by your action. Now I know why he was so good to a child. He was trying, and he succeeded, to bring about balance. Once your actions are totally balanced you can then disappear. Only then can you stop the wheel. In fact, the wheel stops by itself, you don't even have to stop it. *glimps29*

My father was always amazed whenever Pagal Baba would come and touch my feet.

He himself would touch Pagal Baba's feet. It was really hilarious. And just to make the circle whole I would touch my father's feet. Pagal Baba would start laughing so loudly that everybody became silent as if something really great was happening--

and my father would look embarrassed.

Pagal tried again and again to convince me that my future was to be a musician. I said "No," and when I say no, I mean no.

From my very childhood my no has been very clear, and I rarely use yes. That word yes is so precious, almost holy, that it should be used only in the presence of the divine, whether it is love or beauty, or right now...orange blossom on the gulmohar,

so thick it is as if the whole tree is aflame. When anything reminds you of the sacred, then you can use the word yes--it is full of prayer. No simply means that I cut myself off from the proposed activity. And I have been a no-sayer; it was very difficult to get a yes out of me.

Seeing Pagal Baba, a man who was known to be enlightened, I recognized that he was unique even in those days. I did not know anything of what enlightenment is. I was in just the same position as I am now, again utterly unknowing. But his presence was luminous. You could recognize him among thousands.

He was the first man who took me to a *Kumbha Mela.* It takes place every twelve years in Prayag, and is the biggest gathering in the whole world. For Hindus Kumbha Mela is one of their life's cherished dreams. A Hindu thinks that if you have not been to a Kumbha Mela at least once, you have missed your life. That's what a Hindu thinks. The minimum count is one million people, the maximum is three million people.

It's the same with the Mohammedans. Unless you are a *haji,* unless you have been to Haj, to Mecca, you have missed. *Haj* means "journey to Mecca," where Mohammed lived and died. All over the world it is every Mohammedan's most precious dream; he has to go at least once to Mecca. The Hindu has to go to Prayag. These places are their Israels. The religions may look very different on the surface, but if you just scratch a little bit you will find the same rubbish; Hindu, Jew, Mohammedan, Christian, it does not matter.

But Kumbha Mela has a unique character. Just a gathering of three million people is in itself a rare experience. All the Hindu monks come there, and they are not a small minority. They number five hundred thousand, and they

are very colorful people.

You cannot imagine so many unique sects. You cannot believe that such people even exist, and they all gather there.

Pagal Baba took me to the first Kumbha Mela of my life. I was to attend once more, but this experience with Pagal Baba at the Kumbha Mela was immensely educating, because he took me to all the great, and the so-called great saints, and in front of them, and with thousands of people around, he would ask me, "Is this man a real saint?"

I would say, "No."

But Pagal Baba was also as stubborn as I am, he did not lose heart. He went on and on, taking me to every kind of saint possible, until I said to one man, "Yes."

Pagal Baba laughed and said, "I knew that you would recognize the true one. And this man"--he pointed to the man about whom I had said yes--"he is a realized one, not known to anybody."

The man was just sitting under a pipal tree, without any followers. Perhaps he was the loneliest man in that great crowd of three million people. Baba first touched my feet, then his feet.

The man said, "But where did you find this child? I never thought a child would be able to recognize me. I have hidden myself so perfectly. You can recognize me, that's okay, but how could he do it?"

Baba said, "That's the puzzle. That's why I touch his feet. You touch his feet right now." And who could have disobeyed that ninety-year-old man? He was so majestic.

The man immediately touched my feet.

That's how Pagal Baba used to introduce me to all kinds of people. In this circle I am mostly talking of the musicians, because they were his love affair. He wanted me to become a musician, but I could not fulfill his desire because for me music, at the most, can only be an entertainment. I told him

exactly in those same words, saying,

"Pagal Baba, music is a much lower kind of meditation. I am not interested in it."

He said, "I know it is. I wanted to hear it from you. But music is a good step to go higher; no need to cling to it, or to remain on it. A step is a step to something else."

That's how I have used music in all my meditations, as a step to something--which is really "the music"--soundless. Nanak says, *"Ek omkar sat nam:* there is only one name of God, or of truth, and that is the soundless sound of aum." Perhaps meditation came out of music, or perhaps music is the mother of meditation. But music itself is not meditation. It can only indicate, or be a hint. .

I was not going to become a musician. Pagal Baba knew it, but he was in love with music, and he wanted me to at least be acquainted with the best of the musicians; perhaps I may become attracted. He introduced me to so many musicians, it was even difficult to remember all their names. But a few names are very famous and known all over the world. *glimps29*

Pagal Baba has to be talked about only in an indirect way; that was the quality of the man. He was always in brackets, very invisible. He introduced me to many musicians, and I always asked him why. He said, "One day you will be a musician."

I said, "Pagal Baba, sometimes it seems people are right: you are mad. I am not going to be a musician.

He laughed and said, "I know that. Still I say you will be a musician."

Now, what to make of it? I have not become a musician, but in a way he was right. I have not played on musical instruments, but I have played on thousands of hearts. I have created a far deeper music than any instrument can--noninstrumental, nontechnical. *glimps29*

Three flutists, all of them introduced to me by Pagal Baba: one man, Hariprasad Chaurasia, from north India where they play a different kind of

flute music; another from Bengal, Pannalal Ghosh--he again plays a different kind of flute, very male, very loud and overpowering. Sachdeva's flute is almost silent, feminine, just the opposite of Pannalal Ghosh.
glimps28

Hariprasad is my choice as far as these flutists are concerned. His flute has the beauty of both the others and yet is neither like that of Pannalal Ghosh--too loud and bombastic--nor so sharp that it cuts and hurts you. It is soft like a breeze, a cool breeze on a summer's night. It is like the moon; the light is there but not hot, cool.

You can feel the coolness of it.

Hariprasad must be considered the greatest flutist ever born, but he is not very famous. He cannot be, he is very humble. To be famous you have to be aggressive. To be famous you have to fight in the ambitious world. He has not fought, and he is the last man to fight to be recognized.

But Hariprasad was recognized by men like Pagal Baba. Pagal Baba also recognized a few others whom I will describe later on, because they too came into my life through him.

It is a strange thing: Hariprasad was not at all known to me till Pagal Baba introduced him to me, and then he became so interested that he used to come to

Pagal Baba just to visit me. One day Pagal Baba jokingly said to him, "Now you don't come for me. You know it, I know it, and the person for whom you come knows it."

I laughed, Hariprasad laughed and said, "Baba you are right."

I said, "I knew Baba was going to mention it sooner or later." And this was the beauty of the man. He brought many people to me, but prevented me from even thanking him. He said only one thing to me: "I have only done my duty. I ask just one favor: when I die, will you give the fire at my funeral?"

In India, it is thought to be of great importance. If a man is without a son he suffers his whole life, because who will give the fire at his funeral? It is

called "giving the fire."

When he asked me, I said, "Baba, I have my own father, and he will be angry--and I don't know about your family; perhaps you have a son.. ."

He said, "Don't be bothered about anything, either about your father or about my family. This is my decision."

I had never seen him in that kind of mood. I knew then that his end was very close.

He was not able to waste time even discussing it.

I said, "Okay, no argument. I will give you the fire. It does not matter whether my father objects or your family objects. I don't know your family."

By chance Pagal Baba died in my own village. But perhaps he arranged it--I think he arranged it. And when I started his funeral by giving fire to it, my father said, "What are you doing? This can be done only by the eldest son."

I said, "Dada, let me do it. I have promised him. And as far as you are concerned, I will not be able to do it; my younger brother will do it. In fact, he is your eldest son, not me. I am of no use to the family, and will never be. In fact, I will always prove to be a nuisance to the family. My younger brother, second to me, will give you the fire, and he will take care of the family.". .

. .I told my father, "Pagal Baba asked me and I have promised him, so I have to give the fire. As far as your death is concerned, don't be worried, my younger brother will be there. I will also be present, but not as your son."

I don't know why I said this, and what he might have thought, but it proved true. I was present when he died. In fact I had called him to live with me, just so that I did not have to go up to the town where he lived. I never wanted to go there again after my grandmother's death. That was another promise. I have to fulfill so many promises, but up to now I have successfully fulfilled a major part of them. There are only a few promises which remain to be fulfilled. *glimps30*

I had promised Pagal Baba to get a master's degree. .

Somehow Pagal Baba got the idea that unless you had a master's degree, a postgraduate degree, you would not be able to get a good job.

I said, "Baba, do you think I will ever desire a job?"

He laughed and said, "I know you will not desire it, but just in case. I am just an old man, and I think of all the worst things possible." You have heard the proverb, "Hope for the best, but expect the worst." He added something more to it. Baba said,

"Prepare for the worst too. It should not be met unprepared; otherwise, how are you going to face it?" *glimps34*

Pagal Baba in his last days was always a little bit worried. I could see it, although he had not said anything, nor had anybody else mentioned it. Perhaps nobody else was

even aware that he was worried. It was certainly not about his illness, old age, or his oncoming death; those were absolutely immaterial to the man.

One night, when I was alone with him, I asked him. In fact, I had to wake him up in the middle of the night, because it was so difficult to find a moment when there was nobody else with him.

He said to me, "It must be something of great importance; otherwise you would not have awakened me. What's the matter?"

I said, "That's the question. I have been watching you--I feel a little shadow of worry around you. It has never been there before. Your aura has always been so clear, just like a bright sun, but now I see a little shadow. It cannot be death."

He laughed and said, "Yes, the shadow is there, and it is not death, that too is true.

My concern is, I am waiting for a man so that I can hand over my responsibility for you to him. I am worried because he has not come yet. If I

die it will be impossible for you to be able to find him."

I said, "If I really need somebody, I will find him. But I don't need anybody. You relax before death comes. I don't want to be the cause of this shadow. You should die as brilliantly radiant as you have lived."

He said, "It is not possible.. . But I know the man will come--I am worrying unnecessarily. He is a man of his word; he has promised to reach me before I die."

I asked him, "How does he know when you are going to die?"

He laughed and said, "That is why I want you to be introduced to him. You are very young and I would like someone like me just to be around you." He said, "In fact, this is an old convention, that if a child is ever going to become awakened, then at least three awakened people should recognize him at an early age."

I said, "Baba, this is all nonsense. Nobody can prevent me from awakening."

He said, "I know, but I am an old, conventional man, so please, particularly at the time of my death, don't say anything against convention."

I said, "Okay, for your sake I will keep absolutely silent. I will not say anything, because whatsoever I say is somehow going to be against convention, tradition."

He said, "I am not saying that you should be silent, but just feel what I am feeling. I am an old man. I have nobody in the world for whom I care, except you. I don't know why, or how, you became so close to me. I want somebody in my place so you don't miss me."

I said, "Baba, nobody can replace you, but I promise you that I will try hard not to miss you."

But the man arrived the next morning.

The first awakened man who recognized me was Magga Baba. The

second was Pagal Baba, and the third was more strange than even I could have imagined. Even Pagal Baba was not so mad. The man was called Masta Baba.

Baba is a respectful word; it simply means "the grandfather." But anybody who is recognized by the people as someone enlightened is also called Baba, because he is really the oldest man in the community. He may not be actually; he may be just a young man, but he has to be called Baba, the grandfather.

Masta Baba was superb, just superb, and just the way I like a man to be. He was exactly as if made for me. We became friends even before Pagal Baba introduced us.

I was standing outside the house. I don't know why I was standing there; at least now I can't remember the purpose, it was so long ago. Perhaps I was also waiting, because Pagal Baba had said the man would keep his word; he would come. And I was certainly curious like any child. I was a child, and I have remained a child in spite of everything else. Perhaps I was waiting, or pretending to do something else but actually waiting for the man, and looking up the road--and there he was! I had not expected him to arrive this way! He came running!

He was not very old, no more than thirty-five, just at the peak of his youth. He was a tall man, very thin, with beautiful long hair and a beautiful beard.

I asked him, "Are you Masta Baba?"

He was a little taken aback and said, "How did you know my name?"

I said, "There is nothing mysterious in it. Pagal Baba has been waiting for you; naturally he mentioned your name. But you are really the man I myself would have chosen to be with. You are as mad as Pagal Baba must have been when he was young. Perhaps you are just the young Pagal Baba come back again."

He said, "You seem to be madder than me. Where is Pagal Baba anyway?"

I showed him the way, and entered behind him. He touched the feet of

Pagal Baba, who then said, "This is my last day, and Masto"--that was the way he used to call him--"I was waiting for you, and getting a little worried."

Masto replied, "Why? Death is nothing to you."

Baba replied, "Of course death is nothing to me, but look behind you. That boy means much to me; perhaps he will be able to do what I wanted to and could not.

You touch his feet. I have been waiting so that I could introduce you to him."

Masta Baba looked into my eyes.. and he was the only *real* man out of the many whom Pagal Baba had introduced to me and told to touch my feet.

It had become almost a cliche. Everybody knew that if you go to Pagal Baba you will have to touch the feet of that boy who is a nuisance in every possible way. And you have to touch his feet--what absurdity! But Pagal Baba is mad. This man, Masto, was certainly different. With tears in his eyes and folded hands he said, "From this moment onwards you will be my Pagal Baba. He is leaving his body, but he will live on as you."

I don't know how much time passed, because he would not let go of my feet. He was crying. His beautiful hair was spread all over the ground. Again and again I told him,

"Masta Baba, it is enough."

He said, "Unless you call me Masto, I will not leave your feet."

Now, 'Masto' is a term used only by an older man to a child. How could I call him Masto? But there was no way out. I had to. Even Pagal Baba said, "Don't wait, call him Masto, so that I can die without any shadow around me."

Naturally, in such a situation I had to call him Masto. The moment I used the name, Masto said, "Say it thrice."

In the East, that too is a convention. Unless you say a thing thrice it does not mean much. So three times I said, "Masto, Masto, Masto. Now will you

please leave my feet?" And I laughed, Pagal Baba laughed, Masto laughed--and that laughter from all three joined us together into something which is unbreakable.

That very day Pagal Baba died. But Masto did not stay, although I told him that death was very close.

He said, "For me now, you are the one. Whenever I need to, I will come to you. He is going to die anyway; in fact, to tell you the truth, he should have died three days ago.

He has been hanging around just for you, so that he could introduce me to you. And it is not only for you, it is for me too."

I asked Pagal Baba before he died, "Why did you look so happy after Masta Baba had come here?"

He said, "Just a conventional mind, forgive me."

He was such a nice old man. To ask forgiveness, at the age of ninety, from a boy, and with so much love.. .

I said, "I am not asking why you waited for him. The question is not about you or him. He is a beautiful man, and worth waiting for. I am asking why you worried so much."

He said, "Again let me ask you not to argue at this moment. It is not that I am against argument, as you know. I particularly love the way you argue, and the strange turns you give to your arguments, but this is not the time. There is no time really. I am living on borrowed time. I can tell you only one thing: I am happy that he came, and happy that you both became friendly and loving as I wanted you to. Perhaps one day you will see the truth of this old, traditional idea."

The idea is that unless three enlightened people recognize a child as a future buddha, it is almost impossible for him to become one. Pagal Baba, you were right.

Now I can see it is not just a convention. To recognize somebody as

enlightened is to help him immeasurably. Particularly if a man like Pagal Baba recognizes you and touches your feet--or a man like Masto.

I continued to call him Masto because Pagal Baba had said, "Never call him Masta Baba again; he will be offended. I used to call him Masto, and from now on you have to do the same." And it was really a sight!--a child calling him, who was respected by hundreds of people, "Masto." And not only that, he would immediately do whatever I said to him.

Once, just as an example.. . He was delivering a talk. I stood up and said, "Masto, stop immediately!" He was in the middle of a sentence. He did not even complete it; he stopped. People urged him to please finish what he was saying. He would not even answer. He pointed towards me. I had to go to the microphone and tell the people to please go to their homes, the lecture was over, and Masto had been taken into my custody.

He laughed hilariously, and touched my feet. And his way of touching my feet.. .

Thousands of people must have touched my feet, but he had a way of his own, just unique. He touched my feet almost--how to say it--as if he were confronting God himself. And he always became just tears, and his long hair.... I had such a job helping him to sit up again.

I would say, "Masto, enough! Enough is enough." But who was there to listen? He was crying, singing, or chanting a mantra. I had to wait until he had finished.

Sometimes I was sitting there for even half an hour, just to say to him, "It is enough."

But I could only say it when he had finished. After all, I too have some manners. I could not just say, "Stop!" or "Leave my feet!" when they were in his hands.

In fact I never wanted him to leave them, but I had other things to do, and so did he.

It is a practical world, and although I am very impractical, as far as others

are

concerned, I am not; I am always pragmatic and practical. When I could get a single moment in which to interrupt, I would say, "Masto, stop. Enough. You are crying your eyes out, and your hair--I will have to wash it. It is becoming dirty in the mud."

You know the Indian dust: it is omnipresent, everywhere, particularly in a village.

Everything is dusty. Even people's faces look dusty. What can they do? How many times can they wash?..

I told Masto, "I will have to wash your hair." And I used to wash his hair. It was so beautiful, and I always love anything beautiful. This man Masto, about whom Pagal Baba worried so much, was the third enlightened man. He wanted three enlightened men to touch the feet of a small unenlightened boy, and he managed.

Madmen have their own ways. He managed perfectly. He even persuaded the enlightened ones to touch the feet of a boy who was certainly not enlightened.

I asked him, "Don't you think this is a little violent?"

He said, "Not at all. The present has to be offered to the future. And if an enlightened person cannot see into the future, he is not enlightened. It is not just a crazy man's idea," he said, "but one of the most ancient and respected ideas."

Buddha, even when he was only twenty-four hours old, was visited by an enlightened man, who cried and touched the feet of the child. .

These three people are the most important that I have ever met, and I don't think I am going to meet anybody who will be more important than those three. I have met other enlightened people too, after my enlightenment, but that is another story.

I have met my own disciples after they became enlightened; that too is a

different story. But to be recognized when I was just a small child, and everybody else was against me, was a strange fate. My family was always against me. I exclude my father, my mother, my brothers--but it was a big family. They were all against me, for a simple reason--and I can understand them, they were right in a way--that I was behaving like a madman, and they were concerned.

Everybody in that small town was complaining against me to my poor father. I must say that he had infinite patience. He would listen to everybody. It was almost a twenty-four-hour job. Each day--day in, day out, sometimes even in the middle of the night--somebody would come, because I had done something which should not have been done. And I was doing only things which should not be done. In fact, I wondered how I knew which were the things which should not be done, because not even by accident did I do anything which should have been done.

Once I asked Pagal Baba, "Perhaps you can explain it to me. I could understand if fifty percent of the things I did were wrong, and fifty percent were right, but with me it is always one hundred percent wrong. How do I manage it? Can you explain it to me?"

Pagal Baba laughed and said, "You manage perfectly. That is the way to do things.

And don't be bothered what others say; you go on in your own way. Listen to all the complaints, and if you are punished, enjoy."

I really did enjoy it, I must say--even the punishment. My father stopped punishing me the moment he found out that I enjoyed it. *glimps31*

Masto took care of me more efficiently than Pagal Baba could ever have done. First, Baba was really the madman. Secondly, he would come only once in a while like a whirlwind to visit me, then disappear. This is not the way to take care. Once I even

told him, saying, "Baba, you talk so much about how you are taking care of this child, but before you say it again, I must be heard."

He laughed and said, "I understand, you need not say it, but I will pass you on to the right hands. I am not really capable of taking care of you. Can you understand that I am ninety years old? It is time for me to leave the body. I am hanging around just to find the right person for you. Once I have found him I can relax into death."

I never knew then that he was really serious, but that's what he did. He handed over his charge to Masto, and died laughing. That was the last thing he did.

Zarathustra may have laughed when he was born.. nobody is a witness, but he must have laughed; his whole life indicated towards it. It was that laughter which caught the attention of one of the most intelligent men in the West, Friedrich Nietzsche. But Pagal Baba really laughed as he died, before we could ask why. We could not have asked the question anyway. He was not a philosopher, and he would not have answered even if he had lived. But what a way to die! And remember, it was not just a smile. I really mean a laughter.

Everybody there looked at each other thinking, "What's the matter?"--until he laughed so loudly that everybody thought that up till then he had been only mildly mad, but now he had gone to the extreme. They all left. Naturally, nobody laughs when one is born, just as part of etiquette; and nobody laughs at death, again just nothing but a mannerism. Both are British.

Baba was always against manners and the people who believe in manners. That's why he loved me, that's why he loved Masto. And when he was looking for a man who could take care of me, naturally, he could not have found a better man than Masto.

Masto proved himself more than Baba could ever have thought. He did so much for me that even to say it hurts. It is something so private that it should not be said, so private that one should not even say it while one is alone. *glimps33*

Masta Baba. .I will call him only Masto, because that's the way he wanted me to call him. I always called him Masto, although reluctantly, and I told

him to remember it.

Also, Pagal Baba had said to me, "If he wants to be called Masto by you, just as I call him, then don't create misery for him in any way. From the moment I die you will take my place for him."

And that day Pagal Baba died, and I had to call him Masto. I was not more than twelve years old, and Masto was at least thirty-five, or maybe more. It is difficult for a twelve-year-old boy to judge exactly, and thirty-five is a most deceptive age; the person could be thirty or forty, it all depends on his genetics. *glimps32*

Alas, I cannot show you Masto. His whole body was beautiful. One could not believe that he had not come from the world of the gods. In India there are many beautiful stories. One of them from the *Rigveda,* is that of Pururva and Uruvashi.

Uruvashi is a goddess who becomes fed up with all the pleasures of paradise. I love the story because it is so true. If you have all the pleasures, how long can you endure them? One is bound to become bored. The story must have been written by someone who knew. .

It is one of the beautiful stories that I have always loved.

Masto must have been a god born in this world. That's the only way to say how beautiful he was. And it was not only the beauty of the body, which certainly was

beautiful. I am not against the body, I am all for it. I loved his body. I used to touch his face, and he would say, "Why do you touch my face with closed eyes?"

I said, "You are so beautiful, and I don't want to see anything else that may perhaps disturb me, so I keep my eyes closed. .so I can dream you as beautiful as you are."

Do you note my words?--"so I can dream you as beautiful as you are. I want you to be my dream." But it was not only his body which was beautiful, nor his hair--I have never seen such beautiful hair, particularly on a man's

head. I used to touch and play with his hair, and he would laugh.

Once he said, "This is something. Baba was mad, and now he has given me a master who is even madder. He told me that you would take his place, so I cannot prevent you from doing anything. Even if you cut off my head, I will be ready and willing for it."

I said, "Don't be afraid, I will not cut even a hair. As far as your head is concerned, Baba has done the job already. Only the hair is left." Then we both laughed. This happened many times, in many ways.

But he was beautiful, bodily, and psychologically too. Whenever I was in need, without asking, so as not to offend me, he would leave money in my pockets during the night. You know that I don't have any pockets. Do you know the story of how I lost my pockets? It was Masto. He used to put money, gold, anything that he could manage, into my pockets. Finally I dropped the very idea of having pockets; it tempts people. Either they cut your pocket open and become pickpockets, or very rarely, with a man like me, they become a person like Masto.

He would wait until I went to sleep. Once in a while I would pretend, as if I was asleep. I would even have to snore to convince him--then I would catch him red-handed, his hand in my pocket. I said, "Masto! Is this the way of a sage?" And we both laughed.

Finally I dropped the idea of having pockets. I am the only person in the world who needs no pockets at all. In a way it is good, because nobody can cut open my pockets.

It is also good that I don't have to carry any weight. Somebody else can always do it.

I don't need to. I have not needed pockets for years; somebody has always managed for me.. .

But Masto looked like a god who had come to earth. I loved him--without any reason of course, because love cannot have any reason. I still love him.
glimps32

Masto was the best choice that Baba could have made. I cannot in any way conceive of a better man. Not only was he a meditator. .of course he was; otherwise there would have been no communion possible between him and me. And meditation simply means not being a mind, at least for the time you are meditating.

But that was not all; he was many more things. He was a beautiful singer, but he never sang for the public. We both used to laugh at the phrase, "the public." It consists of only the most retarded children. It is a wonder how they manage to gather at a place at a certain appointed time. I cannot explain it. Masto said he could not explain it either. It just cannot be explained.

He never sang for the public, but only for a very few people who loved him, and they had to promise never to talk about it. His voice was really "his master's voice."

Perhaps he was not singing, but only allowing the existence--that's the only proper

word that I can use--he was allowing existence to flow through him. He was not preventing; that was his merit.

He was also a talented sitar player, but again, I have never seen him playing before a crowd. Often I was the only one present when he played, and he would tell me to lock the door, saying, "Please lock the door, and whatsoever happens, don't open it until I am dead." And he knew that if I wanted to open the door I would have to kill him first, and then open it. I would keep my promise. But his music was such.. . He was not known to the world: the world missed.

He said, "These things are so intimate that it is prostitution to play before a crowd."

That was his exact word, 'prostitution'. He was really a philosopher, a thinker, and very logical, not like me. With Pagal Baba I had only one thing in common: that was the madness. Masto had many things in common with him. Pagal Baba was interested in many things. I certainly could not be a

representative of Pagal Baba, but Masto was. I cannot be anybody's representative whosoever.

Masto did so much for me in every way that I could not believe how Baba had known that he would be the right person. And I was a child and needed much direction--and not an easy child either. Unless I was convinced I would not move an inch. In fact I would move back a little just to be safe. *glimps33*

You will be surprised to know that Masto played many instruments. He was really a versatile genius, a very fertile mind, and he could make anything beautiful out of anything. He painted and as meaninglessly as even Picasso could not do, and as beautifully as certainly Picasso could not do. But he simply destroyed his paintings saying, "I don't want to leave any footprints on the sands of time." *glimps35*

Osho's interest in death

At the age of fourteen, my family again became disturbed that I would die. I survived, but then I again tried it consciously. I said to them, "If death is going to occur as the astrologer has said, then it is better to be prepared. And why not give a chance to death? Why should I not go and meet it half way? If I am going to die, then it is better to die consciously."

So I took leave from my school for seven days. I went to my principal and I told him,

"I am going to die."

He said, "What nonsense you are talking! Are you committing suicide? What do you mean you are going to die?"

I told him about the astrologer's prediction that the possibility of death would confront me every seven years. I told him, "I am going into retreat for seven days to wait for death. If death comes, it is good to meet it consciously so that it becomes an experience."

I went to a temple just outside of my village. I arranged with the priest that he should not disturb me. It was a very lonely, unvisited temple--old, in

ruins. No one ever came to it. So I told him, "I will remain in the temple. You just give me once a day something to eat and something to drink, and the whole day I will be lying there waiting for death."

For seven days I waited. Those seven days became a beautiful experience. Death never came, but on my part I tried in every way to be dead. Strange, weird feelings

happened. Many things happened, but the basic note was this--that if you are feeling you are going to die, you become calm and silent. Nothing creates any worry then because all worries are concerned with life. Life is the basis of all worries. When you are going to die anyway one day, why worry?

I was lying there. On the third or fourth day a snake entered the temple. It was in view, I was seeing the snake, but there was no fear. Suddenly I felt very strange. The snake was coming nearer and nearer, and I felt very strange. There was no fear, so I thought, "When death is coming, it may be coming through this snake, so why be afraid? Wait!"

The snake crossed over me and went away. Fear had disappeared. If you accept death, there is no fear. If you cling to life, then every fear is there.

Many times flies came around me. They would fly around, they would creep over me, on my face. Sometimes I felt irritated and would have liked to throw them off, but then I thought, "What is the use? Sooner or later I am going to die, and then no one will be here to protect the body. So let them have their way."

The moment I decided to let them have their way, the irritation disappeared. They were still on the body, but it was as if I was not concerned. They were as if moving, as if creeping on someone else's body. There was a distance immediately. If you accept death, a distance is created. Life moves far away with all its worries, irritations, everything. I died in a way, but I came to know that something deathless is there. Once you accept death totally, you become aware of it.

Then again at the age of twenty-one, my family was waiting. So I told them,

"Why do you go on waiting? Do not wait. Now I am not going to die."

Physically, someday I will die, of course. However, this prediction of the astrologer helped me very much because he made me aware very early on about death.

Continuously, I could meditate and could accept that it was coming.

Death can be used for deep meditation because then you become inactive. Energy is released from the world; it can move inwards. That is why a deathlike posture is suggested. Use life, use death, for discovering that which is beyond both. *vbt24*

In the East we have been watching the death experience of people. How you die reflects your whole life, how you lived. If I can see just your death, I can write your whole biography--because in that one moment your whole life becomes condensed.

In that one moment, like a lightning, you show everything.

A miserly person will die with clenched fists--still holding and clinging, still trying not to die, still trying not to relax. A loving person will die with open fists--

sharing. .even sharing his death as he shared his life. You can see everything written on the face--whether this man has lived his life fully alert, aware. If he has, then on his face there will be a light shining; around his body there will be an aura. You come close to him and you will feel silent--not sad, but silent. It even happens that if a person has died blissfully in a total orgasm you will feel suddenly happy near him.

It happened in my childhood. A very saintly person in my village died. I had a certain attachment towards him. He was a priest in a small temple, a very poor man, and whenever I would pass--and I used to pass at least twice a day; when going to the school near the temple, I would pass--he would call me and he would always give me some fruit, some sweet.

When he died, I was the only child who went to see him. The whole town gathered.

Suddenly I could not believe what happened--I started laughing. My father was there; he tried to stop me because he felt embarrassed. A death is not a time to laugh. He tried to shut me up. He told me again and again, 'You keep quiet!'

But I have never felt that urge again. Since then I have never felt it; never before had I ever felt it--to laugh so loudly, as if something beautiful has happened.

And I could not hold myself. I laughed loudly, everybody was angry, I was sent back, and my father told me, 'Never again are you to be allowed in any serious situation!

Because of you, even I was feeling very embarrassed. Why were you laughing? What was happening there? What is there in death to laugh about? Everybody was crying and weeping and you were laughing.'

And I told him, 'Something happened. That old man released something and it was tremendously beautiful. He died an orgasmic death.' Not exactly these words, but I told him that I felt he was very happy dying, very blissful dying, and I wanted to participate in his laughter. He was laughing, his energy was laughing.

I was thought mad. How can a man die laughing? Since then I have been watching many deaths, but I have not seen that type of death again.

When you die, you release your energy and with that energy your whole life's experience. Whatsoever you have been--sad, happy, loving, angry, passionate, compassionate--whatsoever you have been, that energy carries the vibrations of your whole life. Whenever a saint is dying, just being near him is a great gift; just to be showered with his energy is a great inspiration. You will be put in a totally different dimension. You will be drugged by his energy, you will feel drunk.

Death can be a total fulfillment, but that is possible only if life has been lived. *nirvan09*

It was one of my pastimes in my childhood to follow every funeral

procession. My parents were continually worried: "You don't know the man who has died, you have no relationship, no friendship with him. Why should you bother and waste your time?"--because the Indian funeral takes three, four or five hours.

First, going out of the city, the procession walking, taking the dead body, and then burning the body on the funeral pyre.. . And you know Indians, they can't do anything efficiently: the funeral pyre won't catch fire; it will just live half-heartedly and the man will not burn. And everybody is making all kinds of effort because they want to get away from there as quickly as possible. But the dead people are also tricky. They will try their hardest to keep you there as long as possible.

I told my parents, "It is not a question of being related to somebody. I am certainly related with death, that you cannot deny. It does not matter who dies--it is symbolic to me. One day I will be dying. I have to know how people behave with the dead, how the dead behave with the living people; otherwise, how am I going to learn?"

They said, "You bring strange arguments."

"But," I said, "you have to convince me that death is not related to me, that I am not going to die. If you can convince me of that, I will stop going; otherwise let me explore." They could not say to me that I would not be dying, so I said, "then just keep quiet. I am not telling *you* to go. And I enjoy everything that happens there."

The first thing I have observed is that nobody talks about death, even there. The funeral pyre is burning somebody's father, somebody's brother, somebody's uncle,

somebody's friend, somebody's enemy: he was related to many people in many ways. He is dead--and they are all engaged in trivia.

They would be talking about the movies, they would be talking about the politics, they would be talking about the market; they would be talking about all kinds of things, except death. They would make small cliques and sit all around the funeral pyre. I would go from one clique to another: nobody was

talking about death. And I know for certain that they were talking about other things to keep them occupied so that they didn't see the burning body--because it was their body too.

They could see, if they had a little insight into things, that *they* are burning there on the funeral pyre--nobody else. It is only a question of time. Tomorrow somebody else from these people will be there on the funeral pyre; the day after tomorrow somebody else will be--every day people are being brought to the funeral pyre. One day I am going to be brought to the funeral pyre, and this is the treatment that these people will be giving to me. This is their last farewell: they are talking about prices going up, the rupee devaluating--in front of death. And they are all sitting with their backs toward the funeral pyre.

They *had* to come, so they have come, but they never wanted to come. So they want to be there almost absently present, just to fulfill a social conformity, just to show that they were present. And that too is to make sure that when they die they will not be taken by the municipal corporation truck. Because they have participated in so many people's death, naturally it becomes obligatory for other people to give them a send-off. They know why they are there--they are there because they want people to be there when they are on the funeral pyre.

But what are these people doing? I asked people whom I knew. Sometimes one of my teachers was there, talking about stupid things--that somebody is flirting with somebody's wife.. . I said, "Is this the time to talk about somebody's wife and what she is doing? Think about the wife of this man who has died. Nobody is worried about that, nobody is talking about that.

"Think of your wife when you will be dead. With whom will she be flirting? What will she do? Have you made any arrangements for that? And can't you see the stupidity? Death is present and you are trying to avoid it in every possible way." But all the religions have done that. And these people are simply representing certain traditions of certain religions. *person12*

One of my teachers died. He was a funny man, very fat, and he used to have a very ancient type of turban--very big, maybe thirty-six feet long or more. Thirty-six feet is normal for the old, ancient turban. His face was also

such that you could not remain looking at him without smiling. And he was my Sanskrit teacher.

He was a simple man--in fact a simpleton. We had been playing all kinds of tricks on him, and he was never able to find out who had done it; he never punished anybody.

We had been really hard on him. He would fall from the chair, because we had managed to cut the legs of the chair before he came. He would fall from the chair, his turban would fall all over the class, and there would be great laughter. But he would start putting his turban back on and writing on the board again, not getting disturbed. He was really a nice fellow.

He died. We used to call him Bhole Baba. That was not his name. *Baba* is simply used for grandfather, a respectful word. *Bhole* means a simpleton, so innocent that

anybody can deceive him. I have completely forgotten his name, because we never used his name; we always used Bhole Baba. I have been trying to figure out what was his real name, but I cannot find it anywhere in my mind.

When I went to his house with my father, his wife came running from inside the house, fell on the chest of that poor fellow, and said, "Oh, my Bhole Baba!" I could not contain my laughter. My father tried telling me, "Keep quiet!"

I said, "The more I try to keep quiet, the more it is becoming difficult. I cannot contain it; let me laugh!" But everybody was shocked: somebody is dead, and you are laughing so loudly. I said, "Please, don't be shocked. If you knew the whole thing as I do, you would all be laughing."

And I told the whole thing, that he was always getting irritated by being called Bhole Baba. And we used to write on the blackboard every day, "Welcome, Bhole Baba".

And the first thing he would do was, he would erase it. And now the poor man was dead and his own wife..

When I told them this, everybody started laughing. And the wife also

became silent and said, "It is really strange for me to call him Bhole Baba, because I used to tell that boy not to call him Bhole Baba, that it is not his name."

And who was the boy? Mostly I was the boy who always going past his house, would knock on the door and say, "Is Bhole Baba inside?" And the wife knew me. With the door closed she would say, "No, he is not inside"--he was always inside--"But remember, don't call him Bhole Baba! If you stop calling him Bhole Baba, I can open the door and you can find him inside."

Perhaps continually hammering, "Bhole Baba, Bhole Baba," then at the moment of death.. . Of course, a Hindu wife is not supposed to say her husband's name. She cannot, that is thought to be disrespectful--just the male chauvinistic mind. The man can call her by her name, but the woman cannot call her husband by his name. So perhaps.. there was no time to figure out what to say; Bhole Baba came in handy.

But even the wife started laughing, thinking that this was really hilarious. "My whole life I have been telling you and other boys who are your friends.. who you have been telling that whenever they pass the door, they should knock and enquire, Ìs Bhole Baba inside?'"

The death became a laughter. But back home, my father said, "I am not going to take you to another death, another cremation--not with me, at least. What you have done is not right."

I said, "Everybody laughed--even the wife who was crying, started laughing. You should all be grateful to me that I made even death nonserious, fun, a joke." *false22*

I had a girlfriend when I was young. Then she died. But on her deathbed she promised me she would come back. And I was afraid. And she has come back. The name of the girlfriend was Shashi. She died in `47. She was the daughter of a certain doctor, Dr. Sharma, of my village. He is also dead now. And now she has come as Vivek*.. to take care of me. Vivek cannot remember it. I used to call ShashìGudia', and I started calling Vivek `Gudia' also, just to give a continuity.

Life is a great drama, a great play--it goes on from one life to another to another. *plove02*

*Note: Vivek met Osho again in 1971 see Part VI

The first woman I loved was my mother-in-law. You will be surprised: am I married?

No, I am not married. That woman was Gudia's mother, but I used to call her my mother-in-law, just as a joke. I have remembered it again after so many years. I used to call her mother-in-law because I loved her daughter. That was Gudia's previous life. Again, that woman was tremendously powerful, just like my grandmother.

My "mother-in-law" was a rare woman, especially in India. She left her husband, went to Pakistan and married a Mohammedan even though she was a brahmin. She knew how to dare. I always like the quality of daring, because the more you dare, the nearer you come to home. Only the daredevils ever become buddhas, remember!

The calculating ones can have a good bank balance but cannot become buddhas. *glimps03*

1947 Indian Independence

You are asking: *You were in India at the time that India gained her independence from Britain. What kind of an affect did that have on you after living under the British rule, and then not to have them anymore. It must have been rather traumatic for most Indians.*

I am a little eccentric. I was more pro-British than pro-Indian.. . Because everything that has happened in India--technology, science, education, colleges, universities, railway lines, roads, cars, airplanes--everything has happened because of the British rule. If there had been no British rule, India would have been the same as Ethiopia.

Before the British rule, for thousands of years they were burning women alive if their husbands died. Husbands were never burned when their wives died. I don't see. . It is a simple arithmetic: this is a male chauvinist society.

The husband is trying to control even after his death. The wife was forced in such a ugly way that if you visualize the whole scene you would not believe it. And these are the Hindus who talk about great spirituality.. .

And this was all religious ritual. For thousands of years they have been doing that.

The whole credit goes to the British empire, that they prevented it; they made it criminal. It *was* criminal.

For thousands of years India has been poor. It is said in Hindu scriptures that people never used locks on their houses. Even if they were going for few months'

pilgrimage they would not use locks, because there was no fear of anybody stealing.

This is absolutely wrong. My understanding is that first they had nothing to be stolen; second, locks were not yet invented.

Indians are so lousy--they will not try to do anything. They would rather starve, but they will not make any effort to become rich. The country is tremendously capable of becoming rich, but the people's minds are not able to use the opportunity.

Before Britain came into India's history, these poor people were giving birth to ten children. Only one would survive and nine would die. There was no medicine, no medical care. Now, because of Britain, it is just the opposite: out of ten children only one dies, nine live. And that one also dies because of Indian stupidity. .because Mahatma Gandhi was against vaccination, he was against allopathy; he was against everything that has been invented after the spinning wheel. And nobody knows

when the spinning wheel was invented--perhaps ten thousand years before. After that, everything is evil.

It seems God made the spinning wheel on the sixth day, and after that. . Anything: railway trains, telegraph, post offices, telephones, radios, televisions--Gandhi was against all these things; he would not agree to

them. *last203*

In my childhood I have seen it in my village: people who smoked used to carry two stones, the white stones which are available on the shore of any river. They would put a little cotton between those two stones and rub the cotton between them; that rubbing would create fire, the cotton would burn up. That was perhaps the most primitive lighter. Perhaps they are still doing it. I have not been to my village for many years--they must still be doing it. Who will bother about a modern lighter?--

you need petrol and you need this and you need that. Those poor people can just get two stones from anywhere, and carry those stones with them. It is the simplest and cheapest way, and they can create fire anywhere. *person13*

Karl Marx was not wrong when he said that religions have functioned as the opium of the people. I am not a Marxist but this statement I cannot deny, he is absolutely right. Religions have proved to be opium.

In Indian villages where women go to work in the fields, or somewhere where a road is being made, or a bridge is being made, and the women working have small children. . One day I was just walking by the side of the river, a bridge was being built and there was a small child under a tree, so happy, so joyous, so ecstatic. I could not believe.. what could be the cause of it? So I waited by the side of the tree.

His mother was working on the bridge, and she came back to give some milk to the child. I said to her, "You have a really great child. I have never come across such a psychedelic child in my whole life."

She said, "It is nothing. We poor people, what can we do? We cannot afford somebody to take care of the child, so we give the child some opium. Whether he is hungry or thirsty, whether it is hot or cold, it does not matter. In his opium, he is enjoying paradise." *exist06*

I know poor people, utterly poor, who have nothing; it is so difficult for them to even manage one meal a day. Sometimes they have to just drink water and sleep--water to fill their empty belly so they can feel that something is

there. But they are in a certain way satisfied, they have accepted it as their fate, they don't think that things can be better than this. You can provoke them. You can put the fire in their minds very easily--just give them hope. But then sooner or later they are going to hold you by your neck: "Where are the hopes?" *unconc04*

The misery is not really only materialistic. I have seen the poorest people happy.

They don't have anything, but they have not based their life philosophy on wrong ideas. It is more a question of what kind of spirituality you have accepted. Is it something beyond death? Is your spirituality not of this world but of some other world? *sword01*

Before India became independent there was such a feeling all over India. My house was a place of conspiracy. My two uncles had been in jail many times, and every week they had to go to the police station to report that they were not doing anything against the government, and that they were still there. They were not allowed to

move out of the town but people were coming to them--and they all had so much hope.

I was a small child but I always wondered, "These people are saying that just by becoming independent, all misery will disappear. How can it happen? I don't see any connection." But there was hope. There was the promised land, very close by; just a little struggle and you would reach it. There was suffering but you were not responsible for it: the Britishers were responsible. It was a great consolation to dump everything on the Britishers.

In fact, I used to ask these revolutionaries who used to visit my house secretly, or sometimes stay in my house for months.. . One of them, a very famous revolutionary, Bhavani Prasad Tiwari, was the national leader of the socialist party. Whenever he had to go underground he used to come to my village and just live in my house, hidden. For the whole day he would not come out--and nobody knew him in the village anyway. But I was after him. He told me again and again, "You bring such inconvenient questions

that sometimes I think it would be better to be in a British jail than in your house! At least there I would get first class treatment."

He was a famous leader so he would have got first class treatment--political prisoners' special class--with all the facilities, good food, good library. And at least he would get freedom, because first class prisoners were not forced to do any labor.

They would write their autobiographies and other books: all the great books these great Indian leaders have written were written in jails. And they would go for walks-

-they were put in beautiful places that were not even jails; they were created especially for them.

For example in Poona there was a palace just on the other side of the river: the Aga Khan palace. It *was* a palace. Gandhi was kept prisoner there and his wife too. His wife died there, her grave is still there in the Aga Khan's palace. In Poona--when you pass the bridge, just on top of the hill above there is a beautiful house.. .

So these special palaces were turned into prisons. They had acres of greenery, beautiful views. So Bhavani Prasad Tiwari used to say to me, "It would be better if I stop going underground--because you ask inconvenient questions."

I said, "If you cannot answer them, what is going to happen to the country when the country becomes independent? These will be the questions which you will have to solve. You cannot even answer them verbally, and then you will have to actually solve them. I asked him, "Just by the Britishers leaving the country"--and there were not many Britishers--how is poverty going to disappear? And do you want me to believe that before the Britishers came to India, India was not poor?

"It was as poor as it is now, perhaps even poorer, because the Britishers brought industry, technology, and that helped the country to become a little better. They brought education, schools, colleges, universities. Before that, there was no way to be educated: the only educated people were the

brahmins, because the father would teach the son. They kept everybody else uneducated because that was the best way to keep them enslaved. Education can become dangerous.

"How are you going to destroy poverty? How are you going to destroy the hundreds of kinds of anxieties and miseries which have nothing to do with the British? Now, a husband is suffering because of his wife--how is it going to help? The Britishers have

gone, okay; but the wife will still be there, the husband will still be there--how is it going to change anything?"

He said, "I know it is very difficult, but let us first get independence."

I said, "I know after independence the problems will be the same, perhaps worse."

They *are* worse. *ignor01*

India became independent in 1947. I was very young, but I had kept my eyes clear and uncontaminated by the older generation. From my very childhood I have insisted on having my own insight, my own intelligence, and I don't want to borrow any knowledge from anybody.

My whole family was involved in the struggle for the freedom of the country.

Everybody had been in jail. Although I was never in jail because of the liberation movement, I suffered as much as one can suffer, because all the earning males were forced into jails and the family was left without any source of earning.

I asked my father, "Are you aware that once you are liberated from the British empire.. and it is going to happen, because now Britain is burdened. They have exploited the land to the maximum; now the situation has reversed--they have to help the country to survive. It is better for them to escape from here and get rid of a burden which has become absolutely unnecessary." They were not here to serve the people, they were here to exploit. And that's exactly what happened.

The revolution happened in 1942 without any effect. It was quashed completely within nine days, and with those nine days all hope of freedom disappeared. But suddenly, out of the blue, Britain decided in 1947 to make the country free.

I told my father, "Don't think that your freedom movement has succeeded. Between the freedom movement and the actual coming of freedom there is a five-year gap.

This is not logical. You are being given freedom because now you have become a burden and a trouble, just your existence."

And I have come to know that researchers, looking into the whole history of the British Parliament and their decisions, found out that the British Prime Minister Attlee sent Mountbatten with the message: "Do it as quickly as possible." He had given him a set time, that, "by 1948 we should get rid of this burden."

Mountbatten proved even more efficient. He managed it one year earlier. But I told my father, "You have been fighting, not knowing that once this country is free it will start having new fights, within itself."

Now Mohammedans have taken Pakistan--it was part and parcel of the freedom, because Mohammedans refused to live with the Hindus. They had lived together for almost fourteen hundred years and there was no problem. In my childhood I have participated in Mohammedan celebrations; Mohammedans were participating in Hindu marriages, Hindu celebrations. There was no question of fight, because everybody was fighting the British empire. Once the British empire was leaving, suddenly the Mohammedans and Hindus became alert--a new division. They declared that they could not live together because their religions are different.

Mohammedans became adamant: "Either the British empire remains.. we can risk freedom, but we cannot live with Hindus in an independent country because they are in the majority. They will rule, and Mohammedans don't have any chance of ruling." *mani20*

My feeling is that Britain has done two things wrong: in the first place, it

imposed slavery on the country; in the second place, like cowards it escaped from its responsibility. Britain should have remained there till they had educated people not to be violent, not to be superstitious, not to be against each other--Hindus against Mohammedans, Mohammedans against Buddhists, Buddhists against Jainas. There are so many sects and subsects, and everybody is against everybody else. And that the country is spiritual, and nonviolence is its ideology--this is all nonsense. This is just hypocrisy.

Britain has done a very lousy job. I was certainly angry with Lord Mountbatten. He was the wrong person to send to India to make India free. He had no experience of politics. In fact, he was just a playboy his whole life. Just to keep him away from England--because he belonged to the royalty, and if a person belonging to the royalty is a playboy, then everybody's wife is in danger, everybody is in danger--so they kept continuously sending him out of England. But you cannot send him out just like that--he was royalty, he could have been the king; it was just by chance that he was not the eldest son.

First they sent him to Burma. When he came back from Burma, immediately he was told, "Pack your luggage and go to India. You have a great job to do: make India independent."

Just think, the sheer immensity of the work! When you make a country a slave for hundreds of years you have to fight, and within a day you can make it independent. I don't see the logic. Even when I was only seventeen, I could not see the logic of it. I wrote a letter to Lord Mountbatten that this is not the right time for this country to be independent. If everything is peaceful, it is simply cold war. Once the pressure of British control is gone, then. . *last203*

Just close to my town, beyond the river, was a small state, Bhopal. The king was Mohammedan, the population was Hindu, so everywhere there were riots because the population wanted the state to merge with India, and the king wanted to merge it with Pakistan because he was Mohammedan. But it was in the middle of India so it was not easy to merge with Pakistan. There was a great fight between the king's forces and the population, and we were just on the other side of the river. We could see

from this side people being killed on the other side.

We caught four dead people who were killed by the forces of the king; somehow they must have fallen in the river, and they came to our side so we caught hold of them. Naturally, I had to persuade people, "This is not good. They have been fighting for the freedom of the country; they wanted the country to merge into India--you should not leave them like that."

They wanted to throw them into the river and be finished: who could be bothered with them? But somehow I gathered a few young people, and then a few old people felt ashamed and they came.

But first, before we could do anything they had to be postmortemed, so we took them to the hospital. The postmortem place was almost two furlongs away behind the hospital, in the jungle. One can understand that they were cutting up bodies.. the smell and everything, so they had made the place that far away outside the city. But we had to carry these four corpses.

That was the first time I saw a brown bag open. The doctor was the father of one of my friends so he allowed me in. He said, "You can see how man looks inside," and he opened the bodies. It was really shocking to see how man looks inside. And this was only the body: later on I saw the postmortem of the mind also. Compared to that it is nothing, this is only the poor body. Your mind is so rich in crap. .

That day one thing happened that I have to tell you, although it is not concerned with what I was going to tell you--but it must be concerned in some way, otherwise why should I remember it?

When we were carrying out the bodies after they were postmortemed. . They put them together again and covered them. One of the leaders of my town, Shri Nath Batt, had always felt as if I was his enemy, for the simple reason that I was a friend of his son and he thought I was corrupting him--and in a way he was right. By chance it happened that we were carrying a corpse together; I was ahead, holding both the poles at the front of the stretcher, and Shri Nath Batt was behind me holding the end of the two poles.

The head of the man, the dead man, was at my end, and the legs at his end. I had just read somewhere that when a man dies of course he loses all control--control over the bladder also, so if you put his head upwards and his legs downwards.. . I thought,

"This is a good chance to see whether that idea is right or wrong," so I just raised the poles.. . And you should have seen what happened--because that corpse pissed and Shri Nath Batt ran away!

And we could not persuade him to come back. He said, "I cannot. Have you ever heard of a dead man pissing? It is a ghost!"

I told him, "You are the leader."

He said, "To hell with the leader! I don't want to be the leader if this is the kind of work I have to do. And I've always known you--from the very beginning. Why did you raise those poles?"

I said, "I don't know, it must have been the ghost. I suddenly felt like somebody was raising my hands up; I am not at all responsible." I had to drag that body alone, for two furlongs, to the hospital.

Shri Nath Batt was in the town telling everybody, "This boy is going to kill somebody someday. Today just by God's grace I am saved. That ghost just pissed over me, on my clothes. And that boy persuaded me: `You have to come because you are the leader; otherwise what will people think?--a leader in times of need, missing. Then remember, at voting time I will not be of any help.' So I went there, but I never thought that he would do such a thing to me." *dark03*

It has always been a problem.. . In my whole life I have not been able to vote, for the simple reason that whenever the officers reached me to fill in the form so that I could be a valid voter, there was a clause, "What is your religion?"

I said, "I don't have any religion. I am a religious person."

They said, "But all the clauses have to be filled in."

I said, "Then you can take your form back. I am not so much interested in voting anyway, because it is an unnecessary anxiety when you have to choose between two idiots. Whom to vote for?--whoever you vote for, you are voting for an idiot. It is better not to vote, at least your hands are clean. You can see: my hands are absolutely clean!" *rebel10*

Assassination of Mahatma Gandhi

In January 1948 Mahatma Gandhi is assassinated:

To me, at that age, Mahatma Gandhi appeared to be only a businessman. I have spoken against him thousands of times because I don't agree with anything in his philosophy of life. But the day he was shot dead--I was seventeen--my father caught me weeping.

He said, "You, and weeping for Mahatma Gandhi? You have always been arguing against him." My whole family was Gandhian, they had all gone to jail for following his politics. I was the only black sheep, and they were, of course, all pure white.

Naturally he asked, "Why are you weeping?"

I said, "I am not only weeping but I want to participate in the funeral. Don't waste my time because I have to catch the train, and this is the last one that will get there on time."

He was even more astonished. He said, "I can't believe it! Have you gone mad?"

I said, "We will discuss that later on. Don't be worried, I will be coming back."

And do you know that when I reached Delhi, Masto was on the platform waiting for me. He said, "I thought that however much you are against Gandhi, you still have a certain regard for the man. That is only my feeling.. ." He then said, "It may or may not be so, but I depended on it. And this is the only train that passes through your village. If you were to come, I knew you would have to be on this train; otherwise you would not be coming. So I came to receive you, and my feeling was right."

I said to him, "If you had spoken before about my feeling for Gandhi, I would not have argued with you, but you were always trying to convince me, and then it is not a question of feeling, it is pure argument. Either you win, or the other fellow wins. If you had mentioned only once that it is a question of feeling, I would not have even touched that subject at all, because then there would have been no argument."

Particularly--just so that it is on the record--I want to say to you that there were many things about Mahatma Gandhi that I loved and liked, but his whole philosophy of life was absolutely disagreeable to me. So many things about him that I would have appreciated remained neglected. Let us put the record right.

I loved his truthfulness. He never lied; even though in the very midst of all kinds of lies, he remained rooted in his truth. I may not agree with his truth, but I cannot say that he was not truthful. Whatsoever was truth to him, he was full of it.

It is a totally different matter that I don't think his truth to be of any worth, but that is my problem, not his. He never lied. I respect his truthfulness, although he knows nothing of the truth--which I am continuously forcing you to take a jump into.. .

But there are a few things about him that I respect and love--like his cleanliness.

Now, you will say, "Respect for such small things.. ?" No, they are not small, particularly in India, where saints, so-called saints, are expected to live in all kinds of filth. Gandhi tried to be clean. He was the cleanest ignorant man in the world. I love his cleanliness.

I also love that he respected all religions. Of course, my reasons and his are different.

But at least he respected all religions--of course for the wrong reasons, because he did not know what truth is, so how could he judge what was right, or whether any

religions were right, whether all were right, or whether any ever could be right?

There was no way. Again, he was a businessman, so why irritate anybody? Why annoy them?...

I disagree with him, and yet I know he has a few small qualities worth millions.

His simplicity. .nobody could write so simply and nobody could make so much effort just to be simple in his writing. He would try for hours to make a sentence more simple, more telegraphic. He would reduce it as much as possible, and whatsoever he thought true, he tried to live it sincerely. That it was not true is another matter, but about that what could he do? He thought it was true. I pay him respect for his sincerity, and that he lived it whatsoever the consequences. He lost his life just because of that sincerity.

With Mahatma Gandhi, India lost its whole past, because never before was anybody in India shot dead or crucified. That had not been the way of this country. Not that they are very tolerant people, but just so snobbish, they don't think anybody is worth crucifying. .they are far higher.

With Mahatma Gandhi India ended a chapter, and also began a chapter. I wept, not because he had been killed--because everybody has to die, there is not much in it.

And it is better to die the way he died, rather than dying on a hospital bed--

particularly in India. It was a clean and beautiful death in that way. And I am not protecting the murderer, Nathuram Godse. He is a murderer, and about him I cannot say, "Forgive him because he did not know what he was doing." He knew exactly what he was doing. He cannot be forgiven. Not that I am hard on him, just factual.

I had to explain all this to my father later on, after I came back. And it took me many days, because it is really a complicated relationship between me and Mahatma Gandhi. Ordinarily, either you appreciate somebody or you don't. It is not so with me--and not only with Mahatma Gandhi.

I'm really a stranger. I feel it every moment. I can like a certain thing about a person, but at the same time there may be something standing by the side of it which I hate, and I have to decide, because I cannot cut the person in two.

I decided to be against Mahatma Gandhi, not because there was nothing in him that I could have loved--there was much, but much more was there which had far-reaching implications for the whole world. I had to decide to be against a man I may have loved if--and that "if" is almost unbridgeable--if he had not been against progress, against prosperity, against science, against technology. In fact, he was against almost everything for which I stand: more technology and more science, and more richness and affluence.

I am not for poverty, he was. I am not for primitiveness, he was. But still, whenever I see even a small ingredient of beauty, I appreciate it. And there were a few things in that man which are worth understanding.

He had an immense capacity to feel the pulse of millions of people together. No doctor can do it; even to feel the pulse of one person is very difficult, particularly a person like me. You can try feeling my pulse; you will even lose your pulse, or if not the pulse then at least the purse, which is even better!

Gandhi had the capacity to know the pulse of the people. Of course, I am not interested in those people, but that is another thing. I'm not interested in thousands of things; that does not mean that those who are genuinely working, intelligently

reaching to some depth, are not to be appreciated. Gandhi had that capacity, and I appreciate it. I would have loved to meet him now, because when I was only a ten-year-old lad, all that he could get from me were those three rupees. Now I could have given him the whole paradise--but that was not to happen, at least in this life.

glimps45

Osho's early experiences as story-teller

and public speaker

I love stories, and all this started with my Nani. She was a lover of stories too. Not that she used to tell me stories; just the contrary, she used to provoke me to tell her stories, all kinds of stories and gossips. She listened so attentively that she made me into a story teller. Just for her I would find something interesting, because she would wait the whole day just to listen to my story. If I could not find anything, then I would invent. She is responsible: all credit or blame, whatsoever you call it, goes to her. I invented stories to tell her just so she would not be disappointed, and I can promise you that I became a successful story teller just for her sake.

I started winning in competitions when I was just a child in primary school, and that continued to the very end, when I left university. I collected so many prizes, medals and cups and shields and whatnot, that my grandmother became just a young girl again. Whenever she would bring someone to show them my prizes and awards, she was no longer an old woman, she became almost young again. Her whole house became almost a museum because I went on sending her my prizes. Up till high school, of course, I was almost a resident in her house. It was just for courtesy's sake that I used to visit my parents in the daytime; but the night was hers, because that was the time to tell the stories.

I can still see myself by the side of her bed, with her listening so attentively to what I was saying. Each word uttered by me was absorbed by her as if it were of immense value. And it became valuable just because she took it in with so much love and respect. When it had knocked on my door it was just a beggar, but when it entered into her house, it was no longer the same person. The moment she called me, saying,

"Raja! Now tell me what happened to you today--the whole thing. Promise me you will not leave out anything at all," the beggar dropped all that made him look like a beggar; now he was a king. Every day I had to promise her, and even though I told her everything that happened, she would insist, "Tell me something more," or "Tell me that one again."

Many times I said to her, "You will spoil me; both you and Shambhu Babu are spoiling me forever." And they really did their job well. I collected

hundreds of awards. There was not a single high school in the whole state where I had not spoken and won--except once. .

In fact my grandmother's house had become, by and by, just a museum for my shields, cups and medals. But she was very happy, immensely happy. It was a small house to be cluttered with all this rubbish, but she was happy that I went on sending her all my prizes, from college and from the university. I went on and on, and every

year I won dozens of cups, either for debate or for eloquence or for story-telling competitions.

But I tell you one thing: both she and Shambhu Babu spoiled me by their being so attentive. They taught me, without teaching, the art of speaking. When somebody listens so attentively, you immediately start saying something you had not planned or even imagined; it simply flows. It is as if attention becomes magnetic and attracts that which is hidden in you.

My own experience is that this world will not become a beautiful place to live in unless everybody learns how to be attentive. Right now, nobody is attentive. Even when people are showing that they are listening; they are not listening, they are doing a thousand other things. Hypocrites just pretending. .but not the way an attentive listener should be--just all attention, just attention and nothing else, just open. Attention is a feminine quality, and everybody who knows the art of attention, of being attentive, becomes, in a certain sense, very feminine, very fragile, soft; so soft that you could scratch him with just your nails.

My Nani would wait the whole day for the time when I would come back home to tell her stories. And you will be surprised how, unknowingly, she prepared me for the job that I was going to do. It was she who first heard many of the stories that I have told you. It was her to whom I could tell any nonsense without any fear.

The other person, Shambhu Babu, was totally different from my Nani. My Nani was very intuitive, but not intellectual. Shambhu Babu was also intuitive, but intellectual too. He was an intellectual of the first grade. I have come across many intellectuals, some famous and some very famous, but

none of them came close to Shambhu Babu.

He was really a great synthesis. Assagioli would have loved the man. He had intuition plus intellect, and both not in small measure, but high peaks. He also used to listen to me, and would wait all day until school had finished. Every day after school was his.

The moment I was released from the prison, my school, I would first go to Shambhu Babu. He would be ready with tea and a few sweets that he knew I liked. I mention it because people rarely think of the other person. He always arranged things with the other person in mind. I have never seen anybody bother about the other as he did.

Most people, although they prepare for others, they do it according to themselves really, forcing the other person to like what they themselves like.

That was not Shambhu Babu's way. His thinking of the other was one of the things I loved and respected in him. He always purchased things only after asking the shopkeepers what my Nani used to buy. I came to know this only after he died. Then the shopkeepers told me, the sweetmakers too, that "Shambhu Babu always used to ask a strange question: 'What does that old woman, who lives there alone near the river--what does she purchase from you?' We never bothered why he asked, but now we know: he was inquiring about what you liked."

I was also amazed that he was always ready with the very things that I liked. He was a man of the law, so naturally he found a way. From school I would rush to his house, take my tea and sweets that he had bought; then he was ready. Even before I had finished, he was ready to listen to what I had to tell him. He would say, "Just tell me anything you like. It's not a question of what you say, but that you say it."

His emphasis was very clear. I was left absolutely free, with not even a subject to talk about, free to say anything I wanted. He always added, "If you want to remain silent, you can. I will listen to your silence." And once in a while it would happen that I would not say a single thing. There was nothing to say.

And when I closed my eyes he too would close his eyes, and we would sit like the Quakers, just in silence. There were so many times, day after day, when I either spoke or else we stayed in silence. I once said to him, "Shambhu Babu, it looks a little strange for you to listen to a child. It would be more appropriate if you spoke and I listened."

He laughed and said, "That is impossible. I cannot say anything to you, and will not say anything ever, for the simple reason that I don't know. And I am grateful to you for making me aware of my ignorance."

Those two people gave me so much attention that in my early childhood I became aware of the fact, which only now psychologists are talking about, that attention is a kind of food, a nourishment. A child can be perfectly taken care of, but if he is not paid any attention there is every possibility that he will not survive. Attention seems to be the most important ingredient in one's nourishment. *glimps25*

I have been fortunate in that way. My Nani and Shambhu Babu started the ball rolling, and as it rolled on, it gathered more and more moss. Without ever learning how to speak, I became a speaker. I still don't know how to speak, and I have reached thousands of people--without even knowing how to begin. Can you see the amusing part of it? I must have spoken more than any man in the whole of history, although I am still only fifty-one.

I started speaking so early, yet I was not in any way what you call a speaker in the Western world. Not a speaker who says, "Ladies and Gentlemen," and all that nonsense--all borrowed and nothing experienced. I was not a speaker in that sense, but I spoke with my whole heart aflame, afire. I spoke not as an art but as my very life. And from my early schooldays it was recognized, not by one but by many, that my speaking seemed to be coming from my heart, that I was not trying parrotlike to repeat something I had prepared. Something spontaneous was being born, then and there. *glimps25*

I have never proved myself superior to anybody. I have never been assertive in that sense, of dominating. But I started speaking very early in my life, when I was in high school, and the principal was amazed. He could not believe that a student could speak in such a way.

Then I was speaking continuously throughout my whole university career. I had won so many shields, cups, inter-university competitions around India, that my mother started asking me, "Where are we going to keep all these things you go on bringing again and again?" But I have never learned speaking in a school, or oratory.

I have never read a single book on how to speak, simply because I want to be just myself. Why should I read somebody else's book? I can speak in my own way.

And what is the problem? Everybody speaks, and everybody speaks beautifully. But something happens; if you are brought to the podium before the microphone, something strange happens. You forget speaking--which you have been doing since your very childhood. Standing before an audience of thousands of people, so many thousands of eyes on you, you become afraid whether you will be able to perform

according to their expectations or not. It is, somewhere, your inferiority complex that gives you trouble. Otherwise, it is just the same whether you are talking to one person or you are talking to one million people.

If you are clean inside, having no wounds of inferiority, then who cares what people expect of you? You have never fulfilled anybody's expectations. You have been simply living your life according to your own insight, intuition, intelligence. And that's the way it should be. A healthy human being will not have an inferiority complex. *bond31*

I remember my first lecture.. . It was in high school. All the high schools in the district had sent a speaker there. I was chosen to be the representative of my school, not because I was the best--I cannot say that--but only because I was the most troublesome. If I had not been chosen there would have been trouble, that much was certain. So they decided to choose me, but they were not aware that wherever I am, trouble starts anyway.

I started the speech without the normal address to "Mister President, Ladies and Gentlemen... " I looked the president up and down, and said to myself, "No, he does not look like a president." Then I looked around and said to myself, "No, nobody here seems to be either a lady or a gentleman,

so unfortunately I have to begin my speech without addressing anybody in particular. I can only say, 'To whom it may concern.'"

Later on my principal called me, because I had still won the prize, even after this.

He said, "What happened to you? You behaved strangely. We prepared you but you never said a single word that you were taught. Not only you completely forgot the prepared lecture, you did not even address the president or the ladies or gentlemen."

I said, "I looked around, and there were no gentlemen. I knew all those fellows very well, and not one is a gentleman. As far as the ladies are concerned, they are even worse because they are the wives of these same fellows. And the president...he seems to have been sent by God to preside over all the meetings in this town. I am tired of him. I cannot call him 'Mister President' when in fact I would rather have hit him."

On that day, when the president had called me for my prize, I said, "Okay, but remember you will have to come down here and shake hands with me."

He said, "What! Shake hands with you! I will never even look at you. You insulted me."

I said, "I will show you."

Since that day he became my enemy. I know the art of how to make enemies. His name was Shri Nath Bhatt, a prominent politician in the town. Of course he was the leader of the most influential Gandhian political party. Those were the days when India was under (the influence of) the British Raj. Perhaps as far as freedom is concerned India is still not free. It may be free from the British Raj, but not free from the bureaucracy which the British Raj created. *glimps38*

I started saying in 1950 that birth control should be propagated, and anybody who opposes it should be thought a criminal. I was stoned, because I was speaking against religion, because children come from God. At that time, India had a population of four hundred million people. If they

had listened to me, they would

not have been in such a mess. Now their population is more than double--almost nine hundred million people.

But the politician is concerned only with his power. He is not concerned that by the end of this century, fifty million people will die of starvation in this country. Every street, every house will be surrounded by rotting corpses. In fact it will be better to die rather than to live amongst fifty million dead people--nobody will be able to take them to the graveyard or to the funeral pyre. *mess123*

When for the first time, somewhere in 1950, I entered a radio station studio for a lecture to be recorded. . They wanted to display it all over India, broadcast it, for the simple reason that I was so young and the director of the radio station had heard me speaking in a university debate. He could not believe what I was saying, so he invited me to the studio sometime "to record any subject you give me."

Obviously he was worried, because I was in a studio for the first time. I had never spoken in an empty room just in front of the microphone, so he said, "You will feel a little awkward, but just once or twice in the beginning it happens. It happens to everybody, so don't be worried."

I said, "I will not feel awkward, because I have been talking to the walls."

He said, "What do you mean 'to the walls'?"

I said, "That day also when you were listening and you got impressed and you brought me here--to you there were people, to me there were only empty benches.

The people were gone in all directions. Nobody was there. It was absolutely empty; there were only walls around. So don't be worried."

He thought me a little crazy, but he said, "Okay, you do it. I will be watching you from the outside, giving you the signals when to start, when to stop."

I said, "Don't be worried. Just tell me the time, and I will start and I will stop,

because you will be a constant disturbance standing there in the window"--it was enclosed with glass. "And from outside you will be making signs. Don't disturb me.

You simply give me the time when I have to start. Ten-thirty?--I will start then. At ten-forty I will stop. You don't bother."

He watched from there, and he was very puzzled because it was as if I was talking to people, the way I am talking to you! He had seen many orators giving their speeches for records but he had never seen people moving their hands and talking and looking at people.

When he came in he said, "What were you doing?"

I said, "It is not a question of whether people are there or not--they are *never* there.

And I can't speak without my hands. If you hold my hands I cannot speak a single word, because it is not only that a part of me is speaking, it is my whole being that is involved in it. My eyes, my hands, my whole body's involved. My whole body is saying something, is supporting what I am saying in words."

He said, "I don't understand you, because first you said that you always talk to the walls. That, I was puzzling about. And when I saw you talking here I saw that you are talking to people. I actually looked into the room to see if there was somebody."

I have been talking, many have been hearing, a few have been listening; and slowly slowly I have been sorting out those people who are capable of listening. *misery21*

Osho's growing library

But I have been collecting books from my high school days. You will be surprised that by the time I was a matriculate I had read thousands of books and collected hundreds of books of my own--and great masterpieces. I was finished with Khalil Gibran, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Chekhov, Gorky, Turgenev--the best as far as writing is concerned. When I

was finishing my intermediate I was finished with Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Bertrand Russell--all the philosophers that I could find in any library, in any bookshop, or borrow from anybody. *person04*

I have been interested in communism from my very childhood. .communist literature--perhaps there is no book that is missing from my library. I have signed and dated each book before 1950. I was absolutely concerned to know about communism, everything. For three years, 1948, 1949, and 1950, I had collected all the literature possible. And I stopped at 1950. I have not read anything after 1950

about communism, for or against.

It is very strange.. I go on forgetting small things. I cannot count up to five--after the third finger I start hesitating, whether it is fourth or third. But in these forty years I have not forgotten a single name of the communist revolutionaries. Small details are so vivid before me, because that was my first entry into the intellectual world. It got deeply rooted in me. But I never became a member of a communist party, because I could see something was missing.

It is a grand plan for humanity, but something central is missing: it has no soul, it is a corpse.

Because nothing new was happening, I stopped reading. And nothing new has happened since then, except Gorbachev. . .

First I was deeply interested in communism, but finding that it is a corpse I became interested in anarchism--that was also a Russian phenomenon--Prince Kropotkin, Bakunin, Leo Tolstoy. All three were anarchists: no state, no government in the world. But I saw the point that they have a beautiful dream but with this criminal humanity, with this stupid mass, if there is no government and no court and no police there will be simply chaos, not anarchism.

I have been always very scientific in my approach, either outside or inside.

Communism can be the base. Then spiritualism has to be its growth, to

provide what is missing. *fire04*

No child has asked for respect. You ask for toys sweets, clothes, a bicycle, and things like that. You get them, but these are not the real things which are going to make your life blissful.

I asked him (my father) for money only when I wanted to purchase more books; I never asked money for anything else. And I told him, "When I ask for money for books you had better give it to me."

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "I simply mean that if you don't give it to me then I will have to steal it. I don't want to be a thief but if you force me then there is no way. You know I don't have money. I need these books and I am going to have them, that you know. So if money is not given to me then I will take it; and remember in your mind that it was you who forced me to steal."

He said, "No need to steal. Whenever you need money you simply come and take it."

And I said, "You be assured it is only for the books," but there was no need for the assurance because he went on seeing my library growing in the house. Slowly there was no place in the house for anything other than my books.

And my father said, "Now, first we had a library in our house, now in the library we have a house! And we all have to take care of your books because if something goes wrong with any book you make so much fuss, you create so much trouble that everybody is afraid of your books. And they are everywhere; you cannot avoid stumbling on them. And there are small children.. ."

I said, "Small children are not a problem to me; the problem is the older children.

The smaller children--I respect them so much that they are very protective of my books."

It was a strange thing to see in my house. My younger brothers and sisters were all protective of my books when I was not there: nobody could touch my books. And they would clean them and they would keep them in the right place, wherever I had put them, so when I needed any book I could find it. And it was a simple matter because I was so respectful to them, and they could not show their respect in any other way than to be respectful to my books.

I said, "The real problems are the older children--my uncles, my aunts, my father's sisters, my father's brothers-in-law--these are the people who are the trouble. I don't want anybody else to mark my books, underline in my books, and these people go on doing that." I hated the very idea that somebody should underline in my books.

One of my father's brothers-in-law was a professor, so he must have been in the habit of underlining. And he found so many beautiful books, that whenever he used to come he would write notes on my books. I had to tell him, "This is simply not only unmannerly, uncivilized, it shows what kind of mind you have.

"I don't want books from the libraries, I don't read books from the libraries, for the simple reason that they are underlined, marked. Somebody else has emphasized something. I don't want that, because without your knowing, that emphasis enters your mind. If you are reading a book and something is underlined with red, that line stands out. You have read the whole page but that line stands out. It leaves a different impact on your mind.

"I have an aversion to reading somebody else's books, underlined, marked. To me it is just like somebody going to a prostitute. A prostitute is nothing but a woman underlined and marked--notes all over her from different people in different languages. You would like a woman fresh, not underlined by somebody else.

"To me a book is not just a book, it is a love affair. If you underline any book then you have to pay for it and take it. Then I don't want that book here, because one dirty fish can make the whole pond dirty. I don't want any book prostituted--you take it."

He was very angry because he could not understand. I said, "You don't understand me because you don't know me much. You just talk to my father."

And my father said to him, "lt was your fault. Why did you underline his book? Why did you write a note in his book? What purpose did it serve to you?--because the

book will remain in his library. In the first place you never asked his permission--

that you wanted to read his book.

"Nothing happens here without his permission if it is his thing; because if you take his thing without permission then he starts taking everybody's things without permission. And that creates trouble. Just the other day one of my friends was going to catch the train and he took away his suitcase. . "

My father's friend was going crazy: "Where is the suitcase?"

I said, "I know where it is, but in your suitcase there is one of my books. I am not interested in your suitcase, I am simply trying to save my book." I opened it--I had said, "Open the suitcase," but he was very reluctant because he had stolen the book--

and the book was found. I said, "Now you pay the penalty, because this is simply barbarious.

"You were a guest here; we respected you, we served you. We did everything for you--and you steal a book of a poor boy who has no money: a boy who has to threaten his father that 'if you don't give me money then I am going to steal. And then don't ask, Why did I do it?--because then wherever I can steal, I will steal.'

"These books are not cheap--and you just kept it in your suitcase. You cannot deceive my eyes. When I enter my room I know whether my books are all there or not, whether something is missing."

So my father said to the professor who had underlined my book, "Never do

that to him. Take this book and replace it with a fresh one."

My approach is simple:

Everybody has to be assertive, not aggressive. *misery15*

One of my brothers, my fourth brother, Niklanka, has been collecting everything concerning me from his very childhood. Everybody laughed at him. Even I asked him, "Niklanka, why do you bother to collect everything about me?"

He said, "I don't know, but somehow there is a deep feeling in me that someday these things will be needed."

I said, "Then go ahead. If you feel like that, go ahead, do it." And it is because of Niklanka that a few pictures of my childhood have been saved. He has collected things which now have significance.

He was always collecting things. Even if I threw something away in the wastepaper basket, he would search to see if I had thrown away something I had written.

Whatsoever it was, he would collect it because of my handwriting. The whole town thought he was mad. People even said to me, "You are mad, and he seems to be even more mad!"

But he loved me as nobody in my whole family did--although they all loved me, but nobody like him.. . *Glimps50*

1948 High School

You ask me: *Why were You so mischievous in Your childhood?*

Do you think I am different? Not a bit. I am still the same. I did not allow my childhood to be spoiled by anybody. And what you think of as mischievous, I have

never thought about it in that way. Even today I don't think that anything I have ever done was a mischief I had my reasons, and very valid reasons.

For example: the first day I entered high school from my middle school.. . In high school they used to have a prayer at the beginning of the day. It was a very famous song of Mirza Iqbal, who was one of the greatest Urdu poets of this age. As far as the language is concerned, it is certainly a great piece of art, but the philosophy behind it is ugly. The song says: "My country, my nation, is the best of all the nations. My country is a beautiful garden and we are nightingales in this garden. . " And that's the way it goes on.

I said to the principal who was standing in front of the two thousand students and fifty teachers, "I will not participate in this prayer because to me this is absolute rubbish. Every country thinks of itself in the same way and every country has its ego in it.

"You ask the Chinese, you ask the Japanese, you ask the Germans, you ask the English, you ask anybody--they all think the same. So what Iqbal has written is simply rubbish as far as the philosophical background is concerned. And I am against the very concept of "nation". The world is one; I cannot say that my country is the best of all the countries.

"And I don't even see the reason for singing the song. It is not only that I am against nationalism, the song is untrue too, because what do you have?--poverty, slavery, starvation, sicknesses, increasing population and increasing problems. And you call this our garden and we are its nightingales! I don't see a single nightingale anywhere! These fifty teachers are here; can anybody raise his hand and say, 'I am a nightingale'? Let him sing, and let us see! These two thousand students are here; can anyone say it? Look at these poor students."

And they used to come from faraway villages, miles every day, from at least a twenty mile radius around the city, because there was no other high school except this.

"They walk, they come utterly tired, they are hungry. And I have seen what they bring with them: just dry bread, not even buttered, and a little piece of salt. That's all that they bring every day and every day they eat it.

"These are your trees, this is your garden? So factually also it is not right. And I don't care whether Iqbal is a Nobel prize-winning poet or not. I don't

care. It does not make me feel like singing this song; in every way uttering a lie."

The principal was so annoyed and so irritated that he could not speak for anger; he became almost red. Trembling, he went into his office and brought out his cane which was very famous--but he rarely used it. He told me to put both my hands in front of him, and he said, "This is my answer, and remember it."

I said, "These are my hands. You can beat my hands or my whole body if you want, but before you start, remember that from here I am going directly to the police station, because this is legally prohibited. Both you and your cane will be behind bars."

It was illegal to beat any student, but nobody cared. Still today, in India, students are beaten. And the law that students should not be physically beaten has existed for at least fifty years. So I said, "You decide. Here are my hands, this is your cane; you are here. And remember, these two thousand students are eyewitnesses, fifty teachers

are eyewitnesses, and you will leave your signature on my hands. Leave it there! If you have any guts, beat me."

I can remember even today that he remained almost like a statue. The cane fell from his hand. He just turned back and went into his office. I told all the students, "Now you need not be worried; we are finished with this song. Unless they find something reasonable, we will simply be standing here for ten minutes in silence."

Now, do you call that mischief? It *can* be called mischief, and it was mischief in the eyes of my principal.. .

For three years he avoided me like anything. But I will not say it was mischief although it will appear so. I don't see a single point supporting the idea that it was mischief.

For three years, while I was in the high school, we continued the silence. The ten minutes' silence continued instead of prayer, because they could

not come up with something better. Whatsoever they brought up I was capable of finding faults with.

And without my approval, I was not going to allow it. So finally they decided, "Let this boy be gone from here, then. . " And the day I left the school and went to the university. .

I came back in some holidays and I went there to see what was happening: and the children were repeating the same song again. I went to the principal and I said, "I have just come to check. It has not reached your mind at all--again you started the same thing."

But he said, "Now please leave us alone. I was afraid that if you failed, then you would be here for one year more. I was praying for you to pass. I had told all the teachers to support you, to help you so that you pass. Any way you should not fail, otherwise one year more.. . But now, you leave us alone."

I said, "I will not be coming again and again. I have just come to check and to see whether you have any mind or not, and you seem to be absolutely unintelligent. You are a postgraduate in science, and that too in mathematics--which is just an extension of logic--but you can't understand a simple thing. I will not be coming here because now I am occupied in the university. There are so many problems there, I cannot take care of your school." *ignor21*

The disease is not only dangerous, the disease is as ancient as man. The disease comes from the idea of comparison.

We are always comparing; from our very childhood we are taught comparison.

Somebody else's child is more cute, more beautiful, more intelligent; somebody else's child is more obedient, and you are not..

All educational systems depend on comparison: somebody comes first, and somebody is the last in the class; somebody passes, somebody fails. Teachers appreciate students who are obedient; they hate the students,

they punish the students who are not obedient in every way.

The whole structure of society is continuously comparing, and the very idea of comparison is absolutely false.

Each individual is unique because there is nobody else like him. Comparison would have been right if all individuals were alike; they are not. Even twins are not absolutely alike; it is impossible to find another man who is exactly like you. So we are comparing unique people--which creates the whole trouble.

When I entered my high school, I came first in the class. Somebody came thirtieth, and he was crying. I went to him and said, "You need not cry, and if you are crying I will sit by your side and start crying."

He said, "But why should you cry? You have come first."

I said, "This is all nonsense. It is only a question of seeing from where you are seeing: on that side I am first; on this side you are first, nobody could beat you. I can be defeated, but you cannot be defeated."

He started laughing at the idea that from the other end of the line he is also first; in fact, I am thirtieth from the other side.

In my vision, in schools there should be no examinations, so nobody comes first and nobody comes second, nobody passes and nobody fails. In schools there should be merits given every day by every teacher in different subjects to each student. And based on all those merits it should be decided when a child is ready to move into another class. Some child may be ready within two months; there is no need for him to wait one year. Some child may move after eight months, some child may move after twelve months, some child may take fifteen months. But nobody is higher than the other; everybody is moving according to his pace, according to his interest.

Everybody has some uniqueness.

Education should be organized in such a way that that uniqueness comes over, becomes an actuality.

There should be no hierarchy in the world. *socrat12*

When I entered high school, I had a teacher who was a little eccentric about a few things. One was that whenever he took the attendance, he would not allow anybody to say, 'Yes, Sir.' When he called the names he would insist that we would say,

'Present, Sir.' And I loved it, because I started meditating. This is what I used to do: when he called my name, I would say, 'Present, Sir,' and I would be really present. I would forget everything and just stop and be present, pure presence.

He became aware by and by that I was doing something else. One day he called me after the class and said. 'What are you doing? You seem to be mysterious. When you say, "Present, Sir," what do you do exactly?--because suddenly your face changes, your eyes change, your movements stop, and I have started feeling some energy coming towards me. What are you doing? I feel very pulled,' he said, 'and sometimes now I have even started remembering you. In my home sometimes I suddenly hear you calling, "Present, Sir," and something happens to me. But what are you doing?'

If you just become present suddenly, the whole energy changes. The continuity that was going on in the mind stops. *sale14*

As far back as I can remember, I loved only one game--to argue.. . To argue about everything. So very few grownup people could stand me. Understanding was out of the question.. .

I was never interested in going to school. That was the worst place. I was forced finally to go, but I resisted as much as I could, because there were only children who were not interested in things I was interested in and I was not interested in things they all were interested in. So I was an outsider.

My interest has remained the same: to know what is the ultimate truth, what is the meaning of life, why I am here and not anyone else. And I was determined that

unless I find the answer, I am not going to rest, and I am not going to let anybody around me rest, either. *last113*

The ego wants you to be indispensable to existence, that without your work, existence will not be complete.

The same teaching was given to me by my parents, by my teachers, that "you have to do some work in your life; otherwise your life is just the life of a vagabond, a bum." I said, "Perhaps that is the work I am here for, to be a vagabond! Anyway, a few people are needed to be vagabonds.. "

The teacher who was telling me about the work said, "It is very difficult to discuss with you." And I said to him, "This is a very psychological trap to enslave people into some work by giving nourishment to their ego, to say that by fulfilling this work you will have fulfilled your destiny."

I said to the teacher, "I don't have any destiny, because I cannot conceive that existence has any destiny. What destiny could existence have? When the work of existence is complete, that will mean an absolute death, because nothing more is there to be done. Everything has been done, so drop the curtain." I said, "I cannot see any purpose in the flowers, any purpose in the trees, any purpose in the oceans, any purpose in the stars.. "

Existence is not a work, it is a celebration--a sheer dance of energy which will go on and on forever in different forms, but cannot disappear. The energy is eternal.

And I said to the teacher, "Never again mention work to me. Celebration is okay, but work? It is destroying the whole beauty of life. And I am in tune with existence, not in tune with you. You can go on doing your work. What work are you doing? Just being a geography teacher. I cannot conceive why existence needs a geography teacher. The whole geography is of the existence; what is the need of a teacher?"

It is a very wrong conditioning that has created a workaholic society, which condemns people who are not participating. *mani26*

I was continually insisting to my teachers, to my professors, to my vice-

chancellors,

"I don't want a bookish answer. That I can find in the library, I don't need you for that. I want your personal experience. Have you experienced anything that you can go on teaching?"

And I have seen their embarrassed faces, their empty eyes, their empty souls. Yes, they are full of rubbish, all kinds of doctrines, creeds, cults. If you want them to give you a sermon then they can give you a sermon, a beautiful sermon, on the ultimate goal of life.

And the truth is, life is only immediate; there is nothing ultimate. *dark16*

Alone you are born, alone you will die. Between these two alonenesses you can deceive yourself that you are not alone, that you have a wife, a husband, children, money, power. But between these two alonenesses you *are* alone. Everything is just to keep yourself engaged in something or other, so that you don't become aware of it.

From my very childhood I have never been associating with people. My whole family was very much concerned: I was not playing with children, and I have never played with them.

My teachers were concerned: "What do you go on doing when all the children are playing? You sit under the tree just by yourself." They thought something was wrong with me.

And I told them, "You need not be worried. The reality is that something is wrong with *you,* and wrong with all your children. I am perfectly happy to be alone."

Slowly slowly they accepted that that's how I am; nothing can be done about it. They tried in every way to help me to mix with other children of my age. But I enjoyed being alone so much that it looked almost neurotic to play football.

And I told my teacher, "I don't see any point in it. Why unnecessarily hit the football from here to there? There is no point. And even if you make the goal, so what? What is achieved out of it? And if these people love making

goals so much, then rather than having one football, have eighteen footballs. Give everybody one, and he makes as many goals as he wants, nobody prevents him. Let them have goals to their heart's content! This way it is too difficult--why make it unnecessarily difficult?"

And my teacher said, "You don't understand at all that that will not be a game, if eighteen footballs are given to the children, and everybody is making goals as many times as he wants. That will not help."

I said, "I don't understand, that creating hindrances, preventing people.. . They fall and they have fractures and all kinds of nonsense. And not only that: when there are matches, thousands of people gather to see them. It seems these people don't know that life is so short--and they are watching a football match! And they are so excited-

-jumping, shouting. To me, it is absolutely neurotic. I would rather sit under my tree."

I had my tree, a very beautiful tree, behind my school building. It became known that it was my tree, so nobody would go there. I used to sit there whenever there was time for play, or time for any kind of neurotic activity--"extra-curricular"

activities.

And I found so much under that tree that whenever I used to go back to my town, I never went to the principal whose office was just close to the tree--just behind his office was the tree--but I used to go to the tree just to thank it, to show my gratitude.

The principal would come out, and he would say, "This is strange. You come to the town--you never come to me, you never come to the school, but you always come to this tree."

I said, "I have experienced much more under that tree than under your guidance and that of all kinds of mad teachers that you have. They have not given anything to me--

in fact, whatever they gave to me I had to get rid of. But what this tree has

given to me is still with me."

And you will be surprised--it happened twice, so it cannot be just coincidence. . In 1970 I stopped going to the town, because I gave a promise to my grandmother: "I will come only while you are alive. When you are gone, I have nothing to come here for."

I was informed that when I stopped going to the town, the tree died. I thought it must have been an accident, just a coincidence; it could not be connected with me.

But it happened twice.*...

I understand that there is some synchronicity. If you silently sit with a tree.. the tree is silent, you are silent. .and two silences cannot remain separate, there is no way to divide them.

You are here. If you are all thinking thoughts, you are separate. But if you are all silent, then suddenly there is something like a collective soul.

Perhaps those two trees missed me. Nobody came close to them again, nobody with whom they could communicate. They died because they could not get any warmth from anybody. I had tremendous love and respect for those trees. *bond25*

*Note: refers to a tree at Jabalpur University when Osho was a professor, see Part V

In my high school days, I was almost always late because I was interested in so many things on the way. I always started from home to reach the school at the right time, but I never reached because so much was going on along the way--some magician was doing his tricks, and it was irresistible. Just to leave that magician and go to study. .some stupid teacher talking about geography. .

So I was punished continually, but soon my teachers realized that it was useless to punish me. Their first punishment was to tell me to go around the high school building seven times. I would ask, "If I go eleven times will it do?"

They would say, "Are you mad? This is a punishment."

I said, "I know this is a punishment, but I have missed my morning exercise. So if I make it my morning exercise, you are not losing anything. Your punishment is covered, my morning exercise is complete; nobody is losing anything, both are gaining."

So they stopped that, because this wouldn't do. They would tell me to stand outside the class. I said, "That's good, because I love the open air. The class is dark and dirty, and outside it is so beautiful. And in fact, sitting inside I am always looking outside.

Who cares what you are teaching?--the birds are singing, the trees are blossoming.. it is so beautiful outside."

The headmaster would come on his round, and every day he would find me standing outside. And he would say, "What is the matter?"

I said, "Nothing is the matter. I love to stand outside; it is healthier, hygienic. And you can see how beautiful it is."

But he said, "I will see your teacher. How is it that he allows you to stand outside?"

I said, "I don't know, but he tells me himself, every day, `Stand outside.' So now I don't even ask him. It has become a routine, so I simply come and stand here."

He asked the teacher. The teacher said, "It must have been thirty days ago! I told him only once to stand outside--since then he has not entered the class. I was thinking it was a punishment, and he is enjoying it. Not only that, he is spreading the rumor among the students that it is hygienic, it is healthy. And they are asking me, `Sir, can we also stand outside?' Then what am I to do here? Then I will also go and stand outside."

It is a question of how you take things. *enligh04*

One of my teachers was very perfectionistic, a great disciplinarian, a very

beautiful man. Every year he started his class with the same introduction, because the students were new; he introduced himself by saying that, "It is better that I should make clear to you what kind of man I am, so you are not in the dark and you don't do anything without understanding the nature of the teacher. First: I don't believe in

headaches, stomachaches, no. Anything that you cannot prove and anything that I cannot check by myself will not be an excuse to take a holiday or to go home. You can have a fever, I can feel your fever. So remember it--I simply don't believe in headaches and stomachaches because there is no proof. Even a physician has to rely upon the patient, that he has a headache--he may be lying, or he may be in illusion.

What is the guarantee? How do you know that you are right?"

I said, "This is strange; this is going to be difficult"--because those were simple excuses to escape from any class, to say that "I have a strong headache and I want to go home."

He used to go every evening for a walk. Just by the side of the school there was a beautiful road, covered from both sides with big trees, mango trees.

I said, "Things have to be settled from the very beginning."

So I climbed up into a tree, high up, and waited for this teacher--he was a Mohammedan, his name was Rahimuddin. He came exactly on time.. He was very precise in everything; at exactly the same time each day he used to pass by that tree.

I dropped a big mango on his head. He said, "Ahhhh!" and looked up. And he saw me there.

I said, "What is the matter? What has happened?"

For a moment there was silence. He said, "Come down."

I came down.

He said, "You have proved that there is something like a headache, but

don't tell anybody. If you have a headache, you just raise one finger and I will give you a holiday. If you have a stomachache, you need not prove it to me--you just raise two fingers, because you seem to be dangerous!"

He was a bachelor, an old man; he had never married. He lived a very beautiful life, had a small cottage, a garden.

And he was very famous for one strange thing--because he had enough money, unmarried, no children, no wife.. . He had three hundred and sixty-five suits of clothes, one for each day; then for the whole year that suit of clothes would not be used again. Naturally every husband was jealous.

He said, "I live alone. I sleep outside in the garden, and I don't want any proof for stomachache!--so one is enough. You have given me the proof that you are capable, so when you have a stomachache raise two fingers and I will understand. But this is an agreement between us: that you will not tell anybody else that headaches or stomachaches exist."

I said, "I am not worried about anybody else. My problem is solved because I want things from the very beginning to be clear, just like you do."

He said, "You have made it *very* clear--it is still hurting! I have been a teacher thirty years and nobody ever thought of this idea. I will remember you for my whole life."

It was a small incident, and would have been forgotten--but when people started coming to me many years after this incident he started telling people, "I knew beforehand that this boy was going to be someone extraordinary."

People asked, "How did you come to know?--and you never mentioned it before."

He said, "I had almost forgotten it; just now, as his name is becoming known around the world and people are coming to him from all over the world, I remembered. And now that incident has a totally different meaning. Because for my whole life I was

introducing every class in the same way and nobody ever tried anything.

And this was the only one--a singular instance--who proved to me that a headache had to be accepted. I knew it that very day."

In 1970 I went to that village for the last time. He had become very old. Hearing that I was there, he came to see me. I said, "I was going to come to you. You are too old, you should not have bothered to walk almost two miles."

He said, "I am feeling so happy. Seeing you it still hurts, but now I feel a certain pride that you were *my* student."

Now the whole thing takes a different color, it becomes a pride. Otherwise, if I had turned out to be a thief or a criminal, then the same incident would have been a proof: "I knew from the very beginning that this boy was going to be a criminal, that sooner or later he would murder somebody."

Retrospectively you always look at things in a way you would not have looked at them if life had moved in a different direction--the same things. The same things would not have given you the same indications. *enligh26*

In my childhood I had a friend whose father was a magician. They had a very good business--the business was that they had a few snakes. Being continually in their house, slowly I learned that ninety-seven percent of snakes don't have any poison.

Only three percent of snakes have poison, and only one percent, the cobra, is very dangerous. Once the cobra bites you it is very difficult to save you. Death is almost certain. But the snakes all look alike.

The father used to have non-poisonous snakes, and he would send his son--who was my friend, and I accompanied him many times--to somebody's house. There we would leave two or three snakes around, and then the father would come with his special musical instrument that was used for snakes. He would announce, "If anybody has snakes in his house, I can catch them." As he started playing on his instrument, the snakes that we had left around the house would start coming, and for that service the housekeeper had to pay. He would say, "It is very good of you--

once in a while you should come back, because we were not aware that there were snakes in our garden."

Knowing that there are snakes which don't have any poison, I would enter into my class with a snake in my pocket. I would just leave it on the table of the teacher, and he would stand on his chair and shout, "Save me!" The other students are running out.. who is going to save him except me? And I would tell him, "I will save you, but remember that I have saved your life. You should not be nasty with me. Promise?"

And with that snake sitting on his table, you could have taken any kind of promise.

Finally it was reported to the principal that a strange thing was going on. But a principal is just the same as anybody else. When he called me, I went there with two snakes. And I left them on his table, and he stood on his chair, and everybody in the whole school was looking through the windows--what is happening? I said, "Now, do you have something to say to me?"

He said, "No. Just don't bring these things in my office!"

I said, "I have not come on my own, you have called me. Now I cannot go without your promising me that you will not be nasty to me."

He said, "This is strange. .but I promise, I will not be nasty to you."

I said, "That's okay; then I can persuade the snakes."

People have lived with such fear. Fear always seems to be around them--anything can create fear. And if the man had been a little spontaneous, he could have seen that if I can manage those snakes, certainly there must be some trick and there is no need to be afraid. But the very word *snake* is enough to trigger all the fears, of centuries of humanity, that you are carrying within you.

To my father it was reported, "Now your son is becoming more and more dangerous." My father said, "I have promised him, just as you have promised, not to interfere. Otherwise he will start bringing those snakes in the house!" *mani20*

I will tell one incident that I have never forgotten and will never forget.

In India, there is one day every year devoted to the worship of snakes. On that day, all over India, there are wrestling competitions. My school used to be for many years the champion of the whole district. This was due entirely to a single student who failed every year in matriculation. The school was happy about it, because he was a good wrestler.

The principal and the teachers all said to him, "Don't be worried. You can fail as much as you want, but every year you have to bring the championship to the school.

And when you are tired, we will give you some employment in the school. Don't be worried about your employment, although you are not even a matriculate. We will make some arrangements, we can make you a peon: you do not need to be a matriculate."

And he was very happy that a job was guaranteed and every year he was the hero.

But the year I reached my matric class that man unfortunately passed the examination. The whole school was sad and sorry. The principal called me and said,

"Now find somebody, for up to now we have been winning."

I said, "It is a difficult thing to find a wrestler of his quality." He was doing nothing but exercises the whole day, morning till evening. And the school was providing him with as much milk as he needed, because every year he brought the championship. ."It will be very difficult to find somebody, but I will try."

In my class there was a man, a young man, not very strong and not in any way a wrestler, but a very beautiful person with a great sense of humor. I told him he would have to do this.

He said, "I have never fought anybody. I have never been in any competition. I have never done any exercise. And the people who will be

coming from other schools are trained."

I said, "Don't be worried. Somebody has at least to participate. At the most you can be a failure."

He said, "If that is all, then I am ready." And what he did left an impact on everybody.

It was going to be decided in the semi-finals . .and because my school was continuously the champion every other school was afraid. They were still thinking that because of our man we would finally win. So they had brought a professional wrestler who was not a student. They could find no other way to defeat our man who had won continuously for ten years.

Naturally, they had to find some way. So they looked and found a wrestler who was not too old and they shaved him well and prepared him perfectly as if he were a student. But he was a trained wrestler and our candidate was not a wrestler at all.

He asked me, "What am I supposed to do?"

I said, "Make it fun. Don't be worried." I had once seen a wrestler. .the village where I lived was famous throughout the area for wrestlers. There were so many gymnasiums in that small village and wrestlers from outside used to come to fight with the wrestlers of the village.

Once I had watched a wrestler and had become very friendly with him. His style was very new. First he would dance around. The other wrestler is standing in the center, looking embarrassed, and he would dance. And he had a very beautiful body. He would dance all over the place. And his dance made the other man feel embarrassed and a little afraid also: "If this man is dancing with such joy, there must be some strategy that will defeat me." And then he would suddenly jump to the ground. He was not a very strong man, but he had a very beautiful body, a very proportionate body.

And he had made the man so much afraid by this time, by his dancing which was so out of the ordinary--nobody danced. There was no real need because most of the time he would win. I liked the man very much. He used

to stay in a temple nearby, so I went to visit him and I said, "This is very beautiful. This is how things should be.

You have a great psychological insight."

So I told the boy, "You do the same. First you dance around. Make the other fellow feel completely embarrassed. And we are here, because the competition is going to happen in our school. All the students, all the teachers will be there. We will clap when you dance. We will laugh and cheer you. So you dance, and don't be worried about that man. Let him stand in the middle, embarrassed, worried: what is going to happen, what is happening?"

So he danced and we clapped and shouted and cheered and that man looked near defeat. Nothing happened. But the boy that I had chosen was no match for him. He was a wrestler and this boy had no idea. He danced and then he simply jumped into the middle and fell flat on the ground. In Indian wrestling, the person who falls on the ground with his back touching the ground and the other person sitting on his chest is thought to be defeated and the man sitting on the chest is the winner. So that boy without fighting simply fell in front of him and we all cheered him and the man could not think what to do.

The boy said, "Sit on my chest. Sit down, and be victorious!" The man could not bring himself to sit down on the chest of this man who had fallen by himself. He looked all around and the boy was smiling.

And the referee came in and said, "What do you want to do with your opponent?"

He said, "I am simply puzzled. What kind of wrestling is going on?--because to sit on this poor boy's chest looks so ugly. I have not fought, how can I be victorious? And he is telling me to sit down. He is almost ordering me."

They were declared to be equal. And we took the boy on our shoulders and we danced around. And the principal called to me, "You managed . .at least to be equal. I had no hope that this was possible and when I saw that boy

that you had chosen I thought the trophy was gone. But you trained him well."

I said, "I trained him only for dancing. What he did was absolutely spontaneous.

Seeing the situation he said, Ì am going to be defeated. What is the point of fighting unnecessarily and being harassed. Just lie down, rest.'"

But he was a very humble person with a great sense of humor. *chit30*

Three years I had been under the high school principal. Even the photograph that is taken when you are leaving the school. .He was very much worried whether I would appear in that picture or not, whether I would come or not. I not only came, I came with a photographer.

He asked, "But why have you brought the photographer?"

I said, "This is the photographer, the poor photographer of the town. You always call a photographer from a bigger city; that is unnecessary. This poor man needs more work, because I have seen this photographer selling umbrellas in the rainy season and in the summer he is selling ice and soda and other cold drinks. But whenever some chance arises he takes photographs--some marriage or something. He is a poor man, and I want him to be our authorized photographer from today. This school should respect him."

The principal said, "Now that you have brought him.. "

The poor photographer was very much afraid because he had never been called. I had explained everything to him--how he has to do it, how he has to arrange.. and he had come with his best suit and everything. The principal was standing in the middle, and the teachers and everybody, and he arranged and did everything. And then he asked, "Ready?" I had prepared him.

He said, "I have to be worthy of the position, the authorized photographer of the high school"--that was the biggest institution in the town. So he asked, "Ready?" and then he clicked his camera and said, "Thank you" and

everybody dispersed. Then he said, "Wait--because I forgot to put the plate in! And the whole fault is yours," he told me. "You never told me, `You have to put the plate in.' You told me everything else."

I said, "I thought that as a photographer you must know that the plate has to be put in; otherwise how will the photograph.. ? And all this `Thank you' and `Ready?' just went to waste. But no harm."

So I said, "Get ready again!" The principal was very angry because the school inspector was there, the collector was there, and it became such a hilarious thing when the photographer said, "I have forgotten to put the plate in, and now what to do!"

The principal called me in. He said, "This is the last day. You are leaving, but you are not leaving without mischief. Who told you to call this photographer? That idiot!

That's why we have been avoiding him for years! And you have seen.. "

I said, "But it was such a beautiful and hilarious scene! And everybody who has participated today will remember it his whole life. You should pay him a little more!

And remember that from now on he is the authorized photographer of this school."

He said, "Are you leaving the school or are you still going to be here? This is our business.. whom to make authorized or not."

I said, "That is not your business. I have told the class that is going to succeed me, the proper people, to take care that this photographer has to be brought every year, and if it is needed then they can call me from the college. It is not far away, only eighty miles. So every year on the photograph day I will be here to see if the authorized photographer is here or not."

He said, "Okay, he is authorized."

I said, "I want it in writing, because I don't trust you at all." And he had to

give an authorized letter. I gave it to the photographer.

He said, "I was very nervous, but you have done such a great job--you have made me forever the authorized photographer. I can show this to other parties also, that I am not just an idiot as people think. I am the authorized photographer of the educational institute of the town."

And he asked me, "How did I do?"

I said, "You did perfectly well."

He said, "Just one mistake."

And I said, "That was not a mistake; that was the real thing, that you forgot the plate.

Without it there was no joy. Photographs anybody can take, but you are really a genius!"

He said, "I was thinking that everybody will be angry."

I said, "While I am here nobody can be angry."

And he is still the authorized photographer! Whenever I have gone to the town I have enquired from him.. He told me, "Now it has become established. Many principals have changed but I remain the authorized photographer. But you were right: the great joy that happened the first time has never happened again; I have not forgotten the plate."

Those people were powerful in every way, but somehow I never felt that they were really powerful. I felt they are just pretending to be powerful; deep down they are cowards, and if you hit rightly all their power disappears. And I remained like that my whole childhood--in the school, in the college--it was an everyday thing. I have enjoyed all those moments.

I used to think sometimes that perhaps I am somehow different from other people because nobody gets into such trouble as I get. But all those troubles were giving me a certain strength and the strange experience that people who are pretending to be powerful are just suffering from an

inferiority complex and nothing else.

Everybody who was concerned about me was worried every day that I may do something--and I was never planning anything. Things were simply happening.

Just my presence was enough, and something would trigger.

I would like everybody to live in that way. There will be differences of situations, of unique individualities--but I would like every child to live in this way so that he can remember every moment that has passed as *really* a golden moment.

I don't remember anything that I can say should not have happened or should have happened in a different way. The way it happened I enjoyed it so much and loved it so much, but everybody who was concerned was worried that I had spoiled a situation. *mystic09*

1951 Osho leaves school,

and decides to study philosophy

When I passed my matriculation exams, my whole family was in a great turmoil, because they all wanted. .somebody wanted me to be a doctor, somebody wanted me to be a scientist, somebody wanted me to be an engineer--because in India these

are respectable jobs, paying jobs. You become rich, you become well-known, you are honored. But I said, "I am going to study philosophy."

They all said, "This is nonsense! No man of sense will go and study philosophy. What will you do after that? Six years wasted in the university studying things which are of no use. They don't have any value, you will not even get a small service, a small job."

And they were right. In India, if you apply for the smallest job, like a clerk in the post office which needs only matriculation as qualification, and you have a master's degree in philosophy, you top the university, you have a gold medal--you will be refused. Only because of these things! These are

disqualifications, you are a difficult person! A clerk should not be a philosopher; otherwise there are bound to be difficulties.

So they said, "You will suffer your whole life. Think it over."

I said, "I never think, you know that. I simply see. And there is no question of choice, I know what I am going to study. It is not a question of weighing which job will be more profitable. Even if I become a beggar, I am going to study philosophy."

They were at a loss. They all asked me, "But what is the reason that you want to study philosophy?"

I said, "The reason is that my whole life I am going to fight against philosophers. I have to know everything about them."

They said, "My God! This is your idea? We have never imagined that a man should study philosophy because he is going to fight philosophers his whole life." But they knew that I am crazy. They said, "Something like this was expected." Still they persisted: "There is time, you can still think about it. The universities will be opening in one month; you can still think."

I said, "One month, one year, one life makes no difference, because I don't have any choice. It is my choiceless responsibility."

One of my uncles, who was a graduate from the university, said, "It is absolutely impossible to talk with him--he uses words which don't seem to carry any meaning.

Choicelessness.. responsibility. .awareness--what do these things have to do with life? You will need money, you will need a house, you will need to support a family. .

"

I said, "I am not going to have a family. I am not going to have a house and I am not going to support anybody!" And I have not supported anybody and I have not made any house. I am the poorest man in the world!

They could not manage to force me to become a doctor, engineer, scientist, but they all were angry. *misery05*

One of my uncles is a poet, but the whole family was against him; they destroyed him. They did not allow him.. they withdrew him from the university because they saw that if he passed from the university then all he was going to do was write poetry. But if he had no certificates, then he had no way to escape anywhere; he had to sit in the shop.

And I have seen him--when I was small, I saw him sitting in the shop. And if there was nobody else, only I was there.. he knew that I never disturb anybody's business.

You just have to be aware not to be disturb my business; then it is a contract. And it

was a contract between me and him that he should never interrupt anything, whatsoever it was.

He said, "Okay, but don't you report anything about me."

I said, "I am not concerned."

What he used to do--a customer would come and he would simply wave his hand as if the customer where a beggar: "Just go!" He would not speak because somebody might hear, so he would just make a gesture with his hands: "Move on!" My father, my grandfather, they were all puzzled: "Whenever you sit here, no customer comes in."

He said, "What can I do? I can sit here but if nobody comes it is not my fault."

He was not interested in business at all; while sitting in the shop he was writing poetry. But soon they arranged his marriage. And I went on telling him, "You are getting trapped. First, why did you come back from the university? Don't you have any guts? You could have done anything--pulled a rickshaw, been a coolie at the railway station. You could have done anything."

I told him, "Your poetry is just lousy. They stopped sending money to you so you are back; now they are arranging your marriage and you don't know that that is the end of your poetry. At least right now you can shoo away the customers and go on writing a little bit. You will not be able to do that when your wife is here."

He said, "But my wife will be in the house, and I will be in the shop."

I said, "You just wait.. because I see what happens to my father. My mother only sees him when he is there for his lunch or his supper. He simply goes on eating, his eyes down, and she goes on hammering him about all kinds of things.. .

So I told my uncle, "You don't know your father but he is my friend and I know the whole trap, what is going on--the whole conspiracy. But I have also a pact with my grandfather that I will not reveal any rumors in the house. But this is something serious; they are going to trap you. They have just found a really beautiful woman for you, there is no doubt about it". .because my grandfather had taken me to choose her. He said, "I have become too old, and you are so sharp. Find out whether this girl will do or not." And he had found really a beautiful girl.

So I said, "He has found a beautiful girl but the reason why he is trying to find a beautiful girl is so that you forget all your poetry." And that's what happened. Once he got married then most of his time he was with his wife or he was in the shop--and slowly slowly his poetry started disappearing. And his wife started dominating him for the simple reason that she felt guilty because everybody in the house, children included, knew that "your husband is just a do-nothing, useless, just a wastage."

So she was nagging my uncle, "You forget about all poetry." She burned the copies of his poetry, his years' work, and she told him, "No more poetry for you--because I feel ashamed, everybody laughs at me." They destroyed his poetry.

I asked my father, "Why are all you people against my poor uncle? He is not doing any harm. Poetry is not harmful, it is not violent. He is not writing war songs or anything like that; he writes beautiful love poetry. Why are you

against him?"

They said, "We are not against him; all that we want is that he should stand on his feet. Now he is married, tomorrow he will have children; who is going to feed them continually?" And that's what happened. Now he has a shop and now he no more

moves people on. His children are married; they have children. The last time I went, in 1970, I asked him, "What about the customers?"

He said, "There is nothing about the customers--all my poetry is gone. And you were right that my wife would be real trouble. Neither my grandfather, nor your father, nor my other brother--nobody was such a trouble. But my wife continually nagging. .finally I had to decide. Either I have to become a monk renounce the world-

-but that too is difficult: a Jaina monk cannot write poetry because poetry belongs to ordinary people. And poetry is something basically connected with the affair of love, so what can a monk write?"

I said, "You can write sutras, religious *bhajans* devoted to some god--songs, devotional songs."

He said, "But I am not interested in any god, in any devotion. I want to write what I feel in my heart."

I said, "That is finished--your heart is married!" And in India at that time divorce was not legal either. And even though now it is legal it rarely happens, and only in Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, New Delhi--nowhere else. They destroyed his poetry to keep him tethered to the lowest part of his being.

All the painters, all the poets, all the musicians have faced a world which is against them. Why?--because what they are doing is something which has no relationship with the whole world and its life. The love they are talking about is not the love that people are living. *misery05*

My parents wanted me to become an engineer or a doctor. I simply refused. I said, "I am going to study philosophy because I have to fight philosophers

all my life."

They said, "What nonsense. If you want to fight philosophers why should you waste six years in studying philosophy?"

I said, "Without studying philosophy I cannot fight rightly. I have to study philosophy. I enjoy the way philosophy argues, and I want to go into the very deepest arguments all the philosophies have produced. But I am going to fight against it, because my experience is that not a single philosopher has ever become enlightened. They were just playing with words, gymnastics of logic; they never reached above their minds. They did a great job with their minds, but they remained minds."

My parents threatened me, "If you choose philosophy then remember we are not going to support you financially."

I said, "That you need not say. I was not going to accept it anyway, because when I choose my subject then I will find my way. I am not choosing your subject; naturally you are out of the question. Why should I ask your financial support? Even if you give it, I will reject it."

They were shocked. They could not believe how I would manage--but I managed. In the night I was editing a newspaper, and in the morning I was going to the college.

And in between, whenever I could find time, I would go to sleep.

Finally they started feeling guilty. My father went on writing to me, "Forgive us and accept."

I went on returning their money orders, and one day he himself came and he said,

"Can't you forget, can't you forgive?"

I said, "I can forgive but I cannot forget, because you were forcing me into something just because of finances, just because of money"--money was more important to them. "You thought more of money than you thought of me, and you threatened me.

I had not asked for money. You can keep your money. I am managing perfectly well." *socrat12*

And when I became a wandering teacher around the country, doing the job for which I had studied logic and philosophy because I wanted to be perfectly acquainted with the enemy, soon there was not a single man who was ready to accept my challenge. Then my family started feeling guilty, feeling that it was good that they were not able to make me a doctor, engineer, scientist. I had proved that they were wrong.

They started asking me, "Forgive us."

I said, "There is no problem, because I never took all your advice seriously. I never bothered! Whatever I was going to do, I was going to do in spite of everything going against me! So don't feel guilty. I have never taken your advice seriously; I was hearing you, but not listening. I had a decision in me, a decisiveness."

The process is very simple.

Meditate, become more aware and then you will see: choices disappear, a choicelessness arises.

And it is such a tremendous joy to have a choiceless spontaneity. It is such a freedom. Choice is such a burden. *dless27*

PART IV

1951-1957 University Student

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PART IV

University Student

1951-1957

Osho moves to Jabalpur

Osho enrolls in Hitkarini College in Jabalpur, which is 80 miles from Gadarwara on main road and rail routes, so he remains in close contact with his family From my Nani's house I moved to my father's sister's house in Jabalpur. The husband, I mean my father's brother-in-law, was not very willing. Naturally, why should he be? I was in perfect agreement with him.

Even if I had been in his place I would not have been willing either. Not only unwilling, but stubbornly unwilling, because who would accept a troublemaker unnecessarily? They were childless, so really living happily--although in fact they were very unhappy, not knowing how "happy" those who have children are. But they had no way of knowing either.

They had a beautiful bungalow, with more room than for just one couple. It was big enough to have many people in it. But they were rich people, they could afford it. It was not a problem for them to just give me a small room, although the husband was, without saying a word, unwilling. I refused to move in.

I stood outside their house with my small suitcase, and told my father's sister that,

"Your husband is unwilling to have me here, and unless he is willing it would be better for me to live on the street than to be in his house. I cannot enter unless I am convinced that he will be happy to have me. And I cannot promise that I will not be a trouble to you. It is against my nature to not be in trouble. I am just helpless."

The husband was hidden behind a curtain, listening to everything. He

understood one thing at least, that the boy was worth trying.

He came out and said, "I will give you a try."

I said, "Rather you learn from the very beginning that I am giving you a try."

He said, "What!"

I said, "The meaning will become clearer slowly. It enters thick skulls very slowly."

The wife was shocked. Later on she said to me, "You should not say such a thing to my husband, because he can throw you out. I cannot prevent him; I am only a wife, and a childless one."

Now, you cannot understand. . In India, a childless wife is thought to be a curse. She may not be responsible herself--and I know perfectly well that this fellow was responsible, because the doctors told me that he was impotent. But in India, if you are a childless woman. . First, just to be a woman in India, and then to be childless!

Nothing worse can happen to anybody. Now if a woman is childless, what can she do about it? She can go to a gynecologist. .but not in India! The husband would rather marry another woman.

And the Indian law, made of course by men, allows a husband to marry another woman if the first wife remains childless. Strange, if two people are involved in conceiving a child, then naturally two people are involved in not-conceiving too. In India, two people are involved in conceiving, but in not-conceiving only one--the woman.

I lived in that house, and naturally, from the very beginning, a conflict, a subtle current arose between me and the husband, and it continued to grow. It erupted in many ways. First, each and every thing he said in my presence, I immediately contradicted it, whatsoever it was. What he said was immaterial. It was not a question of right or wrong: it was him or me.

From the beginning the way he looked at me decided how I had to look at him--as an enemy. .

From Gadarwara I moved to Jabalpur. In Jabalpur I changed houses so many times that everybody wondered if it was my hobby, changing houses.

I said, "Yes, it helps you to become acquainted with so many people in different localities, and I love to be acquainted."

They said, "It is a strange hobby, and very difficult too. Only twenty days have passed and you are moving again." *glimps37*

You will be surprised to know...I was very young when I became acquainted with a man, one of the most intelligent men I have come across, who was with Lenin and Trotsky in the Soviet revolution. His name was Manvendra Nath Roy. He was one of the members of the international commanding body of the communists, the Politburo. He was the only Indian who ever rose to that status, and he fought in the revolution side by side with Lenin.

After the revolution he thought, "Now my work is in India. I have to go and create revolution in India." But here he found himself in utter difficulty, because the Hindu mind is more possessive than any other mind. It talks about non-possessiveness, it talks about celibacy, it talks about morality. But always remember, people who talk about these things are the people who are suppressing just the opposite..

When M.N. Roy came to India, he found himself in an absolutely different world. He was thinking that because everybody had been teaching non-possessiveness, communism would be the easiest thing in India. This is where logic fails. He had read--he had lived his whole life in the West--he had only read about Indian scriptures, that they have been teaching non-possessiveness for centuries and centuries. So he thought people must be ready to give all their possessions to the collective; they will not have much difficulty in dropping their private possessions.

But when he came to India he was utterly surprised. *Nobody* was ready; the very word `communism' was anathema. And because he was a well-educated man, well dressed, used to smoke cigarettes, the Indian mind turned absolutely against him.

Mahatma Gandhi crushed that man, who was far more intellectual, far more significant than Mahatma Gandhi himself. But Mahatma Gandhi crushed him because people would rather follow Mahatma Gandhi, half-naked--it appeals to people. *"This* is a mahatma. And what kind of mahatma is this who is smoking cigarettes, who is well dressed in a poor country?" Nobody listened to M.N. Roy.

Perhaps I was the only person who became very deeply interested in him. It was just by chance that I met him, in a train. I was going for my studies, traveling from my village to the bigger city to join a university. And just on the platform we were both waiting for the train.. because in India no train ever arrives on time.. .

The train was late and I was sitting on the bench, and M.N. Roy came and sat by my side. I was reading a book by Lenin, his collected works. He was surprised, because I was so young--may have been seventeen years old. He looked at the big volume, and he asked me, "Where did you get this collected works of Lenin?"

I said, "I have the whole library of Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin, everybody."

He said, "You are the first man.. I have been here for seven years, continuously trying. Are you a communist?"

I said, "Right now I am nobody. But who knows? I may turn out a communist. I am looking in every direction without any prejudice. Whichever dimension fulfills me totally, I will be that. Communism is my study, I am not a communist. I have to study many more things before I can decide. I have to look into anarchism, I have to look into socialism, I have to look into capitalism, I have to look into spiritualism. Before that I cannot say anything. I am just a seeker."

We became friends. He talked about his experiences in the Soviet revolution, and he became a constant visitor to my small house.

I was living outside the city in a very small house. Nobody else was ready to take that house because it was known as being haunted by ghosts. So when I asked the owner, he said, "Without any rent you can live there. At

least somebody living there may create the idea in people that it is not haunted. If a small boy is living there alone. ." So he said, "It is good. If you need anything I will support you. I want to sell it, but neither can I sell it nor is anybody ready to rent it. And I myself am afraid! My wife is not willing to move with me, otherwise we could sell *this* house and move there. That house is in a very beautiful location."

It was absolutely alone. For miles there were no other houses, and behind were the beautiful Satpura Mountains. It was so peaceful there. He said, "I purchased it just to live there, but nobody is willing. So you start living there."

I started living there, but I continued to create the fear in everybody that it was haunted by ghosts because if somebody purchased it, I would be thrown out. The owner heard that I was continuing to create the rumor. He came to me: "This is strange. I gave it to you free of charge.. "

I said, "I will keep it free of charge! But remember, it is haunted with ghosts. Don't come here--whenever you want me, just phone me and I will come--it is dangerous!"

He said, "And it is not dangerous for you?"

I said, "I know a few secrets about ghosts. They are afraid of me. Do you know anything?" He said, "No, I don't.. " I said, "You simply go back."

And I lived in that house for almost ten years without any rent. On the contrary, I would order him, "Send me something"--and he would bring it--"otherwise I will leave the house."

M.N. Roy used to come, and he loved the place. He used to live in the Himalayas in Nainital, but he said, "Even there it is too crowded, too many people have come.

Roads, airport, buses--it is no more the old Nainital I used to know in my childhood before I left India. But your place.. "

I said, "This place will remain as it is, as long as I want to live in it. For miles nobody can build a house, because not only this house is haunted, the

whole area is haunted!" I went on creating the rumor and making the area bigger. Nobody was ready, even at the cheapest rate, to purchase the land.

When I talked with M.N. Roy, he said, "What do you think is the cause of my unsuccessfulness? I was such a successful member of the international high command of the communists. I fought in the revolution, I was a close friend of Lenin and Trotsky, who were the architects of the revolution. And here? I am nobody; nobody is ready to listen."

I said, "Here, you will have to change. You will have to be a hypocrite. You will have to smoke in your bathroom, not in public--in public, speak against smoking. You will have to wrap yourself in a small cloth just covering you down to your knees, just like Mahatma Gandhi--or even smaller will be better. Shave your head and become a mahatma, and I can manage everything for you. But first become a mahatma. I will call a barber here, and he will make you a mahatma."

He said, "My God--first I have to become a mahatma?"

I said, "Without becoming a mahatma, in *this* country you don't have any appeal.

This country is so fucked up that first you have to pretend all kinds of things. You don't drink tea--if somebody sees you drinking tea, finished! You are not a mahatma.

"In the cold, you have to remain half-naked. You will get accustomed, don't be worried. All the animals are accustomed, and you are an intelligent animal so you will get accustomed. It is only a question of two or three years and then heat or cold, all are the same, because your skin becomes thicker and thicker. And your skull also becomes thicker and thicker! You will be a mahatma, and everybody will be listening to you."

He said, "I cannot do that."

I said, "Then forget all about leadership." And he died an unknown man. If he had lived in the Soviet Union he would have been a cabinet minister.

This country is so prejudiced. *fire05*

Osho confronts his professors

It was a constant problem for me in my university. I have been expelled from many colleges and many universities.

For the simple reason that I knew more than the professor. I was reading so much, and the professor had stopped reading thirty years before when he passed his Ph.D.

and became a professor. He was finished. But in these thirty years so much had grown. These past thirty years man has grown in every dimension of knowledge, more than he has been able to in three thousand years.

So when I entered the philosophical class, my professor had no idea of Jean-Paul Sartre, no idea of Jaspers, Martin Heidegger, Soren Kierkegaard. Those names were not part of his education, because when he was studying these people were not in existence. They were not part of the curriculum. And what he remembered was Bosanquet, Kant, Hegel, Feuerbach. Now they are all outdated. They have been replaced by better minds, far more intelligent. I knew all about Kant and Hegel and Bosanquet, but I knew much more about Wittgenstein, Bertrand Russell, Sartre, Marcel. They had no idea of these people.

It was a strange situation, because on every point they were feeling defeated. I was expelled just for the simple reason that the professors complained continuously against me, that I am a disturbance, that I don't allow them to move a single inch without days of argument. "And when are we going to finish the course? This boy seems not to be interested in the course and he brings such names which we have never heard. And now, in our old age, we are not going to read all that he is reading, and it is very awkward in front of the other students to feel that you know nothing about the latest developments in philosophy."

My principals would call me and they would say, "We know perfectly well that you are not wrong. You are not being expelled for doing anything wrong. I feel sad and sorry for you, and I want you to forgive me, but we cannot lose the professor. He is our old, well-reputed professor, and he has

threatened that either you will be in the university *or* he will be. He's given his resignation." They showed me his resignation.

It said, "Either you expel that boy or accept the resignation."

I said, "It is better you expel me, because what I am doing here I will do somewhere else. But your college, your university will miss a well-reputed professor. And I don't want him in his old age to find another job somewhere else; no, that is not for me to do. That is ugly. You call the professor, give him his resignation back, and tell him that I am being expelled."

I have seen tears in my principals', in my vice-chancellors' eyes, that they are expelling somebody who has done no wrong. And I said to them, "You need not feel sorry about it. I have not done anything wrong, but I have done something far more dangerous, and that is make the professor feel embarrassed continuously every day."

Now these professors could have bridged the gap. They could have simply said,

"Perhaps you are right and we are wrong; but the reason is that we studied thirty years ago, and we don't know anything about what has happened within these

years. Wittgenstein--the name we have heard for the first time from you. So naturally we cannot argue."

Just this much was needed, and they would have gained my respect that they are capable men who can accept even ignorance. They are humble people who can say clearly, "I don't know, so you please don't bring these thirty years in. What I know I can discuss with you with full confidence, but you bring people's names, theories, ideas of which we know nothing. But just to pretend that we know we argue with you, and naturally we are defeated because we are not really aware of what you are saying and we don't understand the implications of it."

They had known Aristotle and his logic, but they had no idea that modern

physics has gone beyond Aristotle, and his whole logic has been proved wrong. Now I was reading Albert Einstein whose whole life's experiments, philosophy, simply eliminate Aristotle, who has been the dominant figure in the world of logic for two thousand years, from the roots. Aristotle is thought to be the father of logic in the West. They were not aware that Albert Einstein had already finished him; there is no Aristotle anymore of any significance. They had known Euclid and his geometry, but they were not aware that now his geometry is no longer applicable. Modern physics has developed non-Euclidian geometry, *had* to invent it. They were simply shocked because they had never thought that Euclid could be wrong. *last212*

The first college I entered, I wanted to learn logic. And the old professor, with many honorary degrees, with many books published in his name, started talking about the father of Western logic, Aristotle.

I said, "Wait a minute. Do you know that Aristotle writes in his book that women have less teeth than men?"

He said, "My God, what kind of question is this? What has it to do with logic?"

I said, "It has something very fundamental to do with the whole process of logic. Are you aware that Aristotle had two wives?"

He said, "I don't know. .from where are you getting these facts?"

But in Greece it was traditionally known for centuries that women were bound to have everything less than men. Naturally, they couldn't have the same number of teeth as men.

I said, "And you call this man Aristotle the father of logic? He could have at least counted--and he had two wives available, but he did not count. His statement is illogical. He has simply taken it from the tradition, and I cannot trust in a man who has two wives and writes that women have less teeth than men. This is a male chauvinistic attitude. A logician has to be beyond prejudices."

Seeing the situation, the professor threatened the principal that either I should be expelled from the college or he was going to resign. And he stopped coming to the college. He said, "I will wait three days."

The principal could not lose an experienced professor. He called me into his office to say, "There has never been any trouble with that man, he is a very nice man. Just on the first day.. what have you done?"

I told him the whole story and I said, "Do you think it deserves expulsion from college? I was asking absolutely relevant questions, and if a professor of logic cannot answer, who is going to answer?"

The principal was a good man. He said, "I will not expel you, because I don't see that you have done anything wrong. But I cannot afford to lose the professor either, so I will make arrangements for you in another college."

But the rumor about me had spread in all the colleges. The city I was in had almost twenty colleges and finally it became a very prestigious university just by combining those twenty colleges. He sent me to another principal with a letter of recommendation, but he must have phoned him to say, "Don't believe in the letter of recommendation. I had to write it because I have to get rid of that student. He is not wrong, but he is absolutely individualistic and that is going to create trouble."

I went to see the other principal, and he was waiting. He said, "I can admit you only on one condition: that you will never attend the college."

I said, "Then what is going to happen when it is time for my examination?"

He said, "I will give you the necessary percentage for being present in the college, but this is a secret pact between me and you."

I said, "It is perfectly good--anyway your professors are out of date. But can I enter the library?"

He said, "The library is perfectly okay, but never attend any class because I don't want to hear from any professor the complaint that you are creating trouble."

And I have never created any trouble! I was simply asking questions which. .if they were really gentlemen they would have said, "I will find out. For the time being, I don't know."

But this is the most difficult thing in the world to say, "I don't know." *mani10*

In the college, I used to have a long robe, with a wraparound *lungi* as it is used in India, and with no buttons on the robe, so the chest is open. And I was very healthy and robust, one hundred and ninety pounds.

The principal told me, "Coming to the college without buttons is not according to the etiquette."

I said, "Then change the etiquette, because my chest needs fresh air. And I decide according to my needs, not according to anybody's idea of etiquette."

In my first year in the college, I won the all-India university competition for debate, and the professor in charge--he is dead now, Indrabahadur Khare--was a very properly dressed man. Everything about him was proper. He took me to a photo studio near the college, because they wanted my picture to be released to the newspapers, to the magazines, and particularly for the college magazine: I had won the all-India competition and I was just a first-year student.

But he was very tense all the way to the studio. And when we entered the studio, he said, "Excuse me, but without the buttons, how will your photograph look?"

I said, "It will look just like me! You have not won the debate, *I* have won the debate.

And when I was debating there were no buttons, so what is the problem now? If I can win the debate without buttons, then my photograph has to be without buttons!"

He said, "You do one thing"--he was a very small man. He said, "You can take my coat, it will fit you. You just put it on top of your robe and it will look beautiful."

I said, "Then better you stand here and let it be perfectly proper. Let that picture go."

He said, "That cannot be done. That will be simply objectionable. The principal will say, 'This is your photograph, and. . '"

So I said, "You should remember, my photograph has to be like me. I cannot use your coat. Either the photograph will go without buttons, or I am not interested in the photograph at all. So you decide."

He had to decide for something very improper. He said, "I have never done anything improper, and I never allow anybody to do anything improper. But you seem to be strange."

I said, "This is not improper."

Every child is born naked--that is proper. Every animal is naked, and that is proper.

But there are people addicted to properness.. . *bond21*

Osho's experiences as a Journalist

The whole night I was working as an editor of a newspaper, and in the day I went to the university. For years I could not sleep more than three or four hours--whenever I could find time in the day or in the night. *person13*

I was once an editor, and I resigned from the post because everything has to be pro-government. Truth is not the criterion. The poor individual is not to be protected.

Government is already powerful and press also joins with government. That was one reason I resigned. I said, "I will say what I feel is the truth, whether it goes against government or anybody."

Second thing I found, that they are not interested in any good news. They are interested only in rapes, murders, suicides, divorces, scandal. And I told them that these are dangerous. There may be a million men, and only

one man rapes, and he becomes news. What about the remaining? *last426*

Films are full of violence, full of sex, full of murder, rape, suicide.. these are your demands. And the people who are producing those films or magazines or newspapers are just businessmen. I myself have been once a journalist but I could not go more than few weeks. The owner called me, he said, "You should have been born in *satyug.* "

I said, "What has happened?"

He said, "You will destroy my paper. You have already reduced my readership to half."

I said, "It does not matter if your paper is finished, that is not the point. But right things should reach to people."

But he said, "They don't want the right thing, and I am not here for charity purposes.

I am a businessman and I am in a trouble because we have made a contract for one year. In one year you will make me bankrupt!" Because I changed all politicians to the last page, I reduced their speeches to small articles not covering the whole first page, I removed their pictures, there is no need for their pictures every day to be insisted on people's mind. Because there are so many beautiful people and the world knows nothing about them.

I would like a big picture of Ravi Shankar playing on his *sitar* on the front page.

People should know...

I would like some sculptor, some poet...the first page should be for the creators.

And I reduced completely all news about suicide and murder, violence.. and I said, that "It helps nobody. It really creates an atmosphere that violence is the way of life, everywhere it is happening, every newspaper is talking about it, everywhere there is rape. So why you are lagging behind,

you also have a woman in your mind that you would like to rape. When everybody is doing it, then why not join?"

I told him a story: two men are going to the market and one says, that "There is a riot between Mohammedans and Hindus and the Hindus are destroying the mosque.

And as Hindus we should go and help."

The other man said, that "That does not seem to be a right thing. The mosque has done no harm to us and even Mohammedans who go to the mosque simply pray there. That is the only place where they are prayerful and you are destroying it! That is illogical."

Next day the man who was persuading that "We should go and destroy the mosque"

was surprised. The first man was destroying it. He asked, "What has happened?"

He said, "When I saw everybody is doing it then it must be right."

When you read every day from every corner: the radio is saying the same thing, the television is saying the same thing, the newspaper is saying the same thing, the films are saying the same thing. .you are surrounded by a very subtle mind atmosphere in which you are going to be drowned.

I told my owner, that "I have been publishing because there are good things also happening in the world. It is not that everybody is raping, it is not that everybody is committing suicide, there are people who are doing some good work, beautifying life, helping people and I am trying to find those people and their work."

Just that day I had published an article on Baba Amte. Very few people know about the man that he has devoted his whole life to the lepers, he has made a beautiful place for the lepers in Maharashtra. Thousands of lepers and he has proved it wrong that just by remaining in touch with lepers you will be infected. He lives with them, his wife lives with them, his children live with them and they all serve them and he has made all those thousands of

lepers again human beings because they are all producing something. If their hands cannot do, then their feet can do something. If their feet cannot do, their hands can do something. Not a single leper is unproductive. And he has given them dignity. Otherwise they were thrown out of their towns, they were not allowed in the towns, nobody was ready even to talk to them, nobody was ready to give them any work. Now this man should be talked about.

There may be many people who may become Baba Amte. There may be many people who may be lepers somewhere suffering, may go to his beautiful place. He calls it Ànandvan'--the forest of bliss. And it is a beautiful forest and something worth seeing, that how people which have been for centuries condemned can be raised back to dignity, to self-respect; now they are earning their own food, their own clothes and they are not dependent on anybody. You will be surprised that Baba Amte's colony donates to many charitable institutions.

And when I used to go to his colony the people were so happy that we can help other people who are helpless just as we were helpless some day.

"So let your circulation drop. I know that Baba Amte will not increase your circulation.. Ravi Shankar will not increase your circulation. But don't be worried, I

will not be heavy on you. I can force to remain for one year here to finish your firm, but I will not be heavy on you, I can understand you. So I can withdraw myself. You raise your circulation." *last508*

Osho meets poets and musicians

It is good not to meet the poet. Take it as a basic policy never to meet the poet because that will be a disappointment. .

This has been my general practice my whole life in India. I have read poets, heard poets on the radio, but I have not met them because my early experiences of meeting poets were just shipwrecked.

One great Indian poet, Ramdharisingh Dinkar. He belongs to Patna. He has

written some high-flying songs. He has contributed much to Indian poetry. He was known as the great poet, *Mahakavi;* not just kavi, a poet, but the great poet. He was the only man known as the great poet.

He used to come to see me, unfortunately. He loved me, I loved him, but I could not *like* him. Love is spiritual, you can love anybody, but liking is far more difficult.

Whenever he came he would talk of such stupid things that I told him, "Dinkar, one expects something poetic from you."

He said, "But I am not a poet twenty-four hours a day."

I said, "That's right! But come to me when you are!--otherwise don't come, because my acquaintance is with the poet Dinkar, not with you." Whenever he came, he would talk about politics--he was a nominated member of parliament--or he would talk about his sickness continually; he was making me sick! I told him, "Stop talking about your sicknesses, because people come to me to ask something of value, and you come to describe your sicknesses."

But if I prohibited him from talking politics, he would talk of sicknesses. If I prohibited him from talking of sicknesses, then he would talk about his sons: "They are destroying my life. Nobody listens to me. I am going to send them to you."

I told him, "You are too much. And you are spoiling my joy for when your book comes out: I cannot read it without remembering you. In between the lines you are standing there talking about your diabetes, your politics.. ."

He would talk about diabetes, and he would ask for sweets! "these," he would say, "I cannot leave." He died because he continued to eat things that the doctors were prohibiting. And he knew it; he would tell me everything that the doctors had prohibited and ask me, "Osho, can you tell me some way that I can manage to eat all these things and still the diabetes.. ?"

In Jabalpur there was one famous poetess, Shubhadra Kumari Chauhan. I

had read her poetry from my very childhood; her songs had become so popular because of the freedom struggle--she was continuously fighting for freedom and revolution--

that even small children were reciting them. Before I was able to read, even then I knew a few of her songs. When I went to the university I discovered that she had also moved to Jabalpur. That was not her original place; her original place happened to be near my village. That I discovered later on, that she was from just twenty miles

away from my village and that she had moved to Jabalpur just two years before I moved there.

But seeing that woman, I said, "My God! Such beautiful poetry, and such an utterly homeless--no, I mean *homely....* I got so distracted by her that I forgot even the word homely! Because she was worse than that, and I don't know any other word that is worse than that. "Ugly" does not look right to use for anybody; it seems to be condemning, and I only want to describe, not to condemn, hence homely. Homely means, you need not pay any attention; let her pass, let her go.

Then there was another poet, of all-India fame, Bhavani Prasad Tiwari, who was in immense love with me. I was very young when I started delivering public discourses; I must have been twenty when I delivered my first public discourse, in 1950. He was the president.

He could not believe it, and he was so overwhelmed that rather than delivering his presidential address he said, "Now I don't want to disturb what this boy has said. I would like you to go home with what he has said, meditating over it. And I don't want to give my presidential address--in fact, *he* should have presided, and I should have spoken." And he closed the meeting. Everybody was in a shock because he was an old man and famous. He took me in his car and asked me where he could drop me off.

That day I became acquainted with him. I said, "It is a shock to me. You are certainly a loving person and also an understanding person. I have read your poems and I have always loved them. They are simple but have the quality of raw diamonds, unpolished. One needs the eye of a jeweler to see

the beauty of an uncut, unpolished, raw diamond just coming out from the mine--just born.

"I can also say I have always felt, reading your poetry, like when the rainy season first begins in India, and the clouds start showering, and the earth has a sweet smell of fresh, thirsty earth; and the smell of that earth getting wet gives you a feeling of thirst being satisfied.

"That's how I have always felt reading your poetry. But seeing you I am disillusioned"--because the man had on both sides, inside his mouth, two *pans,* betel leaves, and the red, blood-like juice of the betel leaves was dribbling from both sides of his mouth onto his clothes.

That was a chain thing the whole day. All that he was doing was making new pans.

He used to carry a small bag with everything in it. And whenever I saw him he was always--this is the way: tobacco in his hand, rubbing the tobacco, preparing it, chewing the pan, and the red juice was all around.

I said, "You have destroyed my whole idea of a poet." Since then I have avoided poets because I came to know that they are blind people; once in a while they have a flight of imagination. But five thousand years ago, in the East, they must have understood that we have to make a distinction between the poet who is blind, and the poet who has eyes.

A rishi is one who speaks *because* he sees. His poetry also has a different name; it is called *richa* because it comes from a rishi. Richa means poetry coming from the awakened consciousness of a being. *person05*

I used to know a man--the whole city thought that he was mad, but I watched him very closely. He was one of the sanest men I have come across, and his sanity was

that nobody could deceive him. If you had said to him, "You are very beautiful," he would say, "Wait, define beauty, what do you mean by beautiful? You will have to convince me. I cannot let you go so easily--and what is the purpose of calling me beautiful?" And it is very difficult to define

beauty, almost impossible.

If somebody would say to him, "You are very intelligent".. the same problem. Only on one point he would never argue with anyone. If people told him, "You are mad!"--he would say, "That's perfectly right, I am mad. From a madman you cannot expect anything: you cannot ask, `Can I borrow some money from you?' The moment you say `mad,' you have put me outside the society, you have made me an individual.

Now you cannot manipulate me."

He used to be a professor, but because of his strange behavior he was thrown out of his college. I used to go to him when I was a student. I liked the man very much. He played the flute so beautifully; I would simply go in and sit, and I never asked anything and I never said anything. One day he looked at me and said, "It seems you are saner than me."

I asked him, "What do you mean by saner?"

He said, "Right, absolutely right. You have got the point. I will never ask anything and never say anything. You are always welcome; there is no need to go through any social ritual. You can simply come and rest, sit."

We became friendly. He was living in poverty, but he was immensely happy. He said,

"I always wanted to be a flute player, never to be a professor. Just my parents forced me.. but thanks to God the college people expelled me. Now I am absolutely free, and because people think I am mad nobody bothers me. I play my flute, I write songs.. . "

He has translated into Hindi the poetry of Omar Khayyam. There are at least a dozen Hindi translations of the poetry of Omar Khayyam--some done by great poets--but none comes even close to his. And he lived a life of anonymity. It was I who insisted that his book should be published.

He said, "Who is going to listen to me? I am a madman."

I said, "Don't be worried. I will approach publishers and I will not mention

your name in the beginning. First let them see the manuscript--because there are so many translations, but your translation is not only a translation but in some way an improvement."

I have read Khalil Gibran, I have read Omar Khayyam. He was interested in these two men and was slowly, whenever he had time, translating them. But I told him,

"No translation comes close to yours, and listening to you singing Omar Khayyam I sometimes feel perhaps the original Omar Khayyam does not have that quality, that much poetry, because he was not an insane man; he was a mathematician." Now, one cannot hope for a mathematician to write great poetry. These are opposite poles, poetry and mathematics--what do they have in common?

Finally I persuaded a publisher.. because he was also amazed and he was continuously asking who the translator was. When he was absolutely convinced that this was the best translation, then I told him the name. He said, "My God, but I used to think he is a madman."

I said, "In this insane world, to be sane is to be mad. He is not insane at all, but he enjoys this idea that people have forgotten about him. Now nobody expects anything from him, nobody expects that he should behave in a certain way. He has attained

freedom by being condemned as a madman. He is completely at ease with himself, he goes on doing his own thing and he is immensely happy."

This man died very soon after. Perhaps he was poor and he could not afford medicine--he had tuberculosis--but he died so peacefully and so joyously. .singing a song of Omar Khayyam. I was present when he died. The song that he sang last says.. in Hindi, just as in English or Arabic, the body is called the earth. The word

`human' comes from humus, and humus means mud. The word àdami' or àdam'

comes also from mud.

The song that he was singing and died singing was, "When I die, don't take my body to the funeral or to the cemetery. The earth in my body belongs to the pub"--he was a drunkard--"so please let my body be put in a grave inside the pub. I will be dead but others who will be alive.. if they can just drop a few drops of wine over my grave, that will be enough satisfaction for me."

You would not call him a saint, you would not call him religious--he was not, but he lived a life of utter simplicity, of tremendous beauty. He never harmed anybody, and there was a shine in his eyes because he knows something which other people don't know. *tahui27*

I have heard Ravi Shankar play on the sitar. He has everything one can imagine: the personality of a singer, the mastery of his instrument, and the gift of innovation, which is rare in classical musicians. He is immensely interested in the new. He has played with Yehudi Menuhin; no other Indian sitar player would be ready to do it, because no such thing has ever happened before. Sitar with a violin? Are you mad?

But innovators are a little mad; that's why they are capable of innovation.

The so-called sane people live orthodox lives from breakfast till bed. Between bed and breakfast, nothing should be said--not that I am afraid of saying it. I am talking about "them." They live according to the rules; they follow lines.

But innovators have to go outside the rules. Sometimes one should insist on not following the lines, just for not following's sake--and it pays, believe me. It pays because it always brings you to a new territory, perhaps of your own being. The medium may be different but the person inside you, playing the sitar or the violin or the flute, is the same: different routes leading to the same point, different lines from the circle leading to the same center. Innovators are bound to be a little crazy, unconventional.. and Ravi Shankar has been unconventional.

First: he is a pandit, a brahmin, and he married a Mohammedan girl. In India one cannot even dream of it--a brahmin marrying a Mohammedan girl! Ravi Shankar did it. But it was not just any Mohammedan girl, it was

the daughter of his master. That was even more unconventional. That means for years he had been hiding it from his master. Of course the master immediately allowed the marriage, the moment he came to know. He not only allowed, he arranged the marriage. He too was a revolutionary, and of a far greater range than Ravi Shankar. Allauddin Khan was his name.

I had gone to see him with Masto. Masto used to take me to rare people. Allauddin Khan was certainly one of the most unique people I have seen. He was very old; he died only after completing the century. When I met him he was looking towards the ground. Masto didn't say anything either. I was a little puzzled. I pinched Masto, but

he remained as if I had not pinched him. I pinched him harder, but still he remained as if nothing had happened. Then I really pinched him, and he said, "Ouch!"

Then I saw those eyes of Allauddin Khan--although he was so old you could read history in the lines of his face. He had seen the first revolution in India. That was in 1857, and he remembered it, so he must have been at least old enough to remember.

He had seen a whole century pass by, and all that he did this whole time was practice the sitar. Eight hours, ten hours, twelve hours each day; that's the classical Indian way. It's a discipline, and unless you practice it you soon lose the grip over it.

It is so subtle. . It is there only if you are in a certain state of preparedness; otherwise it is gone.

A master is reported to have once said, "If I don't practice for three days, the crowd notices it. If I don't practice for two days, the experts notice it. If I don't practice for one day, my disciples notice it. As far as I am concerned, I cannot stop for a single moment. I have to practice and practice; otherwise I immediately notice. Even in the morning, after a good sleep, I notice something is lost."

Indian classical music is a hard discipline, but if you impose it upon yourself

it gives you immense freedom. Of course, if you want to swim in the ocean you have to practice. And if you want to fly in the sky, then naturally it is apparent that immense discipline is required. But it cannot be imposed by somebody else. Anything imposed becomes ugly. That's how the word 'discipline' became ugly--because it has become associated with the father, the mother, the teacher, and all kinds of people who don't understand a single thing about discipline. They don't know the taste of it.

The master was saying, "If I don't practice even for a few hours nobody notices, but of course I notice the difference." One has to continuously practice, and the more you practice, the more you become practiced in practice; it becomes easier. Slowly slowly a moment comes when discipline is no longer a practice but enjoyment.

I am talking about classical music, not about my discipline. My discipline is enjoyment from the very beginning, or from the beginning of enjoyment. I will tell you about it later on.. .

I have heard Ravi Shankar many times. He has the touch, the magic touch, which very few people have in the world. It was by accident that he touched the sitar; whatsoever he touched would have become his instrument. It is not the instrument, it is always the man. He fell in love with Allauddin's vibe, and Allauddin was of a far greater height--thousands of Ravi Shankars joined together, stitched together rather, could not reach to his height. Allauddin was certainly a rebel--and not only an innovator but an original source of music. He brought many things to music.

Today almost all the great musicians in India are his disciples. It is not without reason. All kinds of musicians would come just to touch Baba's feet: sitarists, dancers, flutists, actors, and whatnot. That's how he was known, just as "Baba,"

because who would use his name, Allauddin?

When I saw him, he was already beyond ninety. Naturally he was a Baba; that simply became his name. And he was teaching all kinds of instruments to so many kinds of musicians. You could have brought any instrument and you would have seen him play it as if he had done nothing else but play that

instrument for his whole life.

He lived very close to the university where I was, just a few hours' journey away. I used to visit him once in a while, whenever there was no festival. I make this point

because there were always festivals. I must have been the only one to ask him,

"Baba, can you give me the dates when there are no festivals here?"

He looked at me and said, "So now you have come to take even those away too?"

And with a smile he gave me three dates. There were only three days in the whole year when there was not a festival. The reason was, there were all kinds of musicians with him--Hindus, Mohammedans, Christians--and every festival happened there, and he allowed them all. He was, in a real sense, a patriarch, a patron saint.

I used to visit him on those three days, when he was alone and there was no crowd around. I told him, "I don't want to disturb you. You can sit silently. If you want to play your veena it is up to you, or whatsoever. If you want to recite the Koran, I would love it. I have come here just to be part of your milieu." He wept like a child. It took me a little time to wipe his tears away and ask, "Have I hurt you?"

He said, "No, not at all. It just touched my heart so deeply that I could not find anything else to do but cry. And I know that I should not cry: I am so old and it is inappropriate--but has one to be appropriate all the time?"

I said, "No, at least not when I'm here." He started laughing, and the tears in his eyes, and the laughter on his face. .both together were such a joy.

Masto had brought me to him. Why? I will just say a few more things before I can answer it.. .

I have heard Vilayat Khan, another great sitarist--perhaps a little greater than Ravi Shankar, but not an innovator. He is utterly classical, but listening

to him even I loved classical music. Ordinarily I don't love anything classical, but he plays so perfectly you cannot help yourself. You have to love it, it is not in your hands. Once a sitar is in his hands, you are not in your own hands. Vilayat Khan is pure classical music. He will not allow any pollution; he will not allow anything popular. I mean

"pop," because in the West, unless you say pop nobody will understand what is popular. It is just the old "popular" cut short--badly cut, bleeding. .

Ravi Shankar is even more arrogant, perhaps because he is a brahmin too. That is like having two diseases together: classical music and being a brahmin. And he has a third dimension to his disease too, because he married the great Allauddin's daughter; he is his son-in-law.

Alauddin was so respected that just to be his son-in-law was enough proof that you are great, a genius. But unfortunately for them, I had also heard Masto. *glimps35*

Influence of the mystic, Masto, continues

Perhaps Masto wanted to go soon, and was just fulfilling the last task given by his guru, Pagal Baba. He did so much for me, it is difficult to even list it. He introduced me to people so that whenever I might need money I just had to tell them and the money would arrive. I asked Masto, "Won't they ask why?"

He said, "Don't you be worried about it. I have answered all their questions already.

But they are cowardly people; they can give you their money, but they cannot give you their hearts, so don't ask that."

I said, "I never ask anybody for his or her heart; it cannot be asked. Either you simply find that it is gone, or not. So I will not ask these people for anything except money, and that too only if it is needed."

And he certainly introduced me to many people who have always remained anonymous; but whenever I needed money, the money arrived. *glimps33*

I was introduced to Indira too by Masto, but in an indirect way. Basically Masto was a friend of Indira's father, Jawaharlal Nehru, the first prime minister of India. He was really a beautiful man, and a rare one too, because to be in politics and yet remain beautiful is not easy. .

It was my feeling also, when I was introduced by Masto. I was only twenty. After only one more year Masto was to leave me, so he was in a hurry to introduce me to everybody that he could. He rushed me to the prime minister's house. It was a beautiful meeting. I had not expected it to be beautiful because I had been disappointed so many times. How could I have expected that the prime minister would not just be a mean politician? He was not.

It was only by chance that, in the corridor as we were leaving and he was coming with us to say goodbye, Indira came in. At that time she was nobody, just a young girl. She was introduced to me by her father. Masto was present, of course, and it was through him that we met. But Indira may not have known Masto, or who knows?--maybe she did. The meeting with Jawaharlal turned out to be so significant that it changed my whole attitude, not only to him, but to his family too.

He talked with me about freedom, about truth. I could not believe it. I said, "Do you recognize the fact that I am only twenty years old, just a young man?"

He said, "Don't be bothered about age, because my experience is that a donkey, even if it is very old, still remains a donkey. An old donkey does not necessarily become a horse--nor even a mule, what to say of a horse. So don't you bother about age." He continued, "We can forget completely for a moment how old I am and how old you are, and let us discuss without any barriers of age, caste, creed, or position." He then said to Masto, "Baba, would you please close the door so that nobody enters. I don't even want my own private secretary."

And we talked of such great things! It was I who was surprised, because he listened to me with as much attention as you. And he had such a beautiful face as only the Kashmiris can have. *glimps38*

In my memory, I am standing with Masto. Of course there is nobody with whom I would rather stand. After Masto, with anybody else it would be poor, bound to be.

That man was really rich in every cell of his being, and in every fiber of his vast net of relationships that he slowly made me aware of. He never introduced me to the whole; that was not possible. I was in a hurry to do what I call not-doing. He was in a hurry to do what he called his responsibility towards me, as he had promised Pagal Baba. We were both in a hurry, so as much as he wanted to he could not make all his relationships available to me. There were other reasons also.

He was a traditional sannyasin--at least on the surface, but I knew him underneath.

He was not traditional, but only pretending to be because the crowds wanted that pretense. And only today can I understand how much he must have suffered. I have never suffered like that because I simply refused to pretend.

You cannot believe, but thousands of people were expecting from me something of their own imaginations. I had nothing to do with it. The Hindus, among my millions of followers--I am talking about the days before I started my work--they believed that I was Kalki. Kalki is the Hindu avatara, the last.

I have to explain it a little, because it will help you to understand many things. In India, the ancient Hindus believed in only ten incarnations of God. Naturally--those were the days when people used to count on their fingers--ten was the ultimate. You could not go beyond ten; you had to begin again from one. That's why the Hindus believed that each cycle of existence has ten avataras. The word 'avatara' means literally "descending of the divine." Ten, because after the tenth, one cycle, or circle, ends. Another immediately begins, but then there is again a first avatara, and the story continues up to the tenth..

Kalki is the tenth and the last Hindu incarnation of God. After him the world ends--

and of course begins again, just as you demolish a house made of playing cards, then start afresh. *glimps40*

Masto was a king--not a playing-card king, not even a king of England, but a real king. You could see. Nothing else was needed to prove it. It is strange that he was the first person to call me "the Blessed One," Bhagwan.

When he said it, I said to him, "Masto, have you also gone as mad as Pagal Baba, or even more?"

He said, "From this moment, remember, I will not call you other than what I have just called you. Please," he said, "let me be the first, because thousands will call you

'the Blessed One.' Poor Masto should at least be allowed to be the first. At least let me have that prestige."

We hugged each other, and cried together. That was our last meeting; just the day before I had had the experience (of enlightenment). It was 22nd March, 1953, that we hugged each other without knowing that this was going to be our last meeting.

Perhaps he knew, but I was not aware of it. He told me this with tears in his beautiful eyes.. .

But Masto looked like a god who had come to earth. I loved him--without any reason of course, because love cannot have any reason. I still love him. I don't know whether he is alive or not, because on 22nd March, 1953 he disappeared. He just told me he was going to the Himalayas.

He said, "My responsibility is fulfilled as far as I had promised Pagal Baba. Now you are what you potentially were. Now I am no longer needed."

I said, "No, Masto, I will need you still, for other reasons."

He said, "No. You will find ways for everything that you require. But I cannot wait."

Since then, once in a while I used to hear--perhaps from someone coming from the Himalayas, a sannyasin, a bhikkhu--that Masto was in Kalimpong, or that he was in Nainital, or here or there, but he never came back from the Himalayas. I asked everybody who was going to the Himalayas, "If you come across this man.. ." But it was difficult, because he was very reluctant to be photographed. *glimps32*

Osho's experiences leading to Enlightenment

Buddha says, 'Fortunate is the man who has found a Master.'

I myself was not as fortunate as you are; I was working without a Master. I searched and I could not find one. It was not that I had not searched, I had searched long

enough, but I could not find one. It is very rare to find a Master, rare to find a being who has become a non-being, rare to find a presence who is almost an absence, rare to find a man who Is simply a door to the divine, an open door to the divine which will not hinder you, through which you can pass. It is very difficult .

The Sikhs call their temple the *gurudwara,* the door of the Master. That is exactly what the Master is--the door. Jesus says again and again, 'I am the gate, I am the way, I am the truth. Come follow me, pass through me. And unless you pass through me you will not be able to reach.'

Yes, sometimes it happens that a person has to work without a Master. If the Master is not available then one has to work without a Master, but then the journey is very hazardous.

For one year I was in the state. . For one year it was almost impossible to know what was happening. For one year continuously it was even difficult to keep myself alive. Just to keep myself alive was a very difficult thing--because all appetite disappeared. Days would pass and I would not feel any hunger, days would pass and I would not feel any thirst. I had to force myself to eat, force myself to drink. The body was so non-existential that I had to hurt myself to feel that I was still in the body. I had to knock my head against the wall to feel whether my head was still there or not. Only when it

hurt would I be a little in the body.

Every morning and every evening I would run for five to eight miles. People used to think that I was mad. Why was I running so much? Sixteen miles a day! It was just to feel myself, to feel that I still was, not to lose contact with myself--just to wait until my eyes became attuned to the new that was happening.

And I had to keep myself close to myself. I would not talk to anybody because everything had become so inconsistent that even to formulate one sentence was difficult. In the middle of the sentence I would forget what I was saying in the middle of the way I would forget where I was going. Then I would have to come back. I would read a book--I would read fifty pages--and then suddenly I would remember,

'What am I reading? I don't remember at all.'

My situation was such:

The door of the psychiatrist's office burst open and a man rushed in.

'Doctor!' he cried. 'You've got to help me. I'm sure I'm losing my mind. I can't remember anything--what happened a year ago, or even what happened yesterday. I must be going crazy!'

'Hmmmmmmm,' pondered the headshrinker. 'Just when did you first become aware of this problem?'

The man looked puzzled, 'What problem?'

This was my situation! Even to complete a full sentence was difficult. I had to keep myself shut in my room. I made it a point not to talk, not to say anything, because to say anything was to say that I was mad.

For one year it persisted. I would simply lie on the floor and look at the ceiling and count from one to a hundred then back from a hundred to one. Just to remain capable of counting was at least something. Again and again I would forget. It took one year for me to gain a focus again, to have a perspective.

It happened. It was a miracle. But it was difficult. There was nobody to support me, there was nobody to say where I was going and what was happening. In fact,

everybody was against it my teachers, my friends, my well-wishers. All were against it. But they could not do anything, they could only condemn, they could only ask what I was doing.

I was not doing anything! Now it was beyond me; it was happening. I had done something, unknowingly I had knocked at the door, now the door had opened. I had been meditating for many years, just sitting silently doing nothing, and by and by I started getting into that space, that heartspace, where you are and you are not doing anything, you are simply there, a presence, a watcher.

You are not even a watcher because you are not watching--you are just a presence.

Words are not adequate because whatsoever word is used it seems as if it is being done. No, I was not doing it. I was simply lying, sitting, walking--deep down there was no doer. I had lost all ambition; there was no desire to be anybody, no desire to reach anywhere--not even God, not even nirvana. The Buddha-disease had completely disappeared. I was simply thrown to myself.

It was an emptiness and emptiness drives one crazy. But emptiness is the only door to God. That means that only those who are ready to go mad ever attain, nobody else. *tao209*

I have been looking for the door to enlightenment as long as I remember--from my very childhood. I must have carried that idea from my past life, because I don't remember a single day in my childhood in this life that I was not looking for it.

And as far as my craziness is concerned, naturally I was thought crazy by everybody.

I never played with any children. I never could find any way to communicate

with the children of my own age. To me they looked stupid, doing all kinds of idiotic things. I never joined any football team, volleyball team, hockey team. Of course, they all thought me crazy. And as far as I was concerned, as I grew I started looking at the whole world as crazy.

In the last year, when I was twenty-one, it was a time of nervous breakdown *and* breakthrough. Naturally, those who loved me, my family, my friends, my professors, could understand a little bit what was going on in me--why I was so different from other children, why I would go on sitting for hours with closed eyes, why I sat by the bank of the river and went on looking at the sky for hours, sometimes for the whole night. Naturally, the people who could not understand such things--and I did not expect them to understand--thought me mad.

In my own home I had become almost absent. .

By and by they stopped asking me anything, and slowly slowly they started feeling as if I were not there. And I loved it, the way I had become a nothingness, a nobody, an absence. That one year was tremendous. I was surrounded with nothingness, emptiness. I had lost all contact with the world. If they reminded me to take a bath, I would go on taking the bath for hours. Then they had to knock on the door: "Now come out of the bathroom. You have taken enough bath for one month. Just come out." If they reminded me to eat, I ate; otherwise, days would pass and I would not eat. Not that I was fasting--I had no idea about eating or fasting. My whole concern was to go deeper and deeper into myself. And the door was so magnetic, the pull was so immense--like what physicists now call black holes.

They say there are black holes in existence. If a star comes by chance to a black hole it is pulled into the black hole; there is no way to resist that pull, and to go into the

black hole is to go into destruction. We don't know what happens on the other side.

My idea, for which some physicist has to find evidence, is that the black hole on this side is a white hole on the other side. The hole cannot be just

one side; it is a tunnel.

I have experienced it in myself. Perhaps on a bigger scale the same happens in the universe. The star dies; as far as we can see, it disappears. But every moment new stars are being born. From where? Where is their womb? It is simple arithmetic that the black hole was just a womb--the old disappeared into it and the new is born.

This I have experienced in myself--I am not a physicist. That one year of tremendous pull made me farther and farther away from people, so much so that I would not recognize my own mother, I might not recognize my own father; so far that there were times I forgot my own name. I tried hard, but there was no way to find what my name used to be.

Naturally, to everybody that one year I was mad. But to me that madness became meditation, and the peak of that madness opened the door. I passed through it. I am now beyond enlightenment--on the other side of the door. *last120*

I was taken to a *vaidya* to a physician. In fact, I was taken to many doctors and to many physicians but only one ayurvedic *vaidya* told my father, "He is not ill. Don't waste your time." Of course, they were dragging me from one place to another. And many people would give me medicines and I would tell my father, "Why are you worried? I am perfectly okay." But nobody would believe what I was saying. They would say, "You keep quiet. You just take the medicine. What is wrong in it?" So I used to take all sorts of medicines.

There was only one *vaidya* who was a man of insight--his name was Pundit Bhaghirath Prasad. . That old man has gone but he was a rare man of insight. He looked at me and he said, "He is not ill." And he started crying and said, "I have been searching for this state myself. He is fortunate. In this life I have missed this state.

Don't take him to anybody. He is reaching home." And he cried tears of happiness.

He was a seeker. He had been searching all over the country from this end

to that.

His whole life was a search and enquiry. He had some idea of what it was about. He became my protector--my protector against the doctors and other physicians. He said to my father, "You leave it to me. I will take care." He never gave me any medicine. When my father insisted, he just gave me sugar pills and told me, "These are sugar pills. Just to console them you can take them. They will not harm, they will not help. In fact, there is no help possible." *tao209*

In my university days, and people thought that I was crazy. Suddenly I would stop, and then I would remain in that spot for half an hour, an hour, unless I started enjoying walking again. My professors were so afraid that when there were examinations they would put me in a car and take me to the university hall. They would leave me at the door and wait there: had I reached to my desk or not? If I was taking my bath and suddenly I realized that I was not enjoying it, I would stop. What is the point then? If I was eating and I recognized suddenly that I was not enjoying, then I would stop.
.

And, by and by, it became a key. I suddenly recognized that whenever you are enjoying something, you are centered. Enjoyment is just the sound of being centered. Whenever you are not enjoying something, you are off-center. Then don't force it; there is no need. If people think you crazy, let them think you crazy. Within

a few days you will, by your own experience, find how you were missing yourself.

You were doing a thousand and one things which you never enjoyed, and still you were doing them because you were taught to. You were just fulfilling your duties. *trans404*

I used to go for a morning walk, and I used to pass a beautiful house every day--that was my route. And one day, when I was coming back, the sun was just shining on my face; I was perspiring--I had gone for four, five miles, and just. .I could not move from that place. I must have been eighteen or seventeen. Something happened between the sun and the

beautiful morning, that I simply forgot that I have to go home. I simply forgot that I am. I was simply standing there.

But the man who owned the house, he has been watching me for almost a year--that I come and go by the side of the house; today, what has happened? I am simply frozen. But frozen in such ecstasy!

He came and shook me, and it was like coming down from a very far away place, rushing into my body. He said, "What has happened?"

I said, "That's what I was going to ask you. Something certainly happened, and something that I would like to happen forever. I was not. You unnecessarily got worried, shook me, and brought me back. I had moved into some space which was absolutely new to me--and it was pure isness."

Anything can do, it seems that just your preparedness, knowingly or unknowingly, your closeness to the point where the phenomenon can be triggered. . But this kind of experience is not within your power. It happens to you like lightning. *trans12*

It happened once with me, many years ago. I used to get up at 3 a.m. and go for a walk. It was a lovely night and the roadside was thickly covered by clusters of bamboo groves. There was a slight opening at one point, otherwise it was covered all the way along. I used to run straight from one end to the other of that stretch one way and then run facing backwards the other way. In an hour--from 3 a.m. to 4 a.m.-

-I would do my exercise there. One day a weird thing happened. While I was running backwards and still under the bamboo-shaded area, a man--a milkman--was approaching me with all his empty containers on his way to collect milk from some dairy. Then suddenly as I emerged from the shaded area--it was a moonlit night--he could see me all of a sudden. A moment before I was not visible, so all of a sudden. .and running backwards! Only ghosts are known to run backwards!

That milkman threw the empty containers away and ran off. There was something odd about the way he ran off. I had no idea he had become so scared of me, so I ran after him to help. Now he ran for his life! The faster I

ran after him, out of concern, calling him to stop, the more speed he was gaining. I had never before seen anyone run like that! Then I had an inkling that perhaps I was the only other person around here and he had become scared of me.

Hearing the noise of the falling containers and running feet, a man in the nearby hotel woke up. I went to him and asked him if he knew what had happened. He said,

"If you are asking me, I know that you run backwards here every day, but still I get scared sometimes. That man must have been new on this road."

I said, "Keep these containers with you, maybe the man will return in the morning."

He has not returned even now! Whenever I have passed by that hotel again, I have inquired if that man has ever returned. He never came back.

Now there is no way of telling that man that what he had seen was 'almost false'.

There was no ghost there, but he managed to see it! For him the ghost was a complete reality, otherwise he would not have disappeared for that long a time. That man must have had some past experience that he imposed on the scene.

What really is is not what we are seeing; we are seeing what our eyes are showing us. Our mind is imposing things each moment and we are seeing who knows what, and it certainly is not out there in the world.

This whole world is the extension of our mind. What we see is projected by us. First we project and then we see. First we project a snake in a rope, then we see it and run away. This whole world is like that. *finger07*

For ten years I used to run eight miles every morning and eight miles every evening-

-from I947 to I957. It was a regular thing. And I came to experience many, many things through running. At sixteen miles per day I would have

encircled the world seven times in those ten years. After you run the second or third mile a moment comes when things start flowing and you are no longer in the head, you become your body, you are the body. You start functioning as an alive being--as trees function, as animals function. You become a tiger or a peacock or a wolf. You forget all head. The university is forgotten, the degrees are forgotten, you don't know a thing, you simply are.

In fact, by and by, after three or four miles, you cannot conceive of yourself as a head. Totality arises. Plato is forgotten, Freud has disappeared, all divisions disappear--because they were on the surface--and deep down your unity starts asserting itself.

Running against the wind in the early morning when things are fresh and the whole existence is in a new joy, is bathed in a new delight of the new day, and everything is fresh and young, the past has disappeared, everything has come out of deep rest in the night, everything is innocent, primitive--suddenly even the runner disappears.

There is only running. There is no body running, there is only running. And by and by you see that a dance arises with the wind, with the sky, with the sun rays coming, with the trees, with the earth. You are dancing. You start feeling the pulse of the Universe. That is sexual. Swimming in the river is sexual. Copulating is not the only sexual thing; anything where your body pulsates totally, with no inhibitions, is sexual.

So when I use the word 'sexual' I mean this experience of totality. Genitality is only one of the functions of sexuality. It has become too important because we have forgotten the total function of sexuality. In fact, your so-called mahatmas have made you very, very genital. The whole blame falls on your saints and mahatmas--they are the culprits, the criminals. They have never told you what real sexuality is.

By and by sexuality has become confined to the genitals; it has become local, it is no longer total. Local genitality is ugly because at the most it can give you a relief; it can never give you orgasm. Ejaculation is not orgasm, all ejaculations are not orgasmic and each orgasm is not a peak experience. Ejaculation is genital, orgasm is sexual and a peak experience is spiritual. When sexuality is confined to the genitals you can have only relief; you

simply lose energy, you don't gain anything. It is simply stupid.

It is just like the relief that comes out of a good sneeze, not more than that.

It has no orgasm because your total body does not pulsate. You are not in a dance, you don't participate with your whole, it is not holy. It is very partial and the partial can never be orgasmic because orgasm is possible only when the total organism is involved. When you pulsate from your toe to your head, when every fibre of your being pulsates, when all cells of your body dance, when there is a great orchestra inside you, when everything is dancing--then there is orgasm. But every orgasm is not a peak experience either. When you are pulsating totally inside, it is an orgasm.

When your totality participates with the totality of existence it is a peak experience.

And people have decided on ejaculation, they have forgotten orgasm and they have completely forgotten the peak experience. They don't know what it is.

And because they cannot attain the higher, they are confined to the lower. When you can attain the higher, when you can attain the better, naturally the lower starts disappearing on its own accord. If you understand me.. sex will be transformed, but not sexuality. You will become more sexual. As sex disappears you will become more sexual. Where will sex go? It will become your sexuality. You will become more sensuous. You will live with more intensity, with more flame; you will live like a great wave. These tiny waves will disappear. You will become a storm, you will become a great wind that can shake the trees and the mountains. You will be a tide, a flood. Your candle will burn at both ends together, simultaneously.

And in that moment--even if you are allowed to live for only one moment, that's more than enough--you have the taste of eternity. *parad107*

Let me tell you an incredible experience I had. It has just occurred to me; I have never told it before. About seventeen or eighteen years ago I used to meditate until late at night sitting in the top of a tree.

I have often felt the body has a greater influence over you if you meditate sitting on the ground. The body is made of earth, and the forces of the body work very powerfully if one meditates sitting on the ground. All this talk of the yogis moving up to the higher elevations--to the mountains, to the Himalayas--is not without reason; it's very scientific. The greater the distance between the body and the earth, the lesser the pull of the earthly element on the body.

So I used to meditate every night sitting in a tree.

One night.. I don't know when I became immersed in deep meditation, and I don't know at what point my body fell from the tree, but when it did, I looked with a start to see what had happened.

I was still in the tree, but the body had fallen below. It's difficult to say how I felt at that time. I was still sitting in the tree and the body was below. Only a single silver cord connected me with the navel of my body--a very shiny silver cord. What would happen next was beyond my comprehension. How would I return to my body?

I don't know how long this state lasted, but it was an exceptional experience. For the first time I saw my body from outside, and from that very day on the body ceased to exist. Since then I am finished with death, because I came to see another body different from this one--I came to experience the subtle body. It's difficult to say how long this experience lasted.

With the breaking of dawn, two women from the nearby village passed, carrying milk pots on their heads. As they approached the tree they saw my body lying there.

They came and sat next to the body. I was watching all this from above. It seems the

women took the body to be dead. They placed their hands on my head, and in a moment, as if by a powerful force of attraction, I came back into the body and my eyes opened.

At that point I experienced something else too. I felt that a woman can create a chemical change in a man's body, and so can a man in a woman's body. I also wondered how the touch of that woman caused my return to the body.

Subsequently, I had many more experiences of this kind. They explained why the tantrikas of India, who experimented extensively with samadhi and death, had linked themselves with women too.

During intensive experiences of samadhi, man's luminous body, his subtle body, cannot return without a woman's help if it has come out of the physical body.

Similarly, a woman's luminous, subtle body, cannot be brought back without a man's assistance. As the male and female bodies connect, an electrical circuit is completed and the consciousness that has gone out returns swiftly to the body.

Following this event, I consistently had the same kind of experience about six times in six months. And in those six months I felt I had lost at least ten years off my life. If I were to live up to seventy, now I can only live up to sixty. I went through some strange experiences in six months--even the hair on my chest turned white. I couldn't comprehend what was happening.

It occurred to me, however, that the connection between this body and that body had ruptured, had been interrupted, that the adjustment, the harmony that had existed between the two, had broken down. What also occurred to me was that the reason for Shankaracharya dying at the age of thirty-three and Vivekananda dying at the age of thirty-six was something else. It becomes difficult to live once the connection between the two bodies breaks abruptly. This explained why Ramakrishna was besieged with illnesses and Ramana died of cancer. The cause was not physical; rather, the breaking of the adjustment between their physical and subtle bodies was responsible for it.

It is generally believed that yogis are healthy people, but the truth is completely the opposite. The truth is, yogis have always been ill, and have died at early ages. The sole reason for this is that the necessary adjustment

between the two bodies becomes interrupted. Once the subtle body comes out of the physical body it never reenters fully and the adjustment is never completely restored. But then it is not needed. There is no reason for it; it has no meaning.

With the use of will power, simply with will power, the energy can be drawn inside--

just the thought, the feeling, "I want to turn in, I want to go back in, I want to return within, I want to come back in." Were you to have such an intense longing, such a powerful emotion; if your whole being were to fill with a passionate, intense desire to return to your center; if your entire body were to pulsate with this feeling, someday it can happen--you will instantly return to your core and, for the first time, see your body from within.

When yoga talks about thousands of arteries and veins, it is not from the point of view of physiology. Yogis have nothing to do with physiology. These have been known from within; hence, when one looks today one wonders where these arteries and veins are. Where are the seven *chakras,* the centers within the body that yoga

talks about? They are nowhere in the body. We can't find them because we are looking at the body from outside.

There is one other way to observe the body--from within, through the inner physiology. That's a subtle physiology. The nerves, veins and centers of the body known through that inner physiology are all totally different. You won't find them anywhere in this physical body. These centers are the contact fields between this body and the inner soul, the meeting points for both.

The biggest meeting point is the navel. You may have noticed, if you suddenly get into an accident driving a car, the navel will be the first to feel the impact. The navel will become disordered at once, because here the contact field between the body and the soul is the deepest of all. Seeing death, this center will be the first to become disturbed. As soon as death appears, the navel will be disrupted in relation to the body's center. There is an internal arrangement of the body which has resulted from the contact between this body and the inner body. The chakras are their contact fields.

So obviously, to know the body from within is to know a totally different kind of world altogether, a world we know absolutely nothing about. Medical science knows nothing about it, and won't for some time. Once you experience that the body is separate from you, you are finished with death. You come to know there is no death.

And then you can actually come out of the body and look at it yourself from outside.

Questions relating to life and death are not matters of philosophical or metaphysical thought. Those who think about these things never accomplish anything. What I am talking about is an existential approach. It *can* be known that "I am life;" it *can* be known that "I am not going to die." One can live this experience, one can enter into it. *now08*

I am reminded of a dream I have never been able to forget.

In this dream, which came to me a number of times, there was a long ladder with its upper rungs completely lost in the clouds. It seemed to be a ladder that led to the sky. Urged by an irrepressible desire to reach the sky, I began to climb. But it was very difficult; each rung required great effort. My breathing grew strained and perspiration poured from my forehead. But my desire to reach the sky was so great that I went on climbing. Soon there was a feeling of suffocation and it seemed as if my heart would give out. But all at once I realized that I was not the only climber, that mine was not the only ladder. There was an infinite number of ladders and endless numbers of people were climbing upwards. I experienced a surge of great rivalry and I began to climb even faster. This mad race, this using of all our strength to keep climbing continued until it eventually faded into the end of the dream.

That is always the same.

I finally reached the last rung. There is no rung beyond, and turning around, I see that there is no ladder either. And then the fall, the descent from that great height begins. It is even more painful that the climb. Death seems inevitable. And sure enough, it is my death. And the shock of that death invariably awakens me.

But that dream shows me a great truth, and since the first time I have had it life has seemed nothing more to me than an extension of that dream. In every dream is there not some kind of vision of the mad rush in which mankind is involved? Doesn't every mad scramble end in death? But then, ask yourself what "death" means.

Doesn't it just mean there is no higher rung on the ladder? Death is the end of rushing. It is an end to the future; it is the impossibility of any further possibilities.

The rushing, racing mind leads a man to great heights, and what is death but the fall from those heights?

Whenever there is a mad race of any kind, death invariably steps in. It makes no difference whether the goal is wealth or religion or enjoyment or renunciation.

Wherever there is rushing there is dreaming, but where there is no rushing, racing mind, there is truth. And there is life too--the life that has no death. *long05*

The desire to be on the peaks is a wrong desire--all desires as such are wrong, and religious desires are far more wrong than any other desires for the simple reason that other desires can be fulfilled. Of course, by their fulfillment you will not go beyond frustration; fulfilled or not fulfilled, frustration is inevitable. If your desire is fulfilled you will be frustrated--in fact, more so, because now you will see you were chasing a shadow; you have got it and there is nothing in it. If your desire is not fulfilled you will be frustrated, because your whole life is wasted and you have not been able to fulfill a single desire. All your hopes are shattered.

Hopes are bound to be shattered. To hope is to hanker for hopelessness, to desire is to breed frustration. But in the worldly things at least there is a possibility of succeeding, failing, attaining, not attaining. But in spiritual matters there is no question of attainment at all because the goose is out! Nothing can be done about it, it is already out. The moment you start enjoying your valley you are on the peak--

there is no other peak!

One day I suddenly decided enough is enough. I dropped the idea of the peaks and started enjoying the valley, and a miracle I saw: the valley disappeared. In fact, from the very beginning there had been no valley, I was always on the peak, but because I was searching for a peak I could not see where I was.

Your eyes are focused far away, hence you miss the obvious. It is here, and your mind is there, arrowed into the blue sky. And the reality surrounds you: it is closer than your very heartbeat, it is closer than your breathing, it is closer than the circulation of your blood, it is closer than your very marrow, it is closer than your very consciousness. It is your very core, your very being! *goose03*

I used to ask myself, "Who am I?" It is impossible to count how many days and nights I passed in this query. The intellect gave answers heard from others, or born of conditioning. All of them were borrowed, lifeless. They brought no contentment.

They resonated a little at the surface, and then disappeared. The inner being was not touched by them. No echo of them was heard in the depths. There were many answers to the question, but none was correct. And I was untouched by them. They could not rise to the level of the question.

Then I saw that the question came from the center but the replies touched only the periphery. The question was mine, but the answers came from outside; the question arose from my innermost being, the replies were imposed from outside. This insight became a revolution. A new dimension was revealed.

The responses of the intellect were meaningless. They had no relevance to the problem. An illusion had shattered. And what a relief it was!

It seemed as if a closed door had been flung open, filling the darkness with light. The intellect had been providing the answers--that was the mistake. Because of these

false answers, the real answer could not arise. Some truth was struggling to surface.

In the depths of consciousness some seed was seeking the way to break open the ground in order to reach the light. Intellect was the obstruction.

When this was made plain, the answers began to subside. Knowledge acquired from outside began to evaporate. The question went ever deeper. I did not do anything, only kept on watching.

Something novel was happening. I was speechless. What was there to do? I was, at the most, simply a witness. The reactions of the periphery were fading, perishing, becoming nonexistent. The center now began to resonate more fully.

"Who am I?" My entire being was throbbing with this thirst.

What a violent storm it was! Every breath quaked and trembled in it.

"Who am I?" - like an arrow, the question pierced through everything and moved within.

I remember--what an acute thirst it was! My very life had turned into thirst.

Everything was burning. And like a flame of fire the question stood forth, "Who am I?"

The surprise was that the intellect was completely silent. The incessant flow of thoughts had stopped. What had happened? The periphery was absolutely still.

There were no thoughts, no conditionings of the past.

Only I was there--and there was the question too. No, no-- I myself was the question.

And then the explosion. In a moment, everything was transformed. The question had dropped. The answer had come from some unknown dimension.

Truth is attained through a sudden explosion, not gradually.

It cannot be compelled to appear. It comes.

Emptiness is the solution, not words. Becoming answerless is the answer.

Someone asked yesterday--and someone or the other asks every day--"What is the answer?"

I say, "If I mention it, it is meaningless. Its meaning lies in realizing it oneself." *sdwisd01*

I tell you from my own experience that there is no easier path than merging with one's own self. The only thing one has to do is stop seeking for the support of anything on the surface of the mind. By catching hold of thoughts you cannot drown and because of their support you remain on the surface.

We are in the habit of catching hold of thoughts. As soon as one thought passes on we catch hold of another--but we never enter the gap between two successive thoughts. This gap itself is the channel to drowning in the depths. Do not move in thoughts--go deep down between them in the gaps.

How can this be done? It can be done by awareness, by observing the stream of thoughts. Just as a man standing on the side of a road watches the people passing by, you should observe your thoughts. They are simply pedestrians, passing by on the road of the mind within you. Just watch them. Don't form judgment about any of them. If you can observe them with detachment, the fist that has been gripping them opens automatically and you will find yourself standing, not in thoughts, but in the interval, in the gap between them. But the gap has no foundation so it isn't possible just to stand there. Simply by being there you drown.

And this drowning itself is the real support because it is through this that you reach the being you really are. One who seeks support in the realm of thoughts is really suspended in the air without support--but he who throws away all crutches attains the support of his own self. *pway07*

A meditator has to remember not to struggle with the thoughts. If you want to win, don't fight. That is a simple rule of thumb. If you want to win, simply

don't fight. The thoughts will be coming as usual. You just watch, hiding behind your blanket; let them come and go. Just don't get involved with them.

The whole question is of not getting involved in any way--appreciation or condemnation, *any* judgment, bad or good. Don't say anything, just remain absolutely aloof and allow the mind to move in its routine way. If you can manage.. and this has been managed by thousands of buddhas, so there is not a problem. And when I say this can be managed, I am saying it on my own authority. I don't have any other authority.

I have fought and have tortured myself with fighting and I have known the whole split that creates a constant misery and tension. Finally seeing the point that victory is impossible, I simply dropped out of the fight. I allowed the thoughts to move as they want; I am no longer interested.

And this is a miracle, that if you are not interested, thoughts start coming less. When you are utterly uninterested, they stop coming. And a state of no-thought, without any fight, is the greatest peace one has ever known. This is what we are calling the empty heart of the buddha. *empti03*

This mind is amazing. It comes to be experienced like an onion. One day, seeing an onion, I was reminded of this resemblance. I was peeling the onion; I went on peeling layer after layer, and finally nothing remained of it. First thick rough layers, then soft smooth layers, and then nothing.

Thus is the mind also. You go on peeling off, first gross layers, then subtle layers, and then remains an emptiness. Thoughts, passions and ego, and then nothing at all, just emptiness. It is the uncovering of this emptiness that I call meditation. This emptiness is our true self. That which ultimately remains is the self-form. Call it the self, call it the no-self, words do not mean anything. Where there is no thought, passion, or ego, is that which *is*.

Hume has said, "Whenever I dive into myself I do not meet any 'I' there. I come across either some thought or some passion or some memory, but never across myself." This is right--but Hume turns back from the layers only, and that is the mistake. Had he gone a little deeper he would have reached the place where there is nothing to come across, and that is the

true self. Where there remains nothing to come across is that which I am. Everything is based in that emptiness. But if somebody turns back from the very surface, no acquaintance with it takes place.

On the surface is the world, at the center is the self. On the surface is everything, at the center is nothing-ness, the void. *sdwisd03*

On my search I found no greater scripture than silence. When I had dug through all the scriptures I realized how futile they all were and that silence was the only thing that had any point to it whatsoever. *long03*

I remember the days when my mind was in darkness, when nothing was clear inside me at all. One thing in particular I recall about those days was that I did not feel love for anyone, I did not even love myself.

But when I came to the experience of meditation, I felt as though a million dormant springs of love had suddenly begun to bubble up in me. This love was not focused, not directed to anyone in particular, it was just a flow, fluid and forceful. It flowed from me as light streams from a lamp, as fragrance pours from flowers. In the wonderful moment of my awakening I realized that love was the real manifestation of my nature, of man's nature.

Love has no direction; it is not aimed at anyone. Love is a manifestation of the soul, of one's self.

Before this experience happened to me I believed love meant being attached to someone. Now I realize that love and attachment are two completely different things. Attachment is the absence of love. Attachment is the opposite of hatred, and hatred it can easily become. They are a pair, attachment and hatred. They are mutually interchangeable.

The opposite of hatred is not love. Not at all. And love is quite different from attachment too. Love is a completely new dimension. It is the absence of both attachment and hatred, yet it is not negative. Love is the positive existence of some higher power. This power, this energy, flows from the self towards all things--not because it is attracted by them, but because love is emitted by the self. Because love is the perfume of the self. *long06*

Osho's enlightenment

You ask me: *What happened when you became enlightened?*

I *laughed,* a real uproarious laugh, seeing the whole absurdity of *trying* to be enlightened. The whole thing is ridiculous because we are born enlightened, and to try for something that is already the case is the most absurd thing. If you already have it, you cannot achieve it; only those things can be achieved which you don't have, which are not intrinsic parts of your being. But enlightenment is your very nature.

I had struggled for it for many lives--it had been the only target for many many lives.

And I had done everything that is possible to do to attain it, but I had always failed.

It was bound to be so--because it cannot be an attainment. It is your nature, so how can it be your attainment? It cannot be made an ambition.

Mind is ambitious--ambitious for money, for power, for prestige. And then one day, when it gets fed up with all these extrovert activities, it becomes ambitious for enlightenment, for liberation, for *nirvana,* for God. But the same ambition has come back; only the object he changed. First the object was outside, now the object is inside. But your attitude, your approach has not changed; you are the *same* person in the *same* rut, in the *same* routine.

"The day I became enlightened" simply means the day I realized that there is nothing to achieve, there is nowhere to go, there is nothing to be done. We are

already divine and we are already perfect-- *as we are.* No improvement is needed, no improvement at all. God never creates anybody imperfect. Even if you come across an imperfect man, you will see that his imperfection is perfect. God never creates any imperfect thing.

I have heard about a Zen Master Bokuju who was telling this truth to his disciples, that all is perfect. A man stood up--very old, a hunchback--and he said, "What about me? I am a hunchback. What do you say about me?"

Bokuju said, "I have never seen such a perfect hunchback in my life."

When I say "the day I achieved enlightenment," I am using wrong language--because there is no other language, because our language is created by us. It consists of the words "achievement," "attainment," "goals," "improvement" "progress," "evolution."

Our languages are not created by the enlightened *people;* and in fact they cannot create it even if they want to because enlightenment happens in silence. How can you bring that silence into words? And whatsoever you do, the words are going to destroy something of that silence.

Lao Tzu says: The moment truth is asserted it becomes false. There is no way to communicate truth. But language has to be used; there is no other way. So we always have to use the language with the condition that it cannot be adequate to the experience. Hence I say "the day I achieved my enlightenment." It is neither an achievement nor mine.

[At this point there is a brief power failure: no light, no sound.]

Yes, it happens like that! Out of nowhere suddenly the darkness, suddenly the light, and you cannot do anything. You can just watch.

I laughed that day because of all my stupid ridiculous efforts to attain it. I laughed on that day at myself, and I laughed on that day at the whole of humanity, because everybody is trying to achieve, everybody is trying to reach, everybody is trying to improve.

To me it happened in a state of total relaxation--it always happens in that state. I had tried everything. And then, seeing the futility of all effort, I dropped. .I dropped the whole project, I forgot all about it. For seven days I lived *as* ordinarily as possible.

The people I used to live with were very much surprised, because this was the first time they had seen me live just an ordinary life. Otherwise my whole life was a perfect discipline.

For two years I had lived with that family, and they had known that I would get up at three o'clock in the morning, then I would go for a long four- or

five-mile walk or run, and then I would take a bath in the river. Everything was absolutely routine.

Even if I had a fever or I was ill, there was no difference: I would simply go on the same way.

They had known me to sit in meditation for hours. Up to that day I had not eaten many things. I would not drink tea, coffee, I had a strict discipline about what to eat, what not to eat. And exactly at nine o'clock I would go to bed. Even if somebody was sitting there, I would simply say "Goodbye" and I would go to my bed. The family with whom I used to live, they would inform the person that "Now you can go. He has gone to sleep." I would not even waste a single moment in saying, "Now it is time for me to go to sleep."

When I relaxed for seven days, when I dropped the whole thing and when on the first day I drank tea in the morning and woke up at nine o'clock in the morning, the family was puzzled. They said, "What has happened? Have you fallen?" They used to think of me as a great yogi.

One picture of those days still exists. I used to use only one single piece of cloth and that was all. In the day I would cover my body with it, in the night I would use it as a blanket to cover myself. I slept on a bamboo mat. That was my whole comfort--that blanket, that bamboo mat. I had nothing--no other possessions.

They were puzzled when I woke up at nine. They said, "Something is wrong. Are you *very* ill, seriously ill?"

I said, "No, I am not seriously ill. I have been ill for many years, now I am perfectly healthy. Now I will wake up only when sleep leaves me, and I will go to sleep only when sleep comes to me. I am no longer going to be a slave to the clock. I will eat whatsoever my body feels like eating, and I will drink whatsoever I feel like drinking."

They could not believe it. They said, "Can you even drink beer?" I said, "Bring it!"

That was the first day I tasted beer. They could not believe their eyes. They said,

"You have completely gone down. You have become completely unspiritual. What are you doing?"

I said, "Enough is enough." And in seven days I completely forgot the whole project, and I forgot it forever.

And the seventh day it happened--it happened just out of nowhere. Suddenly all was light; and I was not doing anything, I was just sitting under a tree resting, enjoying.

And when I laughed, the gardener heard the laughter. He used to think that I was a little bit crazy, but he had never seen me laugh in that way. He came running. He said, "What is the matter?"

I said, "Don't be worried. You know I am crazy--now I have gone completely crazy! I am laughing at myself. Don't feel offended. Just go to sleep."
theolo09

I am reminded of the fateful day of twenty-first March, 1953. For many lives I had been working--working upon myself, struggling, doing whatsoever can be done--and nothing was happening.

Now I understand why nothing was happening. The very effort was the barrier, the very ladder was preventing, the very urge to seek was the obstacle. Not that one can reach without seeking. Seeking is needed, but then comes a point when seeking has to be dropped. The boat is needed to cross the river but then comes a moment when you have to get out of the boat and forget all about it and leave it behind. Effort is needed, without effort nothing is possible. And also only with effort, nothing is possible.

Just before twenty-first March, 1953, seven days before, I stopped working on myself. A moment comes when you see the whole futility of effort. You have done all that you can do and nothing is happening. You have done all that is humanly possible. Then what else can you do? In sheer helplessness one drops all search.

And the day the search stopped, the day I was not seeking for something, the day I was not expecting something to happen, it started happening. A new energy arose--

out of nowhere. It was not coming from any source. It was coming from nowhere and everywhere. It was in the trees and in the rocks and the sky and the sun and the

air--it was everywhere. And I was seeking so hard, and I was thinking it is very far away. And it was so near and so close.

Just because I was seeking I had become incapable of seeing the near. Seeking is always for the far, seeking is always for the distant--and it was not distant. I had become far-sighted, I had lost the near-sightedness. The eyes had become focussed on the far away, the horizon, and they had lost the quality to see that which is just close, surrounding you.

The day effort ceased, I also ceased. Because you cannot exist without effort, and you cannot exist without desire, and you cannot exist without striving.

The phenomenon of the ego, of the self, is not a thing, it is a process. It is not a substance sitting there inside you; you have to create it each moment. It is like pedalling bicycle. If you pedal it goes on and on, if you don't pedal it stops. It may go a little because of the past momentum, but the moment you stop pedalling, in fact the bicycle starts stopping. It has no more energy, no more power to go anywhere. It is going to fall and collapse.

The ego exists because we go on pedalling desire, because we go on striving to get something, because we go on jumping ahead of ourselves. That is the very phenomenon of the ego--the jump ahead of yourself, the jump in the future, the jump in the tomorrow. The jump in the non-existential creates the ego. Because it comes out of the non-existential it is like a mirage. It consists only of desire and nothing else. It consists only of thirst and nothing else.

The ego is not in the present, it is in the future. If you are in the future, then ego seems to be very substantial. If you are in the present the ego is a

mirage, it starts disappearing.

The day I stopped seeking.. and it is not right to say that I stopped seeking, better will be to say the day seeking stopped. Let me repeat it: the better way to say it is the day the seeking stopped. Because if I stop it then I am there again. Now stopping becomes my effort, now stopping becomes my desire, and desire goes on existing in a very subtle way.

You cannot stop desire; you can only understand it. In the very understanding is the stopping of it. Remember, nobody can stop desiring, and the reality happens only when desire stops.

So this is the dilemma. What to do? Desire is there and Buddhas go on saying desire has to be stopped, and they go on saying in the next breath that you cannot stop desire. So what to do? You put people in a dilemma. They are in desire, certainly.

You say it has to be stopped--okay. And then you say it cannot be stopped. Then what is to be done?

The desire has to be understood. You can understand it, you can just see the futility of it. A direct perception is needed, an immediate penetration is needed. Look into desire, just see what it is, and you will see the falsity of it, and you will see it is nonexistential. And desire drops and something drops simultaneously within you.

Desire and the ego exist in cooperation, they coordinate. The ego cannot exist without desire, the desire cannot exist without the ego. Desire is projected ego, ego is introjected desire. They are together, two aspects of one phenomenon.

The day desiring stopped, I felt very hopeless and helpless. No hope because no future. Nothing to hope because all hoping has proved futile, it leads nowhere. You

go in rounds. It goes on dangling in front of you, it goes on creating new mirages, it goes on calling you, 'Come on, run fast, you will reach.' But howsoever fast you run you never reach.

That's why Buddha calls it a mirage. It is like the horizon that you see around the earth. It appears but it is not there. If you go it goes on running from you. The faster you run, the faster it moves away. The slower you go, the slower it moves away. But one thing is certain--the distance between you and the horizon remains absolutely the same. Not even a single inch can you reduce the distance between you and the horizon.

You cannot reduce the distance between you and your hope. Hope is horizon. You try to bridge yourself with the horizon, with the hope, with a projected desire. The desire is a bridge, a dream bridge--because the horizon exists not, so you cannot make a bridge towards it, you can only dream about the bridge. You cannot be joined with the non-existential.

The day the desire stopped, the day I looked and realized into it, it simply was futile.

I was helpless and hopeless. But that very moment something started happening.

The same started happening for which for many lives I was working and it was not happening.

In your hopelessness is the only hope, and in your desirelessness is your only fulfillment, and in your tremendous helplessness suddenly the whole existence starts helping you.

It is waiting. When it sees that you are working on your own, it does not interfere. It waits. It can wait infinitely because there is no hurry for it. It is eternity. The moment you are not on your own, the moment you drop, the moment you disappear, the whole existence rushes towards you, enters you. And for the first time things start happening.

Seven days I lived in a very hopeless and helpless state, but at the same time something was arising. When I say hopeless I don't mean what you mean by the word hopeless. I simply mean there was no hope in me. Hope was absent. I am not saying that I was hopeless and sad. I was happy in fact, I was very tranquil, calm and collected and centered. Hopeless, but in a totally new meaning. There was no hope, so how could there be

hopelessness. Both had disappeared.

The hopelessness was absolute and total. Hope had disappeared and with it its counterpart, hopelessness, had also disappeared. It was a totally new experience--of being without hope. It was not a negative state. I have to use words--but it was not a negative state. It was absolutely positive. It was not just absence, a presence was felt. Something was overflowing in me, overflooding me.

And when I say I was helpless, I don't mean the word in the dictionary-sense. I simply say I was selfless. That's what I mean when I say helpless. I have recognized the fact that I am not, so I cannot depend on myself, so I cannot stand on my own ground--there was no ground underneath. I was in an abyss.. bottomless abyss. But there was no fear because there was nothing to protect. There was no fear because there was nobody to be afraid.

Those seven days were of tremendous transformation, total transformation. And the last day the presence of a totally new energy, a new light and new delight, became so intense that it was almost unbearable--as if I was exploding, as if I was going mad

with blissfulness. The new generation in the West has the right word for it--I was blissed out, stoned.

It was impossible to make any sense out of it, what was happening. It was a very non-sense world--difficult to figure it out, difficult to manage in categories, difficult to use words, languages, explanations. All scriptures appeared dead and all the words that have been used for this experience looked very pale, anaemic. This was so alive. It was like a tidal wave of bliss.

The whole day was strange, stunning, and it was a shattering experience. The past was disappearing, as if it had never belonged to me, as if I had read about it somewhere, as if I had dreamed about it, as if it was somebody else's story I have heard and somebody told it to me. I was becoming loose from my past, I was being uprooted from my history, I was losing my autobiography. I was becoming a non-being, what Buddha calls

anatta. Boundaries were disappearing, distinctions were disappearing.

Mind was disappearing; it was millions of miles away. It was difficult to catch hold of it, it was rushing farther and farther away, and there was no urge to keep it close. I was simply indifferent about it all. It was okay. There was no urge to remain continuous with the past.

By the evening it became so difficult to bear it--it was hurting, it was painful. It was like when a woman goes into labour when a child is to be born, and the woman suffers tremendous pain--the birth pangs.

I used to go to sleep in those days near about twelve or one in the night, but that day it was impossible to remain awake. My eyes were closing, it was difficult to keep them open. Something was very imminent, something was going to happen. It was difficult to say what it was--maybe it is going to be my death--but there was no fear.

I was ready for it. Those seven days had been so beautiful that I was ready to die, nothing more was needed. They had been so tremendously blissful, I was so contented, that if death was coming, it was welcome.

But something was going to happen--something like death, something very drastic, something which will be either a death or a new birth, a crucifixion or a resurrection--but something of tremendous import was around just by the corner.

And it was impossible to keep my eyes open. I was drugged.

I went to sleep near about eight. It was not like sleep. Now I can understand what Patanjali means when he says that sleep and samadhi are similar. Only with one difference--that in samadhi you are fully awake and asleep also. Asleep and awake together, the whole body relaxed, every cell of the body totally relaxed, all functioning relaxed, and yet a light of awareness burns within you...clear, smokeless.

You remain alert and yet relaxed, loose but fully awake. The body is in the deepest sleep possible and your consciousness is at its peak. The peak of consciousness and the valley of the body meet.

I went to sleep. It was a very strange sleep. The body was asleep, I was awake. It was so strange--as if one was torn apart into two directions, two dimensions; as if the polarity has become completely focused, as if I was both the polarities together. .the positive and negative were meeting, sleep and awareness were meeting, death and life were meeting. That is the moment when you can say 'the creator and the creation meet.'

It was weird. For the first time it shocks you to the very roots, it shakes your foundations. You can never be the same after that experience; it brings a new vision to your life, a new quality.

Near about twelve my eyes suddenly opened--I had not opened them. The sleep was broken by something else. I felt a great presence around me in the room. It was a very small room. I felt a throbbing life all around me, a great vibration--almost like a hurricane, a great storm of light, joy, ecstasy. I was drowning in it.

It was so tremendously real that everything became unreal. The walls of the room became unreal, the house became unreal, my own body became unreal. Everything was unreal because now there was for the first time reality.

That's why when Buddha and Shankara say the world is maya, a mirage, it is difficult for us to understand. Because we know only this world, we don't have any comparison. This is the only reality we know. What are these people talking about--

this is maya, illusion? This is the only reality. Unless you come to know the really real, their words cannot be understood, their words remain theoretical. They look like hypotheses. Maybe this man is propounding a philosophy--'The world is unreal'.

When Berkley in the West said that the world is unreal, he was walking with one of his friends, a very logical man; the friend was almost a skeptic. He took a stone from the road and hit Berkley's feet hard. Berkley screamed, blood rushed out, and the skeptic said, 'Now, the world is unreal? You say the world is unreal?--then why did you scream? This stone is unreal?--then why did you scream? Then why are you holding your leg and why are you

showing so much pain and anguish on your face.

Stop this? It is all unreal.

Now this type of man cannot understand what Buddha means when he says the world is a mirage. He does not mean that you can pass through the wall. He is not saying this--that you can eat stones and it will make no difference whether you eat bread or stones. He is not saying that.

He is saying that there is a reality. Once you come to know it, this so-called reality simply pales out, simply becomes unreal. With a higher reality in vision the comparison arises, not otherwise.

In the dream; the dream is real. You dream every night. Dream is one of the greatest activities that you go on doing. If you live sixty years, twenty years you will sleep and almost ten years you will dream. Ten years in a life--nothing else do you do so much. Ten years of continuous dreaming--just think about it. And every night.. . And every morning you say it was unreal, and again in the night when you dream, dream becomes real.

In a dream it is so difficult to remember that this is a dream. But in the morning it is so easy. What happens? You are the same person. In the dream there is only one reality. How to compare? How to say it is unreal? Compared to what? It is the only reality. Everything is as unreal as everything else so there is no comparison. In the morning when you open your eyes another reality is there. Now you can say it was all unreal. Compared to this reality, dream becomes unreal.

There is an awakening--compared to *that* reality of *that* awakening, this whole reality becomes unreal.

That night for the first time I understood the meaning of the word maya. Not that I had not known the word before, not that I was not aware of the meaning of the

word. As you are aware, I was also aware of the meaning--but I had never understood it before. How can you understand without experience?

That night another reality opened its door, another dimension became

available.

Suddenly it was there, the other reality, the separate reality, the really real, or whatsoever you want to call it--call it god, call it truth, call it dhamma, call it tao, or whatsoever you will. It was nameless. But it was there--so opaque, so transparent, and yet so solid one could have touched it. It was almost suffocating me in that room. It was too much and I was not yet capable of absorbing it.

A deep urge arose in me to rush out of the room, to go under the sky--it was suffocating me. It was too much! It will kill me! If I had remained a few moments more, it would have suffocated me--it looked like that.

I rushed out of the room, came out in the street. A great urge was there just to be under the sky with the stars, with the trees, with the earth.. to be with nature. And immediately as I came out, the feeling of being suffocated disappeared. It was too small a place for such a big phenomenon. Even the sky is a small place for that big phenomenon. It is bigger than the sky. Even the sky is not the limit for it. But then I felt more at ease.

I walked towards the nearest garden. It was a totally new walk, as if gravitation had disappeared. I was walking, or I was running, or I was simply flying; it was difficult to decide. There was no gravitation, I was feeling weightless--as if some energy was taking me. I was in the hands of some other energy.

For the first time I was not alone, for the first time I was no more an individual, for the first time the drop has come and fallen into the ocean. Now the whole ocean was mine, I was the ocean. There was no limitation. A tremendous power arose as if I could do anything whatsoever. I was not there, only the power was there.

I reached to the garden where I used to go every day. The garden was closed, closed for the night. It was too late, it was almost one o'clock in the night. The gardeners were fast asleep. I had to enter the garden like a thief, I had to climb the gate. But something was pulling me towards the garden. It was not within my capacity to prevent myself. I was just floating.

That's what I mean when I say again and again 'float with the river, don't push the river'. I was relaxed, I was in a let-go. I was not there. *it* was there, call it god--god was there.

I would like to call it *it,* because god is too human a word, and has become too dirty by too much use, has become too polluted by so many people. Christians, Hindus, Mohammedans, priests and politicians--they all have corrupted the beauty of the word. So let me call it *it. It* was there and I was just carried away. .carried by a tidal wave.

The moment I entered the garden everything became luminous, it was all over the place--the benediction, the blessedness. I could see the trees for the first time--their green, their life, their very sap running. The whole garden was asleep, the trees were asleep. But I could see the whole garden alive, even the small grass leaves were so beautiful.

I looked around. One tree was tremendously luminous--the maulshree tree. It attracted me, it pulled me towards itself. I had not chosen it, god himself has chosen

it. I went to the tree, I sat under the tree. As I sat there things started settling. The whole universe became a benediction.

It is difficult to say how long I was in that state. When I went back home it was four o'clock in the morning, so I must have been there by clock time at least three hours--

but it was infinity. It had nothing to do with clock time. It was timeless.

Those three hours became the whole eternity, endless eternity. There was no time, there was no passage of time; it was the virgin reality--uncorrupted, untouchable, unmeasurable.

And that day something happened that has continued--not as a continuity--but it has still continued as an undercurrent. Not as a permanency--each moment it has been happening again and again. It has been a miracle each moment.

That night.. and since that night I have never been in the body. I am

hovering around it. I became tremendously powerful and at the same time very fragile. I became very strong, but that strength is not the strength of a Mohammed Ali. That strength is not the strength of a rock, that strength is the strength of a rose flower--so fragile in his strength...so fragile, so sensitive, so delicate.

The rock will be there, the flower can go any moment, but still the flower is stronger than the rock because it is more alive. Or, the strength of a dewdrop on a leaf of grass just shining; in the morning sun--so beautiful, so precious, and yet can slip any moment. So incomparable in its grace, but a small breeze can come and the dewdrop can slip and be lost forever.

Buddhas have a strength which is not of this world. Their strength is totally of love.. Like a rose flower or a dewdrop. Their strength is very fragile, vulnerable.

Their strength is the strength of life not of death. Their power is not of that which kills; their power is of that which creates. Their power is not of violence, aggression; their power is that of compassion.

But I have never been in the body again, I am just hovering around the body. And that's why I say it has been a tremendous miracle. Each moment I am surprised I am still here, I should not be. I should have left any moment, still I am here. Every morning I open my eyes and I say, 'So, again I am still here?' Because it seems almost impossible. The miracle has been a continuity.

Just the other day somebody asked a question--'Osho, you are getting so fragile and delicate and so sensitive to the smells of hair oils and shampoos that it seems we will not be able to see you unless we all go bald.' By the way, nothing is wrong with being bald--bald is beautiful. Just as 'black is beautiful', so 'bald is beautiful'. But that is true and you have to be careful about it.

I am fragile, delicate and sensitive. That is my strength. If you throw a rock at a flower nothing will happen to the rock, the flower will be gone. But still you cannot say that the rock is more powerful than the flower. The flower will be gone because the flower was alive. And the rock--nothing will

happen to it because it is dead. The flower will be gone because the flower has no strength to destroy. The flower will simply disappear and give way to the rock. The rock has a power to destroy because the rock is dead.

Remember, since that day I have never been in the body really; just a delicate thread joins me with the body. And I am continuously surprised that somehow the whole must be willing me to be here, because I am no more here with my own strength, I

am no more here on my own. It must be the will of the whole to keep me here, to allow me to linger a little more on this shore. Maybe the whole wants to share something with you through me.

Since that day the world is unreal. Another world has been revealed. When I say the world is unreal I don't mean that these trees are unreal. These trees are absolutely real--but the way you see these trees is unreal. These trees are not unreal in themselves--they exist in god, they exist in absolute reality--but the way you see them you never see them; you are seeing something else, a mirage.

You create your own dream around you and unless you become awake you will continue to dream. The world is unreal because the world that you know is the world of your dreams. When dreams drop and you simply encounter the world that is there, then the real world.

There are not two things, god and the world. God is the world if you have eyes, clear eyes, without any dreams, without any dust of the dreams, without any haze of sleep; if you have clear eyes, clarity, perceptiveness, there is only god.

Then somewhere god is a green tree, and somewhere else god is a shining star, and somewhere else god is a cuckoo, and somewhere else god is a flower, and somewhere else a child and somewhere else a river--then only god is. The moment you start seeing, only god is.

But right now whatsoever you see is not the truth, it is a projected lie. That is the meaning of a mirage. And once you see, even for a single split moment, if you can see, if you can allow yourself to see, you will find

immense benediction present all over, everywhere--in the clouds, in the sun, on the earth.

This is a beautiful world. But I am not talking about your world, I am talking about my world. Your world is very ugly, your world is your world created by a self, your world is a projected world. You are using the real world as a screen and projecting your own ideas on it.

When I say the world is real, the world is tremendously beautiful, the world is luminous with infinity, the world is light and delight, it is a celebration, I mean my world--or your world if you drop your dreams.

When you drop your dreams you see the same world as any Buddha has ever seen.

When you dream you dream privately. Have you watched it?--that dreams are private. You cannot share them even with your beloved. You cannot invite your wife to your dream--or your husband, or your friend. You cannot say, 'Now, please come tonight in my dream. I would like to see the dream together.' It is not possible.

Dream is a private thing, hence it is illusory, it has no objective reality.

God is a universal thing. Once you come out of your private dreams, it is there. It has been always there. Once your eyes are clear, a sudden illumination--suddenly you are overflooded with beauty, grandeur and grace. That is the goal, that is the destiny.

Let me repeat. Without effort you will never reach it, with effort nobody has ever reached it. You will need great effort, and only then there comes a moment when effort becomes futile. But it becomes futile only when you have come to the very peak of it, never before it. When you have come to the very pinnacle of your effort--

all that you can do you have done--then suddenly there is no need to do anything any more. You drop the effort.

But nobody can drop it in the middle, it can be dropped only at the extreme end. So go to the extreme end if you want to drop it. Hence I go on insisting:

make as much effort as you can, put your whole energy and total heart in it, so that one day you can see--now effort is not going to lead me anywhere. And that day it will not be you who will drop the effort, it drops on its own accord. And when it drops on its own accord, meditation happens.

Meditation is not a result of your efforts, meditation is a happening. When your efforts drop, suddenly meditation is there.. the benediction of it, the blessedness of it, the glory of it. It is there like a presence.. luminous, surrounding you and surrounding everything. It fills the whole earth and the whole sky.

That meditation cannot be created by human effort. Human effort is too limited.

That blessedness is so infinite. You cannot manipulate it. It can happen only when you are in a tremendous surrender. When you are not there only then it can happen.

When you are a no-self--no desire, not going anywhere--when you are just herenow, not doing anything in particular, just being, it happens. And it comes in waves and the waves become tidal. It comes like a storm, and takes you away into a totally new reality.

But first you have to do all that you can do, and then you have to learn non-doing.

The doing of the non-doing is the greatest doing, and the effort of effortlessness is the greatest effort.

Your meditation that you create by chanting a mantra or by sitting quiet and still and forcing yourself, is a very mediocre meditation. It is created by you, it cannot be bigger than you. It is homemade, and the maker is always bigger than the made. You have made it by sitting, forcing in a yoga posture, chanting 'rama, rama, rama' or anything--'blah, blah, blah'--anything. You have forced the mind to become still.

It is a forced stillness. It is not that quiet that comes when you are not there. It is not that silence which comes when you are almost non-existential. It is

not that beautitude which descends on you like a dove.

It is said when Jesus was baptized by John the Baptist in the Jordan River, god descended in him, or the holy ghost descended in him like a dove. Yes, that is exactly so. When you are not there peace descends in you...fluttering like a dove.. reaches in your heart and abides there and abides there forever.

You are your undoing, you are the barrier. Meditation is when the meditator is not.

When the mind ceases with all its activities--seeing that they are futile--then the unknown penetrates you, overwhelms you.

The mind must cease for god to be. Knowledge must cease for knowing to be. You must disappear, you must give way. You must become empty, then only you can be full.

That night I became empty and became full. I became non-existential and became existence. That night I died and was reborn. But the one that was reborn has nothing to do with that which died, it is a discontinuous thing. On the surface it looks continuous but it is discontinuous. The one who died, died totally; nothing of him has remained.

Believe me, nothing of him has remained, not even a shadow. It died totally, utterly.

It is not that I am just a modified *rup*, transformed, modified form, transformed form of the old. No, there has been no continuity. That day of March twenty-first, the

person who had lived for many many lives, for millennia, simply died. Another being, absolutely new, not connected at all with the old, started to exist.

Religion just gives you a total death. Maybe that's why the whole day previous to that happening I was feeling some urgency like death, as if I am going to die--and I really died. I have known many other deaths but they were nothing compared to it, they were partial deaths.

Sometimes the body died, sometimes a part of the mind died, sometimes a part of the ego died, but as far as the person was concerned, it remained. Renovated many times, decorated many times, changed a little bit here and there, but it remained, the continuity remained.

That night the death was total. It was a date with death and god simultaneously. *trans211*

Osho describes Enlightenment

Enlightenment is nothing but your becoming light, your inner being becoming light.

Perhaps you are aware that the physicists say that if anything moves with the speed of light, it becomes light--because the speed is so great that the friction creates fire.

The thing is burned, there is only light. The material disappears, only immaterial light remains.

Enlightenment is the experience of an explosion of light within you.

Perhaps your desire to be enlightened is moving with the speed of light, like an arrow, so that your very desire, your very longing becomes a flame, an explosion of light. There is nobody who becomes enlightened, there is only enlightenment. There is only a tremendous sunrise within you. *upan41*

I must have come across hundreds of mystics describing it as if suddenly thousands of suns have risen within you. That is a common expression in the mystic's language, in all languages, in different countries, in different races. *transm22*

Enlightenment simply means an experience of your consciousness unclouded by thoughts, emotions, sentiments. When the consciousness is totally empty, there is something like an explosion, an atomic explosion. Your whole insight becomes full of a light which has no source and no cause. And once it has happened, it remains. It never leaves you for a single moment; even when you are asleep, that light is inside.

And after that moment you can see things in a totally different way. After that experience, there is no question in you. *last113*

Enlightenment means being fully conscious, aware. Ordinarily we are not conscious and not aware. We are doing things either out of habit or out of biological instincts. .

Just as Freud's conscious mind, unconscious mind, and Jung says collective unconscious mind, I say there is a superconscious mind and collective conscious mind. To reach to the collective conscious mind they are going to the roots and I am going to the flowers.

But they're all interconnected and all the devices and matters are to discover in you, something which is simply watchfulness.

For example, I can watch my body--certainly I'm not the body. I can watch my hand: it's hurting, but I'm not the hurt--I'm the watcher. I can watch my thoughts, then I'm

not the thought. I'm the watcher and I can watch even the watcher. That is the moment beyond which you cannot go and enlightenment comes.

Enlightenment is simply that you become so conscious, so full of light, that it starts overflowing your life, your being. You can impart it. *silent02*

When one is enlightened *one is conscious,* but one is not conscious of consciousness.

One is perfectly conscious, but there is no object in it. One is simply conscious, as if a light goes on enlightening the emptiness around it. There is no object, there is nothing the light can fall upon. It is pure consciousness. The object has disappeared; your subject has flowered into totality. Now there is no object--and hence, there can be no subject. The object and subject both have disappeared. You are simply conscious. Not conscious of anything, just conscious. You *are* consciousness.. .

. .He is not conscious about enlightenment; he is simply conscious. He lives in consciousness, he sleeps in consciousness, he moves in consciousness. He lives, he dies in consciousness. Consciousness becomes an eternal

source in him, a nonflickering flame, a nonwavering state of being. It is not an attribute, it is not accidental; it cannot be taken away. His whole being is conscious. *yoga804*

What is enlightenment? Coming to understand, coming to realize that you are not the body. You are the light within; not the lamp, but the flame. You are neither body nor mind. Mind belongs to the body; mind is not beyond body, it is part of the body--

most subtle, most refined, but it is part of the body. Mind is also atomic, as body is atomic. You are neither the body nor the mind--then you come to know who you are.

And to know who you are is enlightenment. .

Enlightened means you have realized who you are. *nomoon05*

Enlightenment simply means becoming aware of yourself. Ordinarily, a man is awake to everything around him, but is not aware who is awake and aware of all the things around. So we remain on the periphery of life and the center remains in darkness. To bring light to that center, consciousness to that center is what enlightenment is.

It is just being absolutely centered in yourself, focusing all your consciousness upon yourself as if nothing else exists; only you are. *last202*

Just be natural so that you can remain in tune with existence. So that you can dance in the rain and you can dance in the sun and you can dance with the trees, and you can have a communion even with the rocks, with the mountains, with the stars.

Except this, there is no enlightenment.

Let me define it: Enlightenment is to be in tune with existence.

To be in tune with nature--the very nature of things--is enlightenment. Against nature there is only misery--and misery created by yourself. Nobody else is responsible for it. *mani11*

It will be difficult logically to understand it. It is something to be experienced. Since the moment I found the ego evaporating from me, I have not felt *part* of the universe, but the universe *itself.* And yes, I have found many moments when I am bigger than the universe--because I can see the stars moving within me, the sunrise happening within me, all the flowers blossoming within me. *false21*

When I roam the lofty mountains I feel like my soul is raised on high and covered like the peaks in never melting caps of snow. And when I descend into the valleys I feel deep and profound like them and my heart fills with mysterious shadows. The

same thing happens at the edge of the sea. There I merge with the surging waves; they pound and roar within me. When I gaze at the sky I expand. I become boundless, unlimited. When I look at the stars, silence permeates me; when I see a flower the ecstasy of beauty overwhelms me. When I hear a bird singing, it's song is an echo of my own inner voice, and when I look into the eyes of an animal I see no difference between them and my own. Gradually my separate existence has been effaced and only God remains. So where shall I look for God now? How shall I seek him? Only he is; I am not.

I was in the hills, and what they wanted to tell me was transmitted through their silence. The trees, the lakes, the rivers, the brooks, the moon and the stars were all speaking to me in the language of silence. And I understood. The words of God were clear to me, I could only hear him when I became silent. Not before. *long06*

I cannot be other than compassionate; I am just helpless. It has nothing to do with you, it is just the only possibility for me.

The day I came to know myself, I lost many things and I gained a few things. Of the things that I have gained, the most important of them is compassion. So it is irrespective of who is the receiver: a coconut tree or you, it does not matter. I can only look with compassion. My eyes don't have anything else and my heart doesn't have anything else. *dawn03*

The day you realize yourself, your very being becomes love. It is no longer

a relationship, it is no longer addressed to anyone in particular; it is simply overflowing in all directions and all dimensions. And it is not something on my part, that I am *doing* it. Love cannot be done. And the love that is done is false; it is only pretension. . It is just my heartbeat, my love is my life; nobody is excluded from it. It is so comprehensive that it can contain the whole universe.. you too. *razor09*

You ask me: *Is the process of enlightenment the same for everyone?*

Enlightenment is a very individual process. Because of its individuality, it has created many problems. First: there are no fixed stages through which a person necessarily passes. Every person passes through different phases, because every person in many lives has gathered different kinds of conditionings. So it is not the question of enlightenment. It is the question of the conditionings that will make your way. And everybody has different conditionings, so no two persons' paths are going to be the same. That's why I insist again and again there is no superhighway; there are only footpaths. And that too, not ready-made, not that you find them already there and you have just to walk on them--no. As you walk you make them, your very walking makes them.

It is said that the path of enlightenment is like a bird flying in the sky: it leaves no footprints behind it, nobody can follow the footprints of the bird. Every bird will have to make its own footprints, but they disappear immediately as the bird goes on flying. The similar is the situation, that's why there is no possibility of a leader and a follower, that's why I say these people--like Jesus, Moses, Mohammed, Krishna--who say that "You just believe me and follow me," don't know anything about enlightenment.

If they had known, then this statement was impossible, because anybody who has become enlightened, knows that he has not left any footprints behind; now saying to people "Come and follow me," is just absurd.

So what happened to me is not necessary for anybody else to pass through. It is possible that one may remain normal and suddenly become enlightened.

It is like here there are fifty people: if we all go to sleep, everybody will have

his own dream; you can't have a common dream. That is an impossibility. There is no way to create a common dream. Your dream will be yours, my dream will be mine, and we will be in different places, in different dreams. And when we will wake up, I may wake up at a certain stage in my dream, you may wake up at a certain stage in your dream. How they can be the same?

Enlightenment is nothing but awakening. For the enlightened person, all our lives are just dreams. They may be good dreams, they may be bad dreams; they may be nightmares, they may be very nice and beautiful dreams, but all the same they are dreams.

You can wake up any moment. That is always your potentiality. Sometimes you may an effort to wake up, and you find that it is difficult. You may have had dreams in which you are trying to shout but you cannot shout. You want to wake up and get out of the bed, but you cannot, your whole body is paralyzed, as if.

But in the morning you wake up and you simply laugh at the whole thing, but at the moment when it was happening, it was not a thing to laugh at. It was really serious.

Your whole body was almost dead, you could not move your hands, you could not speak, you could not open your eyes. You knew that, now you are finished. But in the morning, you simply don't pay any attention to it, you don't even reconsider it, what it was. Just knowing that it was a dream, it becomes meaningless. And you are awake, then whether the dreams were good or bad does not matter.

The same is the situation about enlightenment. All the methods that are being used are simply somehow to create a situation in which your dream is broken. How much you are attached with the dream will be different, individual to individual. How much deep is your sleep will be different, individual to individual. But all methods are just to shake you so that you can wake up. At what point you will wake up does not matter at all.

So my breakdown and breakthrough is not going to be for everybody. It happened that way to me. There were reasons why it happened that way.

I was working alone on myself, with no friends, no fellow travelers, no commune. To work alone, one is bound to get into many troubles, because there are moments which can only be called nights of soul, so dark and so dangerous. It seems as if you have come to the last breathe of your life, that this is death, nothing else. That experience is a nervous breakdown.

Facing death, and nobody to support and nobody to encourage, and nobody to say,

"Not to be worried, this will pass away," that "This is is only a nightmare, and the morning is very close. Darker the night, the closer is the sunrise. Don't be worried."

Nobody around whom you trust, who trusts you--that was the reason for the nervous breakdown. But, it was not harmful. It looked harmful at the moment, but soon the dark night was gone, and the sunrise was there. The breakdown has become the breakthrough.

To each individual it will happen differently. And the same is true after enlightenment: the expression of enlightenment will be different. .

Enlightenment is a very individual song--always unknown, always new, always unique. It comes never as a repetition. So never compare two enlightened persons, otherwise you are bound to do unjustice with one or the other, or both.

And don't have any fixed idea. Just very liquid qualities should be remembered. I say liquid qualities, not very determinate qualifications.

For example, every enlightened person will have a deep silence--almost tangible. In his presence, those who are open, receptive, will become silent. He will have a tremendous contentment, whatever happens makes no difference to his contentment.

He will not have any question left, all questions have dissolved--not that he knows all answers, but all questions have dissolved. And in that state of utter silence, nomind, he is capable of answering any question with tremendous profundity. It needs no preparation. He himself does not know

what he is going to say, it comes spontaneously; sometimes he himself is surprised. But that does not mean that he has answers inside himself, ready-made.

He has no answers at all. He has no questions at all. He has just a clarity, a light that can be focused on any question, and all the implications of the question, and all the possibilities of its being answered, suddenly become clear. .

. .But the enlightened man has no answers, no scriptures, no quotation marks. He is simply available; just like a mirror, he responds, and he responds with intensity and totality.

So these are liquid qualities, not qualifications. So don't look on small things, that what he eats, what he wears, where he lives--those are all irrelevant. Just watch for his love, for his compassion, for his trust. Even if you take advantage of his trust, that does not change his trust. Even if you misuse his compassion, cheat his love, that does not make any difference. That is your problem. His trust, his compassion, his love remains just the same.

His only effort in life will be how to make people awake. Whatever he does, this is the only purpose behind every act: how to make more and more people awake, because through awaking he has come to know the ultimate bliss of life. *last329*

Immediately after Osho's enlightenment,

and why he became a master

If people have become enlightened before thirty-five, then they have survived longer than others, because the body was younger, stronger, and it was not on the decline; it still had a potential to grow. They absorbed the shock, but the shock had shaken everything.

I was never sick before I became enlightened; I was perfectly healthy. People were jealous of my health. But after enlightenment, suddenly I found that the body had become so delicate that doing anything became

impossible. Even going for a walk--

and I was running before that, four miles in the morning, four miles in the evening, running, jogging, swimming. I was doing all kinds of things.. .

But after enlightenment, suddenly and very strangely, the body became absolutely weak. And it is almost unbelievable--I could not believe it, my father's sister's family,

who I was staying with, could not believe it. It was more of a surprise to them because they knew nothing about enlightenment. I suspected there was some connection but they had no idea what had happened: all the hairs on my chest became white, just in one night! And I was twenty-one!

I could not hide it--because it is a hot country, India, and I used to only have on a wrap-around lunghi the whole day, so my chest was always naked. So everybody in the house became aware of this and was wondering what had happened. I said, "I myself am wondering what has happened." I knew that the body had certainly lost its stamina. It had become fragile, and I lost my sleep completely.

I have been asked again and again why Ramakrishna died of cancer. I know why he died of cancer: he must have become absolutely vulnerable to any disease. And if it was only Ramakrishna we could think it was just an exception; but Maharshi Raman also died of cancer. That looks strange, that within one hundred years two enlightened people of the highest order died of cancer. Perhaps they lost all resistance to disease.

I can understand from my own situation, I lost all resistance to diseases. I had never suffered from what you call allergies. I loved perfume so much, and I had never suffered because of it. I had beautiful flowers in all my houses where I lived; and India has such flowers I think no other country has--with great fragrance.. .

There are plants, for example a certain flower, "queen of the night"--you can have just one plant, and the whole house will be full of fragrance; and not only your own house, the neighboring houses too will be full of fragrance. And there are many other flowers-- *champa, chameli, juhi--*

which are immensely full of fragrance. I always had those flowers around me, and I never suffered from any allergy.

But after enlightenment I became so allergic that just the body-smell of somebody was enough to give me a cold, the sneezes; and the sneezes triggered something in my chest. I started coughing, and coughing triggered another process; I started having asthma attacks which were absolutely unknown to me. I had never thought that these things would happen to me.

But I was aware of what was happening. My consciousness and my body had fallen apart; the connection became very loose. The body's resting became impossible, and when you have not rested for many days, then you become vulnerable to all kinds of infections. You are so tired, you cannot resist. And if for years you cannot have any rest, then naturally you lose all resistance....

My feeling is that because enlightenment is the last lesson of life, there is nothing more to learn, you are unnecessarily hanging around. You have learnt the lesson--

that was the purpose of life--so life starts losing contact with the person. And most of these people have died immediately; the shock was so much. And death is not a calamity to them; it is a blessing, because they have attained whatsoever life was to give.

But to live after enlightenment is really a difficult affair. The most important thing is that one loses contact with his inactive mind, and it becomes impossible to have any contact. The moment you are silent, immediately the energy moves to your transcendental awareness.

You are aware, even when you are doing something, saying something. The flame is not *that* strong, because your energy is involved in some activity. But when you are

not doing anything, then suddenly the whole energy immediately shifts to the highest point. It is tremendously blissful, it is great ecstasy, but only for consciousness, not for the body.

Nobody has ever explained exactly what the situation is. I think there may have been a fear that if you explain it to people--they are already not making any effort towards enlightenment--and if you say it is possible that enlightenment may become your death, they may simply freak out! "Then why bother about enlightenment? Then we are good as we are--at least we are alive! Miserable, but we are alive."

If your body becomes vulnerable, fragile, non-resistant to any kind of disease, that may also give them the argument: "This is not good; it is better not to bother about such things. It is better to be healthy and have no diseases, rather than having enlightenment and then suffer a fragile body and all its implications."

Perhaps that may have been the reason that it has never been talked about. But I want everything to be made clear. I don't want to leave anything about enlightenment, its process, as a secret.

It is good for people to know exactly what they are doing and what can be the result.

If they do it consciously, knowingly, it will be far better. And those who are not going to make any effort, only they will find excuses; they were not going to make any effort anyway. For those of you who are going to make the effort--even if death comes, it will be a challenge, an adventure, because you have attained whatever life could deliver to you, and then life slipped away. *light35*

The first thing I did after my enlightenment, at the age of twenty-one, was to rush to the village where my grandmother was, my father's village.. .

Immediately after my enlightenment I rushed to the village to meet two people: first, Magga Baba, the man I was talking about before. You will certainly wonder why. . Because I wanted somebody to say to me, "You are enlightened." I knew it, but I wanted to hear it from the outside too. Magga Baba was the only man I could ask at that time. I had heard that he had recently returned to the village.

I rushed to him. The village was two miles from the station. You cannot

believe how I rushed to see him. I reached the neem tree. .

I rushed to the neem tree where Magga Baba sat, and the moment he saw me do you know what he did? I could not believe it myself--he touched my feet and wept. I felt very embarrassed because a crowd had gathered and they all thought Magga Baba had now really gone mad. Up till then he had been a little mad, but now he was totally gone, gone forever. . *gate, gate*--gone, and gone forever. But Magga Baba laughed, and for the first time, in front of the people, he said to me, "My boy, you have done it! But I knew that one day you would do it."

I touched his feet. For the first time he tried to prevent me from doing it, saying, "No, no, don't touch my feet anymore."

But I still touched them, even though he insisted. I didn't care and said, "Shut up!

You look after your business and let me do mine. If I am enlightened as you say, please don't prevent an enlightened man from touching your feet."

He started laughing again and said, "You rascal! You are enlightened, but still a rascal.". .

I then rushed to my home--that is, my Nani's home, not my father's--because she was the woman I wanted to tell what had happened. But strange are the ways of existence: she was standing at the door, looking at me, a little amazed. She said,

"What has happened to you? You are no longer the same." She was not enlightened, but intelligent enough to see the difference in me.

I said, "Yes, I am no longer the same, and I have come to share the experience that has happened to me."

She said, "Please, as far as I am concerned, always remain my Raja, my little child."

So I didn't say anything to her. One day passed, then in the middle of the night she woke me up. With tears in her eyes she said, "Forgive me. You

are no longer the same. You may pretend but I can see through your pretense. There is no need to pretend. You can tell me what has happened to you. The child I used to know is dead, but someone far better and luminous has taken his place. I cannot call you my own anymore, but that does not matter. Now you will be able to be called by millions as theirs, and everybody will be able to feel you as his or hers. I withdraw my claim--but teach me also the way."

This is the first time I have told anybody. My Nani was my first disciple. I taught her the way. My way is simple: to be silent, to experience in one's self that which is always the observer, and never the observed; to know the knower, and forget the known.

My way is simple, as simple as Lao Tzu's, Chuang Tzu's, Krishna's, Christ's, Moses', Zarathustra's.. because only the names differ, the way is the same. Only pilgrims are different; the pilgrimage is the same. And the truth, the process, is very simple.

I was fortunate to have had my own grandmother as my first disciple, because I have never found anybody else to be so simple. I have found many very simple people, very close to her simplicity, but the profoundness of her simplicity was such that nobody has ever been able to transcend it, not even my father. He was simple, utterly simple, and very profound, but not in comparison to her. I am sorry to say, he was far away, and my mother is very very far away; she is not even close to my father's simplicity.

You will be surprised to know--and I am declaring it for the first time--my Nani was not only my first disciple, she was my first enlightened disciple too, and she became enlightened long before I started initiating people into sannyas. She was never a sannyasin. *glimps16*

And I have to confess, after Magga Baba he *(Shambhu Babu)* was the second man who recognized that something immeasurable had happened to me. Of course he was not a mystic, but a poet has the capacity, once in a while, to be a mystic, and he was a great poet.. .

I understand him, so when I say that although he was not an enlightened master, not a master in any way, I still count him as number two, after

Magga Baba, because he recognized me when it was impossible to do so, absolutely impossible. I may not even have recognized myself, but he recognized me. *glimps21*

After my enlightenment, for exactly one thousand, three hundred and fifteen days* I tried to remain silent--as much as it was possible in those conditions. For a few things I had to speak, but my speaking was telegraphic.

My father was very angry with me. He loved me so much that he had every right to be angry. The day he had sent me to the university he had taken a promise from me that I would write one letter every week at least. When I became silent I wrote him the last letter and told him, "I am happy, immensely happy, ultimately happy, and I know from my very depth of being that I will remain so now forever, whether in the body or not in the body. This bliss is something of the eternal. So now every week, if you insist, I can write the same again and again. That will not look okay, but I have promised, so I will drop a card every week with the sign "ditto." Please forgive me, and when you receive my letter with the sign "ditto," you read this letter."

He thought I had gone completely mad. He immediately rushed from the village, came to the university and asked me, "What has happened to you? Seeing your letter and your idea of this 'ditto,' I thought you were mad. But looking at you, it seems I am mad; the whole world is mad. I take back the promise and the word that you have given to me. There is no need now to write every week. I will continue to read your last letter." And he kept it to the very last day he died; it was under his pillow.

The man who forced me to speak--for one thousand, three hundred and fifteen days I had remained silent--was a very strange man. He himself had remained silent his whole life. Nobody heard about him; nobody knew about him. And he was the most precious man I have come across in this, or any of my lives in the past. His name was Magga Baba.. .

Once in a while, particularly on cold winter nights, I used to find him alone; then he would say something to me.

He forced me to speak. He said, "Look, I have remained silent my whole life, but they do not hear, they do not listen. They cannot understand it; it is beyond them. I have failed. I have not been able to convey what I have been carrying within me, and now there is not much time left for me. You are so young, you have a long life before you: please don't stop speaking. *Start!"*

It is a difficult, almost impossible job to convey things in words, because they are experienced in a wordless state of consciousness. How to convert that silence into sound? There seems to be no way. And there is none.

But I understood Magga Baba's point. He was very old, and he was saying to me,

"You will be in the same position. If you don't start soon, the inner silence, the vacuum, the innermost zero, will go on pulling you inwards. And then there comes a time when you cannot come out. You are drowned in it. You are utterly blissful, but the whole world is full of misery. You could have shown the way. Perhaps somebody may have heard, perhaps somebody may have walked on the path. At least you would not feel that you have not done what was expected of you by existence itself.

Yes, it is a responsibility."

I promised him, "I will do my best." And for thirty years continually I went on and on talking on every subject under the stars. *unconc01*

*Note: Between 1981 and 1984, Osho observed a period of silence lasting 1,315

days. Osho has indicated that while Magga Baba encouraged him to teach, he warned Osho not to declare his enlightenment as this would create antagonism.

Osho did not publicly acknowledge his enlightenment until 1971.

My experience is that once you are enlightened, you are so full, just like a rain cloud, you want to shower. *invita06*

The moment I was fulfilled, the moment I was blessed by truth, of course I wanted it to be shared; and it was natural that I would share it with my father, with my mother, with my brothers, with my sisters, whom I had known longer than anybody else. And I shared it. *unconc22*

I am just a storyteller. From my very childhood I have loved to tell stories, real, unreal. I was not at all aware that this telling of stories would give me an articulateness, and that it would be of tremendous help after enlightenment.

Many people become enlightened, but not all of them become masters--for the simple reason that they are not articulate, they cannot convey what they feel, they cannot communicate what they have experienced. Now it was just accidental with me, and I think it must have been accidental with those few people who became masters, because there is no training course for it. And I can say it with certainty only about myself.

When enlightenment came, I could not speak for seven days; the silence was so profound that even the idea of saying anything about it did not arise. But after seven days, slowly, as I became accustomed to the silence, to the beautitude, to the bliss, the desire to share it--a great longing to share it with those whom I loved was very natural.

I started talking with the people with whom I was in some way concerned, friends. I had been talking to these people for years, talking about all kinds of things. I had enjoyed only one exercise, and that was talking, so it was not very difficult to start talking about the enlightenment--although it took years to refine and bring into words something of my silence, something of my joy. *rebel02*

The mystic's greatest problem, greater than attaining his experience, is to express it. *zara207*

I have been in different phases of work. First, I was working on myself, then I was working to find the right expression to allow people to know what I have known. *silent06*

If somebody becomes enlightened it is not necessary that he will be able to

become a Master--or even a teacher. He may know, but he may not be articulate enough to lead others to the same experience. That is a different art.

It was easy for me to speak because I started speaking before I became enlightened.

Speaking became almost a natural thing to me before I became enlightened.

I have never learned any oratory, never been to any school where oratory is taught. I have never even read a book on the art of speaking. From my very childhood, because I was argumentative and everybody wanted me to keep silent.... In the family, in the school, in the college, in the university, everybody was saying to me,

"Don't speak at all!"

I was expelled from many colleges for the simple reason that teachers were complaining that they could not complete the syllabus, the course for the year, because "this student leads us into such arguments that nothing can be completed."

But all that gave me great opportunity and made me more and more articulate. It became just a natural thing to me to argue with the neighbors, to argue with the teachers, to argue on the street--anywhere. Just to find a man was enough and I will start some argument.. .

I loved it, just the way I love it now! So when I became enlightened it was not difficult for me. It was very easy.

So everybody is not necessarily going to be a Master or a teacher. That is a totally different art. *last319*

From my very childhood, as long as I remember, I have been arguing, fighting. Of course, a child will fight and argue in a child's way, but from my very childhood I have never been ready to accept anything without being rationally convinced about it. And I found very soon, very early in life, that all these people with very big heads-

-professors, heads of the departments, deans, vice-chancellors--are just hollow. You just a scratch a little bit, you find nothing inside. They don't have any argument for what they have been thinking is their own philosophy. They have borrowed it, they have never discovered it on their own. So I have been continuously fighting, and in this fighting I have been sharpening my own argument. I don't have a philosophy of my own. my whole function is deprogramming, so whatever you say, I will destroy it. And I never say anything, so I never give any chance to anybody to destroy it. My purpose is to deprogram you, to clean you, to uncondition you and leave you fresh, young, innocent. And from there you can grow into a real, authentic individual--

otherwise you are just a personality, not an individuality. A personality is borrowed, it is a mask. And my whole effort is how to help a person to be authentic, to be himself, naked. *last325*

You ask me: *Is it your supreme ability to communicate that makes you the master of masters?*

The situation of the world has changed dramatically. Just three hundred years ago, the world was very big. Even if Gautam Buddha had wanted to approach all human beings, it would not have been possible; just the means of communication were not available. People were living in many worlds, almost isolated from each other. That has a simplicity.

Jesus had to face the Jews, not the whole world. It would not have been possible, sitting on his donkey, to go around the world. Even if he had managed to cover the small kingdom of Judea, that would have been too much. The education of people was very confined. They were not even aware of each other's existence.

Gautam Buddha, Lao Tzu in China, Socrates in Athens--they were all contemporaries but they had no idea of each other.

That's why I say that before the scientific revolution in the means of communication and in the means of transportation, there were many worlds, sufficient unto themselves. They never thought of others, they had

no idea even that others existed.

As people became acquainted more and more with each other, the world became smaller. Now a Buddha will not be able to manage, nor Jesus nor Moses nor Confucius. They will all have very localized minds and very localized attitudes.

We are fortunate that the world is now so small that you cannot be local. In spite of yourself, you cannot be local; you have to be universal. You have to think of Confucius, you have to think of Krishna, you have to think of Socrates, you have to think of Bertrand Russell. Unless you think of the world as one single unit, and all the contributions of different geniuses, you will not be able to talk to the modern man. The gap will be so big--twenty-five centuries, twenty centuries.. almost impossible to bridge it.

The only way to bridge it is that the person who has come to know should not stop at his own knowing, should not be contented to only give expression to what he has come to know. He has to make a tremendous effort to know all the languages. The work is vast, but it is exciting--the exploration into human genius from different dimensions.

And if you have within yourself the light of understanding, you can create, without any difficulty, a synthesis. And the synthesis is not only going to be of all the religious mystics--that will be partial. The synthesis has to include all the artists--

their insights--all the musicians, all the poets, all the dancers--their insights. All the creative people who have contributed to life, who have made humanity richer, have to be taken into account. And most important of all is scientific growth.

To bring scientific growth into a synthetic vision with heart and religion was not possible in the past. In the first place there was no science--and it has changed a thousand and one things. Life can never be the same again.

And nobody has thought ever of the artistic people, that their contribution is also religious.

In my vision it is a triangle--science, religion, art.

And they are such different dimensions, they speak different languages, they contradict each other; they are not in agreement superficially--unless you have a deep insight in which they all can melt and become one.

My effort has been to do almost the impossible.

In my university days as a student, my professors were at a loss. I was a student of philosophy, and I was attending science classes--physics, chemistry and biology.

Those professors were feeling very strange; "You are here in the university to study philosophy. Why are you wasting your time with chemistry?"

I said, "I have nothing to do with chemistry; I just want to have a clear insight into what chemistry has done, what physics has done. I don't want to go into details, I just want the essential contribution."

I was rarely in my classes, I was mostly in the library. My professors were continually saying, "What are you doing the whole day in the library?--because so many complaints have come from the librarian that you are the first to enter the library, and you have to be almost physically taken out of the library. The whole day you are there. And not only in the philosophical department, you are roaming around the library in all the departments which have nothing to do with you."

I said to them, "It is difficult for me to explain to you, but my effort in the future is going to be to bring everything that has some truth in it into a synthetic whole and create a way of life which is inclusive of all, which is not based on arguments and contradictions, which is based on a deep insight into the essential core of all the contributions that have been made to human knowledge, to human wisdom."

They thought I would go mad--the task I have chosen can lead anyone to madness, it is too vast. But they were not aware that madness is impossible for me, that I have left the mind far behind; I am just a watcher.

And the mind is such a delicate and complicated computer. Man has made great computers but none is yet comparable to the human mind. Just a single human mind has the capacity to contain *all* the libraries of the world. And just a single library--

the British Museum library--has books, which if you go on making them like a wall,

one by one, they will go three times round the earth. And that is only one big library.

Moscow has the same kind of library--perhaps bigger. Harvard has the same kind of library.

But a single human mind is capable of containing all that is written in all these books, of memorizing it. In a single brain there are more than a billion cells, and each single cell is capable of containing millions of pieces of information. Certainly one will go mad if one is not already standing out of the mind. If you have not reached the status of meditation, madness is sure. They were not wrong, but they were not aware of my efforts towards meditation.

So I was reading strange books, strange scriptures, from all over the world; yet I was only a watcher, because as far as I was concerned, I had come home. I had nothing to learn from all that reading; that reading was for a different purpose, and the purpose was to make my message universal, to make it free from local limitations.

And I am happy that I have succeeded in it completely. .

Because you love me, you call me "master of masters." It is out of your love.

As far as I am concerned, I simply think of myself only an ordinary human being who was stubborn enough to remain independent, resisted all conditioning, never belonged to any religion, never belonged to any political party, never belonged to any organization, never belonged to any nation, any race.

I have tried in every possible way just to be myself, without any adjective; and that has given me so much integrity, individuality, authenticity, and the tremendous blissfulness of being fulfilled.

But it was the need of the time. After me, anybody trying to be a master will have to remember that he has to pass through all the things I have passed through; otherwise, he cannot be called a master. He will remain just localized--a Hindu teacher, a Christian missionary, a Mohammedan priest--

but not a master of human beings as such.

After me it is going to be really difficult to be a master. *transm37*

Osho's Library grows

My father used to send me money, and that money helped me to purchase as many books as possible.

Now, the library you see--it has one hundred and fifty thousand books. Most of them were purchased with his money. All the money he gave me went into purchasing books, and soon I was receiving scholarships--and all that money went into books. *christ08*

I must have seen thousands of books, and perhaps no other man in the whole world can claim to know more about books than I know. But in this whole experience of thousands of books I have never come across another book which can be compared in any way with P.D.Ouspensky's *Tertium Organum.*

Tertium Organum means the third canon of thought. He gave this name to this great and incomparably unique book because there have been two other books in the past: the first was written by Aristotle, and he called it the first *Organum,* the first

principle of thought; and the second was written by Bacon, and he called it *Novum Organum,* a new canon of thought.

Then Ouspensky wrote *Tertium Organum,* the third canon of thought, and he declared just in the beginning of the book that "although I am calling it the third canon of thought, it existed before the first canon of thought ever existed."

This book contains so many mysteries that each page, almost each paragraph, each sentence seems to be so pregnant with meaning. .This is the only book. .

I used to love underlining my books, that's why I have never been interested in reading books from any library. I cannot underline a book that

has been borrowed from a library, I cannot put my stamp on it. And I hate to read a book which has been underlined by somebody else, because those lines which have been underlined stand out and they unnecessarily interfere in my own conception, my own flow.

This is the only book which I started underlining and I recognized after a few pages that every line has to be underlined. But I could not be unjust to the book. All my books in the library are underlined. Knowing perfectly well after a few pages that this book can be left not underlined, but that will be unjustified. .so I had to underline the whole book. *satyam09*

In Jabalpur there was one beautiful place where I was an everyday visitor; I would go for at least one or two hours. It was called the Thieves' Market. Stolen things were sold there, and I was after stolen books because so many people were stealing books and selling them and I was getting such beautiful books. I got Gurdjieff's first book from that Thieves' Market, and Ouspensky's *In Search of the Miraculous* from that Thieves' Market.

The book was fifty rupees; from there I got it for half a rupee, because in the Thieves' Market, books are sold by weight. Those people, they don't bother about whether it is Ouspensky, Plato, or Russell. Everything is all rubbish; whether you purchase old newspapers or you purchase Socrates, it is the same price. I had collected in my library thousands of books from the Thieves' Market. Everybody used to ask me, "Are you mad or something? Why do you go continually to the Thieves' Market?--because people don't go there. To be associated with the Thieves'

Market is not good."

I would say, "I don't care. Even if they think that I am a thief, it is okay."

To me the Thieves' Market has been the best source--even books which were not in the university library I have found in the Thieves' Market. And all those shopkeepers were selling stolen books, and every kind of stolen thing. In India, in every big city there is a Thieves' Market. In Bombay there is a Thieves' Market where you can find everything at just throw-away prices. But it is risky because it is stolen property.

I once got into trouble because I purchased three hundred books from one shop, simultaneously, in one day, because a whole library of somebody's had been stolen.

Just for one hundred and fifty rupees, three hundred books! I could not leave a single one. I had to borrow money and immediately rush there, and I told that man,

"No book should go from here."

Those books had seals with a certain man's name and address, and finally the police came. I said, "Yes, these are the books, and I have purchased them from the Thieves'

Market. In the first place this man is almost ninety years old--he will be dying soon."

The police inspector said to me, "What are you arguing about?"

I said, "I am simply making things clear to you. This man is going to die sooner or later; these books will be rotten. I can give you these books, but you have to give one hundred and fifty rupees to somebody, because I have borrowed the money. And in fact you cannot catch me because that shopkeeper is there; he will be a witness for me that the books were sold to him. Now, he cannot go on remembering who is selling him old newspapers, and old books; he does not know who has brought them.

So first you have to go to that man and find the thief If you find the thief get one hundred and fifty rupees from him or from anywhere you want. These books are here, and they cannot be in a better situation anywhere else. And that ninety-year-old man won't be able to read them again, so what is the fuss?"

The inspector said, "You sound sane, logical, but these are stolen books.. and I cannot go against the law."

I said, "You go according to the law. Go to the place from where I have purchased them--and I *have* purchased them, I have not stolen them. That shopkeeper has also purchased them, he has not stolen them. So find the

thief."

He said, "But on the book there is a seal and the name."

I said, "Don't be worried--next time you come there will be no seal and no name.

First you find the thief, then I am always here, at your service."

And as he went away I tore one page from each, the first empty page which means nothing, and I just signed the books. From that day I started signing my books, because it might have come in handy someday if my books were stolen--at least they had my signature and the date. And because I had taken out the first page, I would sign on two or three pages inside also, in case my books were stolen, but they never were.

My professors used to ask me, "You are reading day and night, but why are you so averse to the textbooks?"

I said, "For the simple reason that I don't want the examiner to see that I am a parrot." And fortunately that helped me. *person04*

Soon I had friends all over India, and I was purchasing books everywhere--in Poona, in Bombay, in New Delhi, in Amritsar, in Ludhiana, in Calcutta, in Allahabad, in Varanasi, in Madras. All over the country I was purchasing as many books as possible--as many as the friend with whom I was staying could manage. *christ08*

Osho bluffs his way into D.N. Jain College

It became a constant trouble. Colleges, universities would not accept me, would not give me admission, and they would not give the reasons. Somehow I had to convince a principal.

I still remember the scene. .

This principal was a little crazy. He was a devotee of the mother goddess Kali of Calcutta, and every morning from four o'clock he would start.. .

He was a very big man. He was a wrestler in his youth, and the rumor was that in the early days the famous wrestler Gama was defeated by him--but by that time Gama was no longer famous. And this principal had the body of a great wrestler; he was

black, looked dangerous. And from four o'clock the whole neighborhood was tortured by him-- *"Jai Kali."* And he had a real loud voice, no loudspeakers needed.

When I was refused from a few places, I thought perhaps this crazy person could be persuaded. So I went early in the morning, five o'clock. He was in his temple--in his beautiful bungalow, he had a small temple, and the whole area was sounding, resounding, "Jai Kali"--victory to Kali.

I went into the temple. He was alone. I also started shouting, "Victory to Kali."

He looked at me. He said, "You are a believer in Kali?"

I said, "Anybody who has any intelligence *has* to be a believer in Kali. And you are the greatest man I have come across."

He said, "Everybody thinks I am crazy."

I said, *"They* are all crazy."

He invited me for breakfast. And he said, "What are you doing?"

I said I was studying in a certain college, although I had been expelled from that college.

He said, "You leave all those colleges and come to my college. I will give you all the scholarships, every kind of help, because you are the first person who has recognized me."

In that way I got entry into his college. But once I was in, he was in trouble--

professors started coming to him.. . He called me, and he said, "This is not good. It seems you bluffed me."

I said, "This is true, I bluffed you--because there was no other way."

He said, "Then you will have to do one thing: you should not come to the college at all; just come to take your examinations."

I said, "What about my percentage for being present in the lectures?"

He said, "I will take care of it. You will get ninety percent for attendance, but don't come to the college! Because every professor is complaining--it is not a question of one professor; you are torturing everybody. They all say, `Now we cannot compete with this young man. He has read the latest--and we can see that we are twenty years behind, but we cannot manage to read all that has happened in twenty years.

We have to take care of the children and the wife and the whole family. And he makes us so embarrassed. He brings facts and we know that he is right, but we cannot tolerate this constant embarrassment. And because of him, other students are losing respect. They are all thinking that we know nothing. He has created the atmosphere in the college that all the professors are idiots.'"

I said, "It is true, you have got first-class idiots."

He said, "Listen, I am giving you all the facilities for not coming to the college."

I said, "That's a perfectly good arrangement, but once in a while can I come to your temple just to participate in the worship?"

He said, "Now there is no need to bluff me. I was also surprised that nobody in my whole life had said that I was a great man. Only this young man has recognized my spirituality. You bluffed me once, that's enough."

For two years I did not go to the college, but I was going to the university library, getting ready for my post graduation so I could torture the post-graduate professors. *sermon03*

Osho is invited to Sagar University for his MA,

and is aided by vice chancellor, Dr. Tripathi

After the B.A. I left Jabalpur because one of the professors in Sagar University, S.S.

Roy, was persistently asking me, writing me, phoning me to say, "After your B.A. you join this university for your post-graduation."

From Jabalpur University to Sagar University there is not much distance--one hundred miles. But Sagar University was in many ways unique. It was a small university compared to Benares University or Aligarh University, which had ten thousand students, twelve thousand students. They are just like Oxford or Cambridge--big universities, big names. Sagar University had only one thousand students and almost three hundred professors, so for every three students, one professor. It was a rare place; perhaps nowhere in the world can you find another university where there is one professor for three students.

And the man who had founded the university was acquainted with all the best professors around the world. Sagar was his birthplace; Doctor Harisingh Gaur was his name. He was a world-famous authority on law, and earned so much money--and never gave a single *pai* to any beggar, to any institution, to any charity. He was known as the most miserly person in the whole of India.

And then he founded the university and gave his whole life's earning. That was millions of dollars. He said to me, "That's why I was a miser; otherwise there was no way--I was a poor man, I was born a poor man. If I were doing charity and giving to this hospital and to this beggar and to that orphan, this university would not have existed." For this university. .he had carried his whole life only one idea, that his birthplace should have one of the best universities in the world. And certainly he created one of the best universities in the world.

While he was alive he managed to bring professors from all over the world. He gave them double salaries, triple salaries, whatsoever they wanted--and no work, because there were only one thousand students, which even a small college has in India; one thousand students is not a large number.

And he opened all the departments which only a university like Oxford can afford. Oxford has nearabout three hundred and fifty departments.

He opened all the departments which exist anywhere in the world. There were hundreds of departments without students but with full staff: the head of the department, the assistant professor, the professor, the lecturer. He said, "Don't be worried. First create the university--and make it the best. Students will come, will have to come." Then all the professors and all the deans were all in search of the best students. And somehow this professor, S.S. Roy, who was the head of the department of philosophy, got his eye on me.

I used to go every year to the university for the inter-university debating competition. And for four years I was winning the trophy and for four years he was listening to me, as a judge--he was one of the judges. The fourth year he invited me to his home, and he said, "Listen, I wait for you for one year. I know that after one year, when the next inter-university debating competition is held, you are bound to be there.

"The way you present your arguments is strange. It is sometimes so weird that it seems...how did you manage to look from this angle? I have been thinking about a few problems myself, but I never looked from that aspect. It strikes me that perhaps you go on dropping any aspect that can happen to the ordinary mind, and you only choose the aspect that is unlikely to happen to anybody.

"For four years you have been winning the shield for the simple reason that the argument is unique, and there is nobody who is ready to answer it. They have not even thought about it, so they are simply in shock.

"Your opponents--you reduce them so badly, one feels pity for them, but what can we do? And I have been giving you ninety-nine percent marks out of a hundred. I wanted to give you more than a hundred, but even ninety-nine. . It has become known to people that I am favorable to a certain student. This is too much, because nobody goes beyond fifty.

"I have called you to my home for dinner to invite you to leave Jabalpur University and come here. Now this is your fourth year, you are finished

when you graduate.

For post-graduation you come here. I cannot miss having you as my student; if you don't come here then I am going to join Jabalpur University."

And he was a well-known authority; if he wanted to come, Jabalpur University would have been immensely happy to accept him as head of the department.

I said, "No, don't go to that much trouble. I can come here, and I love the place." It is situated. .perhaps it is the best-situated university in the world, in the hills near a tremendously vast lake. It is so silent--such huge trees, ancient trees--that just to be there is enough education.

And Doctor Harisingh Gaur must have been a tremendous lover of books. He donated all his library, and he managed to get as many books as possible from every corner of the world. A single man's effort.. it is rare; he created Oxford just single-handedly, alone. Oxford was created over one thousand years; thousands of people have worked. This man's work is really a piece of art. Single-handedly, with his own money, he put himself at stake.

So I loved the place. I said, "You need not be worried, I will be coming--but you have seen me only in the debate competitions. You don't know much about me; I may prove a trouble for you, a nuisance. I would like you to know everything about me before you decide."

Professor S.S. Roy said, "I don't want to know anything about you. The little bit that I have come to know, just by seeing you, your eyes, your way of saying things, your way of approaching reality, is enough. And don't make me frightened about trouble and nuisance--you can do whatsoever you want."

I said, "Remember that financially I am always broke, so I will be continuously borrowing money from you and never returning it. Things have to be made clear beforehand; otherwise later on you can say, `This you never said.' You will have to lend me money whenever I want. I am not going to return it, although it will be said I am borrowing--but on your part

you have to understand that that money is gone, because from where can I return it? I don't have any source.

"Second, you have to make arrangements in the university for my free lodging and boarding. Thirdly, you have to ask the vice-chancellor, because I don't know him--or you can introduce me to him--for his special scholarship. He is entitled to give one

special scholarship. Other scholarships are there, which are smaller scholarships given to talented people--first class, first gold medalist, this and that; I want the special scholarship which is three times more than any other scholarship.

"It is special because the vice-chancellor is entitled to give it to anyone talented, not talented, in the good list of the university, not in the good list of the university; it does not matter. It is his personal choice--because if they start thinking about my character certificates and this and that, I cannot produce a single character certificate.

"I have been in many colleges because I have been expelled again and again. So in four years time.. . People study in one college, I have studied in many, but all that I can bring from them is expulsion orders. I cannot produce a single character certificate--so you have to recommend me. You are my only character certificate."

He said, "Don't be worried about that."

So I moved to Sagar. *dark06*

I moved to another city, Sagar, and gave all my certificates of expulsion to the vice-chancellor of the university. He said, "But why are you telling me all these terrible things?"

I said, "I am telling you: these are my character certificates. And I don't want to keep you in the dark; first you should know about me, only then give me admission.

Otherwise it is safer not to give me admission, rather than expel me later on, because then it will be your responsibility. And you will be condemned

for it, because I always do the right thing; perhaps at the right moment, the right thing done rightly is too much, and the people who have been continually doing wrong things freak out. So I am telling you these are my character certificates."

He said, "You are a strange young man but I cannot refuse you, because who else would give such character certificates? And I am the last to think of expelling you, because each time you are right. I am not going to deny you admission."

He gave me admission--not only admission, he gave me scholarships. He gave me free food, lodging, boarding, everything free. He said, "You should be given all respect, because so much injustice has been done to you."

I told him, "One thing you should remember: you are doing all these things; it is so compassionate of you; but if sometimes a problem arises then I am going to give you a tough time. I will not think of your favors--that you must keep in your mind--I cannot be bribed."

He said, "I am not bribing you, these are not bribes. I really am impressed." He was the only person who did not expel me for two years continuously. And those two years were the hardest for my professors because those were the two last years, the post-graduate years. So many complaints.. .

But that man, Doctor Tripathi--he was a very great historian. He was a professor of history at Oxford, and from there, when he retired, he became vice-chancellor of Sagar university. He kept his word.

He simply went on throwing all complaints into the wastepaper basket, although every day when I used to go for a morning walk, passing his house, he would tell me,

"So many complaints came yesterday; they are all in the wastepaper basket." And he was so happy that he had been able to keep his word against all odds. It was really

difficult for him; there were complaints from students, from superintendents, from the proctor, from professors. *misery01*

Every child, if left and helped to grow according to his own sensibilities, will bring something beautiful into the world, some unique personality. Right now everybody is a copy of everybody else.

This very vice-chancellor, when for the first time I entered the university, looked at me and asked, "Why are you growing a beard?"

I said, "I am not growing it, it is growing. Don't ask nonsense questions. On the contrary, I can ask why you are cutting your beard."

He said, "Settled. I will not ask anything and you will not ask anything."

I said, "No. You can ask anything, but you have to have the courage to receive the answer. You have to say that you asked a wrong question. I am not growing it, I am not pulling my hairs every day so that they grow; I am not watering them. You are shaving twice a day. My hairs are natural and you are unnecessarily becoming a woman."

He said, "What?"

I said, "It is so easy to understand. Do you think a woman would look good with a beard? The same is true about you--without a beard, you look just like a woman. A little weird, but.. "

He said, "I promise never to disturb you, but don't spread these ideas in the university, that I look like a woman, a little weird."

I looked as I wanted. I lived as naturally as I wanted. That has given me a tremendous sense of peace and integrity. There is no regret. There is no complaint against life, only deep gratitude. *turnin07*

I am reminded of one of my vice-chancellors. He was a world-famous historian. He had been a professor of history in Oxford for almost twenty years, and after his retirement from Oxford, he came back to India. He had a world-famous name, and he was elected to be the vice-chancellor of the university I was studying in. He was a nice man, a beautiful personality, with immense knowledgeability, scholarship, recognition--so many books to his credit.

By chance, the day he took charge as vice-chancellor was Gautam Buddha's birthday.

And Gautam Buddha's birthday is more important than anybody else's birthday, because Gautam Buddha's birthday is also his day of enlightenment, and also his day of leaving the body. The same day he was born, the same day he became enlightened, the same day he died.

The whole university gathered to hear him speak on Gautam Buddha. And he was a great historian, he had written about Gautam Buddha; and he spoke with great emotion. Tears in his eyes, he said, "I have always felt that if I had been born in Gautam Buddha's time, I would have never left his feet."

According to my habit I stood up, and I said, "You please take your words back."

He said, "But why?"

I said, "Because they are false. You have been alive in Raman Maharshi's time. He was the same kind of man, his was the same enlightenment--and I know that you have not even visited him. So whom are you trying to befool? You would not have visited Gautam Buddha either. Wipe your tears, they are crocodile tears. You are

simply a scholar and you don't know anything about enlightenment or people like Gautam Buddha."

There was a great silence in the auditorium. My professors were afraid that I might be expelled; they were always afraid, that any time.. . And I had told them, "You don't be worried about me. I have been expelled from many colleges, universities--it has become almost my way of life, being expelled."

But now they were very much afraid. They loved me, and they wanted me.. . But to create such a situation, such an awkward situation...and nobody knew what to do, how to break the ice. In those few seconds it looked as if hours had passed. The vice-chancellor was standing there--but he was certainly a man of some superior quality.

He wiped his tears and asked that he should be forgiven--perhaps he was wrong.

And he invited me to his house so that we could discuss it in more detail.

But he said, before the whole university, "You are right. I would not have gone to Gautam Buddha, I know it. I was not aware when I said it; it was just emotional, I was carried away. Yes, I have never been to Raman Maharshi when he was alive.

And I had been very close to his place many times--I used to deliver lectures in Madras University, from where it is only a few hours' journey to Arunachal. I have been told by many friends, 'You should go and see this man'--and I always went on postponing till the man died."

The whole university could not believe it, my professors could not believe it. But his humbleness touched everybody. Respect for him grew tremendously; and we became friends. He was very old--he was almost sixty-eight--and I was only twentyfour, but we became friends. And he never for a moment allowed me to feel that he was a great scholar, that he was the vice-chancellor, that he was my grandfather's age.

On the contrary, he said to me, "I don't know what happened that day; I am not so humble a man. Being a professor in Oxford for twenty years, being a visiting professor to almost all the universities of the world, I have become very egoistic. But you destroyed everything in a single stroke. And I will remain grateful to you for my whole life: if you had not stood up, I might have remained believing that I would have done this. But now I would like it. .if you can find someone, then I would like to sit by his feet and listen to him."

And you will not believe it that when I said, "Then sit down and listen.. ." he said,

"What!"

I said, "Just look at me. Don't be bothered by my age, sit down and listen to me." And you will not believe it--that old man sat down and listened to me,

to whatever I wanted to say to him. But rare are people who have so much courage and so much openness.

After that day he used to come to the hostel to visit me. Everybody was puzzled: what had happened?--and I had created for him such an embarrassing situation! He used to take me to his house, and we would sit together and he would ask me, "Say anything--I want to listen. My whole life I have been talking; I have forgotten listening. And I have been saying things which I don't know." And he listened the way a disciple listens to a master.

My professors were very much puzzled. They said, "Have you done some magic on that old man? or has he gone senile? or what is the matter? To see him, we have to

make an appointment, and we have to wait on a long list. When our time comes, only then can we meet him. And he comes to see you--not only that, he listens to you.

What has happened?"

I said, "The same can happen to you too, but you are not that intelligent, not that sensitive, not that understanding. That old man is really rare." *bond38*

One of my vice-chancellors, even though I was only a student in the university, made it a point that he should be informed whenever I was going to speak. No matter what, he would cancel all appointments and he would come and listen to me. And I asked him, "You are a great historian.. ." He was a professor of history in the University of Oxford, before he became the vice-chancellor in India.

He said, "I love your gaps. Those gaps show that you are absolutely unprepared, you are not an orator. You wait for God, and if he is waiting...then what can you do? You have to wait in silence. When he speaks, you speak; when he is silent, you are silent."

The gaps are more important than the words because the words can be distorted by the mind but not the gaps. And if you can understand the gaps,

then you have understood the silent message, the silent presence of the divine. *spirit02*

Osho excels in Public speaking

An incident happened. .I was a student, but I used to go to conferences and other places to speak on different subjects. There was a meeting on the birthday of Nanak, the founder of Sikhism. The president of the meeting was the chief justice of Madhya Pradesh high court, and I was the speaker. I was just a student but this man, whose name was Ganesh Bhatt, was a rare man. I have never come across another man of his quality.

He was the chief justice and I was only a postgraduate student. After I spoke he simply declared to the assembly of almost ten thousand sikhs, "Now there is nothing more to be said. At least I cannot say anything better than has been said by this young man, so I will not deliver the presidential address, because that may spoil what he has said to you. I would rather that you go home silently pondering over what he has said, and meditating upon it."

The Sikhs were surprised, everybody was surprised, and as I was stepping down from the podium the chief justice, Ganesh Bhatt, touched my feet. I said, "What are you doing? You are of the age of my father. You are a learned man, you are a brahmin."

He said, "Nothing matters--neither my being a brahmin, nor my age, nor my prestige, nor my being the chief justice. What matters is that whatever you have said has come from the deepest being. It was unexpected. .I have presided over many meetings and I have listened to many learned people, but all that they say is within quotation marks. For the first time I have heard a man who speaks directly, without any quotation marks--who speaks on his own authority. So don't prevent me. I am showing my gratitude by touching your feet."

The judges had come because the chief justice was presiding over the meeting, and the advocates of the high court had come because the chief justice was there--they

were all shocked! But Ganesh Bhatt became a regular visitor to my house. It became almost a regular routine that his car would be standing in front of my house.

People whose cases were being heard in the high court started coming to me. I said,

"I cannot help you."

They said, "Just a word from you, and he will not do anything against it."

I said, "I cannot do any such thing. He comes here with such respect towards me that I cannot bring up such trivia."

It became a problem. I had to keep a servant in front of my house to send these people away, otherwise everybody was coming to the house saying, "I am in much trouble, and just a little support from you will get me out of it."

After he retired from the chief justice-ship he became the vice-chancellor of Sagar University. By that time I had become a professor in Jabalpur University, and I had gone to Sagar to speak in a public conference of all religions. He heard that I had come, so he invited me to the university where he was now the vice-chancellor.

Once I had been a student in that university, and because the vice-chancellor had called the meeting, all the professors and all the students, everybody was present. I was worried about only one thing--that he may do the same act again. The professors who had taught me were there, and thousands of students were there who had also been students, junior to me--and he did his act.

As I went on the podium he stood, touched my feet, and said to the audience, "To be learned is one thing, and to know on your own experience--face to face--is a totally different thing. In my long life I have been in high positions, and I have come across so many learned people, and I can say with absolute confidence that learning brings no transformation to their being. The transformation of one's being comes through some other door, not through the doors of mind."

It was a great shock! Many of them were my teachers, many of them were students who knew me when I was a student in that university, and their vice-chancellor touching my feet.. . My old professors gathered when I came down after speaking, saying, "This is a strange phenomenon. We had never expected.. "

I said, "I was studying under you, but you never looked deeply into me, you never looked into my eyes. You never thought about the questions I was asking. You simply thought of one thing--that I was just creating trouble for you because you had no answer, and you were not courageous enough to say, Ì don't know.'"

Intellectuals are very weak about one point. They cannot say, "I don't know."

Only an enlightened being can say, "I don't know." His innocence and his enlightenment are synonymous. *tahui08*

I was a student in the university, and I was winning all kinds of debates, eloquence competitions, all over the country. I had filled my head of the department's office with all kinds of trophies and cups--gold and silver. And he started telling me, "If you go on winning in this way, I think I will have to move out of my office. There is no space left."

I said, "You don't have to move out, I will move all the trophies and all the cups."

He said, "No, that is credit to the department."

I said, "Then you have to decide whether you want to be in the office or not." And finally he had to move out of the office. He created another small office on the

verandah where he used to sit, because his whole office became a showplace for any guest.

One day he asked me--because in my own university there was going to be a national university competition--"Why do you go on unnecessarily traveling long distances? What is your purpose?"

I said, "I don't have any purpose. I love it--that's my way of playing. That's my way of telling stories which have no purpose at all. Just the sheer joy, overflowing life. I am not old enough to think about purposes."

He said, "What?"

I said, "Yes, I am not old enough, and I will never be old enough to think about purpose and meaning. I rejoice in whatever I am doing. There is no purpose.. ."

I told my head of the department, "There is no purpose. I enjoy talking. I love a heart-to-heart talk."

And that day the competition was going to be held. .There used to be two persons from each university--one opposing the subject and one supporting the subject. I was opposing the subject, but my partner became so nervous. .it was his first time to come to the stage.

The student who used to come with me around the country had died in an accident, so I had to find a new partner, and that was his first time. I tried hard to prepare him.. to repeat his speech many times, but finally when the time came he disappeared.

So the vice-chancellor asked me what to do? I said, "I can manage. First I will speak in support--because my partner is missing, and I don't want to lose that prize--and then I will oppose."

He said, "My God! You will do both the things?"

I said, "Just try. It will be a great enjoyment."

So I spoke for it, and I spoke against it, and I had both the prizes, first and second.

And as I was going out, the vice-chancellor took me into a corner and said, "It was a miracle. When you were speaking in favor of it, I was thinking what will you do? You are giving such a great argument in favor, I don't think you will be able to oppose it.

But when you started opposing, I thought, My God!--your arguments are so clear.

What happened to the other arguments.. ?"

He said, "But I want to ask you one thing, that's why I have pulled you out of the crowd. Do you have any convictions of your own?"

I said, "I just love talking. You have heard only two sides--there are many sides. And if you want some day I can speak from many points of view. These are only two polar opposites, but there are middle positions and there are at least seven positions on each subject."

He said "That would drive me mad. Just these two positions drive me completely out of my mind. I don't think I am going to sleep, because I am wondering what is right."

I said, "That is your problem. I enjoyed the whole game, and I have got both the prizes. And this is far better. If you can convince other vice-chancellors that only one person is coming and he will represent both the sides, it will be far easier for me because I won't have to prepare the other person. It is better and easier. I don't have any belief, I don't have any prejudice. I am utterly open. And because I love, it is a game."

Your life should be a playfulness, not a purpose.

Your life should be a fun, not goal oriented.

It should not be business, it should be pure love. *celebr05*

Dr. Harisingh Gaur, the founder of Sagar University

I was a student, and the man who had founded the university, Harisingh Gaur, was still the vice-chancellor. We became friends, because I used to go for a morning walk on a lonely street early in the morning before sunrise and he also used to go on the same street, alone. We were the only persons, so naturally. .it started with saying

"good morning" to each other. By and by we started walking together. He

started asking about me, what subject I was studying, what I was doing, and slowly, slowly the distance of age disappeared. He started inviting me for tea after the walk. And he became interested in my ideology, because whenever I saw that he was saying something which I could not accept I simply rejected it and produced every possible argument against it. He loved it.

He said, "You should not have joined philosophy." He himself was a legal man, he was a world-famous law expert. He said, "You should have gone into law because you, without knowing law, argue with me and I can see that if we were in a court you would win."

But I said to him, "It is just a mind game. I can argue for, I can argue against; mind is ready for both."

He said, "Strange.. that reminds me of one of the incidents in my own life." *upan05*

He was a lawyer, a very great, famous, world famous authority on law; but he was a very forgetful man, very absent minded. Once it happened that in a privy council case in London he was fighting the case for one Indian maharaja. It was a big case.

He forgot--and he argued for one hour against his own client. Even the judge became worried. The opposite party advocate couldn't believe what was happening: "Now what is he going to do?"--because all the arguments that he had prepared, this man was making. The whole thing was topsy-turvy, and the whole court couldn't believe what was happening. And the man was such an authority that nobody dared to interrupt him; even his own assistant tried many times to pull his coat and tell him what he was doing. When he finished then the assistant whispered in his ear, "What have you done? You have completely destroyed the case. We are not against this man--we are *for* him!"

This lawyer said to the judge, "My lord, these are the arguments which can be given against my client--now I will contradict them." And he started contradicting, and he won the case.

Logic is a prostitute. You can argue for God, and the same argument can be used against God. *harmon05*

Doctor Harisingh Gaur, one of the great legal experts of the world, used to say to his students that, "If you have the law in your favor, speak very silently, slowly, be mild, polite--because the law is in your favor, don't be worried. But if the law is not in your favor, then beat the table, speak loudly, with a strong voice. Use words which

create an atmosphere of certainty, absoluteness, because the law is not in your favor. You have to create an atmosphere as if the law is in your favor." *dh0302*

When I was a student in the university, I used to receive two hundred rupees per month from someone, I knew not who. I had tried every way to find out who the person was. On the first day of each month, the money order was there but there was no name, no address. Only when the person died. .and he was no one other than the founder of the university in which I was a student.

I went to his home. His wife said, "I am worried--not because my husband has died; everybody has to die. My concern is, from where am I going to get two hundred rupees to send you?"

I said, "My god, your husband has been sending it? I never asked, and there was no need because I am getting a scholarship from the university, free lodging, free boarding--everything free."

The wife said, "I also asked him many times: Why do you go on sending two hundred rupees to him? And he said, `He needs it. He loves books but he has no money for books. And his need for books is greater than his need for food.'"

But he was a rare man. In his whole life, whatever he earned he donated to create the university in his town.

India has almost one thousand universities. I have seen many. His university is small; it is a small place. But his university is the most

beautiful--on a hilltop surrounded by great trees, and below it such a big lake full of lotus flowers.. the lake is so big that you cannot see the other shore. And I came to know that he had given everything to the university. Nobody was asking, nobody was even expecting that in that small place there would be a great university.

He was a world-known legal expert. He had offices in London, in New Delhi, in Peking; he was continuously on the move.

I had asked him, "Why have you chosen this place?"

He said, "I have gone all over the world and I have never seen such a beautiful small hill, with big trees, with such a beautiful lake, with so many lotuses.. ." The whole lake is covered with flowers and lotus leaves. In the early morning, on all the lotus petals.. dewdrops gather in the night.. in the morning you can see--that lake is the richest in the world because each dewdrop shines like a diamond.

He had taken me around the place and he said, "It is not a question of my town, it is a question of the beauty of this place."

But I had never imagined that he would be sending me two hundred rupees per month, unsigned. So I cannot even send him a thank you note.
mess110

Osho's friend and professor, Dr. S.S. Roy

I am reminded of one of my professors. He is a very beautiful man: Professor S.S.Roy. Now he is retired as head of the department of philosophy from Allahabad University. The first day I joined his class, he was explaining the concept of The Absolute. He was an authority on Bradley and Shankara. Both believe in The Absolute--that is their name for God.

I asked him one thing which made me very intimate to him, and he opened his whole heart to me, in every possible way. I just asked, "Is your 'absolute' perfect?

Has it come to a full stop or is it still growing? If it is still growing, then it is

not absolute, it is imperfect--only then can it grow. If something more is possible, some more branches, some more flowers--then it is alive. If it is complete, entirely complete--that's the meaning of the word absolute: now there is no possibility for growth--then it is dead." So I asked him, "Be clear, because 'absolute' represents to Bradley and Shankara, God; that is their philosophical name for God. Is your God alive or dead? You have to answer me this question."

He was really an honest man. He said, "Please give me time to think." He had a doctorate on Bradley from Oxford, another doctorate on Shankara from Benares, and he was thought to be the greatest authority on these two philosophers because he had tried to prove that Bradley, from the West, and Shankara, from the East, have come to the same conclusion. He said, "Please give me time to think."

I said, "Your whole life you have been writing about Bradley and Shankara and 'the absolute'--I have read your books, I have read your unpublished thesis. And you have been teaching here your whole life--has nobody ever asked you such a simple question?"

He said, "Nobody ever asked me; not only that, even I have never thought about it--

that, certainly, if something is perfect then it has to be dead. Anything alive has to be imperfect. This idea has never occurred to me. So please give me time."

I said, "You can take as much time as you want. I will come every day and ask the same question." And it continued for five, six days. Every day I would enter the class and he would come shaking, and I would stand up and say, "My question."

And he said, "Please forgive me, I cannot decide. With both the ways there is difficulty. I cannot say God is imperfect; I cannot say God is dead. But you have conquered my heart."

He removed my things from the hostel to his house. He said, "No more, you cannot live in the hostel. You have to come and live with my family, with me.

I have much to learn from you--because such a simple question has not occurred to me. All my degrees you have canceled."

I lived with him for almost six months before he moved to another university. He wanted me to move with him to another university, but my vice-chancellor was reluctant. He said, "Professor Roy, you can go. Professors will come and go, but we may not find such a student again. So I am not going to give him his certificates and I am not going to allow him to leave the university. And I will write to your university, where you are going, that my student should not be taken in there either."

But he remained loving to me. It was a rare phenomenon: he used to come almost every month to see me from his university, almost two hundred miles away from my university. But he would come at least once every month just to see me, just to sit with me. And he said, "Now I am getting a better salary and everything is more comfortable there, but I miss you. The class seems to be dead. Nobody asks questions like you, which cannot be answered."

And I had told him, "This is an agreement between me and you, that I only call a question a question which cannot be answered. If it can be answered, what kind of a question is it?"

God--perfect, absolute, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent; these are the words used for God by all the religions--is dead, cannot be alive, cannot breathe. No, I reject such a god, because with such a dead god, this whole universe will be dead.

Godliness is a totally different dimension.

Then the greenness in the tree, then the flowering of the rose, then the bird in flight-

-all are part of it. Then God is not separate from the universe. Then he is the very soul of the universe. Then the universe is vibrating, pulsating, breathing. .godliness.

So I am not an atheist, but I am not a theist either. And there is a third term

also, which is 'agnostic'. Socrates, Bertrand Russell, people like this are agnostic. An agnostic means one who says, "I don't know whether God is, or God is not." *unconc03*

One of my professors, Professor S.S. Roy, did not agree with me, that something can be created by other people when it is not there at all. So I said, "I will show it to you."

I was very much loved by the man; his wife was also very loving towards me. I went to his wife and told her, "Tomorrow morning when the professor gets up, you have to pretend that you are shocked, and say to him, `What has happened to you? When you went to bed you were perfectly okay; now your face is looking pale. Are you sick or something?'"

The next morning the professor simply denied it. He said, "What nonsense are you talking? I am perfectly okay."

I had told his gardener, "When he comes into the garden, you simply say, `My God!

What has happened to you? You cannot walk, you are wobbling. Something is wrong with you. Just go inside and rest and I will go and call the doctor.'"

And I had said to both these people, "Whatsoever he says, exactly in his own words, you write it down. I will collect those notes."

To the gardener he said, "Yes, it seems something is wrong. Perhaps I should rest, I should not go to the university. But I don't see any need to call the doctor." He was perfectly healthy and there was no problem, so finally he decided that at least for half an hour or an hour he would go to the university.

On the way I had said to many people whom I trusted. . On the way there was the postmaster. I told him, "Even if you are busy, don't miss: when the professor passes by you shout at him, `What are you doing? Where are you going? Are you mad? Your body is absolutely sick! You come into my house, rest. I will call the doctor.'" I collected all these notes. The professor

said, "Yes, since last night I have this feeling that something is going wrong. I am not exactly sure what is going wrong, but something *is* wrong. I feel a certain trembling inside, a fear, as if I am not going to last long."

His house and the university philosophy department were almost one mile apart, and he had always walked--but that day, in the middle, he stopped another professor's car and told him, "I don't think I will be able to reach the university department."

The university was on a hilly place, up and down. From his house it was an uphill task to reach the department; the department was on the top of the hill and his house was in the valley.

He said, "I am huffing, huffing. .my body is trembling. I think there is fever, and there is much more which I cannot figure out." So he wanted a lift.

And the professor who had passed him was sent by me: "Just when he is in a very bad situation, you stop your car and ask, `What is the matter?'" In the car he said,

"You should not have come, you should have called the doctor. Your eyes look as if they have lost all luster. Your face looks dry, faded; you look like a faded painting.

Just in one night! Had you a heart attack in the night? It must have been serious."

And he said, "It seems that I had a heart attack and I was not aware because I was asleep, but now I know. All the symptoms are showing that my life is at the very end."

When he entered the university department, the peon who used to sit in front of the department. . I had told him, "When he comes, you simply jump and hold him."

He said, "But he will be very angry. And what kind of thing are you asking? You have never asked anything before."

I said, "We are doing an experiment--me and the professor. Don't interfere,

you simply do what I say. You just hold him and tell him, `You are going to fall.'" He did that and the professor thanked him. And the peon had no need to tell him that he was going to fall; the professor said himself, "If you had not been here I would have fallen."

Inside the department I was waiting for him. I said, "Jesus! You look like a ghost!

What calamity has happened to you?" I took hold of him, put him in a reclining chair.

And he said, "Just one thing I want to tell you. My children are small"--he had only two children--"my wife is young, inexperienced. I don't have any family; my father is dead, my mother is dead. I don't know anybody who can take care of them when I am gone. I can think only of you."

I said, "You don't be worried. I will take care of your children, your wife--better than you are doing. But before you decide to leave the world, I have to show you a few notes."

He said, "A few.. what notes?"

I said, "I will have to go and collect them."

He said, "From whom?"

I said "From your wife, from the gardener, from the postmaster, from the professor who drove you here, from the peon who saved you from falling."

He said, "But how do you know?"

I said, "It was all planned. And you say that man cannot be deceived by something nonexistential?"

I went down, collected all the notes, and I showed him them one by one. And I said,

"Look how you are getting caught up. To your wife you absolutely denied there was anything wrong. To the gardener you said `Perhaps something is

wrong.' But it was

"perhaps," you were not certain yet. But the idea was getting in. To the postmaster you said, `Yes, something must have happened. From the very evening I was feeling bad, sick, apprehensive.'

"With the professor in the car you accepted that you must have had a heart attack while you were asleep. You were feeling so weak"--and he was a strong man--"that you could not conceive yourself walking uphill to the department. And to the peon who jumped and took hold of you, you said, Ì am grateful to you. I was just going to fail, to collapse.' Now this is a simple idea," I told him, "that has been implanted in you."

Now do you see the point? This man can even die, you just have to keep on going. I was only proving a point on which he was not agreeing, so this was only an argument--I did not want him to die. Otherwise, I would have talked to the doctor and had him say to him, "Your days are finished, so whatever you want to do--write your will or anything--do it quickly. It is not something that I can help with, your heart is simply finished; any moment it is going to stop." I could have killed that man just by an idea.

Seeing the notes, immediately he was back, perfectly healthy. He walked down the hill laughing, and told the peon, "You should not listen to this man, he is dangerous.

He almost killed me!" He told the other professor, "This is not right, that you suggested to me that I must have had a heart attack." He told the postmaster, "You are my neighbor, and is this right, to push me towards death?"

He was very angry with his wife. He said, "I can think that he persuaded other people--he has everybody impressed by him--but I cannot believe that my own wife deceived me, listened to him. We were in an argument; it was a question of my prestige, and you destroyed it!" But the wife said, "You should be grateful to him. He has given proof that man can be programmed for something which does not exist at all."

You think you are a Christian? It is just an idea implanted in you. Do you

think there is a God? An idea implanted in you. Do you think there is a heaven and hell? It is nothing but programming. You are all programmed.

My work with you is to deprogram you. And I am showing you all the notes--day after day, continuously--that these are the things that have made you almost dull, stupid, even attracted towards suicide, towards death. My religion is unique in this way: all the religions of the past have programmed people; I deprogram you, and then I leave you alone, to yourself. *false19*

Osho's professor, Dr. S.K. Saxena

I used to walk in an Indian sandal which is made of wood. It has been used by sannyasins for centuries, almost ten thousand years or perhaps longer. A wooden sandal.. because it avoids any kind of leather, which is bound to be coming from an animal who maybe has been killed, killed only for this purpose--and the best leather comes from very young children of animals. So sannyasins have been avoiding that, and using a wooden sandal. But it makes so much noise when the sannyasin walks, you can hear from almost half a mile away that he is coming. And on a cement road or walking on the verandah in the university.. the whole university knows.

The whole university used to know me, know that I was coming or going; there was no need to see me, just my sandals were enough. *ignor21*

When on the first day I entered the university's philosophy class, I met Doctor Saxena for the first time. Only for a few professors did I have really great love and respect. These two were my most loved professors--Doctor S.K. Saxena and Doctor S.S.Roy--and for the simple reason that they never treated me like a student.

When I entered Doctor Saxena's class the first day, with my wooden sandals, he looked a little puzzled. He looked at my sandals and asked me, "Why are you using

wooden sandals?--they make so much noise." I said, "Just to keep my consciousness alert."

He said, "Consciousness? Are you trying to keep your consciousness alert

in other ways too?"

I said, "Twenty-four hours a day I am trying to do that, in every possible way: walking, sitting, eating, even sleeping. And you may believe it or you may not, that just lately I have succeeded to be aware and alert even in sleep."

He said, "The class is dismissed--you just come with me to the office." The whole class thought I had created trouble for myself the first day. He took me into his office and took from the shelf his thesis for a doctorate that he had written thirty years before. It was on consciousness. He said, "Take it. It has been published in English, and so many people in India have asked to translate it into Hindi--great scholars, knowing both languages, English and Hindi, perfectly well. But I have not allowed anybody, because the question is not whether you know the language well or not; I was looking for a man who knows what consciousness is--and I can see in your eyes, on your face, by the way you answered. .you have to translate this book."

I said, "This is difficult because I don't know English much, I don't know Hindi much either. Hindi is my mother tongue, but I know only as much as everybody knows his mother tongue. And I believe in the definition of the mother tongue. Why is every language called the mother tongue?--because the mother speaks and the father listens--and that's how the children learn. That's how I have learned.

"My father is a silent man; my mother speaks and he listens--and I learned the language. It is just a mother tongue, I don't know much; Hindi has never been my subject of study. English I know just a little bit, and that is enough for your so-called examinations, but for translating a book which is a Ph.D. thesis.. . And you are giving it to a student?"

He said, "Don't be worried--I know you will be able to do it."

I said, "If you trust me, I will do my best. But one thing I must tell you, that if I find something wrong in it then I am going to make an editorial note underneath, putting a star on it, that this is wrong, and how it should be. If I find something missing, I am going to put a star again and a footnote that something is missing, and this is the part that is missing."

He said, "I agree to that. I know there are many things missing in it. But you surprise me: you have not even seen the book, you have not even opened it. How do you know that things will be missing in it?"

I said, "Looking at you...in the way you can see by looking at me, that I am the right person to translate it, I can see perfectly, Doctor Saxena, you are not the right person to write it!"

And he loved that so much that he told it to everybody. The whole university knew about it--this dialogue that had happened between me and him. In the next two-month summer vacation I translated the book, and I made those editorial notes.

When I showed him, there were tears of joy in his eyes.

He said, "I knew perfectly well that something is missing here, but I could not figure it out because I have never practiced it. I was just trying to collect all the information about consciousness in Eastern scriptures. I had collected a lot, and then from that I started sorting it out. It took me almost seven years to finish my thesis." He had

done really a great scholarly job--but only scholarly. I said, "It is scholarly, but it is not the work of a meditator. And I have made all these notes--that this can be written only by a scholar, not by a meditator."

He looked at all those pages and he said to me, "If you had been one of my examiners for the thesis I would not have got the doctorate! You have found exactly the right places that I was doubtful about, but those fools who examined it were not even suspicious. It has been praised very much."

He was a professor in America for many years, and his book is really a monumental work of scholarship; but nobody criticized him, nobody has pointed. . So I asked him, "Now what are you going to do with the translation?"

He said, "I cannot publish it. I have found a translator--but you are more an examiner than a translator! I will keep it but I cannot publish it. With your notes and with your editorial commentary it will destroy my whole

reputation--but I agree with you. In fact," he said, "if it were in my power I would have given you a doctorate just for your editorial notes and footnotes, because you have found exactly the places which only a meditator can find; a non-meditator has no way to find them."

So my whole life from the very beginning has been concerned with two things: never to allow any unintelligent thing to be imposed upon me, to fight against all kinds of stupidities, whatsoever the consequences, and to be rational, logical, to the very end.

This was one side, that I was using with all those people with whom I was in contact.

And the other was absolutely private, my own: to become more and more alert, so that I didn't end up just being an intellectual. *misery01*

One of my professors, Dr S.K. Saxena, he was the head of the department of Philosophy and I was his student. But he won't allow me to live in the hostels and it was a little embarrassing for me, for the simple reason because he was a drunkard, gambler, a very nice man and has never lived with his family. .his family was living in Delhi, because he could not tolerate anybody.

And I feel embarrassed because he will take me to his house and then he will not drink, just out of respect and love for me. And I knew that it will be too difficult for him, he is an old man and he is not just occasional drunkard, he is a drunkard, he needs every day otherwise he cannot live.

So I told him that, "I can come with the condition that you will not change anything in your life because of me. You will have to continue whatever you do.. if you want to drink, you drink, just the way, as if I am not there."

He said, "That is the difficulty. I take you there because when you are there I don't need the drink. You are a nourishment to me. When you are in my house I feel my house has become your home otherwise I am just living in a house. I have never had a home. My wife is there, my children are there, but somehow that atmosphere never happened that becomes immediately possible the moment you enter into my house.

"You are sleeping into another room, I am sleeping into another room but I sleep so deeply when you are in my room, and without drinking. So don't think that I am making any obligation on you to take you from the hostel to my bungalow, which is more comfortable in every possible way.. no. You are making an obligation on me. I feel so nourished."

He said to me, that "When you are there I don't eat so much as I eat every day and my doctor goes on telling me: `not to eat too much, you are old, you have diabetes, you are a drunkard. That drinking is killing you, that drinking is making your diabetes worse and you go on eating and you love sweets and you love delicious food.' But when you are there, simply my appetite is not there, I feel full. What the doctor has not been able to do in years, you have not even told me."

In fact, I used to tell him, that "Doctor you should eat something. Only I am eating and you are just sitting there."

He said, "I know, but there is no appetite and I am feeling very good."

Not only you will start feeling changes, others will start feeling changes. All that is to be remembered is a simple word: witnessing. *last511*

Jabalpur has one of the most beautiful spots in the world. For two to three miles continuously a beautiful river, Narmada, flows between two mountains of marble.. just three miles of pure white marble on both sides, high mountains. And the river is deep. On a full-moon night, when the moon comes in the middle and you can see those rocks also reflected into the waters, it creates almost a magical world.

I don't think there is anything in the world which can be compared to that magic. It is simply unimaginable.

I insisted again and again to my professor, Doctor S.K. Saxena. .I had loved him very much because he was the only teacher I came across who never treated me as a student. We argued, we fought on small points, and if he was wrong he was always ready to accept it, and he was grateful. .

I said, ". .now you have to come with me to Jabalpur." It was one hundred

miles from the university where he was professor, to the marble rocks. "I would not let you die without seeing it."

But he said, "Howsoever beautiful it is, I have seen the whole world"--he had been a world traveler--"I have seen everything that is worth seeing. What can be there?"

I said, "I cannot describe.. you just come with me." And I took him there. He was asking again and again, when we were moving in the boat, "Do you call this the most beautiful place?"

I said, "You just wait. We have not entered into it yet." And then suddenly the boat entered into the world of marble, the mountains of marble. And in the full-moon night they were just so pure, so virgin-pure, and their reflections.. The old man had tears in his eyes. He said, "If you had not insisted, I would have missed something in my life. Just take the boat close to the mountains, because I would like to touch then.

It looks so illusory! Without touching I cannot believe that what I am seeing is real."

I told the boatman to come close to the mountains. He touched the mountains, and he said, "Now I can leave--they are real! But for three miles continuously. .!"

This man wrote beautifully, spoke beautifully, but still was miserable. And I said,

"Neither your writings mean anything, nor your speeches mean anything. To me what is significant is whether you have been able to drop all the causes of misery.

You are so miserable that you drink, just to forget. You are so miserable that you smoke, just to forget. You gamble, just to forget."

Now, this world is not to be renounced. There are beautiful people, there are immensely capable people; they just have never come across a person who could have triggered a process of mutation in their life.. .

I told you about this beautiful spot because in Jabalpur there are thousands of people who have not seen it. It is only thirteen miles away, and I have asked those people--professors, doctors, engineers--"Just go and see!"

And they say, "We can see it anytime. It is there; it is not going to go away."
Psycho17

Other professors

I had once a friend who was a professor, and I have been his student also. For my postgraduate studies I was his student, and then when I also became a professor in the same university we became colleagues. But our friendship was old, since my student days. He had the idea that to see a woman is the greatest sin. Now he was a well-qualified professor. . He used to walk with his umbrella covering his eyes, so that he could see only two or three feet ahead. And he used to run so fast--his bungalow and the department were not very far apart. With his umbrella touching his head he would run almost to his house and lock his house from inside.

In the class I was the only male; there were two female students. There were only three persons in his class. He could not look at women; it was against his religion which believed that celibacy is the foundation of religion.

So he used to teach with closed eyes. Seeing him teach with closed eyes, I thought this was a good opportunity to have a good sleep. So I was also sitting with closed eyes. Those two girls wondered. .and they felt strange also: the teacher is asleep--

with closed eyes he is speaking; the only male student is listening with closed eyes.. .

The professor thought that I must be following the same ideology of celibacy. He was very happy, because in the university he was laughed at. Now at least there were two persons belonging to the same idea. He took me aside one day and he said,

"You are doing it perfectly well. But how do you manage on the road?--because I don't see you carrying the umbrella."

I said, "To tell you the truth I don't belong to your madness. I'm simply sleeping; this is my time to sleep. My whole life I have slept from twelve to two without any exception."

Even in school I used to disappear for those two hours. In the university I used to disappear, and when I became a professor I asked the vice-chancellor, "These two hours are absolutely sacred to me. You can give me periods before or after, but these two hours you cannot touch."

He said, "What is the matter?"

I said, "The matter is that these two hours are devoted to sleep. If you give me a period I will sleep--and I will tell all the students to fall asleep, to just keep quiet and silent and enjoy."

So he gave me periods after two o'clock.

I told the professor--Bhattacharya was his name--"You are under a wrong impression. I don't believe in such idiotic ideas, because with your closed eyes you are seeing the woman more. What are you seeing with your eyes closed? And in fact, why have you closed the eyes? You must have seen the woman first, then only can you close your eyes. And if in seeing a woman your celibacy is disturbed, it is not much of a celibacy. What will you do in a dream?"

He said, "You are right. In a dream I cannot do anything. Neither is the umbrella there.. and the eyes are already closed--the women are inside. Do you have any suggestion?"

I said, "Because of this umbrella and because of these closed eyes your dreams are disturbed by women. If you drop this idiotic discipline that you have imposed upon yourself...Women have their own business. Who is bothering to come into your dreams?"

He said, "No, my father followed the same ideology, my forefathers.. "--he was a brahmin from Bengal--"and I cannot drop it, although I know the whole university thinks me mad."

But others have their own madness. It may be different, may not be

detectable if everybody has it, but to be sane there is only one possibility and that comes out of meditation; otherwise, whatever you do is going to be insane because it will be coming out of your unconsciousness. You will not be doing it in your alertness, in your awareness. *invita29*

One of my teachers was a very rare being. He was a little eccentric as philosophers tend to be. He was one of the greatest philosophers of this century in India. Very rare, not much known--a real philosopher, not simply a professor of philosophy. He was very much eccentric.

Students had long dropped coming to his classes when I came across him. For many years nobody had entered into his class because sometimes he would talk continuously for three, four, five, six hours. And he used to say: 'The university can decide when the period starts, but the university cannot decide when it stops, because that depends on my flow. If something is incomplete, I cannot leave it. I have to complete it.'

So it was very disturbing. He would take the whole time sometimes. And sometimes he would not say a single thing for weeks. He would say: 'Nothing is coming. You go home.'

When I entered his class, he looked at me and he said: 'Yes. You may fit with me. You also look a little eccentric. But remember: when I start talking, whenever it stops, it stops. I never manipulate. Sometimes I will not be talking for weeks; you will have to come and go. Sometimes I will talk for hours. Then if you feel uneasy, if you want to go to the bathroom or something, you can go--but don't disturb me. I will continue.

You can come back. Silently, you can sit again. I will continue because I cannot break it in between.'

It was a rare experience to listen to him. He was completely oblivious of me, the only student. Rarely would he look at me. Sometimes he would look at the walls and talk.

And he was saying profound things with such a deep heart that it was not a question of addressing someone; he was enjoying. Sometimes he would chuckle and enjoy, his own thing he would enjoy. And many times I would

go out and talk to people.

After minutes, after even hours sometimes, he was there. And he had been talking. *sage05*

One of my professors, a professor of economics, was built almost like a wrestler, a very big man, but inside a chicken. I was very friendly with him. In fact, he *had* to be friendly with me, because that was the time when the medium of expression was changing. From English it was becoming Hindi. So he was accustomed to speaking

English, but many times he would get stuck with some word, and I was his only hope--that I would supply him the right word in Hindi.

I used to give him right words, but once in a while I would. .

Once he got stuck with the word `haggling'. He looked at me, and I was in the right mood, so I said, "It means *chikallas." Chikallas* really means joking with each other, not haggling. Haggling is debating over the price.

So he started using the word chikallas: "When you go into the market and you start *chikallas..."* and the whole class laughed. He looked at me, "What is the matter?"

I said, "I don't know what is the matter. Why are these people laughing?"

He said, "There is something, because whenever I say *'chikallas'* they start laughing."

I said, "This is *chikallas*-- when you say something and people start laughing!"

He said, "I thought you were my friend! I have been depending on you for translations, and you give me such a word?"

I said, "I was in the right mood! When I am in the right mood, you should not ask me anything." *christ08*

I had a professor when I was a student at university. He was a world-

famous chemist, and his idea was this: that chemistry is the only real science. And one day will come when all other sciences will disappear, because chemistry can explain *everything.* It can explain life, it can explain love, it can explain poetry--because reduced to facts, all is chemical. Existence is chemical.

One day I was following him--he was unaware--he had gone for a walk. It was a fullmoon night. He was holding his wife's hand, and I followed him. I didn't allow him to know that I was there. It was a full-moon night, and he forgot that he is a chemistry professor and a great chemist, and he kissed the wife.. and I said "Stop!" He was shocked. And when he saw me he said, "What do you mean by 'stop'? It is my wife."

"That is not the point," I said. "But what are you doing?--this is just chemistry. And a man of your understanding kissing a woman? Just a small chemical transfer from here to there? Just a few germs from her lips to your lips, from your lips to her lips?

What are you doing? Are you affected by the moon? Have you become a lunatic or something? And why are you holding her hand? How can you explain it chemically?"

But there are people who are trying to explain things chemically, physically, electrically. They only destroy life's mystery.

I told the professor, "Whenever you kiss your wife, remember me, and remember your philosophy."

After three, four weeks, I saw him again and I said, "How are things going?"

And he said, "You have disturbed me *very* much--because it really happens. When I kiss my wife, I remember you... "

Life is not reducible to chemistry, is not reducible to logical syllogism. Life is far bigger. Its mystery is infinite. Only love *can* understand it. Only love has that infinity to cope with it. Everything else is very finite. Only love can dare to move into the indefinable, to move into the subtle. *perf205*

I myself have been very interested in painting. From my very childhood I

started many paintings but not a single painting have I left intact. I have burned all of them.

One of my professors was a painter himself. I used to visit his studio, and I used to say sometimes, "This seems to be wrong. If you do a little change here then the whole impact of the painting will be different."

He started asking me, "Are you a painter?--because whatsoever you suggest, reluctantly I do it, and certainly it improves the painting. And by and by I have dropped my reluctance. I simply accept your suggestion. But this is possible only if you are a painter.. because there are so many people coming here. Even my own students who are painters never suggest that this is wrong; just a slight change will do a miracle. And it does. So you have to explain to me the truth."

And I don't know why Sagar University in India. . I have traveled all over India continually for thirty years, but I have never seen such colors in the sky as happens over the lake by the side of the university in Sagar. Never have I seen anywhere such splendor; the sunrise, the sunset, are just divine.. without there being any God.

I painted, and destroyed my paintings. Only a few friends have seen them. I allowed this professor to see a few of my paintings. He said, "You are mad--these paintings are far superior to mine. You can earn so much money, you can become world famous.

I said, "I accept your first statement. You said, `You are mad'--I am! That's why I am not going to leave these footprints of a madman for others to travel and follow." I have destroyed all those.

I love poetry. I have written poetry. But I continued to destroy it. My basic standpoint was that unless I am no more, whatever I do is going to harm others. This is the Eastern way.

Now it is unfortunate that when I disappeared, the desire to paint or to make a statue or to compose poetry all disappeared too. Perhaps they were just part of that madman who died. And I am happy that nothing of it survives. *dark27*

The scholars are so clever in destroying all that is beautiful by their commentaries, interpretations, by their so-called learning. They make everything so heavy that even poetry with them becomes non-poetic.

I myself never attended any poetry class in the university. I was called again and again by the head of the department, that 'You attend other classes, why you don't come to the poetry classes?"

I said, "Because I want to keep my interest in poetry alive. I love poetry, that's why.

And I know perfectly well that your professors are absolutely unpoetic; they have never known any poetry in their life. I know them perfectly well. The man who teaches poetry in the university goes for a morning walk with me every day. I have never seen him looking at the trees, listening to the birds, seeing the beautiful sunrise."

And in the university where I was, the sunrise and the sunset were something tremendously beautiful. The university was on a small hillock surrounded by small hills all around. I have never come across.. I have traveled all over this country; I have never seen more beautiful sunsets and sunrises anywhere. For some unknown mysterious reason Sagar University seems to have a certain situation where clouds become so colorful at the time of sunrise and sunset that even a blind man will become aware that something tremendously beautiful is happening.

But I have never seen the professor who teaches poetry in the university to look at the sunset, to stop even for a single moment. And whenever he sees me watching the sunset or the sunrise or the trees or the birds, he asks me, "Why you are sitting here? You have come for a morning walk--do your exercise!"

I told him that, "This is not exercise for me. You are doing exercise; with me it is a love affair."

And when it rains he never comes. And whenever it rains I will go and knock at his door and tell him, "Come on!"

He will say, "But it is raining!"

I said, "That's the most beautiful time to go for a walk, because the streets are absolutely empty. And to go for a walk without any umbrella while it is raining is so beautiful, is so poetic!"

He thinks I am mad, but a man who has never gone in the rains under the trees cannot understand poetry. I told to the head of the department that, "This man is not poetic; he destroys everything. He is so scholarly and poetry is such an unscholarly phenomenon that there is no meeting ground between the two."

Universities destroy people's interest and love for poetry. They destroy your whole idea of how a life should be; they make it more and more a commodity. They teach you how to earn more, but they don't teach you how to live deeply, how to live totally. And these are the ways from where you can get glimpses of Tao. These are the ways from where small doors and windows open into the ultimate. You are told the value of money but not the value of a rose flower. You are told the value of being a prime minister or a president but not the value of being a poet, a painter, a singer, a dancer. Those things are thought to be for crazy people. And they are the ways from where one slips slowly into Tao. *ggate06*

We have been given such a beautiful existence with such glorious seasons. In the fall, when the leaves start falling from the trees, have you heard the song? When the wind passes through the dead leaves which have gathered on the ground. .even the dead leaves are not as dead as man has become; still they can sing. They don't complain that the tree has dropped them. They go with nature wherever it leads.

And this is the way of a true religious heart: no complaint, no grudge but just being blissful for all that existence has given to you--which you had not asked for, which you had not earned.

Have you danced while it is raining? No, you have created umbrellas. And it is not only against the rain.. you have created many umbrellas to protect you from the constant creativity of existence.

When I was a student in the university, whenever it used to rain it was an absolute certainty that I would leave the class, and my professors became aware that "When it is raining, you cannot stop him. He has to go." And I had found the loneliest street, with tall trees reaching and touching the clouds. On that silent and deserted road, there were only a few bungalows belonging to professors and deans, and the vice chancellor. It was a silent place and it was a dead-end street.

The last bungalow belonged to the head of the department of physics. His family had become accustomed to it, that if I was there, the rain was bound to come; or if it was raining, I was bound to come. We had become simultaneous, to the family.

The whole family used to look--"What kind of crazy boy is this?" Soaked in the falling rain, in the dancing winds.. and because that was the dead-end, I used to stay under a tree as long as it continued to rain. The family was certainly curious. They wanted to inquire, "Who is this boy?" But the head of the department of physics had become interested in me for other reasons. He was a lover of books and he always

found me in the library. There were days when we were the only two persons in the library.

He started becoming more and more loving and friendly towards me and he said,

"You are a little strange. You should be in your class, but I see you most of the time in the library."

I said, "In the class, the professor is almost always out of date. He is saying things which he read when he was in the university thirty years ago. In these thirty years, everything has changed. I want to keep pace with the growing wisdom, knowledge, science. In fact, in the library I am more a contemporary, in touch with the latest findings. So I go to class once in a while when I feel a desire to argue. My professors are happy that I remain in the library because whenever I visit their classes, it is always trouble. There is a gap of thirty years and I have all the latest information."

He said, "One day I would like to take you to my home. I want you to be introduced to my children, my wife, to show them that here is a student who has come to the university not for degrees but to learn; not for certificates and gold medals but to keep in tune with the explosion of knowledge in all directions, in all dimensions.

Sometimes, even although I am the head of the department of physics and you have nothing to do with physics, you know more than I know. Now it is too late to cover the gap of thirty years; I have lost contact."

So one day he invited me. He was feeling that his family would be immensely happy to meet me, to talk with me, to listen to what I had to say. But he was very much shocked--as we entered his house, the whole family started laughing, and they escaped inside the house!

He said, "This is very strange. They have never done this before. My wife is a postgraduate, all my children are getting educated. This is not a behavior. ."

I said, "You don't know; I *know* your family, we are well acquainted. Although we have not spoken to each other, we have known each other for two years."

He said, "This is strange. I wasn't even aware of the fact."

I said, "Don't be worried and don't feel sad and sorry and hurt by the behavior of your family. What they have done is absolutely right."

We entered, and the family gathered. He asked them: "What was the reason for you all to start laughing and why did you all escape? Is this a way to welcome a guest?

And I had informed you that I was bringing a guest that you would all love."

They said, "But we are almost in love with the guest already. He's the craziest fellow in your university. Not only does he waste his time, when it rains, he wastes our time too because we cannot go inside until he leaves. He's an interesting fellow."

Then I explained to him that I loved running miles against the wind--one feels so alive--going for long walks without any umbrella, particularly when it is raining.

Even when it is a hot day and the sun is throwing fire, it has its own beauty--to perspire and then to have a jump in the lake. The water feels so cool, just the contrast.

One who understands life will not be left behind. *mess113*

Fellow Students

It happened. .I used to be a roommate in my university with another student. We had lived together for six months, and he had never stuttered. I had never even thought.. . And then one day his father came to visit, and he immediately started stuttering. I was amazed. When his father had gone I asked, "What has happened to you?"

He said, "This is my problem. From my very childhood he has been such a hard disciplinarian, such a perfectionist, that he created only fear, never love. And because we used to live in a very small village where there was no school, he was my first teacher too; and that is my undoing--my whole life he spoiled, because of his fear. Under his fear I started learning language, speaking language, and everything was wrong, because everything was imperfect."

A small child is not to be expected to be perfect. He needs all kinds of support.

Instead of getting support, he was beaten. The stuttering became a fixed phenomenon in him--not only about the father, but about any father-figure. In the temple--because God is called "Father"--he could not pray without stuttering. He was a Christian, and he could not speak to the bishop without stuttering, because first he had to address the bishop as "Father." The moment the word "father" came into his mind, all the associations of fear, of being beaten. .

I said, "You do one thing. You start calling mèFather.'"

He said, "What?"

I said, "I am trying to help you. I am certainly not your father, neither am I a bishop, nor am I God the father who created the world--I am just your roommate. You start calling me father, and let us see how long the old association continues."

He said, "It looks absurd to call you father--you are younger than me."

I said, "It doesn't matter."

"But," he said, "the idea is appealing."

I said, "You try." And he started trying. In the beginning he stuttered, but slowly, slowly--because he knew that I am not his father, and it became just a game that he would call me father--after three to four months his stuttering disappeared. Now, I was not his father; it was just a device, very arbitrary, it was not in any way true--

but it helped.

When next time his father came he looked at me. I gave him the indication, "You start."

His father was amazed, and he said, "What happened to you? You are not stuttering."

He said, "I don't stutter even in the church, I don't stutter even praying to God the Father. Why should I stutter before you? But my real father is sitting here. The whole credit goes to him. He has suffered my stuttering for four months continuously, but he went on encouraging me, `Don't be worried. It is ninety-nine percent now, it is ninety-eight percent now.' And slowly, slowly it disappeared. And one day he said, `Now there is no need; you can speak to anybody without stuttering. Your fear has disappeared--by a false device." *mess211*

In the university I had to live for a few days with a roommate. I had never lived with anybody but there was no space and the vice-chancellor said to me, "For a few days you manage and I will find some other place for you. I

can understand that you will not like anybody to be in the room, and it is good for the other fellow also that he is not in your room, because you may drive him crazy. I will arrange it."

But before he arranged it, it took four, five months. And that man was a very good boy; he just had one problem--just one, so you cannot say that it was a big trouble--

he was a kleptomaniac. Just for sheer joy he would steal my things. I had to search for my things in his suitcases, and I would find them, but I never said anything to him.

He was puzzled. He would use my clothes. When I was not in the room he would just take anything. He would take my shawl and go for a walk, so when I came back the shawl would be gone. I would say, "It will come back, soon it will return." To save money from being taken by him I used to deposit it with him and say, "You keep this money, because if I keep it you will take it anyway. And then it will be difficult to know how much you have taken and how to ask you for it. It looks awkward. You just take it. It is this much: you take it!"

He said, "You are clever. This way I have to return the whole money whenever you need it."

But after four, five months.. because whenever and wherever he was, with whomsoever he lived--his family or friends, or in the hostels--everybody was condemning him. But I never said anything to him--instead of looking into my suitcases I just looked into his. It was simple! It was not very different; my suitcases were in this corner, his suitcases were in that corner.

He said, "You are strange. I have been stealing your things and you never say anything."

I said, "It is a very small problem. It can't create distrust in me for a human being.

And what trouble is there? Rather than going to my suitcase, I simply go to

your suitcase, and in your suitcase I find whatsoever I need."

He said, "That's why I was wondering.. that I go on stealing from you, you never say anything, and those things disappear from my suitcases again! So I was thinking that perhaps you also are a kleptomaniac."

I said, "That is perfectly okay. If you stop taking from my suitcases, I will stop taking from your suitcases. And remember, in this whole game you have been losing."

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "I take a few things that are not mine"--because he was stealing from everywhere, other rooms, professors' houses; anywhere he would find any window open, he would jump in. And there was no intention of stealing, just the joy of it, just the challenge; an opportunity and challenge that nobody could catch hold of him.

I said, "I will never prevent you. You can go on moving my things, you can move my whole suitcase under your bed; it doesn't matter. In fact I am perfectly happy with you. I am worried now that soon the vice-chancellor is going to give me a single room. Where will I find a person like you?--because you provide so many things which I need. And I trust you perfectly!" *ignor23*

I am reminded of one of my friends. He was an average human being--I mean just an idiot. All the students were continuously talking of falling in love with girls, and this and that and they were asking him--and he was very cowardly, nervous. . You cannot conceive of the conditions in India. Even in the university, the girls and the boys are sitting separate. They cannot talk openly, they cannot meet openly. .But his heart was beating; he was coming of age. One day he came to me because he thought I was the only person who had never laughed at him, who had never joked about his

nervousness, that seeing a girl he starts trembling--actually trembling, you could see his pajamas shaking--and perspiring. Even if it was winter and cold, he would start perspiring.

He came to me, closed the door, and said, "Only you can help me. What can I do? I would like to love a girl but I cannot even say a single word to a girl. Suddenly, I lose my voice and I start trembling and perspiring." So I had to train him.

I knew a girl who was in my class, and I told her, "You have to be a little helpful to this poor man. So just be a little kind and compassionate, and when he perspires, you don't mention it. Rather you should say, 'People say that you start perspiring seeing girls, but you are not perspiring, and I am a girl--have you forgotten?--and you are not shaking. .' And he will be shaking, but you have to say, 'You are not shaking.'"

I had to write love letters for him, and he would send those letters. And the girl was prepared by me, and just because I have told her, she was answering him. She would answer the letters, and he would come running to show me the letter and he was so happy just with the letters. And again I said, "Now you start on your own. How long am I to be writing letters for you? And do you know, the other letter also I have written.. because the girl says, 'I don't love him, how can I write? So you please do this one too!' And she shows your letter to me and you show her letter to me, and I am the one who is writing both the letters!"

And this phony business, this love affair. .but this is what is happening in all the synagogues, temples, churches.

Your prayers are written by somebody else, perhaps thousands of years before.

They are not part of your being; they have not arisen from you. They don't carry any love from you. They don't have your heartbeat.

You don't know whom you are addressing, whether there exists anybody on the other side or not. That too is written in the same book from which you have taken the prayer: that He exists.

It is a very circular thing. The same book says God exists, the same book gives you the prayer, the same book says that if you do this prayer you will receive this answer. *unconc03*

When I was a student in the university in my final master's course, one girl was very much interested in me. She was a beautiful girl, but my interest was not in women at that time. I was crazy in search of God!

After the examinations, when she was leaving the university. . She had waited--I knew it--she had waited and waited for me to approach her. That is the usual way, that the man approaches the woman; it is graceful for the woman not to approach the man. Strange idea. .I don't understand. Whoever approaches, it is graceful. If fact, whoever initiates is courageous.

When we were leaving the university she said, "Now there is no chance." She took me aside and said, "For two years continuously I have been waiting. Can't we be together for our whole lives? I love you."

I said, "If you love me, then please leave me alone. I also love you, that's why I am leaving you alone--because I know what has been happening in the name of love.

People are becoming imprisoned, chained; they lose all their joy, life becomes a

drag. So this is my parting advice to you," I said, "Never try to cling to a person for your whole life."

If two persons are willingly together today, it is more than enough. If tomorrow again they feel like being together, good. If they don't, it is their personal affair; nobody has to interfere. *false15*

Osho's Final Examinations, and gold medal

While I was doing my postgraduate studies the government passed a law that every student has to go for army training, and unless you receive a certificate from the army you will not be given your postgraduate degree.

I went directly to my vice-chancellor and I said, "You can keep my postgraduate degree, I will not need it. But I cannot go to any kind of idiotic training."

The army training is basically to destroy your intelligence, because you

cannot say no, and if you cannot say no your intelligence starts dying. In the beginning it is a little hard to say yes, but reluctantly you say it. Slowly, slowly you become accustomed to saying yes without thinking at all what you are saying yes to.

I said, "I am not going to any army training. I don't care about the postgraduate degree, but I cannot conceive myself with somebody ordering me, `Left turn!' and I have to turn left--for no reason at all. `Right turn!' and I have to turn right. `Go forward!. .Come backward!' This I cannot do. And if you want me to do it, then inform the military officer that he will have to give me an explanation for everything. Why should I turn left? What is the need?"

The vice-chancellor said, "Don't create trouble. You just remain silent. I will manage, I will tell the military officer that he has to give you attendance--but don't create trouble, because if you start creating trouble others may start creating trouble. Right now you are the only one who has come to me; others have filled in the forms."

I said, "It is up to you. If I am to go to the army training I am going to create trouble there, because I am not a person who can obey something without sufficient reasons."

But the society in every way teaches you to be obedient, to be humble, to be meek, to be respectful to the elders. That is not the way of spiritual growth, that is the way of committing spiritual suicide. *zara209*

And you will be surprised that before deciding on my examiners, vice chancellor Doctor Tripathi, enquired of me, "Do you have any preference for whom you would like?"

I said, "No, when you are deciding I know that you will decide on the best people. I would like the best, the topmost people. So don't think whether they will pass me or fail me, give me more marks or less marks; that is absolutely irrelevant to me.

Choose the best in the whole country."

And he chose the best. And strangely, it turned out to be very favorable. One of my professors that he chose for Indian philosophy, the best authority, was Doctor Ranade of Allahabad university. On Indian philosophy, he was the best authority.

But nobody used to choose him as an examiner because he had rarely passed anybody. He would find so many faults, and he could not be challenged; he was the

last person to be challenged. And almost all the professors of Indian philosophy in India were his disciples. He was the oldest man, retired. But Doctor Tripathi chose him, and asked him as a special favor, because he was old and retired by then, "You have to."

A strange thing happened--and if you trust life, strange things go on happening. He gave me ninety-nine percent out of a hundred. He wrote a special note on the paper that he was not giving a hundred percent because that would look a little too much; that's why he had cut the one percent, "But the paper deserves one hundred percent. I am a miser," he wrote on his note.

I read the note; Tripathi showed it to me saying, "Just look at this note: 'I am a miser, I have never gone above fifty in my whole life; the best I have given is fifty percent.'"

But what appealed to him were my strange answers, that he had never received before. And that was his whole life's effort--that a student of philosophy should not be like a parrot, just repeating what is written in the textbook. The moment he would see that it was just a textbook thing, he was no more interested in it.

He was a thinker and he wanted you to say something new. And with me the problem was I had no idea of the textbooks, so anything that I was writing could not be from the textbooks--that much was certain. And he loved it for the simple reason that I am not bookish. I answered on my own.

He appointed, for my viva voce, one Mohammedan professor of Aligarh university.

He was thought to be a very strict man. And even Doctor Tripathi told me, "He is a very strict man, so be careful."

I said to him, "I am always careful whether the man is strict or not. I don't care about the man, I simply am careful. The man is not the point: even if there is nobody in the room, I am still careful."

He said, "I would love to be present and see it because I have heard about this man that he is really hard." So he came. That was very rare. The head of my department was there, the vice-chancellor was there, Doctor Tripathi. He asked special permission from the Mohammedan professor, Sir Saiyad, "Can I be present? I just want to see this, because you are known as the hardest examiner, and I know this boy--he is also, in his way, as hard as you are. So I want to see what happens."

And my professor, Doctor S.K. Saxena, who loved me so much, just like a son, and cared for me in every possible way.. . He would even go out of his way to take care of me. For example every morning when the examinations were on, he would come to the university, to my hostel room, to pick me up in his car and leave me in the examination hall, because he was not certain--I may go, I may not go. So for those few days while the examinations were on.. and it was very difficult for him to get up that early.

He lived four, five miles away from the hostel, and he was a man who loved drinking, sleeping late. His classes never began before one o'clock in the afternoon because only by that time was he ready. But to pick me up, because the examination started at seven-thirty, at seven exactly he was in front of my room. I asked him, "Why do you waste thirty minutes?--because from here it is just a one-minute drive to the examination hall."

He said, "These thirty minutes are so that if you are not here then I can find where you are--because I am not certain about you. Once you are inside the hall and the

door is closed, then I take a deep breath of relief, that now you will do something, and we will see what happens."

So Doctor Tripathi was there at the viva voce, and he was continually

hitting my leg, reminding me that that man was really. . So I asked Sir Saiyad, "One thing: first you prevent my professor, who is hitting my leg again and again, telling me not to be outrageous, not to be in any way mischievous. He told me before, 'Whenever I hit your leg, that means you are going astray, and this will be difficult.' So please stop this man first. This is a strange situation that somebody is being examined and somebody else is hitting his leg. This is inconvenient. What do you think?"

He said, "Certainly this is inconvenient," but he laughed.

And I said, "My vice-chancellor has told me the same: 'Be very careful.' But I can't be more careful than I am. Just start!"

He asked me a simple question, my answer to which my professor thought mischievous. The vice-chancellor thought it mischievous, because I destroyed the whole thing.. . He asked, "What is Indian philosophy?"

I told him, "In the first place philosophy is only philosophy. It cannot be Indian, Chinese, German, Japanese--philosophy is simply philosophy. What are you asking?

Philosophy is philosophizing; whether a man philosophizes in Greece or in India or in Jerusalem, what difference does it make? Geography has no impact; nor have the boundaries of a nation any impact on philosophy. So first drop that word "Indian", which is wrong. Ask me simply, 'What is philosophy?' You please drop it and ask the question again."

The man looked at my vice-chancellor and he said, "You are right; the student is also hard! He has a point, but now it will be difficult for me to ask any questions because I know he will make a mockery of my questions." So he said, "I accept! What is philosophy?--because that question you have put yourself."

I said to him, "It is strange that you have been a professor of philosophy for many years and you don't know what philosophy is. I really cannot believe it." And the interview was finished.

He said to Doctor Tripathi, "Don't unnecessarily let me be harassed by this

student.

He will simply harass me." And to me he said, "You are passed. You needn't be worried about passing."

I said, "I am never worried about that; about that these two persons are worried.

They somehow are forcing me to pass; I am trying my best to undo what they are trying to do, but they are pushing hard."

If you take anything as mischief, you have a certain prejudice. Once you understand that whatsoever I have done in my life.. it may not be part of the formal behavior, it may not be the accepted etiquette, but then you are taking your standpoint from a certain prejudice.

All things--and so many things have happened in such a small life that sometimes I wonder why so many things happened.

They happened simply because I was always ready to jump into anything, never thinking twice what the consequences would be. *ignor21*

I came first in the university and won the gold medal. But I had promised, so I had to drop the gold medal down the well in front of everybody; the whole university was there, and I dropped the gold medal. I said to them, "With this I drop the idea that I

am the first in the university, so that nobody feels inferior to me. I am just nobody." *person04*

You will not believe me, but I only remained at university because I had promised Pagal Baba to get a master's degree.

The university gave me a scholarship for further studies, but I said no, because I had promised only up to this point.

They said, "Are you mad? Even if you go directly into service you cannot get more money than you will get with this scholarship. And the scholarship can extend from two to as many years as your professors recommend.

Don't waste the opportunity."

I said, "Baba should have asked me to get a Ph.D. What can I do? He never asked me, and he died without knowing about it."

My professor tried hard to persuade me, but I said to him, "Simply forget it, because I only came here to fulfill a promise given to a madman."

Perhaps if Pagal Baba had known about the Ph.D. or D.Litt. then I would have been in a trap. But thank God he only knew about the master's degree. He thought that was the last word. I don't know whether he really wanted me to go for more scholarship. Now there is no way. One thing is certain: that if he had wanted it, I would have gone and wasted as many years as necessary. But it was not a fulfillment of my own being, nor was the master's degree. *glimps34*

PART V

1957-1970 Teaching and Travelling

1. Osho is appointed Professor at Sanskrit College, Raipur

2. Osho visits his Family, his father wants him to marry

3. Osho's observations on Children

4. Osho's experiences in Raipur

5. Osho as Professor of Philosophy, at Jabalpur University

6. Colleagues and academics

7. Osho's experiences travelling in India

8. Osho's Garden

9. Osho writes many letters to friends

10. Examples of letters Osho wrote Letters to Mrs Parekh

11. Rekhchand Parekh

12. Osho’s experiences with:

Medicine

and

'Miracles'

13.

Hypnosis

14.

Remembering Past Lives

15.

Suicide

16.

Madness

17. Osho explains Meditation

18. Osho teaches friends meditation

19. 1962 Osho opens his first Meditation Centres

20. Osho holds Meditation Camps

21. 1964 Ranakpur Meditation Camp

22. Development of Osho's Teaching

23. Osho’s interaction with:

Jainas

24.

Hindus and gurus

25.

Sikhs and Punjabis

26.

Buddhists

27.

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28.

Christians

29.

Atheists

30.

Mystics and Disciples

31.

Aboriginals

32.

Gandhians and Politicians

33.

The Rich and The Royal

34.

The Poor and The Law

35. 1966 Osho Resigns from the University

36. Osho's impressions on Love and marriage

37. 1968 Osho's controversial discourse series: From Sex to Superconsciousness

38.

Traditional attitude to sex

39.

Spiritual Sex and Meditation

40.

Morality

41.

Controversy about Sex

42.

Best-selling Book

43. Osho'impressions on Hippies

44. 1969 First Talk in English to Westerners

45. Death

46. Dwarka Meditation Camp Osho's Teachings on Death

47. 1970 Osho's controversial discourse series: Beware of Socialism

48. Osho's New Chaotic Meditation Technique

49. Osho attracts Controversy

50. Osho stops Travelling

PART V

Teaching and Travelling

1957-1970

Osho is appointed professor at Sanskrit College Raipur

Not all the Masters have been able to express even the one percent; many have remained silent seeing that they have no skill.

When I decided to become a teacher in the university, a few of my friends who were aware of what had happened to me asked me, "What are you going to do?"

I said, "It will be good if I can be a teacher for a few years, it will help me tremendously: it will give me the skill. Now I have something to express, I have something to share, but the skill is needed. The best teacher is one who can help the *last* person hearing him, the lowest in intelligence, to understand. Of course the best ones will understand easily, but you have to keep aware of those who are not that intelligent."

And humanity, the greater part of humanity, is not intelligent at all. It lives in a very stupid way; it lives in mediocrity. Its consciousness is so much covered with dust and rust that its mirroring quality is completely lost. It cannot reflect anything, it cannot echo anything. Great skill is needed; only then can one percent of the experience be expressed. *guida06*

When I graduated from the university I immediately went to the education minister of Madhya Pradesh. He was also the chancellor of the University of Sagar, where I had postgraduate degrees in psychology, in religion, in philosophy. Now that same person is the vice-president of India.*

I went directly to him. I told his secretary, "I am going to meet the chancellor of my university, not the education minister, so don't come in between me and the chancellor. He knows me, he has been coming to the university every year for the convocation address. He has even addressed under my presidency the philosophical department of the University of Sagar. He knows me."

He informed the education minister, who called me in. He said, "What is the matter?"

I said, "I have passed from your university, and I have topped the whole university.

This is the gold medal. I need a teaching job in any university."

He said, "You qualify absolutely. All the way you have been a first-class first, and finally you have topped the university, so you will get a place. And I know you personally, and I have always loved and respected you. Because you have been presiding over the meetings in the university where I was a guest speaker, I have heard you."

So he looked at my papers, the application, and then he said, "One thing is missing, your character certificate."

I said, "I know it. But do you want me to have a character certificate from someone to whom *I* cannot give a character certificate?"

He scratched his head. He said, "Perhaps you are right. What about your vice-chancellor? What about your head of the department of philosophy?"

I said, "You know perfectly well my vice-chancellor is a drunkard. Do you want me to get a certificate from a drunkard about my character? I cannot certify my vice-chancellor for *his* character.

"My head of the department of philosophy has never lived with his wife, has been living with another woman. He keeps his wife and children in Delhi just to avoid them, so that he can have all the women he wants. Do you want me to get a character certificate from him? I know him better; perhaps you don't know him that well."

He said, "It is a difficult problem."

I asked him point-blank, "Do you want to give me a character certificate? Do you think you are qualified? No politician in this country is qualified to give me a character certificate. Either you accept my application without the character certificate, or you refuse it. And I am here and you are asking for a character certificate. Look into my eyes! Look into my face! And do you have any understanding? Then don't ask foolish questions."

He immediately gave me an appointment in a college. I took the appointment order from his hand. He said, "This is not the right way, it has to go through the post."

I said, "When I am going to the college myself, why unnecessarily waste postage stamps?"

He said, "You are a strange fellow."

I said, "That's correct. But to be a strange fellow does not mean a man without character."

So I took the appointment order, and the next day I appeared in the college where he had appointed me. *1seed04*

*Note: *1989*

I used to live in Raipur. I lived there only for six months just through the mistake of government bureaucracy. I was to be appointed to Jabalpur but some idiot wrote Raipur instead of Jabalpur. And I saw it happen, because I was there, in the capital.

So I told the education minister, "Give the letter to me, hand to hand, and I will go immediately. Why bother about sending it by post?--I am here." I looked at the letter--Raipur? But I said, "There is no harm; for a few months let us be in Raipur. I will be absolutely useless there because the college is a Sanskrit college and I have no qualifications for that college. So I will enjoy myself as long as I am there--there is no work for me."

So I went there. The principal said, "But your qualifications are for a philosophy department, and we don't have any philosophy department. This is a Sanskrit college. There is a linguistic department, but you don't have any qualification for it."

I said, "I know. But what to do with bureaucracy? They have given me a holiday, so don't create trouble. They have sent me, and this is given to me directly by the education minister"

When I said "education minister," the principal thought it better to accept me, perhaps I was related to the education minister or something--because never before had anybody come with an order delivered directly. It is the formality that the order go through the post. It was so unusual, unprecedented, that he told me, "Can you wait in the common room, just for a few minutes, and I will call you."

I said, "But remember, I am going to remain here, otherwise I will call the education minister immediately." And I knew what he was going to do. His clerk was in his room and after five minutes he called me.

The principal had phoned the education minister to say, "This order has not reached us by post. Somebody can just arrange a false, bogus order and come. Moreover he is not qualified for this college at all, so what are we to do?"

The education minister said, "First accept him, and then we will see where to send him, because I don't know what has happened. I was not aware that something had gone wrong, so we will see." The clerk told me in the evening that the principal had phoned the education minister to confirm my post.

Next day I gave that principal a good beating; I said, "Now I have to phone him too, to tell him that you are trying to disobey his order. And you deceived me: you told me to sit there, and you phoned the education minister. He is my friend, and if anybody is to go from this college it will be you; you will have to go. I can immediately arrange for you to be transferred through the same bureaucracy who sent me here. I know the clerk who has done this--you will be transferred."

He said, "Don't create trouble. I was just checking to be sure that I am not in trouble later on. You be happily here."

I said, "No more asking from the department!"

So for six months neither the department bothered, nor the principal bothered to do anything. And I was not at all interested in making a fuss about it: it was going perfectly well. I lived in the campus in the Sanskrit college, but for almost the whole day I remained in my quarters. Once in a while sometimes I would go to the library or just chitchat with the professors and come back again. There was nothing else for me to do. *person18*

Osho writes to a friend:

Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya

Raipur

23 September 1957

Respected Deria ji,

I have come here the day before yesterday. I have been appointed by the State government in Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya (College), Raipur. I had joined the college the day before yesterday itself: the heart was very sad at the

time of signing in: a feeling persisted as if the moments of freedom are coming to an end. Teaching in a college feels to be very dead: it does not impart any message of life. In the heart of my heart I know that I am not for all this, but one will have to wait for that moment and the day when one will be able to engage in that work which will truly make my 'I' my 'I'.

That day I will become a *dwija,* the twice-born: I will be born again. 'I' will be truly born. I am incessantly praying for that day.

How is Satya? My love to all. By 5th or 6th October I am reaching home. The rest is all fine. My respects to honourable Lal Saheb and others. What are you doing: write.

Rajneesh Ke Pranam *letter04*

Osho visits his family, his father wants him to marry

My village which was eighty miles from the university. Once in a while I would drive to the village just to see my father because he was so much attached to me that if I did not come for eight or ten days, then he would come to see me; he would not be satisfied that everything was okay without seeing me. He was always afraid that something was going to be wrong.

So rather than troubling him I used to drive there.. *ignor10*

My father was a very simple man. He was not even aware--because he had eleven children--who was in which class and where. If some visitor, some guest asked him, he would have to call me and ask,

"In what class are you?" He never asked me, "Have you passed or failed?"

When I came first in the whole university, I thought, "He will be happy, I should inform him." I told him, "I have come first in the whole university."

He said, "So what! That simply means your whole university is full of stupid people; otherwise, how could you manage to come first?"

I said, "That seems to be right"--and I threw the gold medal given to me by the university into the well.

My father said, "What are you doing?"

I said, "I am simply destroying the gold medal, because I don't want to be first amongst thousands of stupid people. I am perfectly okay as I am."

He said, "But don't burn your certificates. You will need them for employment."

I said, "Okay. For employment I will need them, but the moment I leave employment, the first thing I am going to do is to burn them all"--and that's what I did. *false06*

Naturally, my father wanted me--I was his eldest son--he wanted me to help him. He wanted me, after my education, to come and take charge of the shop. The shop he had managed well; it had become a big place, slowly, slowly. He said, "Of course, who else is going to look after it? I will be getting old; do you want me continually to be here?"

I said, "No, I don't, but you can retire. You have your younger brothers who are interested in the shop, in fact too interested--even afraid that you may give the shop to me. I have told them, 'Don't be afraid of me; I am no one's competitor.' Give this shop to your younger brothers."

But in India the tradition is that the eldest son inherits everything. My father was the eldest son of his father; he inherited everything. All that he had now was for me to take care of Naturally he was worried. .but there was no way. He tried in every possible way, somehow to get me interested. *misery01*

I am very grateful to my brother, Vijay. He could not go to the university just because of me, because I was not earning, and somebody had to provide for the family. My other brothers went to university too, and their expenses had also to be paid, so Vijay stayed at home. He really sacrificed. It is worth a fortune to have such a beautiful brother. He sacrificed everything. I was not willing to marry, although my family was insistent.

Vijay told me, "Bhaiyya"-- *bhaiyya* means brother--"if they are torturing you too much, I am ready to get married. Just promise me one thing: you will have to choose the girl." It was an arranged marriage as all marriages are

in India.

I said, "I can do that." But his sacrifice touched me, and it helped me tremendously.

Once he was married I was completely forgotten, because I have other brothers and sisters. Once he was married, then there were the others to be married. I was not ready to do any business.

Vijay said, "Don't be worried, I am ready to do any kind of work." And from a very young age he became involved in very mundane things. I feel for him immensely. My gratitude to him is great. *glimps30*

In my family there must have been fifty to sixty people--all the cousins, uncles, aunts, living together. I have seen the whole mess of it. In fact, those sixty people helped me not to create my own family. That experience was enough.

If you are intelligent enough, you learn even from other people's mistakes. If you are not intelligent, then you don't learn even from your own mistakes. So I learned from my father's mistake, my mother's mistake, my uncles', my aunts'. It was a big family, and I saw the whole circus, the misery, the continuous conflict, fights about small things, meaningless. From my very childhood one thing became decisive in me, that I was not going to create a family of my own.

I was surprised that everybody is born in a family. . And why does he still go on creating a family? Seeing the whole scene, he again repeats it. *socrat05*

When I came back home from the university my parents were concerned about my marriage--naturally. My mother asked me first, because my father was always very cautious about asking me anything, because once I have said anything then there is no way to change it. So first he tried through my mother, that she should find out what he feels about marriage, because once he has said no to me we have to drop the subject completely! So just to feel his mind. .

When I was going to sleep my mother came and sat on my bed and asked

me, "Now you have finished your education, what do you think about marriage?"

I said, "I would like to ask you, because I have never been married before so I don't have any experience. You have been married, you have raised eleven children. You are an experienced person--I seek your advice. Has this life been a life of blessings?

Have you not thought many times in your life that if you had not married it would have been better? And I don't ask you to answer right now; I give you fifteen days to think it over."

She said, "This is really strange. I was going to give *you* time to think about it, and you are telling me to think about it!"

I said, "Yes, because I don't know. I trust you. If after fifteen days you say that yes, your life has been a life of tremendous joy and ecstasy, of course I will get married.

But remember, I am trusting you so much, I am giving my whole life in trust into your hands. And remember also that I know your life--there has never been any ecstasy, any blessing. It was a continuous fight, a struggle--with the father, with the children. . " And in India it is a joint family. My family consisted at least of sixty people: my uncles, their wives, their children. "And you have been continuously miserable--that I know. Perhaps inside you may have experienced something that I

am not aware of. You think it over for fifteen days. And I leave it to you: if you say

"Get married," I will get married.

After fifteen days she said, "No. Don't get married." She said, "You tricked me. You trusted me so deeply that I cannot betray you, and I cannot cheat you and cannot lie to you. You are right; many times I have thought what the hell am I doing?--just giving birth to children, raising children. This has been my whole life from early in the morning at four o'clock to late, twelve o'clock in the night. I am continuously working. I have never known a single

moment of my own.

"These fifteen days," she said, "have been of great turmoil in me. I have never thought about my whole life the way you forced me to think. And I love you, and I take my question back. It was not really my question; your father was trying to find out the answer."

I said, "Tell him that he should ask me directly."

She told my father, "As far as I am concerned, it is finished. I have told him not to get married."

My father said, "My God! You have advised him not to get married?"

She said, "Yes, because he trusted me so much, and he asked me to think it over for fifteen days. He was willing, but now I cannot cheat and I cannot live with the guilt my whole life. You do whatever you want to do."

Now he was even more afraid--even my mother was gone out of his hands. But somehow the answer had to be found, what I want to do. He asked one of his friends, a Supreme Court advocate, very famous, very logical and rational, and he thought that that man might be the right man to argue with me. And of course that man said,

"Don't be worried. I have been arguing my whole life in the Supreme Court. Do you think I cannot convince your boy who has just come from the university? What does he know? What is his experience? I will come tomorrow."

The next day was Sunday, the courts were closed. He came to my house, and I told him, "Before you start--because my father has told me you are coming to meet me about my marriage--before you start I would like to make a clear statement that if you convince me, then I am ready to get married, but if you cannot convince me you will have to divorce your wife. You have to stake something. And I trust you, so I don't ask for a judge. I have loved and respected you just as I have loved and respected my father. You have been such bosom friends, I have never thought of you as anything else than my father. So I don't ask for a judge because that will be

distrusting you. I trust your abilities and I am ready for the arguments, but this condition should be remembered."

He said, "Then just give me a little time, because I have never thought about this alternative. The truth is that I have suffered my whole life because of my marriage, but I have never given a thought to it. And you are proposing that I divorce if I cannot convince you in favor of marriage. Let me think it over. I have children, I have a wife, I have my whole respectability in the society. I cannot divorce so easily."

I said, "And you think I don't have anything? All that you have is past and all that I have is future. The past is already dead and finished. I am risking the living, the coming, and you are risking only the gone, the finished. Do you think you are risking more than I am risking?"

And he informed me the second day, "I don't want to argue about it at all."

I used to go to his house every day, and he would tell his wife, "Just tell him that I am not in the house."

Finally the wife said, "Why are you afraid of that boy? Why do you go into the bathroom and lock it from inside? The moment you see him coming, why are you afraid?"

He said, "You don't know. The problem is that either he has to get married or I have to get divorced from you. It is a question of life and death. You simply go on telling him that I am not at home!"

Before I was going to leave the city and join the university as a lecturer, the last day I went and I told his wife, "I know he has always been in, and you know also why he is not coming to face me. Just tell him that he may be an advocate of long experience in the Supreme Court, but he has lost this case as far as I am concerned. Tell him he should stop bragging that he has never lost a case. He has lost an actual, existential case and even without a judge. He was both. I had given him the chance to be both the client and the judge. He could have cheated me, he could have been insincere to me. But I know that it is very difficult when somebody trusts so deeply in you... "

He came out while I was talking to his wife and he said, "Just forgive me. You are right. I have always been in but I was afraid. I was never afraid of anybody but I was afraid of you, because I cannot tell a lie when I look at you, at your eyes, at your trust, your love towards me. I cannot tell a lie, and I cannot divorce my wife. There is so much involvement and there is so much investment--that I cannot do. My suggestion is you talk to your father directly and tell him that there is no other way.

He will have to talk directly to you."

My father never did that. I asked him many times, "Why don't you ask about my marriage? You have been trying to inquire from other ways; why don't you ask directly?"

He said, "I know that your answer will create trouble for me. Your answer is not going to become a marriage for you, but it is going to become a nightmare for me.

You simply forget the matter. Whatever you want to do, you do. If you want to get married, you get married; if you don't want, just drop the subject. As far as I am concerned, I have dropped it." *last212*

Marriage is one of the ugliest institutions man has invented. But it has been invented with deep concern, goodwill. I do not suspect the goodwill, I only suspect people's wisdom. Their intention is right, but their intelligence is very mediocre. *unconc18*

A real man of understanding never promises for tomorrow, he can only say, "For the moment." A really sincere man cannot promise at all. How can he promise? Who knows about tomorrow? Tomorrow may come, may not come. Tomorrow may come: "I will not be the same, you will not be the same." Tomorrow may come: "You may find somebody with whom you fit more deeply, I may find somebody whom I go with more harmoniously." The world is vast. Why exhaust it today? Keep doors open, keep alternatives open.

I am against marriage. It is marriage that creates problems. It is marriage that has become very ugly. The most ugly institution in the world is

marriage, because it forces people to be phony: they have changed, but they go on pretending that they are the same. *wlotus10*

I have been staying with thousands of families--everybody is miserable. And because I have been loved by so many people, the husband could open his heart to me, the wife could open her heart to me. Both are beautiful people, but together they are continuously at war. Every house has become a battlefield. And children are growing in this poisonous atmosphere. They will learn the same techniques and strategies and they will repeat them.

That's how every generation goes on giving its diseases to the new generation.

Generations change, diseases have become permanent. Now we have to drop the diseases, so that the future humanity can be free from all this ugliness.

Don't just give it a new name, change it from the very foundations. *dawn20*

I have lived with many people, in many places. I was surprised--why are people so much anxious to create trouble for other people? If somebody is unmarried they are worried: "Why don't you get married?"--as if marriage is some universal law that has to be followed.

Tortured by everybody, one thinks it is better to get married--at least these people will stop torturing. But you are wrong: once you get married they start asking,

"When is the child coming?". .

I am sitting, silent in my room my whole life. I am not bothering anybody, I have never asked anybody, "Why are you not married, why have you not produced a child?" Because I don't think that it is civilized to ask such questions, such queries; it is interfering in somebody's freedom. *yaahoo18*

Osho's observations on Children

You ask me: *Have You never wanted to have a child Yourself?*

No, for the simple reason that I don't want to burden this earth. It is already burdened too much. *last112*

I used to live in Raipur for one year. One day I just saw the neighbour beating his small child, so I rushed into his house and told him 'What are you doing? I will call the police!'

He said 'What are you talking about? This is my kid! And I can do anything that I want to my kid! And who are you?'

I said 'This is not *your* kid. This is God's kid. And I can claim as much as you can claim.'

He could not believe what nonsense I was talking. He said 'This is *my* kid. Don't you know?--you have been living here for one year.'

He could not understand because of the claim--the claim that 'This is my kid, and I can do anything that I want to do.' For centuries parents were allowed to kill their child if they wanted to. They were allowed, because the thought was accepted that

'You have given birth.' How can you give birth? You have been just instrumental.

Don't claim. No child belongs to you. All children belong to God, they come from God.

You are at most a caretaker. *isay107*

Perhaps very few mothers on this earth have fulfilled the role of motherhood. It's a Herculean task to be a mother. And the task is, for nine months giving the child's consciousness a specific direction. During these nine months, if the mother stays

angry. . And when she gives birth to an angry child, when he behaves angrily, she scolds him, rebukes him, and wonders who has spoiled him, what bad company he must have fallen into.

Mothers come to me complaining about their sons and daughters having

fallen into bad company. But they don't realize that *they* are the ones who have sown the seeds of their children's wrongdoings. They alone are responsible for building their consciousness--children are simply manifesting it. Of course, sowing the seed and its manifestation are two different phenomena. We don't see the connection between the two because an enormous gap exists in between. *now14*

I was staying in a friend's house in Amritsar. Early in the morning I went into the garden. My friend's young child, not more than eight years old, was also there picking flowers. Seeing me, he came to me and we started talking. I asked him,

"What are you going to become in life?"

And he said, "My mother wants me to become a doctor, my father wants me to become an engineer, my uncle wants me to become a scientist, my younger sister wants me to become the prime minister; and as far as I am concerned, nobody asks me. And I don't know either. If somebody asks the way you have asked, I don't know who I want to become."

But this is the situation of every child. He is being dragged by others, forced by others this way and that. Of course he lands somewhere, he becomes something, but he loses his being. In this becoming, he has lost his most precious treasure. *ignor22*

I used to live in a house eight or ten houses away from a post office. In front of my house was the public park, so it was a very quiet and silent place. I used to go for a walk early in the morning about three o'clock. One day I saw near the post office a little boy with a mustache. I could not believe it. It was dark, but it was full-moon night, so I could see the mustache. And he was smoking a cigarette.

I thought, "Perhaps he is a pygmy." Seeing me the boy moved behind a big tree by the side of the road. So I went behind the tree.

The boy said, "Don't tell my father."

I said, "I'm not going to tell anybody. Who are you? I don't know your

father."

He said, "My father is the postmaster here; that is the post office."

I said, "What are you doing? You have got a good mustache."

He just pulled the mustache off. He said, "It is not real, but my father has a real mustache and I always want to grow one quickly. But how to grow it quickly? I even shave my mustache when my father is out, but nothing grows. And he shaves twice a day. So I got this mustache from a shop which sells things for people who are playing in a drama in a college gathering or somewhere."

And I said, "You are smoking a cigarette, too." He was hiding it behind him.

He said, "My father always smokes, and while smoking he really looks like a man. So I just thought to give it a try."

In that small boy I saw all the children of the world. Every child wants to grow fast, because what is childhood? Being ordered by the mother, by the father, being ordered by the teacher, beaten by the parents, beaten by the teacher... Every boy wants, every girl wants, just to grow as quickly as possible.. Just remember your own childhood. *gdead03*

Once it happened: I went to see a friend with one of my friends driving me. His small son had come with him--not more than three years old. The friend went into some other person's house to enquire whether he was there or not. I was sitting in the back of the car and the child was sitting in front. The child somehow fell over and hit his head against the wheel. I closed my eyes, as if I had not seen. He looked at me, remained silent. After ten minutes when his father came back he started crying.

I said, "This is not right! This is not fair! Why are you crying now?"

He said, "And then what to do? What was the point of crying? You were not even looking at me!"

I said, "Now it cannot be hurting. At that time it must have hurt, I know."

But he knows the politics because he understood immediately: "This man will not take any note of it. Even if I cry or weep it is useless. When my father is back, then!" *guida11*

I once lived with a friend for a few days. He had a small son so full of energy, that it was impossible to talk. He was jumping into everything, throwing things, putting on the radio. My friend said: "What to do with this boy? He is so full of energy. . "

I said, "Don't be worried." I told the boy, "You just go around the house as many times as you can. Then you can ask for any reward, and I will give it to you."

He said, "Promise?"

I said, "Promise." He could go only seven times around the house and then he was flat on the ground.

I said, "What are you doing?"

He said, "Finished!"

I said, "What about your reward?"

He said, "I will think later on. Right now, don't disturb me."

His father said, "Strange.. I have been telling him continually, not to disturb me! It is the first time *he* has said `don't disturb me!'"

I said, "He has gone into meditation!" *spirit21*

Osho's experiences in Raipur

I used to live on a university campus. The first day, I entered into my bungalow. I was alone, and the attached bungalow was occupied by a Bengali professor. And the walls were so thin that even if you plugged your ears, still you would be able to hear what was going on on the other side of the wall.

Because the husband and wife were fighting so badly, I thought that there was going to be some blood. I could not sleep. It was one o'clock in the night and they were fighting and fighting and fighting. And I could not understand what they were saying either, but things must have been serious because finally the professor said, "I am going to commit suicide"--that he said in English.

I said, "This is something good; at least I can understand this much." So I came out of my house to prevent him--"Just wait. In the middle of the night, where will you go to commit suicide? In the morning it will be better"--but by the time I was out he was gone, fast.

I asked his wife--who had not come out even to say goodbye! I said, "What am I supposed to do? Should I go to the police station? Somebody has to be informed by phone? What has to be done?"

She said, "Nothing has to be done. Do you see his umbrella is here? Without his umbrella he cannot go anywhere. He will be coming soon--the moment he remembers the umbrella. In anger, he has forgotten the umbrella. A Bengali without an umbrella?"

I said, "But suicide is such a serious matter, and an umbrella is not needed at all."

She said, "You just wait. You sit here. I will make coffee for you because you have been.. I knew that you must be hearing all this."

And within fifteen minutes he was back.

And I said, "What happened?"

He said, "What happened? I forgot my umbrella! And now it must be at least two o'clock in the morning."

I said, "That's the right thing to do. In the morning, take your umbrella and go out, find a right place." But who goes in the morning?

In the morning I reminded him, "You are still here? The sun has risen. You should go now and search for the right place."

He said, "I was thinking to go, but when I opened the umbrella it was not repaired because the rains have not come."

I said, "I see you with that umbrella every day, going to the university."

He said, "That is just habitual. Because there are no rains, nothing, so there is no question of opening it; one just carries it. Now I tried and opened it--it is not repaired. And I have been telling my wife that my umbrella should be kept repaired in case some emergency arises. Now I wanted to commit suicide and the umbrella is not ready."

I thought, "This is really great of you, and every person who commits suicide should learn something from you."

One day, it must have been afternoon, three o'clock or something, I again heard that he is going to commit suicide. But this time I was not so much excited, because I thought that this is the usual business. Still, I came out to say goodbye.

He looked at me with a very strange face. He said, "What do you mean by goodbye?"

I said, "You are going to commit suicide, and I don't think that we will be meeting again so I am saying goodbye. But what are you carrying?" He was carrying a *tiffin.*

I said, "Where are you taking the tiffin?"

He said, "You know these Indian railway trains--sometimes they are ten hours late, twelve hours late. And I cannot tolerate hunger at all, so I will lie down by the line and wait for the train. If it comes, good; otherwise, I am taking my supper with me."

I said, "You are a clever and intelligent person--anybody looking at you would think you are going on some picnic."

And when he was gone, his wife came. She said, "Has he gone?"

I said, "He has gone."

She said, "He will be coming soon. This idiot," she said, "whenever he wants to go for a picnic.. . But he is such a miser that he will not take even me with him, so he says that he is going to commit suicide. He must be eating just near the railway station; you can go and see right now."

The railway station was not very far away, so I went and I saw him. He was enjoying all Bengali sweets and things.

I said, "Chatterji, the train is standing on the platform. Leave your tiffin, run! Just lie down ahead of the train!"

He said, "It is too late. First I have to finish everything that I brought, and today I have missed. And the train comes to this station only once in twenty-four hours"--

because it was not a big station, it was a small station, and the train used to stop only once for the university because the university was outside the city. So he said,

"Today it is finished."

But I said, "You were first saying, Ì am going to wait.' And this is not suppertime; it is only three o'clock."

He said, "When you have such sweets in your hand, you cannot wait. And I am just coming back home with you." *enligh01*

It was almost thirty years ago. I was only their neighbor for a few months; since then I have not seen them, but they have given me one thing to which I have become addicted: earplugs.. .

I cannot get rid of those earplugs. I cannot go to sleep without earplugs. I have tried. *dark09*

I was for a few months in Raipur as a professor teaching there. I have traveled all over India, but Raipur seems to be a strange place. You will be able to pass only two or three houses before you find a great board declaring: "Here lives a great astrologer." You pass only two, three houses, and there is somebody who knows how to bring ghosts out of you, how to

drive devils out of you. That kind of man, in Raipur, is called an *ojha,* one who drives devils, ghosts, from people's mind.

In those days I used to walk at least eight miles every day, so I walked to almost every nook and corner of the city of Raipur, and everywhere there were boards on the wall, advertisements. There must be people who are suffering from ghosts and devils, otherwise how are so many people doing this business--and doing well? They seem to be the most established people.

Just in front of my house there was one astrologer who was very famous. People from faraway places used to come to him for everything, not only marriage. In India, if you are starting a business you go to the astrologer: "On what day, at what time, are the stars favorable to me?" That is the time for the opening ceremony of your shop. If you are going traveling, first you will go to the astrologer: "What time? I am going south; is it favorable with the stars that I go to the south on such a day? Or should I wait?" And the astrologer will give you the date and the time.

I saw that man doing it the whole day. Sometimes the train would leave in the middle of the night, but *you* had to leave at the time the astrologer has said, so you left your house in the middle of the day because that was the time when the stars were favorable. You left the house at that time and then you stayed at the station for twelve hours and waited for the train; but you should leave the house at the right moment, when all the stars are favorable.

One of my friends.. he was also a professor, but he was a professor of Sanskrit. He was a great believer in all kinds of nonsense. Whenever he went to visit his family, he would ask this astrologer. And sometimes it was very difficult, because the

astrologer would say, "This month you cannot go out. This month is not favorable for you at all."

He would come to me and say, "This is very difficult; this is the month I have got leave granted. Now this astrologer is saying I cannot leave this month."

I said, "You wait. Let me see the astrologer. I know him perfectly well; he lives just in front of my house. And there are ways.. . You just give a one rupee note to the astrologer, and then he asks you, 'What date, what time?' So I will give him one rupee and tell him, 'This poor fellow will come; you please give him this date and this time'--so you can catch the train directly, and go home."

I arranged many marriages; I just had to give one rupee to him. One day he said,

"But you are a strange fellow. You go on giving rupees for others, their travel, their business, their marriage."

I said, "I enjoy the game, I see their foolishness and I see your cunningness. Just one rupee to see this whole game--it is not costly. And it is not only you, this is what all your forefathers have been doing. You decide about people's marriages, and every day your wife is nagging you, beating you. What happened to your astrology? At least for yourself you could have chosen the right woman. And these fools go on coming to you, knowing perfectly well that it is very difficult to find a more henpecked husband than you. But still they go on asking: 'I am going to be married; will this marriage prove to be successful, peaceful?' They are asking, and while they are sitting there, your wife comes in and starts shouting at you and screaming at you--and those fools can't even see it? And what do you know about stars?

But the trick is, the astrology book of Hindus is the same. So if you inquire of one astrologer, he will give an answer. If you go to Benares and you inquire of another astrologer, he will give you the same answer, because they both depend on the same astrology book. If you go to Calcutta you will get the same answer. That makes you convinced that these astrologers must know, because three people in three cities cannot conspire against you. They don't know each other, and they don't have any idea that you are going to consult other people. You can consult all over India and you will find the same answer, because it is the same book. They consult the same book; nobody bothers about the stars, nobody knows about the stars, but only what the book says. *unconc25*

I was in Raipur teaching in the Sanskrit college there. A very beautiful young girl was asked by a gangster if she would be married to him. He was a dangerous man, a criminal. He had been to jail many times, he had committed many crimes, and he was almost the same age as the girl's father. But he took a fancy to her, and seeing the success of Gandhi fasting to death and how he managed everything. .

This man in Raipur went to the girl's house with a bed, and declared that if the girl was not married to him, he was going to fast to death. It became the talk of the whole city; photographers and journalists were there, and the whole day the crowd was there. The father became afraid, and pressure was put on him, "Why take the responsibility of his death?" But the father said, "This is absolutely ugly. This man is my age and he's a criminal. I cannot give my daughter to him."

I knew the father and the girl--the girl was my student in the college. The girl suggested to her father to consult me as to what could be done. I had not known him

before. He came to me and he told the whole story. I said, "It is very simple. You just find some old, rotten prostitute."

He said, "What?"

I said, "Just listen to the whole point: find a very rotten, old bitch, and put another bed in front of the house. The bitch should declare, Ì'm going to fast to death unless this man marries me.' Other than this nothing will work."

That gangster man escaped in the middle of the night. He was never seen again, he never asked again! This is the Gandhian methodology, a very religious thing. *bodhi19*

In Raipur where I was a professor for a few months, a house caught fire. Raipur is a hot area, a dry area, and it is an everyday thing, houses catching fire. It was very close to the bungalow where I was living, so I ran there. And what I found was that nobody was interested in the house that was burning, everybody was interested in something else.

I somehow made my way in the crowd to see what was the matter. The matter was that a woman who was paralyzed for three years had suddenly come running out.

She forgot her paralysis! The moment people told her, "What are you doing? You are not supposed to run, you can't even walk. For three years you have been in bed"--

when people said that, she fell immediately.

I went into the crowd and I told the woman, "Just try to understand a simple fact. It is good that the house is burned; it has made one thing clear--that you are not paralyzed. Somehow you have lost the will to live." I brought her to my bungalow.

Her husband had died and on that very day she became paralyzed. It was really a shock, because in India, losing a husband means losing your life; you cannot get married again. She was young, not more than thirty. For her whole life, fifty years perhaps, she has to live alone, with no child.

She had been working, somehow cleaning people's houses, washing their clothes, but there was no energy in it. While her husband remained alive, although he was sick for at least three years, she continued to work. But the signs were clear that the husband was disappearing. The doctors were hiding it, but you cannot hide-she could see the person was disappearing.

She managed the work somehow to feed her husband and to feed herself. But the day he died she fell ill, and since then for three years she had not risen from the bed; she was paralyzed. Now people were just giving whatsoever they could manage, and she was living on that. She was a beggar. I brought her to my place and I tried to explain to her, "If it was paralysis, whether the house was on fire or not would make no difference. Paralysis cannot understand that the house is on fire, to leave you alone at least for a few minutes and then come back." I asked her, "What happened?"

She said, "I don't know what happened. The moment I saw the house was on fire, I simply forgot everything else: I had to run out." That brought her

into the moment.

The past, the husband--dead, alive--all the misery, all the suffering; the future, fifty years still to be carried on somehow. . This whole ugliness simply disappeared in a single flash! She ran out. She was herenow. The fire brought her whole being focused--in the moment.

I told her, "That's what is needed. Don't be bothered by idiots. If this place will not allow you to get married, I will arrange to send you somewhere else. I have friends

all over the country; I can send you anywhere. You are beautiful, young--you can get married, you can live again."

First she was not willing because it was against the tradition and convention. But I am not a person to leave somebody. If I get it into my heart, then. . I dropped everything else. My professors and students said, "Why are you after that woman?

Forget about it if she is not willing."

I said, "That is not the question. I know what she wants, but she is not courageous; I just have to persuade her. And it is a challenge to me I am *going* to persuade her. Till I see her married and settled there will be no peace for me."

And I managed it within eight days, not more than that. The servant who was working with me, seeing my trouble, one morning said, "Sir, if you are so worried, I cannot sleep either. If I can be of any help, I am ready."

I said, "Do you understand what you are saying?"

He said, "If you tell me to jump into the well I will jump, but please, I cannot see you so troubled. I am ready." So I got that woman married to my servant, and just to protect her I moved her to my house. Of course she was married to my servant so I just said, "Move in." And I was living alone in a big house which the government provides for the professors, so I said, "You live happily. I am alone--in fact the house is yours, I am confined to my room. The whole house you enjoy." And she blossomed. When after six

months I left that place, she was a totally different woman. And with her, her husband also was so happy.

He said, "I married her out of compassion, and out of concern for you that you may become ill or something. But she turned out to be a jewel. Now I love her, and I will remain grateful to you for my whole life because I had never thought about marriage. I am such a poor man, somehow managing my own food. To get married, and then to have children, then where to get the house, all the problems.. . You solved all the problems."

I said, "Don't leave this house, continue to live in it. I am trying to contact the other professor who is coming and I will explain the situation to him. He is also alone so there is not much trouble--and if needed I will stay. When he comes, I will first convince him to be here and let you live here, and then I will go."

But on the phone he agreed. He said, "If this is the situation--and I don't need a whole house because I am alone just like you."

I said, "That is perfectly good. And you will be here for at least five or six years. I cannot stay; otherwise I would have asked the government to let me live here. I have been posted wrongly. I have no work in this college because my qualifications are totally different. They don't need these qualifications; and the qualifications they need, I don't have.". .

The man who had been selected for this college reached the place I was meant to go to. He asked me, "What should be done?"

I said, "You enjoy it there, I will enjoy it here. Till they find it out themselves you need not inform anybody. You just keep quiet, it has nothing to do with you. The government sends you--let the government find it out." It took them six months; just such a small thing. .six months. But it was impossible for me then to prolong my postponement so I told the man to come. He was a nice fellow: after two years I

visited once, and he had kept my servant and his wife more respectfully than I had.

And they were so happy, there was no question.

I asked her, "Has paralysis happened any time?"

She said, "No, no, paralysis, not at all. For these two years I have not even had a common cold. No sickness has happened." *misery28*

Osho as Professor of Philosophy, at Jabalpur University*

*Note: Prior to 1957 the colleges in Jabalpur were affiliated to Universities in other towns. These colleges form the new University of Jabalpur, founded in 1957, where Osho obtains a post as professor of philosophy. Some of his colleagues are the professors he studied under as a student.

I had enjoyed my student life immensely; whether people were against me, for me, indifferent, loved me, all those experiences were beautiful. All that helped me immensely when I myself became a teacher, because I could see the students'

viewpoint simultaneously when I was presenting mine.

And my classes became debating clubs. Everybody was allowed to doubt, to argue.

Once in a while somebody started worrying about what would happen to the course, because on each single point there was so much argument.

I said, "Don't be worried. All that is needed is a sharpening of your intelligence. The course is a small thing--you can read for it in one night. If you have a sharp mind, even without reading for it you can answer. But if you don't have a sharp mind, even the book can be provided to you and you will not be able to find where the answer is. In a five hundred page book the answer must be somewhere in one paragraph.". .

So my classes were totally different. Everything had to be discussed, everything had to be looked into, in the deepest possible way, from every corner, from every aspect-

-and accepted only if your intelligence felt satisfied. Otherwise, there was

no need to accept it; we could continue the discussion the next day.

And I was amazed to know that when you discuss something and discover the logical pattern, the whole fabric, you need not remember it. It is your own discovery; it remains with you. You *cannot* forget it.

My students certainly loved me because nobody else would give them so much freedom, nobody else would give them so much respect, nobody else would give them so much love, nobody else would help them to sharpen their intelligence.

Every teacher was concerned about his salary. I myself never went to collect the salary. I would just give my authority to a student and say, "Whenever the first day of the month comes, you collect the salary, and you can bring it to me. And if you need any part of it you can keep it."

All the years I was in the university somebody or other was bringing me my salary.

The man who was distributing the salaries once came to see me just to say, "You never appear. I have been hoping that sometime you would come and I would see you. But seeing that perhaps you will never come to the office, I have come to your house just to see what kind of man you are--because there are professors who start early in the morning, on the first of each month, lining up for their salary. You are

always missing. Any student might appear with your signature and authority, and I don't know whether the salary reaches you or not."

I said, "You need not be worried, it has always been reaching me." When you trust someone, it is very difficult for them to deceive.

All the years I was a teacher, not a single student to whom I had given the authority had taken any part of it, although I had told them, "It is up to you. If you feel like having it all, you can have it. If you want to keep a part of it you can keep it. And it is not lent to you so that you have to return it, because I don't want to be bothered by remembering who owes how much money to me. It is simply yours; it doesn't matter." But not a single student ever took

any part of the salary.

All the teachers were interested only in the salary, in the competition of getting higher posts. I have seen nobody who was really interested in the students and their future and particularly in their spiritual growth.

Seeing that, I opened a small school of meditation. One of my friends offered his beautiful bungalow and garden, and he made a marble temple for me, for meditations, so at least fifty people could sit and meditate in the temple. Many students, many professors--even the vice-chancellors came to understand what meditation is. *transm07*

When I became a teacher in the university, the first thing I did--because as I entered the class I saw the girls sitting in this corner, four, five rows just empty in front of me, and the boys sitting in the other corner--I said, "Who am I going to teach--these tables and chairs? And what kind of nonsense is this? Who told you to sit like this?

Just get mixed and be in front of me."

They hesitated. They had never heard a teacher tell them to get mixed. I said, "You get mixed immediately; otherwise I am going to report to the vice chancellor that something absolutely unnatural, unpsychological, is happening."

Slowly, hesitantly.... I said, "Don't hesitate! Just move and get mixed. And every day in my class you cannot sit separately. And I don't mind if you try to touch the girl or the girl tries to pull your shirt; whatever is natural is accepted by me. So I don't want you to sit there frozen, shrunken. That is not going to happen in my class. Enjoy being together. I know you have been throwing slips, stones, letters. There is no need. Just sit by her side, give the letter to the girl, or whatever you want to do--

because in fact you are all sexually mature; you should *do* something. And you are just studying philosophy! You are absolutely insane. Is this the time to study philosophy? This is the time to go out and make love. Philosophy is for the old age when you cannot do anything else--you can study philosophy then."

They all were so much afraid. Slowly, slowly they got relaxed, but other classes started feeling jealous of them. Other professors started reporting to the vice chancellor that, "This man is dangerous. He is allowing boys and girls to do things which we have all been prohibiting. Rather than stopping them getting into each other's contact, he is helping them. He says, 'If you don't know how to write a love letter, come to me. I will teach you. Philosophy is secondary--it is not much. We will finish the two years' course in six months. The remaining one year and six months, enjoy, dance, sing. Don't be worried.'"

The vice chancellor finally had to call me, and he said, "I have heard all these things.

What do you say?"

I said, "You must have been a student in the university."

He said, "Yes. I have been. Otherwise, how I can be the vice chancellor?"

I said, "Then just go back a little and remember those days when girls were sitting far away and you were sitting far away. What was going on in your mind?"

He said, "You seem to be a strange fellow. I have asked you to come because I want to inquire about something."

I said, "That we'll take later on. First answer my question. And be sincere; otherwise I will give you an open challenge tomorrow before the whole university, all the professors, all the students. We can discuss the matter and let them vote."

He said, "Don't get excited. Perhaps you are right. I remember.. I am now an old man--and I hope that you will not say this to anybody--I was thinking of the girls. I was not listening to the professor; nobody was listening to the professor. The girls were throwing chits, we were throwing chits, letters were being exchanged."

Then I said, "Can I go?"

He said, "Of course. You simply go and do whatsoever you want. I don't want a public encounter with you. I know you will win in it. You are right. But I am a poor fellow; I have to look after my post. If I start doing such a thing, the government will throw me out of this vice chancellorship."

I said, "I am not interested in your vice chancellorship. You remain vice chancellor, but remember: never call me again, because many complaints will come, but I make it clear to you right now that every time I will be right."

He said, "I have understood."

Then students--boys and girls who were not students of my subject--started asking me, "Can we also come?"

I said, "Philosophy has never been so juicy. Come! Anybody is welcome. I never take attendance. Every month, when the attendance register has to go back, I just fill it randomly--absent, present, absent, present. I just have to remember that everybody gets more than seventy-five percent present so they go to the examination. I don't bother. So you can come."

My classes were overpopulated. People were sitting in the windows. But they were really expected to be in some other class.

Then came complaints again, and the vice chancellor said, "Don't bring any complaint about that man. It is *your* problem if people are not coming to your class.

What can I do? What can he do if they prefer him? And they are not students of philosophy, but they don't want to come to your history, your economics, your politics. What can I do? And that man has challenged me: "Never again call me in, otherwise you will have to face a public encounter."

But so many complaints came from every department that finally he had to come. He knew that it was better not to call me; he had to come to my class. He could not believe it.

In philosophy there are very few students, because philosophy is not a paying subject. But the class was overcrowded; there was not even space for him to enter. I saw him standing in the door behind the students. I told

the students, "Let the vice chancellor come in. Let him also enjoy the whole scene that is happening here."

He came in. He could not believe his eyes, that girls and boys were all sitting together and so joyously listening to me. Not a single disturbance, because I have

prevented all disturbances from the very root. Now the boy is sitting by his girlfriend; there is no need to throw a stone, throw a letter. There is no need.

He said, "I cannot believe that it is such a crowded class and there is pindrop silence."

I said, "There is bound to be because there is no repression. I have told the students that when they want to go they need not ask my permission, they should simply go; when they want to come in they should simply come. They need not ask my permission. It is none of my business whether they are here or not. I enjoy teaching.

I will go on teaching. If you want to sit here, sit; otherwise get lost. But nobody goes away."

The vice chancellor said, "This should happen to every class. But I am not a strong man like you; I cannot say to the government that this is the way it should be." *last208*

When I became a professor myself, I had to make a new arrangement. The arrangement was that in each forty-minute period, twenty minutes I would teach the syllabus as it is written in the books, and twenty minutes I would criticize it. My students said, "We will go mad."

I said, "That is your problem--but I cannot leave these statements without criticism.

You can choose; when your examination comes you can choose to write whichever you want. If you want to fail, choose my part. If you want to pass, choose the first part. I am making it clear; I am not deceiving anybody--but I cannot go on deceiving you by teaching you something which I think is absolutely wrong."

The vice-chancellor finally had to call me, and he said to me, "This is a strange type of teaching. I have been receiving every day reports that half the time you teach the syllabus and half the time you have your arguments, which destroy the whole thing that you have taught them. So they come as empty as they had gone in. .in fact in more of a mess!"

I said, "I'm not worried about anybody. What have they done with me all these years when I was a student? I was expelled from one college and then another. And you can come one day and listen to whether I am doing any injustice to the prescribed course. When I teach the prescribed course, I do it as totally as possible, to make it clear."

He came one day and he listened, and after twenty minutes he said, "That is really great. I had been also a student of philosophy, but nobody has ever told me this way."

I said, "This is only half the talk. You just wait, because now I am going to destroy it completely, step by step."

And when I destroyed it completely he said, "My God! Now I can understand what the poor students are reporting to me. You are not supposed to be a professor in this structure of education. I can understand that what you are doing is absolutely honest, but this system does not create people of intelligence; this system only creates people of good memory--and that's what is needed. We need clerks, we need stationmasters, we need postmasters--and these people don't need intelligence, they need a good memory."

I said, "In other words you need computers, not men. If this is your educational system, then sooner or later you are going to replace men with computers"--and

that's what they are doing. Everywhere they are replacing important positions with computers, because computers are more reliable; they are just memory, no intelligence.

Man, however repressed, has a certain intelligence. *socrat13*

When I joined the university I was puzzled because the whole years course was not enough for more than two months; in two months it could be finished. I used to finish it in two months. My professors, senior professors, the head of the department, the dean, they all told me, "This is not the way. You simply finish in two months a course which has to be finished in ten months.. that makes us all feel guilty."

I said, "That is your business. If you don't want to feel guilty, finish your course also in two months, or change the syllabus--make the syllabus in such a way that the course is really for ten months. This is lousy, absolute laziness, and I cannot be part of it."

It is because of this that I used to travel so much. My students were not at a loss at all. I would finish their course quickly and then would say, "Now unnecessarily you will be bothering and I will be bothering. .what is the point? Once in a while, whenever I am here, I will come. If you have any questions you can ask them, otherwise I will see you when the examinations come round."

And my professors, my department, my head, they were not courageous enough to report me because they knew that if they reported me, then I was going to expose the whole thing: that these people were lousy. And my students would have been my witnesses that I had finished my course--now for what did they want me here too?

I was moving around the country. Everybody knew because the newspapers were publishing that I was in Calcutta addressing the university, I was in Benares.. and they knew that I was supposed to be there in Jabalpur. My principal once asked me for dinner, and at his home he said, "Do at least one thing: Go wherever you want, but don't let it be published in the newspapers because then it becomes a problem.

People start asking us, 'If he is in Madras.. but we don't have any application for leave. He never informs us when he goes or when comes back.'"

I said, "I cannot do anything about that. How can I prevent the journalists reporting?

What can I do? I don't know who is reporting; I simply speak and move on, and whatsoever they want to do, they do. But if you have any problems, if anybody reports to you, you can call me. I can put that man right, there and then."

For nine years I managed this way. The whole university was just in a state of shock.

They could not believe that nobody raised any question against me. I got the whole salary, and I was rarely seen. But the reason was that my department was afraid to report me, for the simple reason that I had said that I would expose the whole thing.

The country has become lazy. I told the vice-chancellor, "All your courses are not enough for the whole year. What you teach in six years can be taught very easily in two years; four years you are wasting. In those four years you could teach so much that the degrees of no other country could be compared to your degrees. Right now no country even accepts your degrees."

He said, "Perhaps you are right, but no professor will agree because they are happy with the way things are going; they have always done it this way. So I don't want to take the responsibility on myself." *ignor29*

The superior person never judges. He feels compassion. If he sees something wrong in somebody, he feels compassion. He tries in his own way, without offending the person, to help him. But there is no judgment.

I was a professor in the university but I refused to examine people's answers in their examinations.

The vice-chancellor called me and asked, "What is the matter? First you refused to make up some examination papers, question papers, and now you are refusing to examine the answer."

I said, "That's right! I will not ask questions for the simple reason that in my idea, your whole educational system is utterly wrong. Five questions, and you have judged the person's intelligence? It may be just accidental that he

knows only those five answers and your judgment about his intelligence is wrong. It may also be possible that he does not know only those five questions and he knows everything else. Then too, your judgment is going to be wrong and inhuman. And I am not going to examine their answer copies, because whenever I see that somebody has not answered rightly, I feel great compassion for him. And because of my compassion, I give him higher marks than to those who have given the right answer, because they don't deserve any compassion."

He said, "What are you saying? The right answer gets less points and the wrong answer gets more?"

I said, "Yes! That's why I am keeping out of it, because then you will call me and ask.

It is better--include me out. Don't put me in this game. There are many who are mad, who want to compose question papers because that brings money, who want to examine answer copies because that brings money. I am simply refusing money--

anybody else will be happy to have it. Make somebody happy."

He looked at me and he said, "I have always thought that in your eccentricities, there is always something of truth. Yes, I agree. It hurts to give a zero to somebody, if you are not just mechanically judging but seeing the person behind the answer. With great hope he has given this answer--it may be wrong but his hope.. what about his hope? His parents may be poor, he may be working in the night and studying in the day. He may not have the chance, the time, to rest which others have, and you are giving him a zero."

I said, "I simply refuse. And if you insist, then don't ask any question about what I do. I can compose question papers but you cannot ask, 'What kind of questions are these?' because I will be trying to figure out questions which don't depend on memory. I will cancel all those people who are depending on memory, because memory is not intelligence. I will compose questions which need intelligence--but intelligence is not found in the textbooks of the universities. Intelligence is not being taught. People are not

being trained. Only memory is being filled, with more and more information.

"I will compose questions that will not ask information, they will be immediate questions. Whether the person has been reading or not, coming to the classes or not, if he has intelligence, he will find the answer. If he has no intelligence, then all his

memory cannot help. Then don't tell me that I am disturbing the whole structure of the university. I can examine their papers, but I cannot be their judge. Everybody will pass first class, because as far as I am concerned, every human being is a first-class human being. What does it matter that he has not answered one question rightly? And what do you mean by not rightly--you mean that it is not the exact copy of the textbook! The student has not proved himself a parrot."

He said, "You simply forget all about it. From now on, you are free about question papers, answer copies.. . " *sermon25*

In India clothing is divided: Mohammedans have certain dresses, Hindus have certain dresses, Punjabis have certain dresses, Bengalis have certain dresses, South Indians have certain dresses--and it is very difficult.. . For example, in South India you can have a wraparound lungi; just a dhoti that you wrap around. And not only that, they pull it up and tuck it over so it is just up to the knees. Even in the universities, professors go to teach in that dress.

I loved the lungi because it is very simple, the simplest: no need of a seamstress, no need of any tailoring, nothing; just any piece of cloth can be turned into a lungi very easily. But I was not in South India, I was in central India where the lungi is used only by vagabonds, loafers, unsocial elements. It is a symbol that the person is uncaring about the society, that he does not bother what you think about him.

When I started going to the university in a lungi, when I entered the university everything stopped for a moment; students came out of their classes, professors came out of their classes. As I passed along the corridor everybody was standing, and I waved to everybody--a good reception!

The vice-chancellor came out: "What is the matter? The whole university is out. The classes have stopped in the middle, professors are out. and there is a silence." He saw me and I waved to him, and he had not even the guts to reply to my wave.

I said, "At least you should wave to me. All these people have come to see my lungi."

I think they loved it because every day professors came with beautiful clothes, the costliest clothes. The vice-chancellor was very particular about his clothes, and very famous.. .

If you had gone into his house you would have been surprised: there was nothing but clothes all around the whole house--he and his servant and the clothes.

I said, "Even when you come, nobody comes out. You just see. .a poor lungi--the poorest wear it--has brought them out. And I am going to come every day in this lungi."

He said, "A joke is okay, one day is okay, but don't carry it too far."

I said, "When I do something I do it to the very end."

He said, "What do you mean? You mean you are going to come every day in the lungi?"

I said, "Right now that's what I intend to do. If I am interfered with I can come even without a lungi. You can take my word for it. If I am interfered with in any way, if you try to bring up that this is not proper for a professor and this and that, I don't bother. . If you can keep quiet I will remain in the lungi; if you start doing anything against me--my transfer or anything, *anything,* then the lungi goes. I will come.. and then you will see the real scene."

And it was such a hilarious scene because all the students started clapping when they heard this, and he felt so embarrassed, he simply went back into his room. He never said a single word about the lungi. I inquired many times, "What about my lungi? Is any action being taken against it or not?"

He said, "You just leave me alone--do whatsoever you want to do. And I don't want to say anything because anything said to you is dangerous, one never knows how you will take it. I was not saying, 'Drop the lungi,' I was saying 'come back to your old clothes.'"

I said, "Those are gone, and what is gone is gone--I never look back. Now I am going to be in a lungi."

So first I was going in a lungi, with a long robe. Then one day I dropped the robe and just started using a shawl. Again there was a great drama, but he kept his cool.

Everybody came out but he didn't come out perhaps because he was afraid that I had dropped the lungi. He didn't come out of his room. I knocked on his door. He said, "Have you done it?"

I said, "Not yet. You can come out."

He opened the door and just looked out to see whether I was clothed or whether I had dropped everything. He said, "So you have changed now--the robe also?"

I said, "I have changed that too. Have you something to say?"

He said, "I don't want to say a single word. About you I don't even talk to others.

Journalists are phoning and asking, 'How is it being allowed in the university?--

because that will become a precedent and students may start coming, and other professors may start coming.'

"I tell them, 'Whatsoever happens, even if everybody starts coming in lungis, it is okay with me. I am not going to disturb him, because he threatens me that if I disturb him in any way he can come nude. And he says that nudity is an acceptable spiritual way of life in India. Mahavira was nude, the twenty-four tirthankaras of the Jainas were nude, thousands of

monks are still nude, and if a tirthankara can be nude then why not a professor? Nudity in India cannot be in any way disrespected.' "

So he said, "I am telling people, 'If he wants to really create chaos.. and he has followers also in the university; there are many students ready to do anything he tells them to. So it is better to leave him alone.'"

I have found throughout my life that if you are just a little ready to sacrifice respectability, you can have your way very easily. The society has played a game with you. It has put respectability on too high a pedestal in your mind, and opposite it, all those things that it wants you not to do. So if you do them, you lose respectability. Once you are ready to say, "I don't care about respectability," then the society is absolutely impotent to do anything against your will. *misery26*

Dr. Radhakrishnan was one of the presidents of India. Before he became a president he was a vice-chancellor, and before he became a vice-chancellor he was a professor.

Because a professor, a teacher, had become the president, his birthday was celebrated all over India, particularly in religious institutions--schools, colleges, universities--as a teachers' day.

In my university also, a great celebration was made. The vice-chancellor spoke in golden words about Dr. Radhakrishnan, that it is a glory to every teacher, a dignity to every teacher, that a teacher has become the president of the country, and many

other prominent professors spoke. I could not tolerate it any longer. I was not supposed to speak, for the simple reason they knew that I am not reliable; what I will say may disturb the whole thing. But I stood up and I said, "Without me speaking this celebration will not be complete." So the poor vice-chancellor, although his face became pale, invited me to speak. I said, "This is such an absurdity that has been told to you by so many people, from the vice-chancellor, from all the deans, from all the senior professors. Cannot you see a simple thing, that a teacher has become a politician? It is a degradation; it is not respect. A teacher does not find himself dignified as a teacher--he wants to become the president of the

country. This is not a teachers' day. I will call the day `teachers' day' when a president resigns and joins a school and starts teaching there. That will be the teachers' day.

The logic is so simple--that he respects teaching, and loves teaching, more than being a president.

The vice-chancellor and the professors who were sitting on the stage were so shocked, because all the students, the whole crowd, clapped. They were agreeing with me. Just these few idiots were not clapping. I said, "You should start clapping.

Can't you see, everybody is clapping, and you look so stupid not clapping." And you will be surprised--they started. What else to do? And when they started, then the students started dancing and clapping.

I said, "Now the celebration is complete; otherwise, what celebration was it? And you have been praising a man who was serving the British government--he never fought for India's freedom. He was a professor in Calcutta University, and he stole a student's thesis, the whole thesis. He was one of the examiners, and he went on delaying, saying, Ì am going through it.' Meanwhile, he managed to have it published in England, in his name. And when it was published, then he returned the thesis to the university.

"The student was a poor student, but still he went to the high court. But he was such a poor man.. . The case was in the high court for a few months, and Radhakrishnan had not a single word to say, because page after page, chapter after chapter, were verbatim exactly the same as the thesis.

"His whole strategy was that the book had been published before; but the university knew that the thesis has been given to him *before* the publication of his book. It was certain that he was going to be punished for it. It was such an ugly act. He gave ten thousand rupees to the student--and he was such a poor man, that he thought that it was better to withdraw the case. The case was withdrawn, but that does not make any difference.

"This man has used bribes to become the vice-chancellor; and the whole of

India knew about the case, the whole of India knew about his bribery. And still they were praising him as if he was a sage."

When I raised these questions, all their faces fell, and the vice-chancellor uttered to the man sitting by his side, "I was afraid of this from the very beginning. That's why I had not invited him to speak. But I never thought that he should have been prevented from coming into the conference."

I said, "If you have any answer, you can give the answer. This man has not been a teacher, but a thief. And if he becomes a politician, it is not a credit to the profession

of the teachers, it is a discredit. If he has still any sense, he should resign and become a teacher again."

But this is how things are. The vice-chancellor has to praise him. After the meeting he told me, "It is not good for you. They will take revenge." I said, "I am ready for every revenge, but I am not ready to say things which are absolute lies." He said,

"But I cannot say it. He has appointed me as vice-chancellor of this university." This way, things go on. He has appointed him as vice-chancellor, so he has to praise him.

The whole society lives in a subtle kind of hypocrisy, in a conspiracy. One has to be courageous enough to stand alone. And he was right, that I would be taken into all kinds of revengeful situations; they have happened, they are still continuing to happen. My whole life they will continue to take revenge just because I am not ready to compromise with the hypocrisy that society has decided to live with.

But it gives me immense joy that I am not part of a crowd, and I don't want my people to be part of a crowd. Even if you have to sacrifice your whole life, it is more joyful than to be a slave. It is better to be on the cross than to be a slave of unconscious, fast-asleep people. *zara113*

I was called to a seminar; many universities' vice-chancellors and chancellors had gathered there. They were much worried about the

indiscipline in the schools, colleges and universities, and they were much worried about the new generation's disrespectful attitude towards the teachers.

I listened to their views and I told them, "I see that somewhere the very basis is missing. A teacher is one who is respected naturally, so a teacher cannot demand respect. If the teacher demands respect, he simply shows that he is not a teacher; he has chosen the wrong profession, that is not his vocation. The very definition of a teacher is one who is naturally respected; not that you have to respect him. If you *have* to respect him, what type of respect is this going to be? Just look: 'have to respect'--the whole beauty is lost, the respect is not alive. If it has to be done, then it is not there. When it is there, nobody is conscious about it, nobody is self-conscious about it. It simply flows. Whenever a teacher is there it simply flows."

So I asked the seminar: "Rather than asking students to respect the teachers, you please decide again--you must be choosing wrong teachers, who are not teachers at all."

Teachers are as much born as poets, it is a great art. Everybody cannot be a teacher, but because of universal education millions of teachers are required. Just think of a society that thinks that poetry is to be taught by poets and everybody is to be taught poetry. Then millions of poets will be required. Of course, then there will be poets'

training colleges. Those poets will be bogus, and then they will ask: Applaud us!--

because we are poets. Why are you not respecting us? This has happened with teachers.

In the past there were very few teachers. People used to travel thousands of miles to find a teacher, to be with him. There was tremendous respect, but the respect depended on the quality of the teacher. It was not an expectation from the disciple or from the student or the pupil. It simply happened. *search02*

I had to fight with the university continuously. They were not ready to

include yoga or meditation in the university courses, but they go on bragging that this is the land of Gautam Buddha and Mahavira and Bodhidharma and Patanjali and Kabir and

Nanak--they go on bragging, but they don't see what they are doing. Their journalism, their education, their politics, has no trace of Kabir, or Nanak, or Patanjali, or Buddha. They are under the impact of Western masters. *dawn19*

I was lecturing in different universities in India--and India has almost one hundred universities. The students were the ones who got the point most. I was teaching in religious conferences. The people who gathered to listen got the point, but the organizers, the religious leaders, became my enemies.

So any conference, any gathering of religious people I have visited only once, I was not invited there again. Just in one visit I had disturbed their people so much, stirred so many doubts and questions in their minds. Because this is one of my basic standpoints: the way to truth is not belief, but doubt; not faith, but inquiry. . *last113*

*Osho sums up his address to students at a meeting:**

You may have thought I would tell you some methods to pass examinations, to succeed, to get ahead of others, to reach higher positions. No, I will not do that.

Enough has been told to you about these things. We are suffering tremendously because of that.

I pray you do not succeed, but that you be real human beings. Success is not a value.

I pray you do not reach any positions of power, but that you reach your inner being, where there is something worthwhile. I pray you do not compete with anyone, but awaken the potential of loving your own individuality. I pray that you too can become a brick in the creation of a new culture--this is what I wish for you.

I am very grateful to you for having listened to me so silently, with such love. I offer my salutations to that new man that is residing within us all. Please accept my salutations to that god. *educa03*

*Note:Stories of Osho's early life are later recollections by him. Some of the first available transcripts of his lectures are those given at universities throughout India.

Osho addresses teachers at Podder College, Bombay:

But what education of love, what initiation in love have we given? What certificates of love have we conferred? And then if in three thousand years man has become completely loveless, murderous and violent, who is responsible for it? None other than our education can be held responsible for it.

But the teachers need not feel offended by this, because putting this responsibility on education means I am giving lots of honor to education; I am saying education is the center of life. Hence the teacher should be ready to bear the main responsibility; tomorrow the main honor too can be his. Tomorrow, if life is transformed, it is education which will receive the honor. And today if life has become polluted and poisoned, then the educationist should be prepared to accept the main charge and responsibility also. This is indicative of education being central. What I am saying is very respectful--that education is central. Neither the politicians nor the religious leaders are as responsible as the teacher is.

But the coming world will also only bestow honor on the teacher if he is able to lay down some basis for changing life. If you are not able to change it, tomorrow, children themselves will start changing it. *educa07*

Osho addresses a meeting at Birla Krida Kendra, Bombay:

Sa Vidya Ya Vimuktaye. Knowledge is that which liberates.

This morning I would like to say a few things to you on this subject. This is a marvellous saying. It is the most original definition of knowledge. This is the definition of knowledge as well as its criterion. But perhaps you may not

know the other side of the situation. We are not liberated. Whatsoever we have learned cannot have been right knowledge, it must be false knowledge. Our life has not known what liberation is, so the schools in which we have studied must not have been schools but anti-schools, because the very test and definition of knowledge is that it helps us in our life to attain the bliss of liberation. *educa05*

Colleagues and academics

My colleagues--while I was a student or while I was a lecturer in the university--

never felt that I belonged to their generation.

In the university common room. .it was just by chance, the first day I entered the common room a corner chair was empty. So I went to that chair. Strangely enough, I always found it empty. I inquired of the peon, "What is the matter?"

He said, "Since you have sat on that chair, not only that chair is empty, but a few chairs on both sides are empty. Nobody wants to disturb you, nobody wants to discuss with you. There is a certain fear."

I said, "Strange, because I am absolutely harmless!"

The old peon said, "You are harmless, but there is no common ground between you and the other professors in the university. They are professors but they are talking only about girls in their classes, gossips. . They are always talking about how to pull somebody's leg. They are always interested in politics--university politics, inside politics. They cannot do that in front of you, they feel embarrassed."

Rarely did it happen that somebody would come and sit by my side, asking my permission, "Can I sit here?"

I would say, "This is a common room. The seat is empty and I don't own.. ."

"No," they would say, "somehow these three seats on this side and three seats on that side.. you are occupying seven seats. People keep away. I

also keep away," the person would say, "but today all the seats are full. I am sorry to disturb you, but can I sit here?"

I would say, "You can sit happily. And if you want to talk about all your gossips, all your love affairs, you can talk with me."

He would say, "No, I don't want to talk about anything with you. I want just to sit silently here."

I said, "That's great, because that is my teaching: Sit silently."

Just a single unconditioned person, and you create a center of the cyclone. Wherever he will be, he will have his uniqueness, and only a very few courageous people will be able to come close to him.

You will not find my photo in any of the photos of the university, for the simple reason that when for the first time the philosophical association was going to have its annual photograph, the head of the department asked me to come.

I said, "You are so old--and still interested in photographs!" Since then, nobody asked me. They understood it perfectly well, that it is a childish game. And the man was almost sixty years old--what are you doing with a photograph? *dless38*

I met Ranade*. He was retired, very old. I said to him, "Perhaps you will remember a man who deserved one hundred percent, but you gave him only ninety-nine percent."

He said, "Of course I remember, because this happened only once in my life. I had never gone beyond thirty-three percent. Are you the person?"

I said, "Of course I am the person. And I have come to say to you that you did not prove your greatness. You should have given me one hundred and one percent.

What was your fear? Were you afraid that people would think you were favoring me? You didn't even know me."

He said, "Nobody talks to me this way. I am an old, retired, respected professor."

I said, "That does not matter. You showed your weakness in cutting me by one percent."

He said, "You are strange. Nobody fights with me, especially after ten years. Now what can I do?"

I said, "You can at least say Ì'm sorry.'"

There were at least twenty professors who were sitting with him. He had become almost a holy place, where every kind of professor and intellectual gathered. They were all shocked.

I said, "Don't be worried about these idiots; it's because of them you cut my one percent."

He looked at me and he said, "I am sorry, and I say it publicly. You deserved one hundred and one percent."

I said to him, "Now I can forgive you."

I was speaking in Allahabad University. He had never come to listen to any lecturer visiting the university, but he was sitting just in front of me when I entered the hall.

Everybody was surprised that Professor Ranade also had come to listen. I hit hard on the education system and on the professors who were supporting it.

He listened carefully, and as I came down from the podium he came to me and said,

"Son"--he was almost ninety years old--"you are right. We did not have the courage to fight. We all know that our educational system is producing only clerks, secretaries, postmasters, stationmasters. Our whole education is based on the idea of creating servants. And what you want is to create masters. I absolutely agree with you." *miracl03*

*Note: Dr Ranade was Osho's examiner for his written MA degree, see Part IV

A great philosopher of India, a contemporary man, Dr. Ranade was the most respected and the most learned scholar, logician; he was a professor of philosophy at the University of Allahabad. In his days, the department of philosophy at the University of Allahabad had become the most prominent department of philosophy in India, and India has almost one thousand universities.

I had seen him just a few days before he died. He was very old, retired, but still people used to come from far and wide--not only from this country but from all over the world--to ask questions, to inquire.

I was sitting with him. He said to me: "What are your questions?"

I said, "I know not."

"Then why have you come to me?"

I said, "Just to see you and to see the people who are continually coming to you from morning till night."

I watched him for almost six hours, and all the people who came had come with abstract questions: "Does God exist? Is the soul a reality? Is there life beyond death?" And he was answering them.

After six hours, I said to him: "You are old, and I'm too young--it doesn't look right for me to say, but perhaps we may not see each other again; forgive me if it hurts you: You have wasted your whole life. In these six hours, I have seen in what way you have wasted it. I have not heard a single question or a single answer that *really* concerns life. And these people have come from faraway places and you have lived a long life but as far as I am concerned. .don't feel that I'm not respectful to you, I am saying this because I *am* respectful. Whatever small time you have left, don't waste it. At least in the evening of your life, inquire into something which is authentic."

He was shocked, because nobody had ever told him this. But he was an

honest man.

He said, "I am old, and you *are* young but you are right."

The real question is not whether life exists after death. The real question is whether you are alive before death. *mess109*

Sir Saiyad* was very happy, and later on whenever I used to go to Aligarh, he forced me to stay with him. I said, "You don't understand: the trouble is I am being invited by the Jains, and if I stay in the Mohammedan's house that creates trouble."

He said, "You can face trouble perfectly well--that I know--but you have to be my guest." While he was alive, I was always his guest, and the people who were inviting me were very much concerned because they even started asking me, "Have you dropped vegetarianism too?--because staying with that Mohammedan, you must be eating with him."

I said, "Yes, I eat with him, but I eat *my* food. And you will not believe it--he calls in a brahmin cook to prepare food for me. And the food is far better than you will be able to manage because he takes every care that in a non-vegetarian house I should not feel in any way inconvenienced. He takes so much care that I start feeling a little uncomfortable--because of his care. I tell him, `You need not worry about me, I can manage things myself,' but he won't listen." *dark12*

*Note: Sir Saiyad was the examiner for Osho's MA oral exams, see p.

It is very difficult for a professor to relax back, to see things again as they are. He *knows* so much. He has accumulated so much knowledge, so many screens are there on his eyes. It is difficult to find more blind people than professors.

I have been a professor, that's why I say so--I know. I know from within. I have lived with professors for many years. They are the most unintelligent people in the world.

Even a farmer in a village seems to be more intelligent, because he is more responsive to the reality. A professor never responds to reality. He is

always reacting out of his knowledge.

So whatsoever I am saying, the professor will be interpreting it in his own ways.

Right now, whatsoever I am saying, he will be interpreting and classifying and he will be saying yes or no. And he will be classifying me: to what school I belong, to what ideology, what I am talking about. He is not listening! It is very difficult for a

professor to listen: he is so full of inner noise, inner chattering. The noise is so much that nothing ever enters in him. *thund10*

I came across a man in Varanasi. He was the only man in the whole world. .and that was his only achievement, useless, but he was praised--perhaps I was the only man who condemned him in front of him.. he had seventeen M.A. degrees in seventeen subjects.

All that he has been doing his life was moving from one subject to another, and attaining another M.A. to prove that he is, in the world, the only man who has seventeen M.A. degrees. And the people who had brought him to me had brought him with great praise. They told me, "He is a rare individual."

And I looked at him and I told him that, "You are absolutely idiot. What are you going to do with your seventeen degrees? You have wasted your whole life. Now collect all your papers and keep on your chest and move in your grave. Perhaps God may be very impressed seeing seventeen masters' degrees.. ."

First the man was shocked and then tears came to his eyes and he said, "Perhaps you are the first man who has told me the truth. I have wasted my life, I have never loved--I had no time, I never got married--I had no time, I was running from one department to another department, my whole idea was to have all masters' degrees that are available in the university of Varanasi. But your attitude shocks me, hurts me, but still I do understand--I have wasted my life." *last530*

But what about the unknowable? The scientist himself is unknowable. He knows everything, but he does not know who is the knower. In fact, he denies the knower--

and that is so stupid. .

I asked one of the Indian scientists, Khorana, who got a Nobel prize, that, "You are a Nobel prize-winning scientist. Have you ever bothered that you go on searching, discovering new areas, but who is the seeker? Who is the searcher? Have you ever thought about yourself?"

He said, "I don't have time for that."

I said, "But this is strange, because whatsoever you can find cannot be more valuable than you, the finder. Whatever you can know, howsoever valuable it is, cannot be more valuable than the knower. It remains an object of knowledge. And you say you don't have time for yourself? This is not a scientific answer. This is trying just to avoid the subject. You cannot avoid it. I at least will not allow you to avoid it. You have to say something definite. You have to say whether you exist or not. If you exist, then what are you--just matter? or something more?"

He said, "You are putting me into trouble, because if I say I am just matter, it simply does not feel right. How can matter discover matter? How can matter know the mysteries of matter? That matter has no consciousness, I can understand. So I have to accept that there is something more than matter. But please don't insist, because science is not willing to accept the knower. Science's whole approach is: unless something is experimented through scientific methods in a scientific lab, it cannot be accepted."

I said, "Naturally, then the scientist will remain unknowable forever."

And that is the arena, the area of religion.

And this unknowability of consciousness, this mysterious phenomenon in you--in everybody--is the most precious thing. *last209*

Once a psychologist and a professor of Jaipur University came to see me. He said, "I am a man of science and I have decided to prove through

scientific methods and inquiry, the reality, the truth of reincarnation."

I told him, "Do you know what scientific inquiry means? Scientific inquiry means that you have not decided anything at all in the beginning. The inquiry is open. You say, 'I am a man of science.' You are not. And you say, 'I have decided to prove through scientific methods the existence, the reality, the truth of reincarnation.' If you have not already proved it, how can you accept it? And if you have proved it already, then what are you going to prove, then what is the point of your inquiry?

Either you know the truth of reincarnation--then there is no need to inquire, or you don't know the truth of reincarnation--then how can you decide from the very beginning that you are going to prove it? This is a prejudiced inquiry; this is not inquiry."

Inquiry means you move without any conclusion. Maybe it is true, maybe it is not; maybe something else is true. You simply keep your doors open. Whatsoever the truth, you allow the truth to have its say.

I told the professor, "You are just a Hindu, already prejudiced, believing in reincarnation. Just as Christians don't believe in it, you believe in it. A Christian also starts a "scientific inquiry" to prove that there is *no* reincarnation. Will it be scientific? It will only be a *Christian* inquiry, an effort to use science to prove your prejudices. Your inquiry will be a Hindu inquiry, not a scientific inquiry."

The scientist cannot be a Hindu or a Christian or a Mohammedan; the scientist has simply to be a scientist. He can only inquire. Inquiry means you have not arrived at any conclusions, no a priori conclusion. That is the fundamental of all inquiry.

You cannot inquire and search for God. You can only inquire into the reality that is already available: these trees, these rocks, these rivers, these people--you. You have to go into it. No scripture is going to help you, because all scriptures will make you prejudiced and all scriptures will only be borrowed. You will become a donkey. *secret08*

I have come into contact with almost all kinds of religious scholars, and on

one point they are the same, whether Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian, Jew. That point is that they are perfectly at ease, feeling very good, in whatever they are doing--they are doing God's work, and they are spreading wisdom. They don't even know the *meaning* of wisdom. They have never tasted anything like that; they have heard about it, they have read about it, they have crammed hundreds of scriptures.. .

I am against all these scholars, not because their intentions are bad but because the outcome of their very good intentions is disastrous. They have destroyed millions of people on the earth; they never allowed them to grow, they gave them a false notion that they know already. This is pure poison.. . *psycho03*

I gave the book *The Prophet* (by Khalil Gibran) to one of my colleagues in the department of philosophy of the university. He was teaching religion. He looked at the content and he said, "Why have you given this book to me? It is not about religion. Love, freedom, creativity, the relationship between parents and children--I don't see anything," he said to me, "about religion in it."

I said, "You don't know what religion is, and you have been teaching for almost twenty years! Not only are you in darkness, you have been spreading darkness

amongst other people. These are the authentic religious questions. God is not; neither is hell nor heaven."

On his table I saw one book that he was reading--it was Swedenborg's *Heaven and Hell.* That is "religion." Now what does this fellow Swedenborg know about heaven and hell? Fictions! So the first thing to remember is, religion is not a fiction. Don't get caught in fictitious ideas.

Religion is a reality, a day-to-day reality, a moment-to-moment reality that you are living. You can live your life religiously, you can live your life irreligiously; but again remember--the definition should not come from the priests, the definition should come from the mystics. *mess216*

I was brought to Poona for the first time by a man who was a close contact

of Mahatma Gandhi, Rishabhdas Ranka. Mahatma Gandhi's basic theme was that all religions are equal, although it was not his practice; it was only theoretical, verbiage.

And Rishabhdas Ranka lived in his ashram, so he was very much influenced by the idea that all religions are equal.

He was by birth a Jaina, so obviously he thought to write a book of synthesis between Buddha and Mahavira. He showed me the manuscript. I simply looked at the title and I returned it back. He said, "You have not looked inside even one page?"

I said, "The title is enough." The title was *Bhagwan Mahavir and Mahatma Buddha.*

I said, "Either you call both the people Mahatma or you call both the people Bhagwan."

He said, "That is difficult. I cannot call Mahavira Mahatma because there are millions of mahatmas. And I cannot call Buddha Bhagwan, because I am a Jaina by birth. I believe only in the twenty-four tirthankaras as Bhagwan, nobody else."

You will not believe that the Jainas have thrown Krishna into the seventh hell, because he created the greatest war India has ever known. He is the ultimate criminal.

And the same is true about Hindus.. . The Hindus have not even mentioned this great splendor, this great religious man, this great beauty of Mahavira. They have not even mentioned his name in their scriptures anywhere.

No contemporary source, except Buddha, even mentions the name of Mahavira. If he was so great, such a splendor, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, do you think the contemporary literature would have completely missed him? And Buddha has mentioned him only to criticize him. It is only in the words of Buddha that we have a certainty that a man called Mahavira ever lived.

But the same is done to Buddha by the Hindus. He was certainly a very

influential man, a very rational and logical man. Hindus could not deny him, but they could not accept him either, because he was against the caste system, he was against the Vedas, against the whole tradition of the Hindus. He was born a Hindu. *poetry05*

One of my friends, a professor of Sanskrit, Doctor Rajbali Pandey, wanted to go to Tibet. He was doing certain research on a few Sanskrit scriptures which have disappeared from India, but their translations exist in Tibet. He wanted to translate them back into Sanskrit.

Those were very important scriptures, particularly concerned with Gautam Buddha.

Perhaps Hindus have burned those scriptures in India, but because Tibet became Buddhist, before they were destroyed they were translated into Tibetan. They exist

in Chinese, they exist in Japanese; only in Indian languages they don't exist--and Buddha was born in this land, he was speaking the language of the people of this land.

So this man's research was really very significant in bringing Buddha back to his own land. But he was a high-caste brahmin, and he had learned Tibetan with great effort. Of course Sanskrit was his family language. He belonged to a very learned family; they used Sanskrit in their family instead of any other language of the people, so he was perfectly capable of translating from Tibetan into Sanskrit.

But I told him, "I expect to see you back within three days."

He said, "What are you saying? It will take at least three years."

I said, "Forget all about it. I know you--and I know something about Tibet."

He said, "I don't understand, you always make strange statements."

He went to Tibet. He was a high-caste brahmin with all the superstitions of the brahmins. The brahmin has to take a cold bath in the river before sunrise; then he has to do his religious worship--and only after that he can

take his breakfast. As he reached Tibet, he remembered me. My statement was not wrong. He took only one bath and that was enough; he forgot all about translations.

By the third day I had to receive him at the airport. I said, "What do you think about my statement?"

He said, "I would have been killed in three years. Just one day was enough. Even now I am still shivering; the coldness has entered into my bones. Without taking a bath before sunrise I cannot even take my breakfast. So the choice was either to live without food or to have a cold bath before sunrise."

I said, "That's why I had said what I said. You are a fanatic brahmin; you will not drop your stupid idea. It is perfectly good in India. .In fact the best time to take a bath is before the sun rises; only then it is cool. As the sun rises things become hotter. The moments before sunrise are the most beautiful in India. But that is not the case with Tibet." *satyam07*

Once I went to Varanasi and a great scholar of the Vedas invited me to his home. He was very happy to show me his parrot, because the parrot could recite many things from the Vedas, from the Gita, from the Upanishads. I laughed. The pundit* said,

"What's the matter? Why are you laughing?"

I said, "I am laughing because I don't see any difference between this parrot and you.

The parrot is a scholar and you are a parrot." He has been angry since then. *foll402*

*Note: a pundit is a religious scholar.

I had one colleague in the university who was very much curious about enlightenment. Even while I was teaching in the university I was moving around the country, finding people who can belong with me one day.. but his interest in enlightenment was only that of a student. One day he came to me and I said, "This day is very special."

He asked, "What do you mean?"

I said, "Today, if you want to be enlightened, I can manage it."

He looked worried. He said, "But I have a wife and children. ."

I said, "Enlightenment does not prohibit you from having a wife or children."

He said, "If this is a day of such a strange quality I should come on some other day."

But I asked, "What about enlightenment?"

He said, "Forgive me, I am only curious. I love you and I feel to be close to you, but enlightenment right now. .? There are so many things to be done, and moreover do you think as a buddha I will look adequate?"

I said, "You don't be worried about it. Enlightenment has nothing to do with whether you look like a buddha or not. Certainly you will be a special buddha." He had very strange eyes--one looking this way, one looking that way. I said, "Don't be worried because I don't think that is a hindrance for enlightenment. It will be really very hilarious for people to see a buddha.. " If he was talking to you he was looking another way. I said, "It will be a little strange when you are delivering sermons, but your eyes can be fixed. You don't be worried; that is my responsibility. First you become enlightened."

He said, "It is not only eyes. There are many things.. I have false teeth. Do you think it will look right for a buddha to have false teeth? And if somebody comes to know...?"

I said, "You don't be worried about these trivia."

But he stood up. He said, "I am going home. First I have to ask my wife. I never do such strange things without asking her; she is a very pragmatic woman."

I said, "It is up to you, but it has never happened in the whole history that somebody who becomes enlightened first asks the permission of his wife.

You become enlightened; then you simply go and declare your enlightenment."

He said, "At least give me some time to think."

Then I said, "But such a day may not come again so soon. Today everything is ready."

He said, "I can wait. It will do even if it comes two or three years later."

And from that day he started avoiding me. If I was sitting in the common room he would not enter. He made sure that I was not in the university; then he would move everywhere freely. He would make sure that I was not in the library; then he would go to the library.

One day I arrived at his home. I said, "The day has come again."

He said, "My God, I have been avoiding you all this time, and just within three months the day has come again? My wife is absolutely against it!"

And then his wife came out and she said, "You should not make him enlightened. He is already a trouble, a nuisance. If he becomes enlightened our whole family's life will be disturbed. Even in his ignorance he is not what a husband should be and if he becomes enlightened I can visualize troubles and more troubles. You just leave him alone! He has been avoiding you for three months because of my advice. Now this is too much that you have started coming to our house."

And you will not believe that the next day he went to the capital and got himself transferred from that university to another university. After two or three days--I had been looking for him--I went again to his home and the neighbor said, "They are gone!"

I asked, "What was the problem?"

He said, *"You* were the problem."

I said, "I was simply trying to make him enlightened."

Enlightenment is such a simple thing that nobody needs to be worried about it. But it has become such.. Down the ages religions have been insisting that it is a very

great phenomenon; it is not for ordinary mortals, it is only for those who have some special dispensation from God. Ordinary mortals should not try for it because that is trying for the impossible. It is good for a Gautam Buddha because he is an incarnation of God. It is good for Krishna because he is an incarnation of God, but ordinary people are not incarnations of God.

And I have been arguing my whole life with people that Gautam Buddha was not an incarnation of God before he became enlightened. Enlightenment came to him first; then you recognized him as an incarnation of God. *tahui15*

Osho's experiences travelling in India

I kept on traveling throughout the country. As much as I traveled in those ten to fifteen years, no one would travel even in two or three lives. As much as I spoke during those ten to fifteen years would ordinarily require ten to fifteen lives. From morning until night I was on the move, traveling everywhere. *known06*

It was impossible to get even a single moment alone. I had to go back again and again to my place where I used to live in Jabalpur and I kept myself absolutely alone.

Jabalpur was very unfortunate. I would go around the country and everywhere I would meet people--but not in Jabalpur. That was my mountain. And when I would come to Bombay, or to Delhi, or to Poona, people would ask me why I unnecessarily travelled so much back to Jabalpur again and again. Fifteen, twenty days.. and I would have to go back to Jabalpur for three or four days, and then I would again start.. It was unnecessary. I could have gone from Poona to Bombay, from Bombay to Delhi, from Delhi to Amritsar, from Amritsar to Srinigar. Why should I first go to Jabalpur and then again after a few days?

Jabalpur was my mountain. There I kept myself absolutely alone. When it became impossible to be alone even there and the multitude started coming there, then I had to leave that place. *isay101*

When I used to travel in India for many years continually I was almost always on the train, on the plane, in the car, just traveling, moving. The train was the only place for me to rest. Once I got out of the train there was no possibility of rest--five, six meetings per day, colleges, universities, conferences, friends, journalists, press conferences. It was impossible. The only place for me to rest was the railway train.

After twenty years continually traveling I could not sleep because the whole noise of the train and its wheels and the people coming and going and railway stations and hawkers and people shouting and all that--was missing. You will be surprised to know that I had to record it on a tape recorder, so when I go to bed they will put on the tape recorder and just listening to it I will go into a perfect sleep. Then they will remove the tape recorder. Otherwise it was difficult, I will toss and turn. Twenty years is a long time, and it became such a habit. *transm43*

I sleep with three pillows: one on each side and one under my head. While I was traveling in India I had to carry all three pillows, and I use very big pillows, perhaps the biggest size, so one very big suitcase was just for the three pillows. Whenever I used to stay with somebody, and he would open my suitcases and in one suitcase--

and it was a big suitcase, the biggest suitcase available--only three pillows! He would say, "What! This big suitcase and you are carrying just three pillows.. 7"

I would say, "I cannot sleep without those two. Those two are absolutely part of my sleep. If somebody takes one of my pillows, then it is difficult for me to sleep. I will miss him the whole night." *unconc27*

I have been traveling for many years around the country; I must have waited on every platform...

One day, for the first time in my life, I found the train coming exactly in time.

That is absolutely a unique occasion in India. It simply does not happen. I was so much amazed and felt so grateful that I went to the driver to thank him and I told him,

"This is my first experience that the train has come exactly in time. You must be the best driver in the country."

He said, "Don't make me feel ashamed."

I said, "Why?"

He said, "This is yesterday's train. It is exactly twenty-four hours late!"

Just at that time, when he told me that it is twenty-four hours late, I said, "My God."

The stationmaster was standing by my side. I asked him, "If trains are going to be late--and I have been traveling for twenty years--then what is the point of publishing timetables?"

He said, "You are a strange man. Without timetables how will we know how much the train is late?"

I said, "That's right; I had not thought about it."

He said, "Everything would get mixed up. The timetable is published so that you can know how much the train is going to be late."

On another junction.. the train was announced again and again, "one hour late.. two hours late." I could not believe it when I heard that it is one hour late; then it became two hours late, then it became four hours late. I said, "My God, is it coming this side or is it going the other way? If it was one hour late, how it can be suddenly four hours late now?"

I went to the stationmaster and I asked, "In which direction is the train going?"

He said, "Don't be angry. It is just to protect our lives that we cannot declare that it is forty-eight hours late; people will kill us. So we declare in

installments; it keeps people calm and quiet that "just one hour more.. okay two hours more.. and by these installments we manage forty-eight hours."

I said, "I can understand your great compassion; otherwise there would be many heart attacks, heart failures.. if you start declaring it exactly right." I have seen trains coming sixty hours late and I have been sitting on the platform for sixty hours, but it was always "two hours more.. two hours more." It can happen only in this country, which has learned to live patiently--nobody bothers. People accept it as if it is determined by fate; you cannot do anything about it. *golden40*

I have been traveling for twenty years around this country, continuously, on the train, on the plane, and I have seen people opening their suitcases, looking into them, closing the suitcase--as if there was something to see. They are just at a loss what to do. They will open the window of the train, close the window, they will lie down, close their eyes, open their eyes.

I used to tell people in trains.. In India, if you are going from Bombay to Calcutta it will take forty-eight hours. I would enter into my air-conditioned* coupe--mostly I was alone, but once in a while there was somebody else, because the coupé can have two persons--and I would immediately tell my name, my father's name, my grandfather's name, from where I come, without being asked. They would be shocked. I would say, "I am finishing my whole autobiography so that you need not ask anything."

And then I would sit and that man would look very strange.. . He would say, "What kind of man.. ?"

I would tell him, "Now keep quiet, I have told the whole autobiography, there is nothing more!" And I would sit and look at him--forty-eight hours--and whenever he would start opening his mouth I would say.. Then he would start doing things. He would read the same newspaper again from the very beginning, the name of the newspaper, to the very end, the publishers, the editors--and once in a while he would look at me.

It happened many times that he would call the conductor and say, "I want to change from this compartment."

The conductor would say, "Why? You have a very good companion. I know him because he is continuously traveling. He is a nice man. You be here."

He would say, "It is not a question of a nice or a good man. He is too nice--but please put me into some other compartment where there are people to talk to! This man is dangerous. He goes on staring at me without blinking, and I become afraid. I have taken three showers since the morning just for no reason at all. Just to avoid him I go into the bathroom; then I say, Ìt is better to take a shower. At least a few minutes will be passed.'"

But forty-eight hours. .and he would start seeing his insanity, that he is unnecessarily opening the window, closing the window, unnecessarily lying down, turning this side, that side--and I am watching! Then he would sit down, then he would go on the upper berth. I would keep my hand up, so that he could see my hand, because I could not say it: "I am here! You go on doing all your insanities!"

These are the workaholics. *Note: at that time 'air-conditioned' meant 'with a fan' *christ05*

Once I was traveling in a train; a woman was traveling with me, and her husband or friend was in another compartment. At every station, wherever the train stopped, he would come again. Sometimes he would bring ice cream, sometimes sweets, sometimes this and that.

I asked the woman, "Who is this man?"

She said, "He is my husband."

I said, "Don't lie!"

She said, "How do you know?"

"Husbands are not known to do such things--at every stop! Once the husband has escaped from the wife, then only at the last stop does he turn up if at all. You are fortunate: at each stop he comes bringing this and that!"

She said, "You are right. He is not my husband, he is just my boyfriend."

I asked her, "How long have you been together?"

She said, "Nearabout seven years."

I said, "Wrong again!"

She said, "How do you know this?"

"Seven years is too long a time! Honeymoons are finished within fifteen days--and this whole thing seems to be like a honeymoon."

She said, "You surprise me--we really are going on a honeymoon! I have known him only for seven or eight days."

Everybody is bored with himself. That's why when Buddha says, "Sitting silently, I have arrived, and bliss has happened to me," we listen to him but we don't believe him. Or maybe he is just an exception--because when you sit silently, only boredom happens and nothing else. *unio203*

A strange event happened: one night I was in a train and in the compartment there were four sleeping berths. I could not believe it, that the three persons in the berths looked very alike. Later on, I came to know that they were triplets; and their snoring. .I tried hard to remember that the whole world is *maya,* illusion. But their snoring was such that no philosophy was of any help. They snored in such harmony... First one would snore, and two would remain silent. Then the second would give the answer, more loudly. Then the third would come in. .and the round would go on. And I was caught in the middle.

In the middle of the night, when I became fed up with that music, I had to do something. I started snoring, fully awake. I woke up all the three fellows. They came down and looked at me, and because my eyes were open, they became afraid. They said, "What is the matter? You are awake and you are snoring so loudly."

I said, "If you don't stop your snoring, I am going to do this exercise the whole night."

They said, "At least, please close your eyes, because that makes our

hearts tremble."

I said, "Then learn the lesson. I have been waiting for hours. Stop this symphony!"

They said, "What we can do? We are triplets, so whatever one does, the other does.

All our habits are similar--snoring too! We are helpless."

I said, "Then, remember: I will snore with open eyes so loudly that you will not be able to sleep, nor will anybody in the neighboring compartment."

They said, "It is better we should wake up and read something. You do whatever you want, but please, don't do two things together: snoring and open eyes. Either close your eyes and snore--we are accustomed to it; or if you don't want to snore, you can open your eyes and do anything--whatever you want. We will try our best not to snore, but do you understand our helplessness? In sleep one tends to forget all about one's decisions."

I said, "I know, but I am tired. I have been traveling for twenty-four hours; you have just started. So sit down and read something."

I supplied them books, saying, "These are the books you can read, and let me sleep.

And remember, if anybody snores, I am going to do even nastier things. This was just a sample."

Those poor fellows, the whole night, had to read books which they did not understand at all.

In the morning when I woke up, I said, "Now you can sleep. I am going to the bathroom. Snore as much as you can--the full quota. Condense! While I am taking my bath.. I will take as long as possible. Rejoice in your snoring!"

But there was no condemnation in it. I enjoyed it immensely. It was tiring, but it was hilarious, too. *bolt09*

I used to go to take meditation camps in Udaipur. It was a long journey from the place I used to live, Jabalpur. Thirty-six hours, because there was no plane at that time. In Jabalpur there was an airport, but it was a military airport, and they were not allowed to open it for the public. Now it is opened.

So I had to go in a train and change at many junctions. First, I would have to change at Katni, then I would have to change at Bina, then I would have to change at Agra.

Then I would have to change at Chittaurgarh, and finally I would reach Udaipur. It was evening time when the train reached Chittaurgarh. And Ajmer is very close to Chittaurgarh. Ajmer is one of the strongholds of the Mohammedans, so in the train there were many Mohammedans. And the train had to stay for one hour for some other train to come which was bringing passengers for this train also, to go on to Udaipur.

So for one hour I used to walk on the platform. All the Mohammedans lining the platform were sitting in prayer, and I was enjoying them. I would just go near somebody and say, "The train is leaving," and he would jump up. And then he would be angry at me, "You disturbed my prayer."

I said, "I did not disturb anybody's prayer. I am simply doing *my* prayer. This is my heartfelt desire that the train should leave! I was not talking to you. I don't even know your name!"

He would say, "This is strange.. in the middle of my prayer?"

I said, "It was not prayer because I was watching, you have been looking again and again at the train." He said, "That is true."

And it was the same all over the platform. I would go to a few people further up and just whisper, "The train is leaving," and again another person would jump up and would be very angry: "What kind of person are you? You look religious, and you disturb people in their prayer?"

I said, "I am not disturbing anybody. I am just praying to God that the train should leave now."

What are your prayers? Begging this, begging that, your prayer reduces you into a beggar. Meditation transforms you into an emperor. There is nobody to hear your prayers, there is nobody to answer your prayers. All religions go on making you extrovert so that you don't turn inwards. Prayer is an extrovert thing: God is there, and you are shouting to that God. But it is taking you away from yourself.

Every prayer is irreligious. *gdead02*

It happened I was traveling from Bombay to Calcutta. It was a long journey, but I enjoyed trains rather than airplanes because that was the only time I could rest.

From Bombay to Calcutta it takes forty-eight hours by train, the fastest train. So I was hoping to just relax and enjoy for forty-eight hours, because once I entered Calcutta there would be at least five meetings a day, and there was not going to be any rest.

As I entered my air-conditioned cabin, there was another man--it was a car for two persons. That man must have been watching through the window what was happening outside. Hundreds of people had come to give me a send-off--so many roses and garlands. He must have been looking through the window.

In the air-conditioned class in India--I don't know about America--you can see out from the glass, but you cannot see in; it is one-way. So I was not aware that somebody was watching. I was outside on the platform surrounded by the crowd.

But so many people were touching my feet and putting garlands, that that man became certain that I was a great religious leader.

As I entered the cabin, he fell on the ground, touched my feet, kissed my feet. And he said, "I have always been searching for a great teacher. Perhaps you are the man."

He was a brahmin. I told him, "Yes, I am the man, but there is a difficulty. I am a Mohammedan."

He said, "My God! And I have kissed your feet!"

I told him, "You go to the bathroom and have a good gargle. And what can I do?--you never asked me, you simply fell on the ground and touched my feet and kissed my feet. I would have told you, but you never gave me any chance."

He rushed into the bathroom, took a shower, because a *brahmin...!* In India that is the highest Hindu caste, the caste of the priests. They don't consider anybody even to be touchable.

He came back. He was looking very miserable, even after the shower. And I said, "I was just joking! Can't you see me? Can't you understand? Have you forgotten all those Hindus outside?"--because in India you can recognize very well who is who.

Mohammedans have different caps, different kind of clothes; Hindus have different caps, different kind of clothes. It is not difficult.

I said, "You are just unnecessarily bothering."

He fell again. He kissed my feet this time really hard. He said, "I was suspecting while I was taking the shower.. this man does not look like a Mohammedan. And I am relieved of a great difficulty; otherwise I would have repented my whole life."

I said, "You *will* have to repent. Can't you see my beard?"

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "Exactly what you understand. I *am* a Mohammedan."

The man rushed back to the bathroom and then he told the conductor, "Please change my room--that man may disturb my whole night; he keeps changing his idea of who he is."

The conductor said, "But what do you have to do with him? Let him change his idea.

You have your seat, you have your place reserved. There is no problem."

I came out. I said, "There is no problem, but this man thinks I am a Mohammedan."

The conductor said, "You think he is a Mohammedan? I know him!"

The man said, "Then there is no problem."

And I tortured him so much that finally he said, "Whoever you are, I am your disciple! I have dropped the idea of choosing between Hindu and Mohammedan.

One thing is certain that you are *something!"*

Just meditate, be aware.

Choices will disappear.

And a new kind of responsibility will arise which will not be imposed by the outside, which will be your own fragrance. *dless27*

When I came to learn driving.. the man who was teaching me driving was called Majid, he was a Mohammedan. He was one of the best drivers in the city, and he loved me very much. In fact, he chose my first car. So he told me, "I will teach you."

I said, "I don't like to be taught. You just drive slowly so I can see and watch."

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "I learn only by watching. I don't want any teacher ever!"

He said, "But it is dangerous! A bicycle was okay. At the most you could have hurt yourself or one other, and not much. But a car is a dangerous thing."

I said, "I am a dangerous man. You just drive it slowly and tell me

everything about where is the pedal, where is the accelerator, where is the brake.. you just tell me.

And then you slowly move, and I will be walking by your side, just watching what you are doing."

He said, "If you want it this way, I can do it, but I am very much afraid. If you do the same thing with the car as you have done with the bicycle.. "

I said, "That's why I am trying to watch more closely." And once I got the idea I told him to get out. And I did the same thing as I had done with the bicycle.

I went so fast. Majid, my teacher, was running behind me, shouting, "Not that fast!"

And in that city there was no limit on speed, because in Indian streets you cannot go above fifty-five. There is no need to put a sign every where that the speed limit is fifty-five miles per hour, you cannot go above fifty-five anyway.

But that poor fellow was very much afraid. He came running after me. He was a very tall man, a champion runner, there was every possibility that he could have become champion of the whole of India, and he might perhaps someday have participated in the Olympics. He tried hard to follow me, but soon I disappeared from his vision.

When I came back, he was praying under a tree, praying to God for my safety. And when I stopped by his side, so close that he jumped, he forgot all the prayer.

I said, "Don't be worried. I have learned the whole thing. What were you doing here?"

He said, "I followed you, but soon you disappeared. Then I thought, the only thing is to pray to God to help him, because he knows nothing about driving. He is sitting in the driver's seat for the first time, and he has gone nobody knows where. How did you turn? Where did you turn back?"

I said, "I had no idea how to turn, because you were just moving straight and I was walking by your side. So I had to go around the city. I had no idea how to turn, what signals to give, because you had not given any signals. But I managed. I went round the whole city so fast, the traffic was simply giving way. And I came back."

And he said, *"Khuda hafiz."* It means, "God saved you."

I said, "Don't bring God in." *gdead01*

And sometimes in an accident, rare opportunities open.

Once I was travelling with a friend and there was an accident. Our car fell down from a bridge, twenty feet down, mm? upside-down. I had been talking to this man; for years I had been telling him about meditation and he was a very very learned scholar. But he would always say, 'Whatsoever you say, I cannot think that there is a possibility of a mind without thought. How can the mind be without thought?' And he would argue.. And of course, there is a point: how can the mind be without thought? Content is needed; the mind can only be minding about something. It is very logical.

Consciousness can only be of something. If there is nothing then how can you be conscious? Of what? The very word consciousness means conscious about

something. Content is needed so that you can be conscious of it; consciousness and content go together. That is very very psychological, logical.. but it happens. And I would explain to him but he was too much in his mind. And that day it happened!

Just for a few seconds we became aware that the accident was going to happen, mm?

We were coming down a hill and the driver lost control, something went wrong in the car, and for a few seconds we were aware that something was going to happen because the brake was not working, the steering was not working. The car was going on its own; now wherever it was going, nothing could be done. And it was really a steep hill! So for a few seconds his

thoughts stopped, because in such a strange situation you cannot think; what to think about?

You cannot go on thinking your ordinary thoughts because they are too trivial in such a moment--when death is just there waiting for you down the hill. Within moments you will be gone! The very shock of it is enough to stop the process of thinking. When he fell and when I pulled him out of the car, he was laughing. He said, 'But is this the way to prove it? Couldn't you have done better? It was too dangerous!'

Nobody was harmed. It was really dangerous--the whole car was destroyed--but he had a glimpse. Since then he has not argued about it; he knows it. That accident proved a great revolution in his life; a radical change happened. .

He was not driving--he was just sitting with me. Somebody else was driving; we were just the passengers. But he came to see the point--that consciousness can be, and without content. So that accident was a blessing. And I thanked the driver and said what I had been trying to tell this man for years and was not able to, he had simply done!

If he had died in that moment he would have born on a very high plane. Nothing was wrong--even death would have been good--because in that moment of no-thought he would have died in a kind of satori. He was saved, but he changed. Since then he has never argued, he dropped argumentation. He became a totally new man.

So that accident was good. It will happen sometime again, deep in meditation one day. It will be almost like it but on a higher plane. Maybe it can be paradoxical too: on one plane you become unconscious; on another you remain conscious. Then it is far more beautiful, because then you go on seeing what is happening. The body becomes numb and goes off, the mind becomes numb and goes off, but you are still turned on. You are still there, hovering like a presence. No more identified with the body and the mind. .almost a holy ghost!

This is possible--that's what I feel. *justdo14*

I have never forgotten. .in Ahmedabad I used to stay at Jayantibhai's* house. We had to cross a bridge, and as the bridge came near he would start driving faster, because there was a big board by the side of the bridge advertising Gold Spot. It said, "Live a little hot, sip a Gold Spot."

I asked Jayantibhai, "What is the matter? Suddenly, on this bridge, you start going fast."

He said, "Looking at that board, `Live a little hot,' I start going fast!"
golden25

*Note: Jayantibhai: a friend and long-time disciple of Osho

I used to come to Bombay, before I settled in Bombay, almost two or three times per month because the headquarters were in Bombay, the whole work was there. There

I had the greatest following; and the most intelligent people in India of course are in Bombay. Slowly thousands of people started knowing me. One day one of my sannyasins--at that time I had not started sannyas but now he is a sannyasin. . He used to drive me about, and just jokingly--he did not mean it, but he was not fully aware of me--just before a bistro he stopped the car and said, "Osho, would you like to come in and have an ice cream?"

Ice cream I used to love. To tell you the truth I still love it, although there is no way to find it anywhere. I said, "That's a great idea!" Then he became afraid. He had been joking. He had said it thinking that a religious man would say no to going into a bistro, where an almost naked woman was doing a striptease dance. He said, "Are you sure?"

I said, "Absolutely! Just open the door--because this is my last life. After this life there is no bistro for me and no ice cream: I don't want to miss the last chance." He waited for a few seconds. I said, "For what are you waiting?"

He said, "But if somebody sees you there, and recognizes you there.. ."

I said, "That is my problem."

He said, "No, it is not your problem--they will kill me, they will say 'It is you who took him; otherwise how could he find that bistro? You were supposed to take him home from the meeting place, not to a bistro.'"

I said, "Don't be worried. I will protect you and say that I insisted, that seeing the signboard, 'Bistro,' I said, 'What is this?--I want to know.'"

He said, "Then it is okay. But, Osho, you are creating a very troubled state for me."

I said, "Don't be worried--just come on."

I had to enter first, then he followed me; he had to follow. It was an air-conditioned place, but he was perspiring.

I said, "Harshad"--Harshad was his name--"your name means rejoice. What a fool--

rejoice!"

And what he was afraid of happened. The manager of the bistro had heard me: he came and fell at my feet. Harshad was just going into a nervous breakdown.

Everything stopped; even the striptease dancer stopped--everything was frozen.

When the manager fell at my feet, other customers who had no idea who I was started coming to touch my feet and the striptease girl came down from the stage. I said, "Harshad, it seems even in this life it is not going to be possible." I told the manager, "At least bring my ice cream."

He said, "Will you accept one?"

I said, "Accept? I am *ordering* one: I like tutti-frutti." I was eating my ice cream and the whole crowd was standing around me. I said, "What are you doing? Do your business!" And Harshad was hiding behind the crowd because if the manager saw him.. .

As I finished my ice cream he came and just grabbed me. He told me, "Osho, out! I will never drive you again if you do such a thing."

I said, "But what have I done? I have not created any problem for anyone. You had asked me, 'Would you like some ice cream?' so I ordered one. And in all this hullaballoo they have not asked for the bill. Go and pay it."

He said, "I am not going inside again. I cannot go alone; if you come ahead of me.. ."

I said, "Then don't bother, because nobody is thinking of the bill right now. We enjoyed them, they enjoyed us, and it is balanced. There is nothing much to be worried about. But where have you been hiding? I had to eat two long glasses full of ice cream because the manager had brought the best, the biggest glasses. Where were you? I had to eat two glasses, and two glasses that size are a little too much."

He continued to drive me, but whenever there was a bistro or anything, he would go so fast. I would say, "Harshad, a bistro!" and he would say, "Never again!"

People came to know somehow and he had a good beating from everybody. In Bombay, in those days there were many old people who were followers of mine, very respected people: somebody was an ex-mayor, somebody was ex-sheriff, somebody was a minister. I told everybody, "Nobody is to harass Harshad; he has been punished enough." He had perspired and begun trembling, but I simply enjoyed it; the whole scene was so fabulous. And for the striptease girl this was an absolutely new act. She may never have done it before and will never have to do it again.

In heaven there seems to be something worthwhile. But for centuries these people have been claiming knowledge about heaven and hell; and once you get trapped in their net of knowledge, you are finished. Then you are no more alive. Then their knowledge makes you feel ignorant, inferior, guilty, a sinner. Even eating ice cream you feel you are committing a sin. It is strange, because in no religious scripture is it written that ice cream is sin.

But the religions are against enjoying anything. *person28*

Have you ever ridden on a camel? Then you will know. I have suffered much, because in India in the desert of Rajasthan, the camel is the only way to go from one place to another. Sitting on a camel for a few hours, one starts believing that hell is real. *false15*

There is only one picture, which they go on publishing all over the world, in which I am riding on a Kashmiri horse. It is just a picture; I was not really riding. But because the photographer wanted me to be photographed on a horse, and I loved the man--the photographer, I mean--I could not say no to him. He had brought the horse and all his equipment, so I said okay. I just sat on the horse, and you can even see from the picture that my smile was not true. It is the smile when a photographer says, "Smile please!" *glimps10*

Once I went to the Himalayas with a few friends, and then I had to ask them to leave me because they had brought their transistor sets and their newspapers and magazines, and the novels that they were reading. And they were constantly talking, talking about things that they had always been talking about. So I told them, "Why have you come to the Himalayas? You were saying these things at your home perfectly well, and again you are talking the same things, the same gossipping, the same rumors."

And whenever they would go with me to some beautiful spot they would take their cameras, they would take pictures. I told them, "You have come here to see. You have not brought your camera to see the Himalayas!"

But they said, "We shall make beautiful albums, and later on we will see what beautiful places we had visited." And right there they were not there, they were just clicking their cameras. This stupidity has to be left behind.

And it is good once in a while to go to the mountains. And I am not saying to start living there; that is not good, because then you become addicted to the mountains and you become afraid of coming back to the world. The holiday has to be just a holiday: then come back into the world and bring all the peace and the silence and the experience of the sacred with you. Bring it with you, make an effort so that it remains with you in the marketplace.

These suggestions are for the beginners. When a person has really become a meditator, he can meditate sitting before a picture house, he can

meditate on the railway platform.

For fifteen years I was continuously travelling around the country, continuously travelling--day in, day out, day in, day out, year in, year out--always on the train, on the plane, in the car. That makes no difference. Once you have become really *rooted* in your being, nothing makes a difference. But this is not for the beginner.

When the tree has become rooted, let winds come and let rains come and let clouds thunder; it is all good. It gives integrity to the tree. But when the tree is small, tender, then even a small child is dangerous enough or just a cow passing by--such a holy animal--but that is enough to destroy it.
sos201

I have seen the grave of Jesus in Pahalgam, Kashmir. He never died on the cross, it was a conspiracy.

The Crucifixion was on a Friday; starting on Saturday for three days Jews would stop all work for Passover. So Friday was chosen by Pontius Pilate, and he delayed the crucifixion as long as he possibly could. And you should remember a scientific fact: that the Jewish crucifixion takes at least forty-eight hours for a person to die because he is not hung by the neck, he is nailed to the cross by the hands and the feet, so drop by drop the blood goes out. It takes a healthy man forty-eight hours to die, and Jesus was only thirty-three--perfectly healthy. He could not have died in six hours, nobody has ever died that way in six hours. But because Friday's sun was setting, he had to be brought down and for three days all work had to stop. This was the conspiracy.

He was taken from the cave, he escaped, and he lived in India in Kashmir. What you see in Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru's nose, Indhira Gandhi's nose is not very strange--

they are Jewish. Moses died in Kashmir, Jesus also died in Kashmir after living a long life of one hundred and twelve years. I have been to his grave and it is still being taken care of by a Jewish family. That is the only grave in Kashmir which does not face towards Mecca; all the other graves are Mohammedan. Mohammedan graves are made so that the head is directed

towards Mecca.

And the inscription on the grave, in Hebrew, is clear. The name you have been accustomed to, Jesus, was not his name; that is his name in Greek. His name was Joshua and it is written still on the grave that "Joshua, a great teacher of religion, travelled from Judea, lived here, died at the age of one hundred and twelve years, and lies here".

But it is strange, I have talked all over the West, but not a single Western Christian is ready to come to see the grave, because that will spoil their whole theory of resurrection. I have asked them, "If he was resurrected, then when did he die? You have to prove that." If after the crucifixion he was resurrected, then he must either

have died or he must still be around. They don't have any description of his death. *last605*

Magga Baba is buried in the same small village of Pahalgam. When I was in Pahalgam I discovered a strange relationship running from Moses to Jesus to Magga Baba and to me. *glimps15*

In India's golden days we created Khajuraho, Konark, Puri. It was rare daring. There is no comparison to it--not only in India but in the whole world. A temple of God that has sculptures of *maithun,* of sexual intercourse. There is no pornographic attitude toward the sexual intercourses. It is so meditative, so celestial. *quest05*

My grandmother was born in Khajuraho, the citadel, the ancientmost citadel of the Tantrikas. She always said to me, "When you are a little older, never forget to visit Khajuraho.". .

During the last twenty years of her life I was traveling all over India. Each time I passed through the village she would say to me, "Listen: never enter a train that has already started, and do not get out of the train before it has stopped. Second, never argue with anyone in the compartment while you are traveling. Thirdly, remember always that I am alive and waiting for you to come home. Why are you wandering all over the country when I am waiting here to take care of you? You need care, and nobody can give you

the same care as I can."

For twenty years continuously I had to listen to this advice. .

The first time I went to Khajuraho I went just because my grandmother was nagging me to go, but since then I have been there hundreds of times. There is no other place in the world that I have been to so many times. The reason is simple: you cannot exhaust the experience. It is inexhaustible. The more you know, the more you want to know. Each detail of the Khajuraho temples is a mystery. It must have taken hundreds of years and thousands of artists to create each temple. And I have never come across anything other than Khajuraho that can be said to be perfect, not even the Taj Mahal. The Taj Mahal has its flaws, but Khajuraho has none. Moreover, Taj Mahal is just beautiful architecture; Khajuraho is the whole philosophy and psychology of the New Man. *glimps04*

Khajuraho was very close to my university, just a hundred miles, so whenever I had time I would drive there. The guide finally became a sannyasin! Because he was himself ashamed to show the temples to people, I told him, "You don't understand.

You need not be ashamed. These pictures, these statues, this sculpture is not obscene. There is not a single hint of obscenity, although they are absolutely naked in loving embrace, making love. But there is not a single hint of obscenity unless your mind is full of obscenity."

One European prime minister was going to come to see Khajuraho, and one of my friends was the education minister of the state in which Khajuraho is. And the prime minister of India informed the education minister, "I am busy and I cannot come; otherwise I would have come with the guest to show him Khajuraho. So it is your responsibility, because you are the most educated minister in your state, to take him to Khajuraho."

He was my friend; he phoned me and he said, "I am very much ashamed that Khajuraho is such an embarrassing place. And when outsiders come who have seen only churches in the name of religion, they cannot believe that this is a temple, a

holy place. And I myself feel guilty, so I cannot explain and I don't know what to explain."

I said, "I will come." I went there with the guest and the education minister--and he was just shrinking in himself, because you cannot conceive of any possible loving posture that is not carved in such beauty, such tremendous beauty that it is almost as if the stones have become alive. It seems the woman is just going to come out of the wall in which the statue is carved. So alive.

The education minister remained outside and I took the guest in. He was amazed with the beauty, that bodies can be made so beautifully in stone, can give such life to the stone, such warmth. He had never thought that such a thing exists anywhere in the world. And I explained to him, "These are on the outer side of the temple, and you should note one point that

inside the temple there is no sculpture, no statues, just absolute silence."

He said, "This is a revelation! This is strange, statues should be inside the temple.

Why are they outside and inside there is nothing, just silence?"

I said to him, "These temples were made by the greatest psychologists that have appeared on the earth, some three thousand years ago. They were called tantrikas; their whole approach was called tantra. The very word 'tantra' means expanding consciousness. They had made these beautiful temples all around the country.

"Mohammedans have destroyed them; it was just fortunate that these were in a thick forest, hidden. And only meditators used to go there; there was no village surrounding the temples. By fortunate coincidence they were saved."

I told him, "The secret is, tantra believes unless you have gone through all sexual experiences to the point when sex does not matter to you at all. That is transcendence of your energy. And that is the point when you are capable of entering into the inner sanctum of the temple. You are ready for the nothingness of Gautam Buddha; you are ready for pure silence."

So meditators used to meditate for months on those statues. And it is a great strategy, because looking at all those statues, a moment comes, something in your unconscious disappears. Not just looking; once it was months of training, sometimes years of training. But they were not allowed inside the temple until they became uninterested in these sexual scriptures. When their master saw that somebody had become completely uninterested--even sitting before the most beautiful woman he was sitting with closed eyes--then he was allowed to enter into the temple.

Now, those sexual thoughts are the major thoughts in your mind. Every three minutes the ordinary man thinks at least once of sex, and every five minutes every woman thinks at least one time about sex. These are the very subtle mistakes which God made when he created the world; that's why I say there is no God, to relieve him of all this responsibility. This is a

disparity which is dangerous!

When we came out, the prime minister was very much impressed. But the education minister had waited outside. Although he had not gone in, he was still feeling embarrassed. And just to hide his embarrassment he told the guest, "Don't take much note of it. It was a small current of thinkers who created these temples, and we are ashamed they are so obscene."

The guest said, "Obscene? Then I will have to go again and see, because I did not find anything obscene." Those naked statues look so innocent, so childlike, and they are not there to provoke your sexuality.

Obscenity is a very subtle phenomenon, very difficult to make a distinction whether something is obscene or not. But this should be the criterion--I think this is the only criterion: obscenity is when it provokes sexuality in you. And if it does not provoke sexuality but just a sense of tremendous splendor and beauty, it is not obscene. But it will depend on individuals. The same statue may look to someone obscene, and to someone else a beautiful piece of art.

I told the education minister, "Your mind is full of obscenity. This guest from the outside is far more clear. He did not raise a single question about the obscenity of the temple." *chit01*

There is a hill station, Matheran, where there is a very beautiful scenic spot. I have seen many mountains and many places where mountains echo, but Matheran's echo point is very rare. You sing a song or you start barking like a dog, and the valley and the mountains repeat it seven times successively. Each time the echo becomes less loud, farther away, very faint, but you can count that it has been echoed seven times.

When I was there for the first time, leading a meditation camp, a few friends said,

"We know that you don't bother to go here and there, but this echo point is worth taking the trouble to visit." And particularly in Matheran it is more troublesome, because you have to walk or you have to sit in a rickshaw which is pulled by a man--

which is even more ugly, which hurts--sometimes an old man, perspiring.. and on the mountain, the roads are not worthy to be called roads. It was impossible for me because of my own asthmatic condition, I cannot go for miles, reaching towards the highest peak. Both ways it was difficult. But they were so persistent that I agreed to go. It was arduous for my heart--I had an attack that night, and could not sleep the whole night--but it was worth it.

The man who was the most persistent had the capacity to make noises of many animals. He was a very good imitator--he could imitate many actors, many leaders--

so first he started barking just like a dog, and the whole mountain was filled as if there were thousands of dogs barking and barking, although it was getting less and less loud. .perhaps the dogs are moving farther away, but you can count at least seven times.

I told the man, "This is one of the stupidities of humanity. Why have you chosen to bark? You could have imitated the sound of a cuckoo--and you are a cuckoo; otherwise, why should you bother about learning animals and their sounds?" The Indian cuckoo is so sweet, particularly in the season when mangoes are becoming ripe. It seems almost the sweetness of the mangoes, which are known in this country as the king of all the fruits.. they are. And from mango groves--cuckoos love mangoes--the call from one grove to another grove.. .

I said to him, "Why have you chosen a dog? All the hills must be laughing at you, that some madman has come who is barking like a dog."

He immediately started making the sound, the musical sound of the cuckoo, and the whole space for miles around was filled with echoes. But even that cannot be given to man. Of course, the music cannot be given, the musical ear cannot be given, the song cannot be given--even the echo of it cannot be given. *mess206*

There is a beautiful lake, Tadoba. It is a forest reserve, a very big forest surrounding the lake with only one government resthouse. I used to go there many times.

Whenever I was passing by, I would stay in that resthouse for at least a day or two.

It was so lonely, so utterly silent, and the forest is full of thousands of deer.

Every evening when the sun sets and darkness descends, thousands and thousands, line upon line, of deer will come to the lake. You just have to sit and watch. In the dark night their eyes look like burning candles, thousands of candles moving around the lake. The whole night the scene continues. You get tired, because there are so many deer, they go on coming, go on coming. It is such a beautiful experience. But one thing I wondered about was that they are all alike--nobody is fat, nobody is thin, nobody seems to be sick, hospitalized. They are so full of life and energy. *gdead01*

The whole existence is mysterious. This beautiful rain.. this music of the falling rain.. the joy of the trees. Don't you think there is great mystery?

There was a hill station in the state where I was a professor for many years, and on that hill station was a resthouse far away deep in the hills, absolutely lonely. For miles there was nobody. .even the servant who used to take care of the resthouse used to leave by the evening for his own home. I used to go to that resthouse whenever I could find time and sometimes it used to rain just like this.. and I was alone in that resthouse and for miles there was nobody. Just the music of rain, just the dance of the trees.. I have never forgotten the beauty of it. Whenever it rains I again remember it. It has left such a beautiful impact. *pilgr27*

In the Himalayas there is a place, a valley, which is called the Valley of the Gods, for the simple reason that it is impossible to go deep down into that valley--steep hills surround it. But in that valley where nobody goes--there is no way to go, no path, and it is so deep that you can only see it from the hilltop--in that valley there have been growing for millennia, beautiful flowers. I have seen it. I think there must be many flowers which are not even known to us, which are not even named by the scientists.

The valley is completely just flowers and flowers. For whom are they blossoming?

For whom are they waiting? What is their hope? There is no hope, there is no desire.

They are not waiting for somebody, they are simply enjoying themselves blossoming to their completion. They are enjoying the sun, they are enjoying the hills, they are enjoying the other flowers blossoming all around. They are enjoying the moon in the night, and the stars in the night. *false17*

I have traveled all over India, and in every place the people who received me with great love and respect used to come with garlands of flowers, roses, *mogra, chameli-*

-all beautiful and fragrant flowers. But strangely, only in Calcutta were they always coming with the most fragrant flower, *nargis*. It is not a beautiful flower, but it is so fragrant.

I have never smelt anything so strong--just one flower and the whole room would be vibrant with its fragrance. It is not beautiful, so poets have not paid much attention to it. It is a simple white flower, very homely--looking, nothing exotic, nothing--what do you call it?--fantastic. One of the great Urdu poets, Mirza Ghalib, has said about the nargis, with great compassion, that "The nargis cries and weeps for centuries for its ugliness. Only then, once in a while, somebody of intelligence comes and recognizes its beauty."

But certainly in Calcutta--I have been to Calcutta hundreds of times--they were always coming with nargis garlands. Just one garland is enough for the whole house, and they would come with dozens of garlands and just go on putting them on--I would be covered up to my eyes. *person22*

Osho's Garden

One of the most fragrant flowers in India is the Night Queen. It is a very small flower, but it comes in thousands, simultaneously--the whole tree becomes just flowers.

And it is so fragrant.. in one place I had a tree in front of my bungalow. My neighbors started complaining against the tree, saying, "You have to cut it

down, because we cannot sleep; the fragrance is too much." The whole neighborhood used to become full of fragrance.

I had asked many gardeners, "This is a flower which is called Night Queen; there must be a parallel plant which opens its flowers in the day. If there is such a flower as Night Queen, there must be a flower known as Day King." But no gardener could help me to find it.

I found it in Kashmir. I was certain that there must be a parallel flower because in existence there is always balance; this Night Queen is a woman, so there must be a man, a male flower. And I was surprised to see, the male was very poor. It was exactly the same kind of flower--a bigger size, male chauvinistic size. It blossomed in thousands in the day. But there was no fragrance. *dawn07*

I have, my whole life, loved trees. I have lived everywhere with trees growing wild around me. I am a lazy man, you know, so somebody had to look after my trees. And I had to be careful about those people who were looking after them, because they were all prophets, messiahs, messengers of God: they all tried to do something to the tree, they wouldn't allow the tree to be itself. They would prune it, they would cut it.

I had one gardener in Jabalpur--a beautiful old man--but I told him, "The moment I catch you cutting anything, you are fired. I love you, I respect you, but I love and respect my trees more, so be careful! Don't be caught."

He said, "What kind of garden is this? And I am a gardener--I HAVE to cut. I cannot allow trees to go wild, the whole garden will be destroyed. And if I don't cut"--he was just working on a rosebush. He said, "If I don't prune this rosebush then the flowers will be small. I have to go on cutting many buds, then there will be few flowers but really big. And I have been winning prizes my whole life for my flowers'

bigness."

I said, "You will have to forget about your prizes now, I am not interested in your prizes. I don't care whether the flower is big or small. If the tree wants to blossom in a hundred flowers, who are you to manage just to create one

flower? I understand, your logic is simple: if all the buds are cut then the whole juice of the tree moves into one flower; it certainly becomes big."

He had been winning prizes. Each year there was a state-wide competition and he was always winning the prizes. In fact I got hold of him just because of that, because

that year he had won the prizes, and I saw his flowers and I could not believe.. . So I told him, "You just come and be my gardener."

He said, "What about my salary?"

"Salary" I said, "you decide; gardening I will decide." Poor man--he was getting only seventy rupees per month, wherever he was working. Now a poor man cannot even imagine much.

I told him, "You decide."

He must have stretched his whole imagination, and he came up with one hundred and forty--double. He could not believe that I was going to say yes.

He said, "If it is too much then.. ."

I said, "No, it is not too much. I was wondering how far you could stretch your imagination: only seventy rupees more? Seventy has become a fixed idea in your mind, and asking for one hundred and forty you are feeling guilty. That is decided--if you had asked *any* amount I was going to give it to you. But now I am sorry--you have asked one hundred and forty, you get one hundred and forty. But gardening you have to do according to me. No more big flowers, no more exhibitions, because the rosebushes are not interested in exhibition. And *they* don't get the prize, *you* get the prize."

Perhaps Jesus gets the prize because he has cut so many buds and made so many Catholics and so many Christians. Perhaps Krishna gets the prize. But what about these people you are cutting in the name of saving them?

I said, "This is your last year of prizes. Now--if my garden goes wild, let it go wild; that's what nature wants it to be."

But his whole life.. . Whenever I was out--I would go to the university and he would start doing his thing. I had to come in the middle of the day when he was not expecting me. I had to leave my car far away so he could not see the car coming. And then I would come and I would catch the old man. He would say, "Excuse me--just an old habit! I cannot see this garden being destroyed. And I feel guilty that I am getting double the salary--for what? Just letting this garden get destroyed?"

I said, "It is *not* destroyed. You have to understand. This is the way it would have been if we were not here; if all men disappeared, it would be this way. Let it be the way it would be if man had not interfered. You can support, you can help, you can be a friend, but don't be a savior." *dark30*

I had a gardener, an authentic gardener, who really loved flowers, who loved the plants. And I would see him sitting by the side of the roses and other flowers.

Sometimes I heard him talking to the flowers. At first I thought he looked a little crazy, but every year he was winning the first prize in the city for growing the biggest flowers. He was with me for almost twelve years.

I asked him, "What is your secret?"

He said, "Nothing, I am just a little crazy. When there is nobody around, I talk to the flowers: `Don't let me down this time. The time for the exhibition is coming close--

grow as big as you can.' And I have been winning for twenty years continuously. No flower has ever let me down."

Just the attention, just a loving attention to a flower, makes him immensely happy.

There is someone who will be happy: the flower will do everything for him to make

him happy. There is someone who is watching and waiting for his growth; he is not alone, he is not unneeded. *turnin04*

Osho writes many letters to friends

I have always loved. Addresses have changed, but I have been writing love letters my whole life. *last108*

All saints are averse to writing. They sing, they speak, they dance, they indicate, but they don't write. To write something is to make it very limited. A word is a limitation; only then can it be a word. If it is unlimited it will be the sky, containing all the stars. That's what a saint's experience is.

Even I myself have not written anything. .just a few letters to those who were very intimate to me, thinking, or perhaps believing, that they will understand. I don't know whether they understood or not. So my book *A Cup of Tea* is the only book that can be said to have been written by me. It is a compilation of my letters. Otherwise I have not written anything. *books07*

I can talk only to persons. That's why I have never written a book. I cannot!--because for whom? Who will read it? Unless I know that man who will read it, and unless he creates a situation, I cannot write--for whom? I have written only letters, because then I know that I am writing to somebody. He may be somewhere in the United States, it makes no difference--the moment I write a letter to him it is a personal phenomenon: he is there. While I am writing he helps me to write. Without him it is not possible; it is a dialogue. *suprem10*

Examples of letters Osho wrote

Last night when lamps and lamps were lit up all over town I thought: My Sohan* too, must have lit lamps and a few among them must surely be for me! And then I began to see the lamps you had lit, and also those your love has kept lit always. I shall stay here another day. I have talked of you to everybody and they are eager to meet you. *teacup01*

*Note:Osho wrote many letters to Sohan, and for rest of his life referred to her in discourses as one of his most devoted disciples

I received your letter. How lovingly you insist on my writing something, and

here am I, drowned in a deep silence! I speak, I work, but I am steeped in emptiness within. There, there is no movement. Thus I seem to be living two lives at one time.

What a drama! But perhaps all of life is a drama and becoming aware of this opens the door to a unique freedom. That which is inaction in action, stillness in motion, eternity in change--that is truth and that *is existence.* Real life lies in this eternity--

everything else is just the stream of dreams. In truth the world is just a dream and the question is not whether to leave these dreams or not, one just has to be aware of them. With this awareness, everything changes. The centre moves. A shift takes place from body to soul.

And what is *there?* It cannot be told. It has never been told and it never will be!

There is no other way but to know it for oneself. Death is known only through dying and truth is known only through diving deep within oneself. May God drown you in this truth! *teacup01*

I have received your letter. You long for the peace I have within me. It is yours any time. It is the deepest possibility in everyone, it only has to be uncovered. As springs of water lie hidden under layers of earth so does bliss lie hidden within us. The possibility is there for everyone but only those who dig for it can redeem it. The excavation of these hidden treasures lies through religion. Digging with it one reaches the well of light within. I have shown you how to dig and what with, but the digging has to be done by you. I know your soil is absolutely ready, with very little effort the infinite streams can be reached. This state of mind is attained with the greatest good fortune so don't waste it or miss this opportunity. Fill yourself with determination and leave the rest to God. Truth runs alongside will.

Don't hesitate to write, I have lots of time for you. I am for those who need me--

nothing in my life is for myself. *teacup01*

I want to make everyone aware of this thirst. I want to convert everyone's life into a waiting. The life that has turned into a waiting for God is the true life. All other ways of life are just a waste, a disaster. *teacup01*

I am pleased with your progress. Your letter was received long back but as I was busy there was delay in replying, but my memory of you is always there, along with all those eager for the light. My good wishes flow for ever towards them. We have to keep going. Many times one becomes disheartened on the path but ultimately the thirsty pilgrim reaches the spring. In fact the water is there before the thirst. My kind regards to all. *teacup01*

I have only just arrived here, the train was five hours late. You wanted me to write as soon as I got here so I am doing so. Throughout the journey I thought of you and of the tears falling from your eyes. Nothing in the world is more sacred than tears of love and joy. Such tears, so pure, are not of this world. Though part of the body, they express something which is not. Whatever can I give you in return. *teacup01*

I looked for your letter as soon as I got here yesterday. Though it was Sunday, I kept waiting for it. It came this evening--how much you write in so few words! When the heart is full it pours into the words and so few are needed. An ocean of love can be contained in just a jug! As for scriptures on love--it is enough to know the four letters of the word! Do you know how many times I read through your letters? *teacup01*

I arrived here yesterday and have been thinking of writing ever since but it didn't happen until now. Forgive the delay though even a single day's delay is no small delay!

What shall I say about the return journey? It was very blissful. I kept sleeping, and you were with me. It appeared I had left you behind but actually you were still with me. This is the being-together that is so real that it cannot be divided. Physical nearness is not nearness, there can be no union on that level, only an unbridgeable gulf, but there is another nearness which is not of the body, and its name is love.

Once gained it is never lost.

Then no separation exists despite vast distances in the visible world. If you can arrive at this *distancelessness* with even one other it can be found with everybody.

One is the door, *the all,* the goal. The beginning of love is through *one,* the end is *all.*

The love that unites you with everything, with nothing excluded, I call religion, and the love that stops *anywhere* I call sin. *teacup01*

It was just this time of night, two days ago that I left you at Chittor. I can see now the love and bliss filling your eyes. The secret of all prayer and worship is hidden in the overflow of those tears. They are sacred. God fills the heart of those he blesses with tears of love, and what to say about the calamity of those whose hearts are filled instead with thorns of hate?

Tears flowing in love are offerings of flowers at the feet of God and the eyes from which they flow are blessed with divine vision. Only eyes filled with love can see God. Love is the only energy that transcends the inertia of nature and takes one to the shores of ultimate awareness. I think that by the time this letter reaches you you will already have left for Kashidham. I don't know how your journey was but I hope it passed in song and laughter. Give my kind respects to everyone there. I am waiting, for your promised letters. *teacup01*

Love. Your letter has come. Love has not to be asked for--it is never obtained by asking; love comes through giving--it is our own echo.

You feel my love pouring on you because you have become a river of love flowing towards me, and when your love flows like this towards all you will find the whole world flowing in love towards you.

To respond with unconditional love towards all, towards that which is, is the God-experience. *teacup02*

Where to find truth?

Well, it has to be sought within one's own self,

within one's own self

within one's own self

within one's own self

It is definitely there.

One who seeks it elsewhere loses it. *teacup02*

Love, so much love. I received your letter when I got back. I could feel the ardour of your heart through your words.

I well know the fervour that stirs your soul and the thirst that turns into tears within you. I was once there too, I too have suffered it. I can well understand your heart because I have travelled those same paths you now have to take in the quest for God.

I too have experienced the longing that one day turns into a raging fire in which one has to consume oneself. But this burning brings the birth of a new life. The drop can only become the ocean when it ceases to exist.

Continue your efforts in meditation; you have to go deeper and deeper into it-it is the only way. Through it and it alone can one reach life's truth.

Remember: lf you become absorbed in sadhana, fully committed and surrendered, you are bound to reach the truth. This is an eternal law. No step taken towards God is ever wasted. *teacup01*

Letters to Mrs Parekh

In 1960 Osho meets Mrs. Madan Kunwar Parekh (Ma Anandmayee), whom he recognizes as his mother in a past-life. Mrs Parekh is 40 years' old at the time, and recognizes that Osho is enlightened. Osho writes hundreds of letters to her, of which

120 are published under the title: *Seeds of Revolutionary Thought* (1966), and reprinted *as Seeds of Wisdom* (1996). These letters recount incidents in Osho's life as parables explaining his teachings.

I too am a farmer and I sowed some seeds. They sprouted and now flowers have come to them. My whole life is filled with the fragrance of these flowers and because of this fragrance now I am in a different world. This fragrance has given me a new birth, and now I am no longer that which is seen by ordinary eyes.

The unseen and the unknown have flung open their closed doors, and I am seeing a world which is not seen through the eyes, and I am hearing music which ears are not capable of hearing. Whatsoever I have found and known is eager to flow just as the mountain waterfalls and springs flow and rush towards the ocean.

Remember, when the clouds are full of water they have to shower. And when the flowers are filled with fragrance they have to give off their fragrance freely to the winds. And when a lamp is lit, the light is bound to radiate from it.

Something like this has happened and the winds are carrying away some seeds of revolution from me. I have no idea in what fields they will land and who will tend them. I only know that it is from seeds like these that I have attained the flowers of life, immortality, and the divine. And in whatever field they land, the very soil there will turn into the flowers of immortality.

In death is hidden the immortal and in death is life-just as flowers are inherent in the soil. But the potential of the soil can never become realized in the absence of seeds. The seeds make manifest that which was unmanifest and give expression to that which was latent.

Whatever I have, whatever I am, I want to give away as seeds of divine consciousness. What is attained in knowledge--knowing--love gives away in abundance. In knowing one knows God; in love one *becomes* God. Knowledge is the spiritual discipline, love is the fulfillment. *sdwisd00*

A year has passed. During the last rainy season I had sown the seeds of gultevari flowers. As the rainy season was over, flowers also disappeared. Then I removed the dried-up plants. This year I am seeing that with the coming of the rains so many gultevari plants are sprouting on their own. They have begun to appear from the ground in so many places. The seeds

left in the ground from the previous season have waited for a year, and it is blissful coming to life now. In the darkness underground, in winter and summer, they have been waiting there. Now somehow they have the opportunity of seeing the light again. With this comes the feeling of an auspicious and festive music emanating from those newly born plants, and I experience it.

Centuries ago, some nectar-sweet-throat sang: *Tamaso ma jyotirgamaya*--who does not have the desire to move from darkness to light!

Are not such seeds lying hidden in every man, in every living being, wanting to attain to light? Is there not also since many many lifetimes a waiting and praying for this opportunity?

These seeds are lying hidden within everyone and it is only from these seeds that the thirst arises for becoming complete. These flames are lying hidden in every one, and these flames want to reach out to the sun! No one becomes fulfilled without

transforming these seeds into plants. There is no other way than to become whole.

One has to become whole, because intrinsically every seed is whole.
sdwisd05

Tick. .tick. .tick. .the clock has started running again. In fact, it has been running all along, for me only had it stopped. Or, better to say, I myself had become closed to the space where this running exists.

I had moved into another realm of time. I was sitting with eyes closed, looking within, and went on looking--it was altogether a different realm of time. Then contact with this realm was broken.

How blissful it is to slip out of time! Pictures on the mind stop. Their existence is time. As they cease, time ceases and then only the pure present remains. The present is part of time only in language. In reality, it is outside the realm of time, beyond of it. To be in it is to be in the self. I have returned from that world now. How peaceful everything is! In the distance

some bird is singing, a child is crying in the neighborhood and a cock is crowing.

How blissful it is to live! And now I know that death too is blissful, because life does not end with it. It is only a state of life--life is before it and after it also. *sdwisd04*

I was sitting with my eyes closed. Seeing always with the eyes open, man is forgetting the art of seeing with closed eyes. What is seen with open eyes is nothing compared to what is seen with the eyes closed. The tiny eyelid separates and joins two worlds.

I was sitting with eyes closed when a person came; he asked me what I was doing.

When I said I was seeing something, he became almost perplexed. Perhaps he would have thought, "Can seeing with closed eyes be called seeing?"

When I open my eyes I arrive in the finite. When I close my eyes, the doors of the infinite open. On one side is seen the seen and on the other the seer. *sdwisd05*

I get up in the morning--I see the squirrels running about, I see the flowers opening up in the rays of the sun, I see nature overflowing with harmonious melody. I go to bed at night--I see the silence showering from the stars, I see the blissful sleep encompassing the entire creation. And then I begin to ask myself "What has happened to man?"

Everything is vibrating with bliss except man. Everything is resonating with music except man. Everything is settled in divine peace except man. *sdwisd04*

At dawn I watched the sparkling drops of dew gently and lovingly settling on the petals of the flowers. They made not a sound. When one's heart is ready God also descends like the tiny drops of dew. You have no inkling of his coming until he manifests himself before you. *long03*

Last night, away from the city, we were sitting in a mango grove. There

were some clouds in the sky and the moon played hide-and-seek among them. In this play of light and shadow, some people were there silently with me for a long time.

How difficult it becomes to speak sometimes! When the atmosphere is thick with a melody, a music, one is afraid to speak lest it should be disrupted. So it happened last night. We returned back home very late. On the way, someone remarked, "This is the first time in my life that I have experienced silence. I had heard that silence is a wonderful bliss, but I realized it only today. Today it has happened effortlessly--

but how will it happen again?"

I said, "What has happened effortlessly happens only effortlessly, it does not happen with effort." *sdwisd05*

Since evening, it has been stormy and rainy. Gusts of wind have lashed the trees. The electric supply has failed, and the city is plunged into darkness.

In the house, an earthenware lamp has been lit, its flame ascending. The lamp is of the earth, but its flame endlessly mounts to touch the unknown.

Man's consciousness is like this flame. His body is content with the earth but there is something else in him which constantly strives to rise above it. This consciousness, this dancing flame is the life of man. This ceaseless yearning to soar is his soul.

Man is man because he has this flame within him. Without it, he is only earth.

If this flame burns fiercely, a revolution comes into being. If this flame is manifest totally, the earth itself can be transcended.

Man is a lamp. There is earth in him, but there is light too. If he concerns himself only with the earth, his life is wasted: there must be attention to the light also.

Awareness of the light transforms everything and allows man to see God in the earth. *sdwisd02*

Rekhchand Parekh

Rekhchand Parekh is the husband of Mrs. Parekh, Osho's past life mother.

One of my friends, Rekhchand Parekh, a very rich man, who presented me with almost everything. . He made it a point that nobody could present anything before him, so everything that I needed or could have needed anytime he managed to present to me--things which I never used. I asked him also "What am I going to do with this?"

He said, "That is not the point. The point is, nobody is going to present you anything before me. Later on they can go on presenting you with things--and millions will be presenting you things out of love--but they will always be after me. Nobody else can be first."

And I was very reluctant, because if there was something I was not going to use, if it was no use to me, he was unnecessarily wasting money. And he was so particular and such a perfectionist that only the best satisfied him. If I would not take something then he would find ways somehow to smuggle the thing into my house.

Once, when I was leaving--I used to stay with him at least three days every year, that was a commitment. So three days I used to stay with him every year, and when I was leaving he said to me--which he had never said before--"Just be a little careful about your suitcase."

I said, "I have come so many times, and so many times you have come to the train to say goodbye to me, but you have never said to me, 'Be careful about the suitcase.'

What is the matter?"

He said, "Nothing is the matter," and he gave me the key.

I said, "Strange--why are you keeping the key? If it had been left with you, then I would have been in trouble"--and it was a thirty-six-hour journey from his place to Jabalpur.

He said, "No, I was not going to forget it."

As the train left, the first thing I did, I opened the suitcase: what was the matter? The suitcase was full of one-hundred rupee notes. I thought, "My God! What has he done?" And there was a slip in an envelope: "This is for a new Fiat car. Purchase it immediately. And you cannot say no to me because that will hurt me my whole life."

I said, "This is strange. I am continually traveling--in Jabalpur I remain only for five to seven days a month at the most, and that too, not at one stretch. But he will be certainly hurt." And as I reached home, immediately my phone was ringing. He said,

"You have to do first things first. I have already arranged it. I have contacted the Fiat company in Jabalpur--and the car is ready there. Just take the suitcase and take delivery of the car."

I said, "You don't leave anything for me!" The car was already standing there ready and the man said, "We have been waiting for you."

I said, "What to do? The train was two hours late." And my friend must have been phoning according to the timetable. In India it is said that that's why the timetable is published--so you can find how late the train is; otherwise how will you find out by how much the train is late? The timetable is absolutely a necessity. .

I said to the man at the garage, "What could I do?--the train was late, so two hours.. ."

He said, "Your friend was very particular about everything; a radio had to be in the car." And he had made sure of everything, insurance.. . And he asked the garage owner to arrange a license for me because otherwise the car might just stay parked at my place. He gave me the first tape-recorder, the first camera--everything that he could find, he would immediately bring to me.

This man was rare in many ways. He was a miser--such a miser that beggars simply bypassed his house. If any beggar ever stood there, other beggars thought, "This seems to be a new man--standing before Rekhchand Parekh's house, begging!" He had never donated to any

institution in his life, never given a single pai to any beggar.

His wife had taken me to introduce to her husband because she said, "He is so miserly, and he has so much money. And we have only three daughters, who are married and have rich houses, so there is no problem. And there is no son, there is nobody after us, but he goes on collecting--even I don't know how much he has."

They lived in a place, Chanda, in Maharashtra. She said, "He had purchased almost one-third of the houses of the city--it seems he is going to purchase the whole city. If there is any house for sale, he is not going to let anybody else purchase it. And his only joy seems to be just accumulating money. I have brought many Jaina monks"--

because they were Jainas, and they were Gandhians--"and I have brought many great disciples of Gandhi, thinking perhaps somebody will change his mind. But he is very straight and does not give any chance for anybody to even touch him."

So I said, "Okay, I will come. I cannot guarantee anything; I don't know what type of man he is, but he appeals to me."

He had come to receive me at the station. While we were going to his house--he was driving--I told him, "One thing I should tell you is that your wife has brought me here to persuade you not to be miserly. She wants you to donate to institutions who are doing a public service, to religious institutions, to schools, to hospitals. I am not interested in all of these things; I have just come to meet you because you attracted

me. You are a rare man! Never in your life have you given to a beggar, never have you donated a single *pai?"*

He said, "Never, because I am waiting for the man who is worth to be given *everything."*

When we reached his house, his wife was surprised because never before had he taken to his sitting room any saints that she had brought. And he told the servants that I would be staying in his guest house, in his sitting

room; that I would be there:

"And tell my wife she need not worry about this man." His wife was at a loss: What had happened?

A sudden synchronicity, he told me--not the word "synchronicity," he had never heard that, but he told me, "It is strange, the moment I saw you, I felt, 'This is the man.'" And even after we had known each other for twenty years, there was not a single question from him--no question, no doubt, no argument--whatever I was saying was truth to him.

I asked his wife only one question. After being there for the first time for three days, I asked his wife, "Is your husband interested in sex or not?"

She said, "Not at all, and it is not that he represses, he is simply finished. And you can see now that he is a strange man. He has told me, 'If you are not finished you are free; you can have sex with whoever you want. I am finished with it.'"

The moment a man is finished with sex as an instinct that is forcing him to do something, he becomes in a certain way a master of himself and he starts having insights, visions which the unconscious, instinctive man cannot have.

Just looking at me--not a single word had been said--he said, "I have found the person." And then whenever I needed any amount of money, for myself or somebody else, I had just to inform him, "Give this much money to this man."

He never asked, "Who is this man and why is so much money needed for him?" He simply gave it. His wife was simply shocked. She could not believe that this miserly man.. how suddenly he had completely become just the opposite.

I told her, "There is no problem. He is not miserly--it was your misunderstanding.

He never wanted to give to those people who are not worthy of it. And coming from the station to the house he said to me, 'I have found you; now

all that I have belongs to you. Whatsoever you want to do with it you can do.' He is not a miserly man, it was your misunderstanding. It is difficult to find such a man, so generous." But from where was his generosity coming? His generosity was coming from a certain mastery over himself.

The instinctive man clings to everything: to sex, to money, to power--to everything.

I asked him, "Why do you go on purchasing all the houses?"

He said, "Some day you may like to have a commune--then from where am I going to suddenly give you a commune?* By that time I will have purchased the whole city. I know that you will take a little time before you need a place--I am preparing it for you." Now, nobody would have thought that he was purchasing houses.. that even before knowing me, he was purchasing them for somebody who was going to come into his life, who one day may need this whole city.

And many times it happened. .he used to come with me once in a while for a tour.

Anybody would think that he was a miser because he was such a rich, super-rich man, but he would always travel third class on the passenger trains. Never express

trains, mail trains, no; never first class, air-conditioned--out of the question. But whenever he would travel with me, he would say, "You can travel in the airconditioned class; I will travel in the third class."

Once I asked, "Why do you insist on traveling third class?"

He said, "I have my own ideas. People think I am a miser--I don't care a bit about money. What am I going to do with the money? Soon I will die and all this money will be lying here. But to travel in the third class is an experience: the crowd, the people, the gossips, and things that go on happening in the third class of an Indian railway train. . " He had traveled all over India, and he had friends at every station; he would call the coolies by their names. And he knew every place where you could get the best milk,

where you could get the best tea, where you could get the best sweets.

He said, "With an express train, a mail train, this is not possible, because they stop only at a few stations and I want to stop at every station, because at every station I have friends and I have things to do. The passenger train stays longer at every station. If other trains are passing, then the passenger train will be delayed; no other train will be delayed, so you always have hours on your hands. And all these stationmasters are my friends, the guards are my friends, the drivers are my friends--because I call all of them when I know that a particular sweet is made the best at that station. So they say to me, 'Parekh, enjoy yourself! Unless you enter the train, the train will not move.' "

And he said, "I like to be the master rather than the servant--not that they give the whistle and you run, no."

That was his reason: "I want to be the master. When I enter the train, then whistling and flagging and everything happens--but first they have to see that Parekh has entered."

He was an old man--I was only thirty-five, he was fifty at that time--but he would take me out of the station, and he would say, "Come outside. The mango trees are great here."

I would say, "The train is there--are we going to pick mangos? And then if we miss the train.. . I have my appointment."

He would say, "Don't be worried. Until I enter the train, the train remains in the station. You can go up the tree, I am also coming; we will go up the tree and pick mangos."

One day it happened: we were picking mangos and Parekh said to me, "Just look upwards," and there was another man. He said, "He is the driver. He knows that I will come to pick mangos so the train has to stay. So why waste time?--collect a few mangos, and these mangos are really sweet! In fact, the guard will be in some other tree.. . It is all under my control."

This man had no instinctive force. He was not in any way interested in any

particular food; he liked all kinds of food, he liked all kinds of clothes. In fact he was so disinterested that anything would do--no special liking, disliking. But he was a man full of love.

Once in a city in Rajasthan, Biawar, he was with me, and I had a fever. The whole night he remained by my side. I told him, "Parekh, you go to sleep. Because of you I cannot go to sleep!"

He said, "That is up to you--that is your problem. I am not saying to you, 'Don't go to sleep'; I am trying to help you to go to sleep. As far as I am concerned I cannot sleep knowing that you have a fever. The fever may increase in the night and I may be asleep. That is not permissible."

And actually it happened: in the night the fever increased; at two o'clock it was one hundred and five. He said, "Do you see the point? You would not have awakened me."

I said, "That is true."

He called the doctor and he said to me, "This is not the time for you to leave the body. If you can make some arrangement, I am willing to leave the body and you remain in the body--because you have much to do, and I have nothing to do." This is love of a totally different kind--a caring, a friendliness.

The instinctive love can become any moment hate. The man who was ready to die for you can kill you. The woman who was so caring towards you, so loving towards you, can poison you; literally she can poison you. Love, if it is instinctive, is not in your hands; you are just a slave. The unconscious is very easily convertible into its opposite, and you cannot do anything about it.

But when love comes to the conscious level--that is, when it comes to the level of intellect, not instinct--then it has a different flavor. Then it has no biological purpose. *misery05*

*Note: Later in 1973 an experimental commune 'Kailash' is set up on their farmland in Chanda, see Part VI

Osho's experiences with Medicine and 'Miracles'

It was just a coincidence: I was staying in Patna in 1960 and I was suffering from a migraine. I had suffered from migraine since my enlightenment; I had never suffered before. And the migraine is in only half of the mind; it is the active part of the mind that has it. If the active mind loses contact with the inactive mind, then it goes on working but it has no time to rest.

Because I was staying in the house of a doctor. .he was very concerned that this was a terrible migraine, and it was really very strong. I could not open my eyes, it was so painful.

The whole day I would simply lie down with a wet towel around my head. But it was not a help--just to pass the time.. . And it remained with me for twenty-one days exactly when it came. And it came at least four times a year, so it was wasting too much time.

The doctor gave me some sleeping pills. He said, "At least in the night you will have a good sleep; otherwise this migraine continues twenty-four hours a day." Usually a migraine does not continue for twenty-four hours; ordinarily migraine starts at sunrise and disappears by sunset, because it is only in the active part. As you drop out of activity, and the world starts cooling down and you are preparing for sleep, the migraine disappears.

But that was not the case with me--it continued for twenty-four hours--so I said,

"There is no harm in trying." And it really helped: I could sleep, after many years, for

the first time. I don't actually know what the sleeping pills did chemically, but one thing I am certain about--which the chemist may not know: it made it possible again for the active mind to be connected with the inactive mind.

I remained a watcher, something in me remained awake, but only a small flame of awakening; otherwise everything went into sleep. My feeling was that the sleeping pill helped to make a contact with the non-active mind, which I had lost completely. .

It was just this doctor who, feeling so much for me, said, "The whole day you are in trouble so much; at least for the night, take a good dose and go to sleep."

But the strange effect was that I went to sleep and the next morning there was no migraine. He was also surprised. This was strange; these were only sleeping pills, they were not meant for migraine. And for migraine I had taken all kinds of medicine--nothing helped. *light35*

I had one famous doctor in Jabalpur, Dr. Barat, a Bengali doctor, but the most famous physician in that part of the country. He was the president of the Rotary Club; that's how I came to know him--because he requested me to address the Rotary Club.

So he had come to my house and taken me in his car, and had listened to me for the first time in the Rotary Club, and became very deeply interested in me. He used to come to see me once in a while. He was reading books I had suggested to him because he wanted to read something about Zen, something about Tibetan mysticism, something about Sufism, something about Hassidism--the things that I had been talking about to him.

So he came to the point of knowing about Bardo. He said, "What is Bardo?"

I said, "I will come to your clinic and give you a try."

He said, "What do you mean, you will give *me* a try?"

I said, "In fact, it is just the opposite. But let me come to your clinic."

So I went to his clinic and I told him, "Give me the chloroform."

He said, "What?"

I said, "You just give me the chloroform, and I will go on repeating: one, two, three, four, five.. and you just listen at what number I stop. And when I come back, when you remove the chloroform mask, just listen to me. I will start counting at the same number where I had stopped, in reverse order."

He was a little worried. First he said, "Now we have stopped using

chloroform."

I said, "You will have to do it if you want to understand Bardo."

He said, "But it is dangerous."

I said, "Don't be worried, it is not dangerous."

So I persuaded him. He put me under the mask and I started repeating the numbers: one, two, three. . And I was watching inside that my voice was becoming slower and slower and slower, and that he was putting his ear close to my mouth to hear the last--it was nine. After that I could not speak, the body was completely paralyzed, my lips wouldn't move.

After ten minutes he removed the mask and he waited. As I became capable of moving my lips, he heard: "Nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one." And as I was coming in the reverse order, my voice was becoming clearer and clearer. By the time I reached one, I was back.

I said, "This is Bardo. When you are dying, if you can manage by yourself, good; otherwise call me. Then I will give you the idea where to go, what kind of womb to find, what kind of parents will give you freedom, what kind of atmosphere to look for where soon you will become intelligent and will not remain retarded--the idea of becoming a Gautam Buddha, the idea of becoming enlightened."

But he was still alive when I left Jabalpur in 1970, so I don't know what happened to the fellow. He was old, most probably he is dead and is born somewhere. And I don't think he was capable of creating the whole program for the new journey. Bardo is programming your whole journey. *zenman02*

I have been in hundreds of homes, and many miracles I have performed--but none of them was a miracle. I was just joking, and when I found there was a possibility, I never missed it.

So remember it, that I have never performed a miracle, because miracles as such are impossible. Nobody has performed them.

But the gullible mind. .a man came to me almost in the middle of the night; it was twelve, I had been asleep for three hours. He knocked on the door, and made so much noise that I had to wake up and open the door, and I asked, "What is the matter? What do you want at this time of the night?"

He said, "I have a terrible pain in my stomach, and this pain has been coming on and going away, coming on and going away, for at least three months. I go to a certain doctor, he gives me medicine, but no permanent cure has happened. And just nearabout ten, this pain came; it was so terrible that I went to the doctor and he said that this pain was something spiritual--he suggested your name."

I asked him, "Who is this doctor? Is his name Doctor Barat?"

He said, "Yes."

Barat was my friend. He was an old man, but he loved me very much. So I said, "If Barat has sent you then I will have to do something. But you have to give me a promise that you will never say anything about this to anybody, because I don't want to be disturbed every night, and I don't want patients to be here the whole day.

I have other things to do."

He said, "I promise, but just help me. Barat has told me that if you give me just a glass of water, with your hand, I will be cured."

I said, "First give me the promise." And he hesitated, because if he has found such a source of miracles, to give such a promise. .

He said, "You don't see my pain; you are talking about your promise. Just give me a glass of water--I am not asking much."

I said, "First you give me a promise. Take an oath in the name of God"--and I could see that he was a brahmin and he had. . Brahmins of different faith believing in one god or another god have different marks on their forehead; those are trademarks, so you can judge, and know who the man is worshipping. So I knew that he was a devotee of Shiva, and I said, "You will have to take the oath in the name of Shiva."

He said, "This is very difficult; I am a loud mouth, I cannot keep anything to myself such a great thing. .and you are asking me to make a promise. I may not be able to keep it because if I keep it then it will be more painful than my pain. I won't sleep, I won't go anywhere, I won't talk to anybody because it will be just there waiting to come out."

I said, "You decide. I have to go to sleep, so be quick."

He said, "You have created a dilemma for me. Whatsoever I do I will be in trouble.

This pain is not going to go away because to keep your promise. .and you don't know me--I love gossiping. I am a liar; I go on lying--and this is the truth."

But I said, "Then you decide. You keep your pain."

Finally he said, "Okay, in the name of Shiva I give you the promise. But you are too hard, too cruel."

I gave him one glass of water. He drank the water and he said, "My God! The pain is gone!"

Now, there was no miracle, but because I haggled so much about the promise he became more and more certain that the miracle was going to happen. .otherwise this man would not insist so much. The more I delayed, the more I insisted, the more he became certain that there was something in it. That certainty worked.

It was simple hypnosis, he got autohypnotized; he became ready. If I had given him the water directly, the pain would not have disappeared. This much gap of haggling was needed. And I reminded him when he was leaving, "Remember, if you break the oath, the pain will be back."

He said, "You have destroyed me. I was thinking that when Shiva meets me I will be able to fall at his feet and ask his forgiveness; and I have heard that he is very forgiving. Now you have destroyed that too--and the pain will come back."

I said, "Certainly the pain will come back, once you utter a word."

And the next day he was there. He said, "I could not manage it. At least I had to go to Doctor Barat and tell him, 'All your medicine and medical knowledge is nonsense.

Just a glass of water did what you could not do in three months. And you have been taking fees each time I was coming--give my fee back. If you knew it beforehand then for three months you have been cheating me.' But the pain came back."

He came running to me, "I am a fool, but what to do? I just could not resist putting this Doctor Barat right in his place. For three months I have been suffering and he knew the cure, and he went on giving me this tablet and that, and then he started the injections. Finally he started saying, 'You may need surgery--and just a glass of water! And he did not suggest that at all."

I said, "I cannot help you. Now the water won't work; you have broken the promise--

the miracle will not happen again. Now you go to Doctor Barat and take his medicine, or do whatsoever you want."

But he went around, even though still in pain, saying, "I have seen a miracle."

These people are there--sometimes very educated people, but deep down they are as gullible as any uneducated person. Once I am not there, you have to remember it, that all my miracles were simply jokes and nothing else; that I have been enjoying every opportunity. If there was an opportunity to manage a miracle, I have not missed it. But there was no miracle at all. If you know just a little bit of human psychology you can do great things which are not prescribed in the psychology literature and textbooks--because they are not concerned with that.

But if you know a little bit of human psychology, just a little bit--not much is needed. . And man is ready, he wants the miracle to happen. He wants to see the miracle happen; he is ready for the messiah. He is hankering,

desiring deep down to

find someone who is higher than him, more powerful than him; then he can follow him.

But I have been cutting all the roots.. . *ignor19*

I used to know a man whose wife came to me, saying, "You have to come to my house, because my husband will not listen to anybody except you. We have tried our best. He has been sick for almost two weeks and we think something is seriously wrong. He's becoming weaker and weaker, but he is not ready to go to a doctor. And he is not ready even to say why he's not willing to go the doctor."

I went. I told everybody to go out of the room and I closed the door. I asked the man,

"What is the matter? Why are you avoiding the doctor? If there is any problem, just tell me."

He said, "I can tell you. The problem is not with the doctor, the problem is with me--I am worried that perhaps I have cancer. My father died of cancer, my grandfather died. My wife, my first wife died of cancer, and I have seen so many cancer deaths in the house that it has become impossible to forget it. So I feel I have cancer."

I said, "Do you think not being examined is going to help you in any way?"

He said, "No."

I said, "But there is a possibility--if the doctor says you don't have any cancer, you will be immediately cured. Secondly, if he finds there is something else, then medicines can take care of it. But fifty percent, the chances are that you may not have the cancer. You are missing a fifty percent chance. It is up to you, it is your life. I will not disturb you. Should I go or wait for your answer?"

He said, "Wait."

After a moment he said, "It seems right. There is a fifty percent chance. It is only guesswork."

The doctor was brought, and he had the cancer. He told me, "Look!"

I said, "No harm. To know the enemy is always better than not to know, because knowing the enemy you can fight it better. Now we know it is cancer, we can fight it.

There is no problem, you are not going to die." *sermon23*

Anything that has to do with human beings can never be totally objective; it will have to allow a certain space for subjectivity.

It is not only true that the same medicine from different doctors has different effects; it is also true that the same medicine has different effects on different patients from the same doctor.

Man is not an object. .

For example, it has been noted that three persons can be suffering the same disease, but the same medicine will not work. On one person it is working; on another it is just fifty-fifty, working and not working; but on the third it is not working at all. The disease is the same, but the interiorities are different. And if you take the interiority into consideration, then perhaps the doctor will make a different impact on different people for different reasons.

One of my friends was a great surgeon in Nagpur--a great surgeon but not a good man. He never failed in his surgery, and he charged five times more than any other surgeon would charge.

I was staying with him and I told him, "This is too much. When other surgeons are charging a certain amount for the same disease, you charge five times as much."

He said to me, "My success in many other things also has this basis: when a person gives me five times more, he is determined to survive. It is not only because of money that I am greedy. If he is willing to give me five times more--when he could get the operation at cheaper rates--he is

determined to survive whatsoever the cost.

And his determination is almost fifty percent of my success."

There are people who don't want to survive; they are not willing to cooperate with the doctor. They are taking the medicine, but there is no will to survive; on the contrary, they are hoping that the medicine does not work so they will not be blamed for suicide, yet they can get rid of life. Now, from the inside that person has withdrawn already. Medicine cannot help his interiority, and without his interior support, the doctor is almost helpless--the medicine is not enough.

I came to know from this surgeon.. . He said, "You don't know. Sometimes I do things which are absolutely immoral, but to help the patient I have to do them."

I said, "What do you mean?"

He said, "I am condemned by my profession.. ."

And all the doctors of Nagpur condemned him--"We have never seen such a cheat."

He would put the patient on the table in the operating theater--doctors are ready, nurses are ready, students are watching from the gallery above. And he would whisper in the patient's ear, "We had agreed on a fee of ten thousand--that will not do. Your problem is more serious. If you are ready to give me twenty thousand, I am going to take the instruments in my hands; otherwise, you get up and get out. You can find cheaper people."

Now, in such a situation.. . And the person has money; otherwise, how can he say yes? And he accepts it: "I will give twenty thousand, but save me."

And he told me, "Any surgeon could have saved him, but not with such certainty.

Now that he is paying twenty thousand, he is absolutely with me; his whole interior being is supportive. People condemn me because they don't understand me.

Certainly it is immoral to agree on ten thousand and then put the person in the operating theater and whisper in his ear, `Twenty thousand, thirty thousand. .Otherwise get up and get out--because I had not realized that the disease had gone so deep. I am taking a risk, and I am putting my whole reputation on the line. For ten thousand I will not do that. And I have never failed in my life; success is my rule. I operate only when I am absolutely certain to succeed. So you decide. And I don't have much time, because there are other patients waiting. You just decide within two minutes: either agree, or get up and get lost.'

"Naturally the person will say, Ì will give you anything you want, but please do the operation.' It is illegal, it is immoral, but I cannot say that it is unpsychological."

Anything to do with man cannot be purely objective.

I used to have another friend, a doctor who is now in jail because he was not qualified at all. He had never been to any medical college; all the degrees that he had written on his sign were bogus.

But still I am of the opinion that an injustice has been done to the man--because it does not matter whether he had degrees or not. He helped thousands of people, and particularly those who were becoming hopeless, going from one doctor to another--

who all had degrees--and getting tired. And this man was able to save them.

He had a certain charisma--no degree. And he made his hospital almost a magic land.

The moment a patient would enter his office, immediately he would be surprised. He had been everywhere.. because people used to go to him only as a last resort.

Everybody knew that the man was bogus, it was not something hidden. It was an open secret.

But if you are going to die, what is the harm in trying?

And as you entered his garden--he had a beautiful garden--and then his office. .He had beautiful women as his receptionists, and it was all part of his medical treatment--because even if a person is dying, looking at a beautiful woman his will to live takes a jump; he wants to live.

After the reception, the person would pass through his lab. It was absolutely unnecessary to take him through the lab, but he wanted the person to see that he was not an ordinary doctor. And the lab was a miracle--absolutely useless, there was nothing significant, but so many tubes, flasks, colored water moving from one tube into another tube, as if great experiments were going on.

Then you would reach the doctor. And he never used the ordinary methods of checking your pulse, no. You would have to lie down on an electric bed with a remote control. The bed would move far up into the air, and you are lying there looking up and hanging over you there are big tubes. And wires would be attached to your pulse and the pulse would make the water in the tubes jump.

The heart would be checked in the same way--not by ordinary stethoscope. He had made all his arrangements visual for the patient--so that he could see he had come to some genius, an expert.

And the man had no degrees, nothing at all. His pharmacist had all the degrees, and he used to prescribe the medicines because the man had no idea about medicine.

In fact, he never did any criminal thing. He never prescribed medicines, he never signed for them. This was done by a man who had degrees, who was absolutely qualified to do it. But because he arranged all this, and because he had written strange degrees on his sign.. and since those degrees don't exist I don't think they can be illegal. He was not claiming any legal degrees, he was not claiming that they were from any university that exists. It was *all* fiction--but the fiction was helpful.

I have seen patients half cured just in the examination. Coming out, they said, "We feel almost cured, and we have not taken the medicine yet. The

prescription is here--

now we will go and purchase the medicine."

But because he had done all this.. . This is when I saw that the law is blind. He had not done anything illegal, he had not harmed anybody--but he is in jail because he was "cheating people." He has not cheated anybody.

To help somebody to live longer, if that is cheating, then what is medical help?

Because of human beings, medicine can never become an absolutely solid, hundred-percent objective science. That's why there are so many medical schools--ayurveda, homeopathy, naturopathy, acupuncture, and many more--and they *all* help.

Now homeopathy is simply sugar pills, but it helps.

The question is whether the person believes.

There are people who are fanatic naturopaths--nothing else can help them, only naturopathy can help them. And it has no connection with the disease.

One of my professors was madly into naturopathy. Any problem.. and a mud pack on your stomach. I used to go to him to enjoy, because it was very relaxing, and he had a very good arrangement--a beautiful bath and showers.. . And without any difficulty I used to go and say, "I have a very bad migraine."

He said, "Don't be worried. Just a mud pack on your stomach."

Now a mud pack on the stomach is not going to help a migraine. But it used to help me, because I had no migraine! A mud bath, the full bathtub, and you are drowned in the mud, just your head is out--it is very comfortable and very cool.

Soon he realized that, "You come again and again with new diseases."

I said, "That's true. Because I have got a book on naturopathy--from the

book I get the disease, and then I come to you. First I read it, to see what you will do. If I want it to be done to me, I bring that disease; otherwise, unnecessarily lying down in the mud for half an hour. . "

He said, "So you have been cheating me?"

I said, "I am not cheating you. I am your most prominent patient. In the university everybody else laughs at you, I am the only one who supports you. And the others who come here, come here because of me--because I say that my migraine disappeared."

He said, "My God, now I am suffering from migraine. Go!"

People used to become angry with me. They would tell me, "My migraine, instead of going, has become more intense--because a cold stomach does not help migraine!"

I would say, "Then your system must work differently. With my system, it helps me!"

There are homeopaths, fanatics who believe that homeopathy is the only right medicine and all other medicines are dangerous--particularly allopathy is poison. If you go to a homeopath, the first thing he will do is inquire about your whole history from your birth up to now. And you are suffering from a headache.

One of the homeopathic doctors used to live near me. Whenever my father came to see me, I would take him to the homeopath. The homeopath told me, "I pray you don't bring your father because he starts back three generations, that his grandfather had a disease. . "

I said, "He is also a homeopath. He goes deeper into the roots."

He said, "But he wastes so much time, and I have to listen--and he just has a headache! About his grandfather and all his diseases, then his father and all his diseases.. then himself. By the time *he* comes, almost the whole day is finished. My other patients are gone, and I am listening to him telling what kind of diseases he has suffered from his childhood, and finally it comes out that he has a headache.

"I say, `My God, why didn't you tell me before?' and he says, `Just as you are a homeopath, I am also a homeopath. And I want to give you a complete picture.'"

The first thing they will ask is about all your diseases because they believe that all diseases are connected, your whole life is one single whole. It does not matter whether you had something in your leg or your head--they are part of one body, and for the doctor to understand, he has to know everything.

The homeopath will ask you what kind of allopathic medicines you have been taking--because that is the root cause of all your diseases; all allopathic medicines are poison.

That is the attitude of naturopathy too, that allopathy is poison. So first you have to do fasting, enemas. .just to clean you of all allopathy. Once you are clean of allopathy. .

Man is a subjective being. If the patient loves the doctor, then water can function as medicine. And if the patient hates the doctor, then no medicine can help. If the patient feels the doctor is indifferent--which is ordinarily the case with doctors, because they are also human beings, the whole day long seeing patients, the whole day long somebody is dying. .they slowly slowly become hard, they create a barrier to their emotions, sentiments, humanity. But this prevents their medicine from being effective. It is given almost in a robot-like way, as if a machine is giving you medicine.

With love, the patient is not only getting medicine; around the medicine something invisible is also coming to him.

Medicine will have to understand man's subjectivity, his love, and will have to create some kind of synthesis in which love and medicine together are used to help people.

But one thing is absolutely certain: that medicine can never become entirely objective. That has been the effort of medical science up to now, to make it absolutely objective. *sermon02*

In one of the medical colleges in Bhopal, one of my friends was a doctor, and I used to stay with him. He was very much afraid of ghosts.

I said, "Being a doctor, and that too in a medical college where there are so many dead bodies collected for dissecting, and you are afraid of ghosts!"

He said, "Well, what to do, I am afraid. From my very childhood, I have been afraid."

So I said, "One thing has to be done. Tonight you get the key of that great hall where you are keeping many dead bodies and we will go there and see--there must be ghosts. So many dead bodies, their ghosts must be around them."

He said, "I don't want to go there. I don't go there even in the day. In the night, never!"

I said, "But I am going; give me the key."

He said, "But why are you getting into unnecessary trouble?"

I said, "For your sake, because if I am going you will have to come with me; you are my host."

Very reluctantly, unwillingly, he went with me.

I had made an arrangement. I had told another doctor who was also friendly with me, "You lie down amongst the corpses and when I enter the door. .you have not to do anything, you just sit up. Cover yourself with a white cloth so nobody will know--

that will be enough."

I took my friend there, opened the door, and pulled him inside the room by the hand.

I said, "Come in, there is nothing to be worried about, these are dead bodies, skeletons. You also have a skeleton within your skin. So there is no need to worry; you belong to the same category. Soon you will be dead and

you will be in this hall. It is better to be acquainted with these people right now."

As we entered, the doctor not only got up, but he screamed. He screamed because he was not aware that I had put another man in there also. So while he was lying down there, the other man was getting up, going down, getting up, going down. The doctor was almost on the verge of death, because he was not aware that there was another

man also; and the door was locked so he could not escape: it is better to remain silent--if this ghost becomes aware of him, he's going to torture him.

As we reached the hall he threw off his white cloth, jumped out and said, "My God!

You have put me in such trouble. I was thinking it is a joke; it is not a joke! There is another ghost, a real ghost! And he's doing exercises. He gets up, lies down, gets up, lies down.. . You don't know in what hell I've been for these few hours."

And my friend who had come with me, his face became completely white.

He said, "This is a doctor?"

I said, "Yes, he is your colleague."

He said, "What is he doing here?"

I said, "Well, I don't know, just ask him."

But he was not in a situation to say anything. He was stuttering because he was shooing the other ghost away.

I said, "Let us go to him." Nobody was ready to go to him. I went and pulled up his cloth.

They both looked at him and they said, "Another colleague? My God, should we look at the other corpses also? Do doctors come to sleep here in the night?"

I said, "It is better you become acquainted--once in a while come and sleep here, and see what the ghosts do in the night. Sometimes they dance, they sing, they play ping-pong. And one day you are going to be here, so it is better to be acquainted beforehand; otherwise you will be in much trouble."

All three left me there and escaped. I had not told the first doctor about the second, neither had I told the second about the first. When the first jumped up, the second was so shocked that he started trying to feel his heart, whether he is still alive or he is finished. And my host could not sleep the whole night, again and again he would come into my room.

I said, "What is the matter?"

He said, "I feel afraid."

I said, "There is no question of being afraid."

He said, "How did it happen, the two colleagues? Are they dead? Are they real? And what were they doing there?"

I said, "How am I to know? I am not part of your medical college. You should know better. . "

But both those doctors stopped meeting me--even if I would pass them, they would close their doors. They all used to live in small cottages around the medical college, and I used to go for a walk in the morning. And I would knock on their doors, and they would look from the window and close the window, too. *razor04*

Osho's experiences with Hypnosis

Hypnosis can be dangerous. In wrong hands anything can be dangerous; otherwise hypnosis is a simple form of relaxation. But it can be dangerous, because the man, if he is bent upon cheating you, in those states when you are under hypnosis can suggest to you things that you don't want to do. But you will have to do them when you wake up.

I used to work with one of my students. I lived in his house for six months. His brother was my friend, and I was alone and there was no point in

getting a house--

and who was going to take care of it? So he said, "You'd better stay with me." And I discovered really a beautiful medium in his younger brother.

I started hypnotizing him. Just to give an example to you: one day I told him,

"Tomorrow, exactly at twelve o'clock, you will kiss your pillow madly." The second day, nearabout quarter to twelve, he started looking a little strange, afraid, watching everybody, everywhere, and just in front of him I took his pillow and locked it in my suitcase. I could see tears coming into his eyes. I said, "What is the matter? Why are you crying?"

He said, "I don't know, but something like this has never happened to me. It is so strange.. I cannot describe." And exactly at twelve he came to me and he said,

"Please return my pillow."

I said, "What will you do at twelve? In the evening I will return it."

He said, "You have to return it to me right now."

I gave him the pillow and before six other people he started kissing the pillow madly, and looking at people thinking that he must look mad. .and he himself thinking that he *is* mad--what is he doing?

I said, "Don't be worried, that's what everybody is doing. When a man is kissing a woman, a woman is kissing a man, that is a natural hypnosis, a biological hypnosis; the biology has hypnotized your chromosomes. It is not that you are doing it. .and feeling so awkward, you don't want to do it before others, you want some lonely place of your own. Don't be worried! It makes no difference whether it is a pillow or a woman. What you are doing, *you* are not doing--it is your unconscious which is forcing you to do it."

He said, "That is the trouble. That's what I feel. Something in me says, `Kiss,' and I know that this is stupid. This is only a pillow. Why should I kiss it?"

You can, under hypnosis, manage anything if you are a person who is just trying to cheat people. You can even tell the person to murder someone and he will murder--

and he will be punished. He may be sentenced to death, and he will not have any explanation to give. And nobody can touch you who hypnotized him, because nobody will ever know what you did in hypnosis, while he was asleep.

Hypnosis can be misused. Everything great can be misused. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why most of the countries and cultures have tried to avoid any entanglement with hypnosis. And the word `hypnotism' has become a condemnatory word. But that is not right; it can do immense good too. Somebody who has some difficulty in any subject can be simply hypnotized and told, "You don't have that difficulty. That subject is simple, and you have enough intelligence to understand it." And the man will start behaving differently from the next day--his unconscious got it. There is no need to fear.

People can be helped with diseases, because almost seventy percent of diseases are mental. They may be expressed through the body, but their origin is in the mind.

And if you can put in the mind the idea that the disease has disappeared, that you need not worry about it, it does not exist any more, the disease will disappear.

I have tried very strange experiments with it. My work was concerned with something else. For example in Ceylon, Buddhist monks every year on the birthday

of Gautam Buddha, dance on red-hot burning coal--and they don't burn. One professor from Cambridge University, a professor of psychology, had gone especially to see it, because he could not believe that it is possible. But when he saw twenty monks just dancing in the flames, and that they were not burned, he thought, "If these people can do it, why cannot I do it?" So he tried. .just coming a little closer it was so hot that he ran away. He would have died if he had jumped into the pit where the fire was burning

and the monks were dancing. Now, it needs a tremendous effort of hypnosis.

I tried it on the same boy, because he was a good medium. Thirty-three percent of the whole population are good mediums, and you should remember this thirty-three percent. Thirty-three percent of the people are the most intelligent too, and this thirty-three percent is the more creative, most innovative people too. These are the same people who can go into deep hypnosis; it needs immense intelligence. People with greater intelligence--if they are ready to go into it--can go to very deep layers.

And the deeper the layers are, then things can be done which look almost miraculous.

With this boy--his name was Manoj--I tried putting a hot burning piece of coal on his hand and telling him that it is a beautiful roseflower. He saw it and he said, "So beautiful, and so fragrant," and it did not burn. I tried otherwise also: putting a roseflower on his hand and telling him it is a burning hot piece of coal. He threw it immediately, but it burned his whole hand.

Mind has tremendous power over your body. The mind directs everything in your body. Seventy percent of your diseases can be changed by changing the mind, because they start from there; only thirty percent of diseases start from the body.

You fall down, and you have a fracture--now, that fracture cannot be helped by hypnosis saying that you don't have any fracture. You will still have the fracture. The fracture has started from the body and the body cannot be hypnotized. The body has its own way of functioning. But if the process starts from the mind and extends to some point in the body, then it can be easily changed. *psycho40*

The conditioning of the conscious mind has gone so deep that even in sleep it won't allow a few things. Even in deep hypnosis it won't allow a few things.

For example, people have been worried that a hypnotist hypnotizing a

woman can rape her under hypnosis. But unless the woman herself is willing it is not possible, she will wake up.

I was working with one of my cousin-brothers. He was a very talented boy; he is now a professor in a university. But he is very cowardly. So whatever he clings to, it is very difficult to persuade him to drop it if something better is available--because what he is clinging to is safe, he knows it.

He was from a very poor family. His mother died and his father married again, and the woman started torturing the boy. So I told the boy to come and live with me so he lived with me. He was studying and he was also working part-time in an office.

The principal of his college was a friend of mine. I told him, "He has great talents and it is stupid that he should be working in an ordinary office as a typist. You can employ him also in the college part-time as a librarian, or something you can find."

And he was willing.

The boy was getting only seventy rupees per month from the office, and the principal was ready to give two hundred rupees for the same time--and almost no job, just being a librarian.

And I said to him, "It will be good, you can read while there is nobody disturbing you, and you can become acquainted with the great literature; it will all be available to you. And you will remain in the college. You can study, you can work there.

"Show your talents, so finally I can manage to tell the principal when you pass your M.A. that it will be good to make you a lecturer in the college." But he would not leave the part-time typist work in the office. It was very difficult for him to move from anything that he has become accustomed to and was secure in.

Finally I tried hypnotizing him--and he was a good medium, he did everything that I told him to do. When I became perfectly satisfied that he goes really deep and forgets everything, I said to him one day, "Now is the

time. Tomorrow you resign from your post."

He immediately opened his eyes and woke up. He said "I was afraid continuously for all these days. I can do everything else, but not this resignation. I knew that you would one day tell me to resign from that post."

"But," I said, "how did you manage it, because you were so deep in hypnosis?"

He said, "I was deep in hypnosis, but it was with my willing cooperation. On this point I was not willing."

So even in dreams the long training of your mind will interfere to change the dream, to make it as if you are chasing the best friend of your sister. But your unconscious desire is for your sister, the best friend is only a substitute. But the conditioned conscious has deep roots which have gone even into the unconscious.

So if a woman is willing the hypnotist can rape her; but she if is not willing, the moment he suggests anything against her will, she will wake up--however deep the hypnosis may be.

It was really a revelation to me, because he was doing everything else. I would tell him, "You just get up. It is morning and you have to milk the cow." And he would sit in the posture, as in India they do for milking the cow--and there is no cow. He will start milking the cow. And he will not remember anything about what happened.

But to resign from the post.. he was keeping his conscious censor alert about it.

You cannot tell somebody to go and murder, unless that person really wants to murder. Anything that the hypnotized medium does is his willing cooperation--not that he is conscious, but even in unconsciousness the conscious mind is alert so that nothing goes against the conditioning.
transm20

Every day a part of your mind must become blank so that it can receive new impressions, otherwise how can it work? As the future arrives, the past

disappears every day. And as soon as this future becomes the past, it disappears too so that we are free to receive what lies ahead. This is how the mind functions.

We cannot carry the full memory of even one life. You won't be able to recall anything if I ask you what you did on January 1, 1960. You did exist on January 1, 1960, and you must have done something from dawn till dusk, yet you will be unable to remember anything. A small technique of hypnosis can revive the memory of that day. If you are hypnotized, and a part of your consciousness is put to sleep,

and then if you are asked to describe what you did on January 1, 1960, you will recount everything.

For a long time I experimented on a young man. But my problem was how to be sure of the details he gave of January 1, 1960. He was able to narrate that day only under hypnosis: in the waking state he would forget everything. So it was difficult for me to determine whether or not he really took a bath at nine o'clock on the morning of January 1, 1960. There was only one way to do it. I wrote down everything he did on a certain day. After a few months when I asked him to describe his activities of the same day, he couldn't recall anything.

When I put him under a deep state of hypnosis and asked him to narrate the particular day, he not only recounted all that I had noted down, but described many other things which had not been written. He did not miss anything from what I had written down; rather he added many more things. Obviously I could not have noted everything. I had written only what I saw or what had occurred to me.

In hypnosis you can be taken as deeply inside your self as one would like to go. But it will be done by someone else; you will be unconscious. You won't know a thing.

Under hypnosis you can be taken even into your past lives, but it would essentially be in a state of unconsciousness. *now14*

Osho's experiences with people remembering Past Lives

Nature has a beautiful arrangement: with each death, a thick layer of forgetfulness comes over your memories. You are carrying all the memories of all your lives. But a small human being finds it so difficult to live with a small conscious mind of one life-

-if so many lives burst upon him, he is bound to be insane. It is a natural protection.

It happened. .

I was in Jabalpur and a girl was brought to me. She must have been, at that time, nine years of age. She remembered her past life completely--so realistically that it was not a memory for her, it was a continuity. It was just some accidental error in nature that there was no barrier between the past life and this life.

There is a place just eighty miles away from Jabalpur, Katni. She was born in Katni and she remembered that she had her family in Jabulpur. She remembered the names, she remembered her husband, she remembered her sons, the house--she remembered everything. One of my friends brought them to me.

I said, "This is strange, because the people she is remembering are living just three or four blocks away from my house." They had a petrol pump, so I used to go for petrol at their petrol pump every day. But I said, "You wait. You wait in my house and I will call them--the Pathak brothers--I will call them and we will see whether this girl remembers them or not."

So they came with their servants and a few other neighbors. There were twelve, thirteen people in the crowd, so that they could see whether she could find out.. . She immediately jumped, and said, "Brother, have you recognized me or not?" She caught hold of both brothers, among thirteen people, and she inquired about the mother and the children. .and father had died, and she was crying. It was not a memory, it was a continuity. They took her to their home and then it was a problem:

the girl was torn apart about whether to go to this family's house in Jabalpur and live there, or to go back to Katni to the new family where she had been

born.

Of course, in this family she had lived for seventy years, so the pull was more towards the past-life family. And in the new family she had been born only nine years before; there was no pull--but that was her family, her real family. This other family was only a memory, but to her, it was such a heart-rending problem.

And both the families were disturbed about what to do: if she remained in Jabalpur, she would remember the other family continuously, worry about what was happening to them and feel, "I want to go there." If she was there, she would be thinking that she wanted to be in Jabalpur.

Finally I suggested that the only way--it was a freak case, there was nothing spiritual in it--was that she needed a deep hypnosis for a few days, so the barrier could be created. She had to be hypnotized to forget the old and the past. Unless she could forget the past, her whole life was going to be a misery.

Both families were ready to accept that something had to be done. She was hypnotized continually for at least ten days, to forget. It took ten sessions to create a small barrier so that the old life's memories didn't float into the new life.

I have been inquiring about her. She is now perfectly okay--married, has children, has forgotten completely. Even when those people come to see her, she does not recognize them. But her barrier is very thin and artificial. Any accident, and the barrier could be broken, or any hypnotist could break it very easily within ten sessions; or some great shock, and the barrier could be broken.

There is no need for you to remember. It is perfectly good.

We have to get free from the mind.

The East has known all the layers of the mind, but the East has emphasized a totally different aspect than the West: ignore it--you are the pure consciousness behind all these layers.

Western psychology is just childish, just born at the end of the last century. It is not even a hundred years old. They have taken up the desire to enter into dreams and to find out, to dig deeper into what is there in the mind.

There is nothing. You will find more and more memories, more and more dreams, and you will destroy the person because you will make him vulnerable to an unnecessary burden which has to be erased.

One has to go beyond mind, not within the mind.

And you don't have any memory as far as the state of beyond mind is concerned.

Just drop the idea of the mind. Don't meddle with it; it is getting into an unnecessary trouble and nightmare. You have to surpass the mind, you have to transcend the mind.

Your whole effort should be one-pointed, and that is how to be a no-mind: no dreams, no memories, no experiences.

Then you are at the very center of your being.

Only then do you taste something of immortality. Only then, for the first time, do you know what intelligence is. *enligh08*

Let me tell you of an incident so that what I am saying becomes clear to you. For about two or three years, in respect to meditation, a lady professor stayed in touch with me. She was very insistent on experimenting with *jati-smaran,* on learning

about her past life. I helped her with the experiment; however, I also advised her that it would be better if she didn't do the experiment until her meditation was fully developed, otherwise it could be dangerous.

As it is, a single life's memories are difficult to bear--should the memories of the past three or four lives break the barrier and flood in, a person can go mad. That's why nature has planned it so we go on forgetting the past. Nature has given us a greater ability to forget more than you can remember, so that your mind does not have a greater burden than it can

carry. A heavy burden can be borne only after the capacity of your mind has increased, and trouble begins when the weight of these memories falls on you before this capacity has been raised. But she remained persistent. She paid no heed to my advice and went into the experiment.

When the flood of her past life's memory finally burst upon her, she came running to me around two o'clock in the morning. She was a real mess; she was in great distress. She said, "Somehow this has got to stop. I don't ever want to look at that side of things." But it is not so easy to stop the tide of memory once it has broken loose. It is very difficult to shut the door once it crashes down--the door does not simply open, it breaks open. It took about fifteen days--only then did the wave of memories stop. What was the problem?

This lady used to claim that she was very pious, a woman of impeccable character.

When she encountered the memory of her past life, when she was a prostitute, and the scenes of her prostitution began to emerge, her whole being was shaken. Her whole morality of this life was disturbed.

In this sort of revelation, it is not as if the visions belong to someone else--the same woman who claimed to be chaste now saw herself as a prostitute. It often happens that someone who was a prostitute in a past life becomes deeply virtuous in the next; it is a reaction to the suffering of the past life. It is the memory of the pain and the hurt of the previous life that turns her into a chaste woman. .

Their interests and attitudes, so totally opposite each other's, so totally different from each other's, had completely changed. This often happens--and there are laws at work behind these happenings.

So when the memory of her past life came back to this lady professor, she was very hurt. She felt hurt because her ego was shattered. What she learned about her past life shook her, and now she wanted to forget it. I had warned her in the first place not to recall her past life without sufficient preparation. *now02*

Nowadays.. no one has the desire to probe into the secret memories of past lives. If any of my friends wish to carry on experiments of this nature I am willing to guide them. I give my word that at a signal from any of them I am ready for such experimentation. If anyone comes forward it will make me very happy.

Only yesterday I received a few letters from friends saying they were ready, that they were waiting to be called. Now that the call has come I trust they are prepared to come forward. I am ready to guide them on the path of exploration into the past. I will accompany them as far as they want to go. At this stage of the world's progress and development, we badly need people who possess this ability. If only a few men can attain to this knowledge I am certain we can remove the darkness that is so quickly enveloping the whole world. *long05*

Osho's experiences with Suicide

Once I was sitting by the side of the Ganges in Allahabad alone, in a very lonely spot, and I saw a man jump into the river. I thought he must be taking a bath, but then he started shouting, "Help! Save me!"--he was drowning.

I don't believe in saving anybody, but I thought that this is a totally different case. So I jumped in after him and I pulled him out. It was hard, he was a very big and fat fellow, but somehow I brought him out. And he started being very angry with me. He said, "Why did you save me?"

I said, "This is something! You were shouting, `Save me, help me!' I am not a person to save anybody, but there was nobody else here, and I thought that this is a totally different context. But why are you getting angry?"

He said, "I was really going to commit suicide."

"Then," I said, "why did you start shouting, `Save me, help me'? You should have committed suicide--I would not have disturbed you. I was simply sitting silently, I was not interfering with you."

He said, "What to do? I wanted to commit suicide, and with a total decisiveness I had jumped in. But when the cold water touched me, I forgot

all that, and when I started drowning and came up, I don't know how, but I started shouting, `Help me, save me!'"

I said, "Don't be worried. Come here."

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "You just come close to me." He came. I pushed him back into the water. He went under once and started shouting again, "Save me, help me! What are you doing?"

I said, "Now I am not going to be worried. I did wrong the first time--please forgive me for that time. Now I will simply sit here and see you commit suicide."

He said, "This is not"--and it was difficult to say anything because he was going down and up--"This is not a joke! Just save me. I don't want to commit suicide!"

Somebody else jumped in and saved him. I said, "You are doing something wrong because that fellow wants to commit suicide."

And that fellow said, "No, I have dropped the idea. It is too difficult, I will find some easier way. This going under water and coming up--it is too much for me." *transm32*

Once it happened a friend of mine was bent upon committing suicide, so everybody was advising him but he wouldn't listen.

His father came running to me and he said, "Now it seems it is beyond us". The father had always been against me but now he thought, "Maybe this is the last resort". So I said, "I am coming."

I went and I listened to the man, and I said, "Perfectly good! I don't feel it is right, but if still you decide to commit suicide I will help you because I'm your friend! If you want to commit suicide, good! I don't feel it is right because if I were in your place I wouldn't commit suicide because it looks foolish! Because a girl has refused you, you want to commit suicide. There are millions of girls and this is not the only woman.

Within a month you will forget; you will fall in love again! But if you still think to, it is perfectly good! It is your life!"

The father became very much disturbed. He said, "We have brought you to help him not to do it!"

I said, "Who are you to help him?--because when you gave birth to him you never asked him if he wanted to be born or not. Now why should you ask? If he wants to commit suicide he should be given all freedom."

I took the man to my house. I said, "Come with me. If you are going to commit suicide, let us enjoy. One night be with me because maybe we will meet somewhere, maybe we will never meet again."

So he came with me, and by and by he started thinking, because I was not trying to convince him. I said, "We will put the alarm on and at four o'clock I will drive you to a beautiful place where you can jump into the river. .and I can say good-bye too!"

At four o'clock when the alarm went and I started pulling him out of his bed, he said,

"Are you my enemy or what? I don't want to commit suicide!"

I said, "This is not right. If you have decided it is perfectly good!"

He said, "But I don't *want* to commit suicide. Why are you forcing me?"

I said, "I'm not forcing!"

And he has not committed suicide! Now he has a wife and children and he avoids me because whenever he comes to see me I say, "What has happened now? You were thinking that you would never fall in love again; you fell in love again!"

And he says, "In fact I am happy that that woman refused; she was not for me! I would have always been in trouble, her husband is in trouble. And I have found a better woman." *zero19*

Osho's experiences with Mad people

I used to go to madhouses.. .

One of my friends was the governor of one of the states, so he allowed me--I could visit any madhouse in the state, or any jail, wherever I wanted to go. Otherwise, it is very difficult to see mad people. *empti06*

It sometimes happens that a person is brought to me and they say he is mad. He meditates and he is perfectly okay; nothing is wrong. Then he goes back home and the family again expects the madness from him. Then he starts falling into the old trap again. He has to play the role.

This is one of the most significant things to understand: almost ninety percent of the people who are in madhouses are not mad. They are just playing a role because people have forced that role on them, and they accepted it. They find it comfortable and convenient, and once they accepted it, it doesn't look good to destroy people's expectations. This is my understanding: if you say to a hundred mad people that they are not mad, ninety can come out immediately--if they are allowed to come out, and if they are made to understand that they are just playing a game. And it is a foolish game, because they are the losers. *hammer02*

In my town one of my friends' uncles was mad. They were rich people. I used to go in their house often, but even I became aware only after years that one of his uncles was kept in an underground basement, chained.

I said, "Why?"

They said, "He is mad. There were only two ways: either we keep him in our own house, chained. . And of course we cannot keep him chained in the house; otherwise people will be coming and everybody will feel worried and concerned. And his children, his wife, watching their father, their husband. . And it is against our family's reputation to send him to prison, so we found this way: we have imprisoned him underground. His food is being taken to him by a servant; otherwise nobody goes to see him, nobody goes to meet him."

I persuaded my friend, "I would like to meet your uncle."

He said, "But I cannot come with you--he is a dangerous man, he is mad! Although he is chained he can do anything."

I said, "He can at the most kill me. You just remain behind me so if I am killed you escape, but I would like to go."

Because I insisted, he managed to get the key from the servant who used to take the food. In thirty years I was the first person from the outside world, other than the servant, who had met him; and that man may have been mad--I cannot say--but now he was not mad. But nobody was ready to listen to him because all mad people say,

"We are not mad."

So when he said this to the servant, "Tell my family that I am not mad," the servant simply laughed. He even told the family but nobody took any note of it.

When I saw the man, I sat with him, I talked with him. He was as sane as anybody else in the world--perhaps a little more, because he said one thing to me: "Being here for thirty years has been a tremendous experience. In fact I feel fortunate that I am out of your mad world. They think I am mad--let them think that, there is no harm--but in fact I am fortunate that I am out of your mad world. What do you think?" he said to me.

I said, "You are absolutely right. The world outside is far madder than when you left it thirty years before. In thirty years there has been great evolution in everything--in madness too. You stop saying to people that you are not mad; otherwise they will take you out. You are living a perfectly beautiful life. You have enough space to walk. . "

He said, "That's the only exercise I can do here--walking."

And I started to teach him *vipassana.* I said, "You are in such perfect conditions to become a buddha: no worries, no botherations, no disturbances. You are really blessed."

And he started practicing vipassana. I told him, "You can practice it sitting, you can practice it walking"--and he was my first disciple as far as vipassana is concerned.

And you will be surprised that he died a sannyasin--died in the basement.

But the last time I had gone to my village, I went to see him. He said, "I'm ready; now you initiate me. My days are numbered, and I would like to die as your sannyasin.

I'm your disciple; for twenty years you have been my master and whatever you had promised is fulfilled."

And you could see from his face, from his eyes, that he was not the same person--a total transformation, a mutation.. .

Mad people need methods of meditation so that they can come out of their madness.

The criminals need psychological help, spiritual support.

They are really deep-down sick, and you are punishing sick people. It is not their fault. If somebody murders, that means he has carried a tendency to murder in him for a long time. It is not that somewhere, out of nowhere, suddenly you murder somebody. *dark04*

Once a young boy was brought to me. His parents were very much disturbed; they had taken him to psychoanalysts, to other doctors, but nothing had worked. And his problem was not very great, but it was disturbing his whole life and his whole future. He had got this idea that while he was sleeping--he used to sleep with his mouth open--two flies had entered his mouth, and they were going around inside his body. Now they are here, now they are there, now they have moved towards the head. The whole day the boy could not do anything else, there was no way to get rid of those two flies.

He was examined, there were no flies. And even if you swallowed two flies, they could not go on moving this way. There are no superhighways like this, that the flies are going to the head, and to the feet, and to the heart, and to

the stomach, and they are continuously going around and buzzing. .he could hear their buzz. And how could he remain at ease? Even in the night he could not sleep well.

When the parents brought him to me they must have taken him to many people already. Somebody suggested that perhaps I might be of some help. I listened to the story and I said to the parents, "You are absolutely wrong, and the boy is absolutely right."

The boy looked at me. I was the first man to whom his parents had taken him who had given him self-respect, dignity. Others were all telling him, "You are crazy. There are no flies."

I said, "You are all crazy. I can see his flies."

The father and the mother both became disturbed. .where had they come? Now I was going to strengthen the idea of the boy even more. But it was too late. I said,

"You sit down. You have been torturing him unnecessarily. First, he's being tortured by these two flies, and you are taking him all around. You have been humiliating him."

First, I talked to the boy's parents, and convinced the boy that I was absolutely with him. He said, "You are the first man who knows something about these deeper problems."

I said, "I absolutely agree with you. You have been tortured by these two flies, so we will take them out."

He said, "It will be very difficult because they go on changing their place."

I said, "You don't be worried."

I took him inside the room, left the parents outside and told him to lie down.

Because I was absolutely favorable to him, he listened to me. He lay down, and I told him to close his eyes and watch those flies--where they were going--so that he would have an exact idea where they were. "When they

are very close to your mouth, I will pull them out."

He said, "That seems to be logical. They have entered from the mouth."

So I put him on the bed with his eyes closed, and I rushed all over the house to find two flies. It was a difficult job and it was just by chance.. Hindu women use coconut oil for their hair--which is a dirty habit. You can smell from far away that a Hindu

woman is coming close. And I had seen dead flies many times in their bottles of coconut oil, so I rushed around looking for a coconut oil bottle. And by chance, I found not only two, but three flies.

Strangely, it seems almost every coconut oil bottle catches these flies--they go in and they get caught, they cannot fly. When they are in the bottle, taking a holy dip in the coconut oil, then they cannot fly--their wings get sticky. And particularly if it is winter time, then the coconut oil becomes solid. It was winter time, so it was very easy for me to take those three flies.

I cleaned them, washed them, brought them in, and I told the boy, "Keep your eyes on the flies--where are they?"

And he said, "They are very close. They are just near my throat."

I said, "This is the moment. Open your mouth." And as he opened his mouth, I took the flies out of his mouth which I already had in my hands. I told him, "You were wrong, there were not two, there were three."

He said, "My God! You are the right person." I showed him three flies. He said, "It feels so peaceful inside--no buzzing, no flies."

He rushed out with the flies to show his parents, and the parents were shocked.

They said, "We have been to the doctors, you have been x-rayed. We have been to the psychoanalyst, you have been psychoanalyzed, and nobody has detected any flies. But now we cannot say anything. This man has even caught them."

The boy said, "Can I take these flies with me to show to all those doctors? They are idiots because they were condemning me that I'm crazy. Now I want to show all of them that they are crazy. My only fault was that I was counting two, and there were three."

I said, "You can take these without fear, and if at any time any fly enters again, I'm available. You can come to me. You need not go anywhere else."

He said, "Now it won't happen because now I sleep with a bandage on my mouth. I have suffered enough--it has been almost two years I have been suffering."

And he went to the doctors, he went to the psychoanalyst; and one of the doctors was very friendly with me. He was a Rotarian, and I had gone the next day to speak in the Rotary Club. We met there.. he said, "You are something. Where did you get those three flies from? Now that boy is making a fool of us. And he was saying, ÀIl your X-rays, and all your education is just nonsense. You don't know anything about flies when they enter into somebody's body. And these are the flies, as a proof.'

"I inquired of him, `Who has caught them?'

"He mentioned your name, very respectfully, and he said, `He is the only man in the whole city who treated me as a human being, not as a madman--who realized my difficulty. And once he accepted my difficulty, it was not much trouble because they were roaming all over my body. He simply said, `When they come close to your mouth, just tell me. Keep your eyes closed, so I can catch hold.' And I was thinking there were only two. .there were three!'"

Imagination can create a kind of insanity if it starts believing in its own daydreams--

it can create hallucinations. As far as I'm concerned, your so-called saints, great religious leaders who have seen God, who have met God, who have talked with God, are in the same category with this crazy boy who had two flies moving inside him.

Their God is just their imagination. *rebel35*

In Poona, some twenty years ago, a young man who was a professor in the university came to see me. He wanted a private interview; he did not want to say anything about his problem before others. And later on, naturally I understood that it must have been embarrassing for him to say it before others. He had from his very childhood learned the habit--which is very strange, because a man's physiology does not allow it--of walking like a woman.

A man cannot walk like a woman for the simple reason that he does not have a womb. It is the womb in the woman's body that makes her walk differently; without the womb, nobody can manage it. But something must have happened in his childhood of which he was not aware. Perhaps he was born in a house where there were only girls--his sisters--and he was the only boy. And naturally, children learn from imitation: if he was surrounded only by girls, he may have started moving the way they were moving and become almost fixated on it.

Everybody was laughing at him, and particularly that he is a professor in the university, and walking like a woman, and all the students laughing.. . He had been to doctors, but they said, "What can we do?--there is no disease, no medicine can help.

There is nothing wrong in your body. No operation can help."

He had been to psychoanalysts in Bombay and New Delhi and they were also unbelieving, because such a case had never come to them. So none of the advice they could give was the advice of psychoanalysis--because psychoanalysis has no precedent for such a case. In all the discoveries of psychoanalysis, I have never come across a single case like this that has been treated by psychoanalysts.

So naturally. .the man was a psychoanalyst, but the advice he was giving was just commonplace advice. He said, "You have to try hard to walk like a man. Be alert."

This is commonsense advice. "What can be done? You have to change

your habit and create a new habit. So particularly when you go for a morning walk, or an evening walk, try hard to walk like a man."

And that created the trouble: the more he tried to walk like a man, the more his mind was getting hypnotized to walk like a woman. That was why he was trying. .otherwise nobody tries. Have you ever tried *not* to walk like a woman?

But if you are so consciously trying hard to walk like a man, you don't understand the mechanism of hypnosis: you are hypnotizing yourself more to walk like a woman. You are trying hard and you are failing, and every failure is making your autohypnotic situation deeper. So all the advice of great psychoanalysts turned him into even more of a mess. He started walking more like a woman than he had before.

When he came to see me, a few friends were there and he said, "I cannot tell you my problem. I want absolute privacy."

So I said, "Okay, you can come into my room." I took him into my room, and he locked the door. I said, "What kind of problem do you have that you are so much afraid?"

He said "It is so embarrassing...I walk like a woman."

I said, "You should not be embarrassed about it. In fact, you have done a miracle.

Physiologists cannot believe that it is possible: walking like a woman needs a womb, otherwise you cannot. And you don't have a womb. ."

He said, "Whatever may be the case. ."

I said, "You are somebody to be appreciated. Who says that this is embarrassing?

You would win a competition, you would come first in the whole world--a man walking like a woman.. no man can compete with you!"

He said, "What are you saying? You are trying to console me."

I said, "No. I am simply trying to make it clear to you...you have listened to psychoanalysts and other advisers who have told you to make hard and conscious efforts to walk like a man--and what has been the result?"

He said, "The result has been this, that I am walking more like a woman than before."

I said, "Now, listen to my advice. You try hard to walk like a woman. ."

He said, "You will make me look absolutely stupid."

I said, "You try it just here in this room, before me. Make a conscious effort to walk like a woman. I want to see how you can walk. .because it is physiologically impossible. It is just a psychological conditioning, and it can be broken--but not by the opposite extreme." He was afraid, but I said, "You try, just around the room--but be conscious and make it as woman-like as possible."

And he failed, he could not manage it. He said "My God, this is strange!"

I said, "Now go out, go to the university, and walk consciously as a woman. Watch women, how they are walking. .find the best woman and just walk like her."

And after seven days, when I was leaving, he came back and he said, "You have done a miracle. The harder I tried to walk like a woman. .I could not do it. People have even started looking at me strangely, because they expect me to walk like a woman and I am walking like a man. I am trying my hardest, my best, to walk like a woman, and nothing succeeds!"

I said to him, "This is the way to break through your autohypnosis. Autohypnosis is unconscious. If you consciously do the same thing, then the autohypnosis will be broken. It cannot stand the light of consciousness." *tahui17*

Traveling all over the country, while I was preparing for my people, I was studying all kinds of people--neurotic, psychotic, all kinds of people spiritual, material. *secret10*

I have been telling my people for almost thirty years, on and off, that psychoanalysis is dead, as dead as Sigmund Freud. But no psychoanalyst ever answered. The reality is that psychoanalysis has never been alive, but it was a great method of exploitation of the sick people.. .

From my university days I have been fighting, first, with my professors of psychology and psychoanalysis. Then, when I became a teacher in the university, I was fighting with my colleagues who were in the same department. But man's blindness, deafness, dumbness, seems to be infinite.. .

The materialist believes only in the body. The psychoanalyst believes in the mind as a by-product of the body: when the body dies the mind disappears also. So what are you doing?--torturing people unnecessarily. Neither the mind is going to be your eternal friend, nor the body. Just use them, but don't forget there is a witness within you.

Hence, I have been fighting for meditation. I have been telling people that unless psychoanalysis is based in meditation, unless it helps people to discover the no-

mind, the beyond, it is an absolutely futile exercise of exploiting people. But no psychoanalyst agreed with me. *poetry01*

Osho explains Meditation

At this time, Osho often leads a period of meditation, silent sitting, at the end of his discourse.

My whole life I have been talking about meditation. *isay206*

There are one hundred and twelve methods of meditation; I have gone through all those methods--and not intellectually. It took me years to go through each method and to find out its very essence, and after going through one hundred and twelve methods I was amazed that the essence is witnessing. The methods' non-essentials are different, but the center of each method is witnessing.

Hence I can say to you, there is only one meditation in the whole world and

that is the art of witnessing. It will do everything--the whole transformation of your being. *satyam22*

Whatever I am doing, my meditation continues. It is not something that I have to do it separately; it is just an art of witnessing. Speaking to you, I'm also witnessing myself speaking to you. So here are three persons: you are listening, one person is speaking, and there is one behind who is watching and that is my real me. And to keep constant contact with it is meditation.

So whatever you do does not matter, you just keep contact with your witness. I have reduced religion to its very fundamental essence. Now everything else is just ritual.

This much is enough. And this does not need you to become a Christian or a Hindu or a Mohammedan or anybody, and this can be done by an atheist, by a communist, by anybody, because it needs no kind of theology, no kind of belief system. It is simply a scientific method of slowly moving inwards. A point comes when you reach to your innermost core, the very center of the cyclone. *last302*

The basic element running through all the methods of meditation is witnessing.

You ask me: *What is witnessing?*

Whatever you are doing. For example, right now you are writing. You can write in two ways. The ordinary way that you always write. You can try another method: you can write it and you can also inside witness that you are writing it.

And you ask: *Does that mean some kind of detachment?*

A detachment. You are a little distant, away, watching yourself writing. So any act, just moving my hand, I can watch. Walking on the road, I can watch myself walking.

Eating, I can watch. So whatever you are doing, just remain a witness.

If you have any ego, it will destroy it, because this watching is very much

poisonous to the ego. It is not ego that watches. The ego is absolutely blind. It cannot watch anything. You can watch your ego. For example, somebody insults you and you feel hurt, and your ego feels hurt. You can watch it. You can watch that you are feeling hurt, your ego is feeling hurt, that you are angry. And you can still remain aloof, detached, just a watcher on the hills. Whatever goes on in the valley you can see.

So all the methods are basically different ways of witnessing. I have condensed them in a very simple way:

First, watch your actions of the body.

Second, watch your actions of the mind: thoughts, imaginations.

Third, watch your actions of the heart: feelings, love, hate, moods, sadness, happiness.

And if you can succeed in watching all these three, and as your witnessing grows deeper and deeper, a moment comes that there is only witnessing but nothing to witness. The mind is empty, the heart is empty, the body is relaxed.

In that moment happens something like a quantum leap. Your whole witnessing jumps upon itself. It witnesses itself, because there is nothing else to witness. And this is the revolution which I call enlightenment, self-realization. Or you can give it any name, but this is the ultimate experience of bliss. You cannot go beyond it.

This is the simplest. And because it can be done without in any way interfering with your everyday life, because it is something that you can go on doing the whole day.

Any other method you have to take some time apart for it. And any method that needs one hour or half an hour to sit and do it is not going to help much, because twenty-three hours you will be doing just the opposite. And whatever you have gained in one hour will be washed away in twenty-three hours.

This is the only method that you can continue around the clock. While

falling asleep you can go on witnessing, witnessing, that the sleep is coming, coming, coming, that it is getting darker and the body is relaxing. And a moment comes when you can watch that you are asleep. And still there is a corner, a space in you which is awake.

When you can watch yourself twenty-four hours, you have arrived. Now there is nothing to be done. Then witnessing has become natural to you. You don't have to do it. It will be simply like breathing, happening to you.

This is my basic method. But there are other methods. If people feel that this is difficult for them, they can try other methods. All are available.
last318

I have returned from a movie show. It is surprising to see how much the light and shade photos projected on the screen captivate people. Where there is really nothing, everything happens! I watched the audience there and it felt as if they had forgotten themselves, as if they were not there, but the flow of electrically projected pictures was everything.

A blank screen is in front and from the back the pictures are being projected. Those who are watching it have their eyes fixed in front, and no one is aware of what is happening behind their backs.

This is how *leela*, the play, is born.

This is what happens within and without.

There is a projector at the back of the human mind. Psychology calls this back side the unconscious. The longings, the passions, the conditionings accumulated in this unconscious are being continuously projected onto the mind's screen. This flow of mental projections goes on every moment, non-stop.

The consciousness is a seer, a witness, and it forgets itself in this flow of the pictures of desires. This forgetfulness is ignorance. This ignorance is the root cause of maya, illusions, and the endless cycle of birth and death. Waking up from this ignorance happens in the cessation of the mind. When the mind is devoid of thoughts, when the flow of pictures on the screen

stops, only then the onlooker remembers himself and returns to his home.

Patanjali calls this cessation of the activities of the mind Yoga. If this is achieved, all is achieved. *sdwisd04*

To understand the mind, there are the three points: The first thing is tremendous fearlessness in encountering the mind; the second thing is no restrictions, no conditions on the mind; the third point is no judgments about whatever thoughts and longings arise in the mind, no feelings of good or bad. Your attitude should simply be indifferent. These three points are necessary to understand the perversions of the mind. Then we will talk about what can be done to get rid of these perversions, and go further. But these three basic points have to be kept in mind. *journy04*

This is my observation of thousands of people: I see them carrying such great psychological luggage, and for no reason at all. They go on gathering anything they come across. They read the newspaper and they will gather some crap from it. They will talk to people and they will gather some crap. And they go on gathering. And if they start stinking, no wonder!

I used to live with a man for a few years. His house was so full of unnecessary luggage that I had to tell him "Now, where are you going to live?" And he would go on collecting any kind of thing. Somebody would be selling his old furniture, and he would purchase it, and he already had enough. He had no time to use that furniture, and he had no friends to call. His whole house was full of furniture: old radio sets, and all kinds of things. And I said "But, I don't see the point why you collect all this."

He said "Who knows, any time it may be useful."

One day we went for a walk and on the road. By the side of the road, somebody had thrown a cycle handle. He picked it up. I said "What are you doing?"

He said "But, it must be worth twenty rupees at least, and I have picked up a few other things also--sooner or later I am going to make a bicycle!" And he showed me.

He had one wheel, one pedal, that he had picked up from the roads. And he said

"What are you saying? Soon you will see!"

This man died. The cycle remained incomplete. And when he died, everybody who came to look was puzzled by what he was doing in this house--there was no space even to move.

But this is the situation of your head. I see cycle-handles, and pedals, and strange things that you have gathered from everywhere. Such a small head, and no space to live in! And that rubbish goes on moving in your head; your head goes on spinning and weaving--it keeps you occupied. Just think what kind of thoughts go on inside your mind. *sunris09*

Sometimes, sitting under the stars, you feel a bliss arising within your heart. It seems not of this world. You are surprised. You cannot believe it.

I have come across simple people who have known many moments in their life which are Buddha-like, which belong to Christ consciousness, but they have never talked about them to anybody because they themselves don't believe that they were possible. They have in fact suppressed them. They have been thinking that they must have imagined them: How can it happen without any effort of my own? How is it possible that suddenly one becomes blissful?

You can remember them in your own life--and in such moments when you were never expecting them--just going to the office, in the daily routine, the sun is high

and you are perspiring, and suddenly something strikes home, and for a moment you are not the old you. Paradise is regained.

And then it is lost again. You forget about it because it is not part of your style of life.

You don't even talk about it, you think 'I must have imagined it. How are these things possible? And I have not done anything so how can it happen? It must have been hallucinatory, an illusion or a dream.' You don't talk about

it.

As I have observed thousands of people deeply I have not come across many people who have not found such certain moments in their life. But they have never talked of them to anybody. Even if they tried to, people laughed and they thought: You are foolish, stupid. They don't believe, they repress.

Not only has humanity repressed sex, has humanity repressed death, humanity has repressed all that is beautiful in life.

Man has been forced to become like an automaton, a robot. All clues, all doors, have been closed towards the unknown. *treas303*

It is my continual experience of thousands of people that when they come for the first time to meditate, meditation happens so easily because they don't have any idea what it is. Once it has happened, then the real problem arises--then they want it, they know what it is, they desire it. They are greedy for it; it is happening to others and it is not happening to them. Then jealousy, envy, all kinds of wrong things surround them. *golden03*

The inner world is a new world where you have not even looked, where you have never taken a single step. So I have to teach you how, slowly, you can step inwards.

Even when I say to people to go inwards, immediately they ask questions which show how focused on the outside things they are.

I say to them, "Sit silently."

And they will ask me, "Can I do *gayatri mantra?"*

Whether you do gayatri mantra or you read the newspaper does not matter, both are outside. I am telling you, "Sit silently."

They say, "That is right, but at least I can repeat *omkar..."* It is pitiable. I feel sad for them, that I am telling them to be silent but they are asking me to fill their silence with something. They don't *want* to be silent. If nothing else, then omkar will do--

anything will do. *upan02*

In India people go on doing all kinds of things. They concentrate, they chant mantras, they fast, they torture their bodies, and they hope that through all these masochistic practices they will realize God. As if God is a sadist! As if God loves you to torture yourself! As if he demands that the more you torture yourself, the more worthy you become. God is not a sadist; you need not be a masochist.

I have come across people who think that without long fasting there is no possibility of meditation. Now, fasting has nothing to do with meditation. Fasting will only make you obsessed with food. And there are people who think celibacy will help them into meditation. Meditation brings a kind of celibacy, but not vice versa. A celibacy without meditation is nothing but sexual repression. And your mind will become more and more sexual, so whenever you sit to meditate your mind will become full of fantasies, sexual fantasies.

These two things have been the greatest problems for the so-called meditators: fasting and celibacy. They think these two things are going to help--they are the greatest disturbances!

Eat in right proportions. Buddha calls it "the middle way": neither too much nor too little. He is against fasting, and he knows it through hard experience. For six years he fasted and could not attain to anything. So when he says, "Be in the middle," he means it. About celibacy also: don't enforce it upon yourself. It is a by-product of meditation, hence it cannot be enforced before meditation. Be in the middle there too, neither too much indulgence nor too much renunciation. Just keep a balance. A balanced person will be more healthy, at ease, at home. And when you are at home, meditation is easier.

What then is meditation? Just sitting silently doing nothing, witnessing whatsoever is happening all around; just watching it with no prejudice, no conclusion, no idea what is wrong and what is right. *dh0802*

Osho teaches friends meditation

Once it happened that one of my friends, a very old man of seventy-eight, fell from the staircase and broke many of his bones. The doctors told him to remain on the bed for six months, because he was very old and the body would take a long time to regain its strength.

He was an active man, very very active. When I went to see him he started crying--

and he is not a man who ordinarily cries; I had never seen him cry before. He said, 'It would have been better if I had died. Death is not so bad, but six months just lying on the bed is impossible. I will commit suicide. Six months seems almost endless and the pain is too much, I will not be able to survive it.' I told him to do one thing: to close his eyes and move to where the pain was, to pinpoint it.

For half an hour he looked inside. His whole face relaxed, and after half an hour when he came back he was a totally different man. He said, 'I could watch, I could see, and just seeing and looking at it, suddenly there was the realisation that I am separate from the pain.'

Those six months became a blessing. He had to remain on the bed, but he continued watching. For the first time in his life he became a meditator. Now he says that that was the greatest thing that has happened in his life. Now it has become an everyday process. For at least two or three hours he lies down on the bed, on his back--and now there is no need--just to watch.

One should always be looking for methods of how to change a calamity into a blessing. There is always a way; one has just to look for it. This is the basic art of life-

-how to change misery into celebration, how to change a curse into a blessing, how to use suffering to grow, how to use pain to be reborn.
wobble10

Once it happened: I was staying in a rest-house. And a political leader was also staying there--a very small rest-house in a very small village. The political leader came to me in the middle of the night, and said, "It is impossible to sleep. How are you sleeping?" He shook me, and said, "How

are you sleeping, there is so much distraction?"

Somehow or other at least two dozen dogs.. they must have made the rest-house their abode--the whole village's dogs. Maybe they were having a political gathering also--and they were so many; there was such a loud barking and fighting.

He said, "But how are you sleeping? These dogs won't allow me to sleep, and I am tired."

So I said to the political leader, "But they are not aware of you. They don't read newspapers, they don't listen to the radio, they don't look at television; they are not aware of you. I was also here before you. That is their usual way: they are not doing it specially for you. You are fighting, resisting. The notion that they are disturbing you is disturbing you; not they. Accept them!" I told him to do one small meditation.

"Lie down on the bed. Enjoy their barking. Let it be a music. Enjoy it. Listen to it, as attentively as possible."

He said, "How is it going to help me? I want to avoid, I want to forget that they are there, and you are telling me to listen to them. That will disturb me even more."

I told him, "You just try. You have been trying your way, and it has failed. Now try my way; and you can see that it has been successful with me."

He was not ready for it, and he didn't believe it; but there was no other way, so he tried. And within five minutes he was fast asleep, and snoring. So I went and shook him up, and I said, "How are you sleeping? How is it possible?"

If you accept, nothing can distract you. It is the very rejection in you that creates the distraction. So, if you want to meditate without distraction, don't reject anything.

The traffic noise has to be accepted--it is part of this world, and perfectly okay; the child crying and weeping is part of this world, and perfectly okay. Once you say that everything is okay, just watch the feeling that everything

is okay and accept it.

Something within you melts. Then nothing distracts. And unless this happens, you can go anywhere you like and you will be distracted by one thing or another. *foll308*

Once a young man came to me. He was a good runner, a champion runner, and he asked me how to meditate, and he was so bubbling with energy. He was a great runner, and he said, 'When I sit, and you tell me to sit silently, I cannot sit; the energy is so much. Is there any possibility for me to ever become meditative?'

I said, 'You forget about meditation. You run, and you drop yourself in running. One day meditation will happen.'

He said, 'What are you saying? Just by running? Has anybody ever become a Buddha just running?'

I said, 'Yes, there is a possibility. Because a person can become a Buddha in any activity.'

He said, 'I will try.'

After a week he came and he said, 'It is unbelievable. I cannot even believe that it has happened. Something tremendously beautiful happened. I was running, I was going as fast as I could. And as you had said, I forgot myself completely. I was not performing, it was not a competition. I was simply in it. .the sun falling on my being, showering me, the morning breeze, the birds singing, and the empty bank of the river. And I was running and running.

'And by and by I started falling into a rhythm with the river, with the breeze, with the trees. And suddenly, yes, it was there. I was so full of joy. I have never been so joyful. Tell me, Osho, has it really happened? Because I cannot believe that just by

running...and I have been running for many years and it has never happened.' He was not losing himself; running was a performance.. .

I am saying to you that even a thing like running, if it is no more a

performance, will give you the same orgasm that love can give, and the same ecstasy that meditation can give. *trans204*

I had a friend who had a problem with anger. He said, "I am very much disturbed by it and how much it is beyond my control. Show me a method to control it without me doing something myself--because I have almost given up, I don't think I can do anything about it. I don't think that I can get out of this anger by my own efforts."

I gave him a paper on which were written the words: 'Now I am getting angry'. I told him, "Keep this paper in your pocket and whenever you feel angry, take it out, read it and put it back again." And I said, "You can do at least this much; this is the minimum. I can't tell you to do anything less! Read this paper and then put it back in your pocket." He said he would try.

After two or three months, when I met him again, I asked, "What happened?"

He said, "I am surprised. This paper has worked as a mantra. Whenever I feel angry I take it out. The moment I take it out, my hands and feet become numb. As I put my hand in my pocket I realize that I am feeling angry and then something in me loosens up; the grip that the anger used to have on me inside suddenly disappears.

As my hand goes into the pocket, it relaxes, and there is no longer any need even to read it. When I feel the anger I start seeing the paper in my pocket."

He asked me, "How did this paper have this effect? What is the secret?"

I said, "There is no secret to it. It is simple. Whenever you are unconscious, the perversions, the imbalances, the chaos of the mind take hold of you. But when you become aware everything disappears."

So watching will have two results. Firstly your knowledge of your own energies will develop and knowing them makes you a master. And secondly, the strength of the grip these energies have on you will decrease. Slowly, slowly you will find that first anger comes and then you watch. Then after a while, gradually, you will find that anger comes and the watchfulness comes at the same time. And finally you will find that the anger is about to arise but the watchfulness is already there. From the day the watchfulness comes before the anger, there is no longer any possibility of anger arising.

Awareness of things before they happen has a value. Being sorry has no value because it happens later on. *journy07*

One of my friends, he was a colleague in the same university where I was a teacher, said to me "I have been trying to drop my smoking, for almost twenty years."

I said, "That is too long a time to drop a cigarette; just give me a cigarette and I can drop it right now."

He said, "Don't make a laughing stock of me. I have worked hard to drop it, and sometimes for a few hours, or sometimes even for few days, I manage not to smoke.

But finally I have to give way. And now I have even dropped fighting; it is meaningless--twenty years fighting."

I said, "You don't understand simple laws of life. You are a man fast asleep, and in sleep you cannot make any decisions, any commitments. My suggestion is that you do one thing: you smoke more consciously."

He said, "What--smoke? I want to drop it."

I said, "Just listen to what I am saying, you smoke *more* consciously. Take the packet from your pocket very slowly and consciously. Pull the cigarette out very slowly--

there is no hurry. Look at the cigarette from all sides, put it in your mouth, wait.

There is no hurry. Go very slow-motion, just as if a film is going in slow motion.

He said, "What is that going to do?"

I said, "That we will see later on.. then take your lighter, look at it."

He said, "You are making me a fool--what is that going to do?"

I said, "You just.. . Twenty years you have done it your way; twenty days you do it my way. Look at the lighter, then light the cigarette, then smoke as slowly as possible. And be watchful that the smoke is going in, then the smoke is going out.

That is the oldest meditation, *vipassana.* Gautam Buddha may never have thought that it will be used with a cigarette and a cigarette lighter--but I have to manage for him."

He would not do Vipassana, but this.. . He said, "Okay, I will try it, twenty days it is not much."

But the second day he came to me and said, "This is strange. Doing things so slowly makes me so alert; smoking, and watching the smoke going in and the smoke going out makes me so silent that already, in two days, I am smoking almost fifty percent less.

I said, "Just wait twenty days."

He said, "I don't think it will last twenty days; at the most five days and it will be finished."

I said, "Don't be in a hurry to finish it, because if anything remains clinging it

will enforce you again. So go very slowly; there is no hurry, and there is no harm. It does not matter--at the most you may die two years earlier. But anyway, what were you going to do in those two years--just smoke.. more! So there is no harm anyway; the world is too populated, and if people go on disappearing a little earlier, making space for other people, it is very compassionate of them."

He said, "You are a strange fellow." And after the fourth day he told me, "Now, as my hand moves towards the pocket, suddenly a stop comes--from where, I don't know. I have not been smoking for one whole day because each time I try to take a cigarette, I cannot take the packet out. What is the secret of it?"

I said, "There is no secret; you have just learned to smoke consciously, with awareness. And nobody can smoke with awareness, because smoking is not a sin--

smoking is simply a stupidity. If you are alert and awake, you cannot be so stupid.

There is fresh air available; you can go and have good breathing, deep breaths, fresh air, perfumed with flowers. You must be an idiot if you have to pay money to make your breathing dirty, dirty with nicotine, harming your lungs, harming your life; and there is no point in it." *golden02*

A friend came to me. He said, "I don't think I shall be able to meditate. I am a drunkard and the habit has got hold of me so much that it is impossible for me to leave drinking in this birth. Now I shall have to await for next birth to tread this path." He had tried many ways and means to kick off the habit but all had proved futile. And now he had even given up trying because slowly slowly he had no willpower left. And he had faced so much disappointment that he was not hopeful of

carrying out any further promise. So he requested me not to ask him to give up drinking. He wanted to find out if there was a way in which he could drink and meditate at the same time. "If so please tell me," he asked.

I told him, "Your drinking is also for the sake of meditation."

He was startled to hear this. He said, "People rightly say that you are a dangerous man and I shouldn't have come to you. And I was thinking that you will definitely tell me some way to get rid of my drinking and give me assurance. And you say that drinking too is meditation."

So I told him, "Try to understand. And if you can understand that drinking too is meditation then drinking can be dropped. After all why do you drink? Forget about the wine part of it, but tell me why do you drink?"

He said, "I drink to forget myself."

I told him, "The desire to forget yourself is also the desire of meditation. To lose yourself, to drown, is also the desire of meditation. Mistakenly you have taken up drinking. You want to drink meditation and instead you are drinking wine. So then I will not ask you to give up drinking. Instead I will ask you to learn from wine the art of loosing yourself and drowning yourself. And once you have learned the art of drowning, of forgetting, then you will not have much trouble in giving up the support of wine. If you can drown and forget yourself without the help of wine then the habit of drinking will go away. Because I say unto you that you are not a drunkard but you want to meditate, only you have adopted the wrong type of meditation."

So then he asked me, "Can I come for meditation? But I will continue to drink."

I said to him, "Don't mention to me at all about wine. I am going to give you a new type of wine. You drink that. And if this new taste suits you then the old will become tasteless. And till you have begun to like the new wine it is also foolish to drop the old wine, and there is no sense to it also. First get a good experience of the new wine. If the new one has some kick. . And if meditation does not even possess this much strength to make you give up drinking, then don't be under any illusion that it will be able to make you have a union with God. After all if you can't leave a small thing like drinking, then it means that meditation is weaker than wine. And always you should choose strong friends, and what is the use of choosing weak friends?'

So he came along. He was skeptical, but he became so immersed in meditation--so immersed, which is not possible for those who have never

tasted drink because those people do not know how to drown themselves. Those who have never drunk wine, they don't know how to lose themselves.

Now by this I don't mean that you should start drinking. It is not necessary, you can go into meditation even without having drunk wine. But if you have tasted wine then it is proper to utilize it. It is not proper to waste any experience in life, it is necessary to distill it's essence.

He immersed himself deeply in meditation, and the wine got lost. Now he comes to me and says, "You have cheated me. If you had warned me before that it would be like this I would have never come. You never talked about leaving wine. I came under this illusion that this man is okay because he never asks you to drop drinking but makes you meditate also, So I have nothing to lose. But now I am so engrossed in meditation that.. ." *sadhan03*

Osho opens his first Meditation Centres

1962 Osho opens his first Meditations Centres known as Jivan Jagruti Kendras (Life Awakening Centres), and names his movement Jivan Jagruti Andolan (Life Awakening Movement).

With the help of meditation temples or centers, I would like to, in a scientific way, introduce the modern man to meditation not only in an intellectual way but get him there in an experimental way. And it is more difficult to enter meditation through intellectualism than through experimentation. There are certain things that we can know of only by doing them. They cannot be understood just by knowing them.

Actually we cannot know them till we do them. The meditation centers are scientific places where a modern man can understand meditation through modern language and symbols. Not only that they can actually do it and get introduced to it. .

There are hundred and twelve such methods in the world. I would like to give a detailed scientific basis for these methods in the meditation centers. So that not only can you understand but also do them. If not one method then through some other method. But we would not let you come out

disappointed from that center. Because these are the ultimate one hundred and twelve methods, there cannot be more than this. If one of them does not work then some other will work. If not then the next one. And you can very easily find out which method is going to work for you. The technique to find out a particular method for a person, is also a science.

If we can build such meditation centers in the major cities of our country and also outside the country, then we will be able to give some ray of hope to mankind which at present is undergoing a lot of pain and sorrow and is unable to see any path out of it. *hasiba02*

Osho writes to a friend:

A meditation centre has started here where some friends are experimenting. When I have some definite results there is every possibility of my writing something. About my experiments on myself, I am sure and certain, but I want to test their usefulness to others. I do not want to write anything in the manner of philosophy, my outlook is scientific.

I want to say something about yoga based on certain psychological and para-psychological experiments. There are many illusory notions held about it and these have to be refuted. Therefore I am experimenting here also. It is clear to me that this work is not for promoting any group or cause. *teacup01*

In February 1964 Osho writes:

I am going to speak on Samadhi Yoga in Delhi and I have also to inaugurate a meditation centre there. Such centres I have already begun at Bombay, Calcutta, Jaipur, Kanpur, Udaipur, Chanda and other places. Thousands of people have come into contact and one gathers hope that meditation can be brought to each and every home. Meditation is the central essence of religion. It is only through re-establishing it that religion can be revived. *letter04*

One of the professors who was my colleague wanted to learn meditation. I had a small school of meditators there. He participated, and the first day he experienced

silence he simply jumped out of the small temple where we used to sit and ran away! I could not understand what had happened. I had to follow him. He would look back at me, and as he looked at me following him, he ran faster. I thought, "This is something. What happened to this man?"

I yelled, "You wait, Nityananda!"--his name was Nityananda Chatterji--"just wait for a moment!" He just waved his hand, meaning "finished" and said, "I don't want to meditate. You are a dangerous man!"

Finally I got hold of him just before he entered his house. He could not run anywhere else now. I said, "You better tell me what happened."

He said, "What you did I don't know, but I became so silent--and you know me, I am a chatterbox"--Chatterji was his name, too. He was a Bengali. "In the morning I start talking, and I talk till I fall asleep. .almost in the middle of a sentence--I continuously talk. It keeps me engaged, unworried, with no problems. I know there are problems, but talking to anybody. .if nobody is there I talk alone.

"And there, sitting with you, suddenly talking stopped. I was blank. And I said, `My God, I am going mad! If this happens to me twenty-four hours--finished. Nityananda Chatterji,' I said, `your life is finished. If the mind does not come back again. .before this silence goes further, escape from here. And why are these thirty, forty people sitting here with closed eyes?--but that is their problem. Everybody has to take care of himself.' So I escaped."

I said, "Don't be worried. Silence is not something that destroys your mind, it simply helps the mind to rest. And to you it happened so easily because you are a chatterbox; the mind is tired. It does not usually happen so easily. Those other people are sitting. It is not so easy that when for the first time you sit to meditate, your mind becomes silent.

"You have bothered the mind so much your whole life, people are afraid of you. Your wife is afraid, your children are afraid. In the university the professors are afraid. If you are sitting in the common room, the whole common room becomes empty; everybody escapes from there. It is because of too much use of the mind. It is a mechanism, it needs a little rest.

"Scientists say that even metal gets tired; it also needs rest. The mind is a very sophisticated phenomenon, the most sophisticated thing in the whole universe, and you have used it so much that finding a chance to become silent it immediately became silent. You should be happy."

He said, "But will it start again or not?"

I said, "It will, whenever you want."

He said, "I became afraid that if it does not start again. .then Nityananda Chatterji, your life is finished. You will be in a madhouse. Why, in the first place, did you ask this man about meditation?"

And I said, "I was also asking myself why you want to meditate."

He said, "I was simply talking about it, just the way I talk about everything--and you grabbed me. You said, `That's perfectly okay. You come with me in the car.' I had never meant...I talk about everything--whether I know about it or not, it does not matter. I can talk for hours. Just because you were sitting in the common hall and there was nobody else, I thought, `What subject will be right?' Seeing you I thought,

`Meditation is the only subject you may be interested to talk about,' so I talked. And you grabbed me; you brought me in the car.

"And I thought, `What harm can it be? My house is just a few minutes away from your house so it is good to go in the car. And all the way I will talk.' And all the way I talked about meditation. And that's how I got into your trap, because then I could not turn back. You pushed me into that temple where forty people were sitting, so I had to sit. I wanted to escape from the very beginning. I never wanted to meditate, because I don't want to get into anything if I don't know where it will lead.

"And just as I was sitting there, everything became silent. I opened my eyes, I looked around, and everybody was with closed eyes, silent. I thought, `This is the time that I should escape.' And you are such a man that you won't let me even run away. The whole street saw that I am escaping and you are following. And I was saying, Ì am not going to stop.'

Just I became very much afraid. I am afraid of silence. Talking is perfectly okay."

I said, "You are fortunate because you have talked so much that your mind is ready to relax. Don't miss this opportunity. And don't be afraid. Can't you see me?--I can talk. You will be able to talk whenever you want. Right now talking is not within your power; it simply goes on by itself. You are simply a gramophone record, and silence will make you a master."

He said, "Well, if you promise, I trust you and I will come every day. But remember, I don't want to lose my mind. I have children, I have a wife, I have old parents."

I said, "Don't be worried. You will not lose your mind."

And you will be surprised that that man progressed in meditation better than anyone else. That gave me the idea of a special meditation, and I started a new technique, gibberish. It was not absolutely new, but nobody had used it as a device for many people to meditate.. .

So I told Nityananda Chatterji, "You don't be worried. You have been doing gibberish so much that you are going to certainly attain a deep silence."

And he became very silent. The whole university was shocked. They could not believe what I have done to him. Now people would approach him, want him to talk, and he would say, "No, enough. When I used to talk, you all used to escape. I am finished. Just leave me alone."

He was promoted but he refused and went on pension, so his wife and children could live and he could continue his silence. I saw him after ten years. He had become a totally new man, so fresh and so young, as if a bud is just opening and becoming a rose--with that freshness. And he didn't talk; for hours he would come and sit, and there would be no talk.

So whatever is happening, allow it to happen. The mind is accustomed to a certain quantity of inner talk. .

Mind is only a mechanism--it can talk, it can be silent. The only problem is, it should not be the master, it should be the servant. As a servant it is great;

as a master it is dangerous. You should be the master of it. *mystic15*

Osho holds Meditation Camps

1962-1974 Osho holds many Meditation Camps of 3-10 days, during which he gives several daily discourses and leads meditations.

I used to talk to crowds of fifty thousand people or one hundred thousand people, and I knew that everything was going beyond their heads; they were just sitting there.. .

These people loved me, not because they understood what I was saying, but just because of the way I was saying it. They loved my presence but they were not seekers. They had just taken an opportunity.

Soon I became tired. It was utterly useless because they were listening with one ear, and from the other ear it was going out--that was the men! Women listen with both the ears, and everything goes out from their mouth. Just a little difference! Have you ever seen two women sitting silently together?

The world is so full of gossiping, and you are talking about meditation. It is so juicy to gossip about what is happening in the neighborhood. As far as meditation goes, there is enough time in old age, or even after death. Silently lying down in your grave you can meditate as much as you want. But right now there is so much happening all around--somebody's wife has escaped, somebody's husband is cheating his wife.. .

Seeing the situation, that it is almost futile to talk to the crowd, I started gathering a few people. The only way was to drop speaking to the crowds. I would go to a mountain and I would inform people that whoever wanted to come to the mountain for ten days, or seven days, could come and be with me. Naturally, if somebody takes ten days out of his work, he has some interest, it cannot just be curiosity. If he leaves his wife and children and job for ten days, at least he shows a sign that he is not only curious but he really wants to know. That's how the meditation camps began. *hyaku08*

I used to go often to Udaipur, in Rajasthan. In Udaipur I had my first meditation camp; and I had a very beautiful gathering of people. *mess212*

To a friend Osho writes:

I have just got back from a camp at Ranakpur.

It was just for friends from Rajasthan, that's why you weren't informed.

It lasted five days and about sixty people participated.

It was a wonderful success and it was obvious that much happened.

Encouraged by the results the organizers are planning a Camp on an all-India basis.

You must come to that. *teacup01*

Ranakpur Meditation Camp, June 1964

Ranakpur Meditation Camp becomes a landmark in Osho's work because, for the first time, his discourses and meditations are recorded and published in a book, *Path to Self-Realization,* which is widely acclaimed in India. Osho later said that this book contains his whole teaching which have never altered. (It is reprinted as *The Perfect Way).*

Here Osho introduces his camp:

I see man engulfed in deep darkness. He has become like a house whose lamp has been snuffed out on a dark night. Something in him has been extinguished. But a lamp that has been extinguished can be relit.

I see as well that man has lost all direction. He has become like a boat that has lost its way on the high seas. He has forgotten where he wants to go and what he wants to be. But the memory of what has been forgotten can be re-awakened in him.

Although there is darkness there is no cause for despair. The deeper the darkness, the closer the dawn. In the offing I see a spiritual regeneration for the whole world.

A new man is about to be born and we are in the throes of his birth. But this

regeneration needs the cooperation of each of us. It is to happen through us and through us alone. We cannot afford to be mere spectators. We must all prepare for this rebirth within ourselves.

The approach of that new day, of that dawning, will only happen if we fill ourselves with light. It is up to us to turn that possibility into a reality. We are all bricks of the edifice of tomorrow and we are the rays of light out of which the future sun will be born. We are creators not just spectators. The need, however, is not only for the creation of the future, it is for the creation of the present itself, it is for the creation of ourselves. It is by creating himself that man creates humanity. The individual is the component of society and both evolution and revolution can take place through him. You are that component.

This is why I want to call you. I want to awaken you from your slumber. Don't you see that your lives have become quite meaningless and useless, totally boring? Life has lost all meaning, all purpose. But this is natural. Without light in man's heart there cannot be any meaning in his life. There cannot be any joy in his life when there is no light in his inner being.

The fact that we find ourselves superfluous and overburdened today is not because life in itself is useless. Life is one endless fulfillment. But we have forgotten the path that leads to that destination, to that fulfillment. We simply exist and have nothing to do with life. This is not living, it is just waiting for death. And how can waiting for death be anything but boring? How can it be a joy?

I have come here to tell you this: there is a way to awaken from this bad dream you have mistaken for life. The path has always been there. The path that leads from darkness into light is eternal. It is there for certain, but we have turned our faces from it. I want you to turn your faces towards it. This path is *dharma,* religion. It is the means of rekindling the light in man; it is giving direction to man's drifting boat.

Mahavira has said for those being swept away by the rapid current of the world, with its old age and its death, that religion is the only island of safety, the anchor, the destination and the refuge.

Are you thirsty for the light that fills life with joy? Do you want to attain the truth that gives man immortality? If so, I invite you. Accept my invitation--for joy, for light, for deathlessness. It is simply a matter of opening your eyes. And then you will inhabit a new world of light. You don't have to do anything else, you just have to open your eyes. You just have to wake up and look.

Nothing in man has really been extinguished nor has he really lost direction, but if his eyes are closed the darkness spreads everywhere and all sense of direction is

lost. By shutting his eyes a man loses everything; by opening them he becomes a king.

I am calling to awaken you from your dream of downfall to the majesty of an emperor. I wish to transform your defeat into victory, your darkness into light, your death into immortality. Are you ready to embark upon this voyage with me.?

Before we begin our work please accept my love. It is the only thing with which I can welcome you to the loneliness and seclusion of these hills. I have nothing else to give you. I want to share with you the infinite love the presence of God has created in me.

I wish to distribute it. And the wonder of it is that the more I share it, the more it grows! Real wealth increases with distribution but the wealth that decreases by sharing is not real wealth at all. Will you then accept my love? I see acceptance in your eyes and that they are overflowing with love in response.

Love begets love and hate begets hate. Whatever we give, it is returned in kind. This is an eternal law. So whatever you desire is what you should give unto the world.

You cannot receive flowers in exchange for thorns.

I see flowers of love and peace blooming in your eyes, and I am deeply gratified.

Now there are not so many different people here. Love unites and

transforms the many into one. Physical bodies are separate and will continue to be so, but there is something behind these bodies that brings people together and unites them in love.

It is only when this unity is attained that anything can be said and that anything can be understood. Communication is only possible in love and in love alone.

We have gathered in this lonely place so that I can tell you something and so that you can listen to me. This telling and this listening are only possible on the level of love. The doors of the heart open only to love. And remember it is only when you hear with the heart and not with the head that you can really hear anything. You may ask, "Does the heart hear as well?" but I say that whenever there is hearing it is the heart alone that hears. So far the head has never heard anything. The head is stone deaf. And this is also true of speaking. Only when words come from the heart are they meaningful. Only words that come from the heart have the fragrance of fresh flowers; otherwise they are not only stale and faded but are like artificial flowers, made of paper.

I shall pour out my heart to you and if your hearts allow me to enter there will be meeting and communication. It is at this moment of communion that the thing words are powerless to express is communicated. Many unsaid things can also be heard like this, and that which cannot be put into words, that which is between the lines can also be communicated. Words are very impotent symbols but if listened to in total peace of mind and in silence they become powerful. This is what I call hearing with the heart.

But even when we are listening to someone we are full of thoughts about ourselves.

And that is false listening. Then you are not true listeners. You are under the illusion you are hearing but as a matter of fact you are not. For right-hearing it is necessary for the mind to be in a state of perfect, silent watchfulness. You should simply listen and not do anything else. Only then can you hear and understand. And that understanding becomes a light and brings about a transformation in you.. .

I expect this kind of hearing from you during the period of this *Sadhana* Camp. Once you have mastered the art it becomes your lifelong companion. It alone can rid you

of trivial preoccupation. It can awaken you to the great, mysterious world outside and you will begin to experience the eternal light of consciousness. That is what is behind the tumult of the mind.

Right-seeing and right-hearing are not only a necessity for this *Sadhana* Camp but are the foundation of all right-living. Just as everything is clearly reflected in a lake that is totally calm, without ripples, that which is the truth, that which is God will be reflected in you when you become calm and still like the lake.

I see such silence and calm coming to you and I see your eyes inviting me to say what it is I wish to say. They are urging me to share the truths I have seen that have moved my soul. Your hearts are eager and impatient to hear about them. Seeing that you are so willing and ready to hear me, my heart is impelled to pour itself out to you. In these peaceful surroundings, when your minds are perfectly calm as well, I shall certainly be able to say what it is I wish to say to all of you. It often happens that I must refrain from speaking when I see deaf hearts before me. Doesn't light remain outside when it find the doors of your house closed? In the same way I often stand outside many a house. But it is a good sign that your doors are open. It is a good beginning. *pway01*

We shall start the five-day program of this *Sadhana* Camp tomorrow morning and by way of introduction I would now like to say a few things.

For one's *sadhana,* for the realization of truth, the mind has to be prepared in the way one prepares the soil for the cultivation of flowers. And so, I would like you to bear a few maxims in mind.

The first maxim is: live in the present. During the Camp do not be carried away by your habit of thinking about the past and the future. If you allow yourself to be carried away, the living moment, the really important thing will be wasted and will pass away uselessly. Neither the past nor the future exists. The past in only memory; the future, imagination. Only the present is

real and alive. And if the truth is to be known it can only be known through the present.

During the Camp, please keep yourselves aloof from the past as well as from the future. Accept that they do not exist. Only the moment you are in exists. Only the moment in which you are exists and nothing else. You have to live in it and to live it completely. Sleep as soundly tonight as if your whole past has been cut adrift. Die to the past. And in the morning get up as a new man, because it is a new morning. Let him who went to bed not awaken. Let him go to sleep for good. Let him who is ever-new and ever-fresh arise.

To live in the present, keep remembering--and stay on guard twenty-four hours every day to see that mechanical thinking about the past and future does not start up again. Watching is enough. If you watch, it won't start up again. Watching and awareness break the habit.

The second maxim is: live naturally. Man's entire behavior is artificial and the result of conditioning. We always wrap ourselves in a phony mantle and because of this covering we gradually forget our real being. Shed this false skin and throw it away.

We have not gathered here to stage a drama but to know and to see ourselves as we really are. Just as actors in a play remove their costumes and make up and put them aside after the performance, in these five days, you must remove your false masks and set them aside. Let that which is fundamental and natural in you come out--and

live in it. One's *sadhana,* one's path, develops only through simple and natural living.

During the days of this Sadhana Camp be aware that you hold no position, have no profession, have no status. Divest yourself of all these masks. You are simply you, quite an ordinary human being with no name, no status, no class, no family, no caste--a nameless person, a very ordinary individual. You have to learn to live like this because in reality this is what you are.

The third maxim is: live alone. One's sadhana is born in complete

aloneness, when one is all alone. But generally man is never alone. He is always surrounded by others. And if there is no crowd around him on the outside, he is in the midst of a crowd inside. This crowd has to be dispersed.

Inside, do not allow things to crowd in on you. And the same is true for the outside--

live by yourself as if you are all alone at this Camp. You don't have to maintain relations with anyone else. In the midst of these countless relationships you have forgotten yourselves. All these relationships--enemy or friend, father or son, wife or husband--have so engulfed you that within yourself you can neither find nor know your own being.

Have you ever tried to imagine what you are, away from these relationships of yours? Have you ever discarded the garb of these relationships and seen yourself quite separate from them? Remove yourself from all these relationships and know that you are not the son of your father and mother, not the husband of your wife, not the father of your children, not the friend of your friends, not the enemy of your enemies--and what remains is your real being. What remains in you is your self.

During these days you have to live alone in that being.

By following these maxims you will be able to reach the state of mind that is an absolute necessity for carrying on your sadhana and for attaining peace and the realization of truth. *pway01*

As well as these three maxims, I wish to explain to you the two kinds of meditation we will begin tomorrow.

The first meditation is for the morning. During this meditation you must hold your spine erect, close your eyes and keep your neck straight. Your lips should be closed and your tongue should touch the upper palate. Breathe slowly but deeply.

Concentrate your attention on the navel. Be aware of the tremor felt at the navel because of the breathing. This is all you have to do. This calms the

mind and stills thoughts. From this emptiness you ultimately go inside. *pway01*

The second meditation is for the night. Spread your body on the floor and let the limbs relax completely. Close your eyes and for about two minutes suggest to yourself that the body is relaxing. Gradually the body will become relaxed. Then for two minutes suggest that your breathing is becoming tranquil. The breathing will become quiet. Finally, for another two minutes suggest that thoughts are coming to a halt. This willed auto-suggestion leads to complete relaxation and emptiness.

When the mind has become perfectly calm, be totally awake in your inner being and be a witness to the tranquility. This witnessing will lead you to your self. *pway01*

You must practice these two meditations. But as a matter of fact they are really artificial devices and you are not to stick to them. With their help the mind's restlessness dissolves. And just as we no longer need a ladder after climbing, one

day we have to give up these devices as well. Meditation attains perfection the moment it becomes unnecessary. This very stage is *samadhi. pway01*

Now the night is well advanced and the sky is filled with stars. The trees and the valleys have gone to sleep. Let us also go to sleep now. How quiet and silent it all is!

Let us also merge into this peacefulness. In deep sleep, in dreamless sleep we go to the very place where God dwells. This is the spontaneous, non-conscious samadhi that nature has bestowed upon us. With the help of this Sadhana Camp we can also reach the same destination. But then we will be conscious and aware. This is the difference and it is a great difference indeed. In the former we are asleep; in the latter we are wide awake.

Let us now retire into sleep with the hope that we will attain samadhi. When our hopes are accompanied by determination and right-endeavor they are bound to be fulfilled.

May God guide us along the path. This is my only prayer. *pway01*

In this Sadhana Camp we must make this one experiment--and that is not to allow our vision to be smothered by words. I call this the experiment of right-mindfulness.

You must remember, you must stay aware so that words are not formulated. It is possible to stop words evolving because they are just a habit of ours after all. A newborn child views the world without the intermediary of words. This is pure, direct vision. Later he gradually forms the habit of using words because words are helpful and useful in his external life and in the world outside. But what is useful in the outer life becomes an impediment in knowing the inner life. It is because of this that even the old must reawaken in themselves a child's capacity of pure vision in order that they may know their selves. They knew the world with the help of words and now they must come to know their selves with the help of the void, of emptiness.

What are we to do in this experiment? We will sit quietly, keeping the body relaxed and the spine erect. We will stop all movement of the body. We will breathe slowly and deeply and without any excitement. We will silently observe our own breathing and we will listen to any sounds falling on our ears from outside. We will not react in any way; we will not give them a second's thought. We will let go into a state of mind where, without the interference of words, we will simply be a witness. We will stand at a distance and watch whatever is taking place. Don't try to concentrate at all. Simply be quiet and watch whatever is happening. Listen. Just close your eyes and listen. Listen quietly in silence. Listen to the chirping of the sparrows, to the swaying of the trees in the wind, to the cry of a child, to the sound of the water wheel at the well. Simply listen. And do nothing else.

First, within yourself, you will experience a throbbing of the breath and a beating of the heart--and then a new kind of quiet and peace will descend upon you. You will find that although there is noise outside there is silence inside. You will find you have entered a new dimension of peace. Then you will find that there are no thoughts, that only pure consciousness remains. And in this medium of emptiness your attention turns towards the place that is your real abode. From the outside you turn towards your home.

Your vision has led you inwards. Simply keep watching. Watch your thoughts, your breath and the movement at the navel. No reaction. The result will be something

that is not a creation of the mind, that is not of your creation at all. This is in fact your being, your existence. This is the cohesion that sustains us all. It reveals itself unto us and then one's own self, the biggest surprise of all, appears. .

We have to exist this simply. We have to do nothing. We have to give up everything and just be. Then something that cannot be put into words will happen. The experience that will come to pass cannot be expressed in words. It is the epitome of experiences. It is the realization of the truth, of one's self, of God. *pway02*

While I come and go, no one should touch my feet. I am not a holy man, saint or a mahatma either. According to me, to try to be a holy man, saint or mahatma is childish. There is no need to offer me any respect. That much respect is enough for me that you listen to what I am saying. There is no need to even believe in it. Think about it, experiment, if it is right, it will remain with you and if it is wrong, it will drop. *amrav01*

Development of Osho's Teaching

I was known all over the country as the *acharya.* The acharya means a master, a teacher, and I was a teacher, and I was teaching and travelling. That was just the introductory part of my work; that was to invite people. *trans204*

In his last moments Vivekananda* said he had been calling for one hundred people to come forward to work with him, but that they had not come and that he was dying a very unhappy and disappointed man. Vivekananda was convinced that he could have changed the world if those hundred men had come forward. But they never came. And Vivekananda died.

I have decided not to call but to go to the villages and search out those hundred men.

I will look deep into their eyes to fathom the depths of their souls. And if they do not heed my call I will bring them forward by force, by compulsion. If I am able to bring together one hundred such men I assure you that the souls of those hundred men will stand out like Mount Everest, casting their brilliance on an erring mankind and leading it to the right path.

Those who accept my challenge and have the strength and courage to walk that difficult path with me must remember that the path is not only difficult, it is also unknown. It is like a tremendously vast sea, and we have no map, no chart of its depths. But the man who has the courage to enter the deep water should realize that he only has that strength and power because God himself has called on him.

Otherwise he would never be so brave. In Egypt it was believed that when a man called on God for strength and guidance it was because God has already called on him and that there would have been no call otherwise.

Those who have this inner urge have a responsibility towards mankind. And today it is of the utmost urgency to go to the four corners of the world, to sound the call for men to step forward to sacrifice their whole lives to reaching the heights of spirituality and enlightenment. .

I am throwing out a great challenge to those who feel they have something good to offer humanity. I intend to wander through as many villages as necessary, and if I encounter eyes that can serve as lights for others, or eyes in which I feel I can kindle

the burning flame of conviction, I will take those people with me and I will work on them. I will make them able. I will impart to them all the faculties necessary to enable them to hold high the torch and illumine the dark path men tread to a brighter future, to a future full of knowledge and light.

As for myself I am fully prepared, I do not intend to die like Vivekananada saying I spent my life searching for a hundred men and could not find them. *long05*

*Note: Vivekananda was the disciple of enlightened mystic Ramakrishna I have been talking to ordinary people my whole life and I know how it is

difficult to manage some kind of communication, but I can say with great humility that I have been able to succeed in reaching thousands of hearts. *last508*

My occupation has always been, in a certain sense, personal. Even if thousands of people are with me it is still a one-to-one relationship between you and me. It is not an organization, and it can never be. *glimps37*

When I was travelling in India for fifteen years continuously, I used to remember thousands of people's names. For five years I might not visit their town and then suddenly one day I would be there and I would remember all those people!

Hundreds of people--and they were surprised how I could remember their names.

But that was not a problem at all. They thought it had something to do with memory.

It had nothing to do with memory--I have a very lousy memory--but I had a deep interest in people!

So whenever I am talking to one person I forget the whole world. Then that person is my whole world--at least for that moment, only he exists. So if you meet me after many lives somewhere, I will remember you. That one moment of total attention, that one moment of love, that one moment of focussing on you, that one moment when you become my world, is enough! You are engraved forever, enshrined forever--it is impossible to forget! *madmen20*

I have been fighting on two fronts. I have to fight the old traditions, old religions, old orthodoxies, because they will not allow you ever to be healthy and whole. They will cripple you. The more crippled you are the greater saint you become. So on one hand, I have to fight with any kind of thinking or theology which divides you.

Secondly, I have to work on the growth of your inner being.

Both are part of the same process: how to make you a whole man, how to

destroy all the rubbish that is preventing you from becoming whole--that is the negative part; and the positive part is how to make you aflame with meditation, with silence, with love, with joy, with peace. That is the positive part of my teaching.

With my positive part there is no problem; I could have gone around the world teaching people meditation, peace, love, silence--and nobody would have opposed me.

But I would not have been of any help to anybody, because who is going to destroy all that rubbish? And the rubbish has to be destroyed first, it is blocking the way. It is your whole conditioning. You have been programmed from your very childhood with absolute lies, but they have been repeated so often that you have forgotten that they are lies.. .

So my work begins with negativity--I have to destroy every program that has been given to you. By whom, it does not matter--whether it is Catholic or Protestant does

not matter; I have to deprogram you so you are clean and unburdened. Your doors and your windows are opened.

And then the second part, the essential part, is to teach you how to enter within. *upan02*

In my youth I was known in the university as an atheist, irreligious, against all moral systems. That was my stand, and that is still my stand. I have not changed even an inch; my position is exactly the same. But being known as an atheist, irreligious, amoral, became a problem. It was difficult to communicate with people, almost impossible to bridge any kind of relationship with people. In my communing with people, those words--atheist, irreligious, amoral--functioned like impenetrable walls. I would have remained so--for me there was no problem--but I saw that it was impossible to spread my experience, to share.

The moment people heard that I am an atheist, irreligious, amoral, they were completely closed. That I don't believe in any God, that I don't believe in any heaven and hell was enough for them to withdraw from me. Even

very educated people--

because I was a professor in the university, and I was surrounded by hundreds of professors, research scholars, intelligent, educated people--simply avoided me because they had no courage to defend what they believed; they had no argument for themselves.

And I was continually arguing on street corners, in the university, in the *panwallah's* shop--anywhere that I could get hold of somebody. I would hammer religion and try to clean people completely of all this nonsense. But the total result was that I became like an island; nobody even wanted to talk with me, because even to say hello to me was dangerous: where would it lead? Finally I had to change my strategy.

I became aware that, strangely, the people who were interested in the search for truth had got involved in religions. Because they thought me irreligious, I could not commune with them; and they were the people who would be really interested to know. They were the people who would be ready to travel with me to unknown spaces. But they were already involved in some religion, in some sect, in some philosophy; and just their thinking of me as irreligious, atheistic, became a barrier.

And those were the people that I had to seek out.

There were people who were not involved in religions but they were not seekers at all. They were just interested in the trivia of life: earning more money, being a great leader--a politician, a prime minister, a president. Their interests were very mundane. They were no use to me. And they were also not interested in what I had to offer to them because it was not their interest at all.

The man who wants to become the prime minister of the country is not interested in finding the truth. If truth and the prime ministership are both presented to him, he will choose the prime ministership. He will say about truth, "There is no hurry. We can do that--the whole of eternity is available--but the opportunity of the prime ministership may or may not come again. It rarely comes, and only to very very rare people, once in a while. Truth is everybody's nature, so any day we can find that.

First let us do that which is momentary, temporal, fleeting. This beautiful dream may not happen again. Reality is not going anywhere, but this dream is fleeting."

Their interest was in dreaming, imagination. They were not my people, and communication with them was also impossible because our interests were diametrically opposite. I tried hard but these people were not interested in religion, not interested in truth, not interested in anything that is significant.

The people who *were* interested were either Christians, or Hindus, Mohammedans, Jainas, Buddhists: they were already following some ideology, some religion. Then it was obvious to me that I would have to play the game of being religious; there was no other way. Only then could I find people who were authentic seekers.

I hate the word religion, I have always hated it, but I had to talk about religion. But what I was talking about under the cover of religion was not the same as people understood by religion. Now, this was simply a strategy. I was using their words--

God, religion, liberation, moksha--and I was giving them my meaning. In this way I could start finding people; and people started coming to me.

It took a few years for me to change my image in people's eyes. But people only listen to words, they don't understand meanings: people only understand what you say they don't understand what is conveyed unsaid. So I used their own weapons against themselves. I commented on religious books, and gave a meaning that was totally mine.

I would have said the same thing without commenting--it would have been far easier because then I would have been directly speaking to you. There was no need to drag in Krishna, Mahavira, and Jesus, and then make them say what they had never said. But such is the stupidity of humanity that the same thing that I had been saying before, and they were not ready even to hear it. . And now thousands started gathering around me because I was speaking on Krishna.

Now, what have I to do with Krishna? What has he done for me? What

relationship have I got with Jesus? If I had met him while he was alive I would have said to him,

"You are a fanatic and you are not in your senses, I cannot say that the people who want to crucify you are absolutely wrong, because they have no other way to deal with you."

So this was the only way. When I started speaking on Jesus, Christian colleges and Christian theological institutes started inviting me to speak, and I was really continually giggling inside, because those fools thought that this was what Jesus had said. Yes, I used Jesus' words--one has just to understand a little game with words and one can make any word mean anything--and they thought that this was the real message of Jesus.. . "Our own Christian missionaries and priests have not done so much for Jesus as you have done."

And I had to keep quiet, knowing that I have nothing to do with Jesus, and that what I was saying Jesus might not have been able to even understand. He was a poor fellow, absolutely uneducated. Certainly he had a charismatic personality so it was not difficult to gather a few uneducated people, fear-oriented and greedy for the joys in heaven. This man was making promises and asking nothing. So cheap: what was the harm of believing in him? There was no danger, no harm. If there was no heaven and no God, you were not losing anything. By chance if there were, and this man was the begotten son of God, then you were gaining so much for nothing: simple arithmetic!

But it is significant that not a single educated, cultured rabbi became Jesus' disciple, because those rabbis knew far better expressions, far better ways of philosophizing.

And this man knew nothing. He was not giving a single argument, he was simply stating things which he had heard from others; and he was a stubborn type of young man.

What I said in the name of Jesus, I had been saying before also, but no Christian community, no Christian college, no Christian theological institute would have invited me. What to say of invitation?--if I had wanted to enter

they would have closed the doors. That was the situation: I was prohibited from entering my own city's central temple, and they had the support of the police so that I should not be allowed in. So whenever there was a Hindu monk speaking inside, a policeman was on guard outside to prevent me coming in.

I said, "But I want to listen to that man."

The police officer said, "We know, everybody knows, that when you are there, everybody has to listen to *you*. And we have been called here just to prevent you, not anybody else; everybody else is allowed. If you stop coming we would not be bothered because we are unnecessarily standing here for two or three hours every day. While the discourse session continues I will be standing here just for you, one person."

But now the same temple started inviting me. Again the police were there--to prevent overcrowding! They said to me--one officer who was still there said to me--

"You are something! We were standing here to keep you out, now we are standing here because too much crowding is dangerous--the temple is old."

It had balconies and at least five thousand people could sit inside. But when I used to speak there, nearabout fifteen thousand people would turn up. So people would go on the balconies which were usually never used. One day it became so serious that it was almost possible the balconies would fall down--so many people on the balconies, and it was an old temple. Then naturally they had to arrange that from the next day only a certain number of people were to be allowed in.

That created trouble. That officer said, "Now new trouble! You speak for two hours there, but people start coming two hours earlier, because if they come late they won't get in." He said to me, "But you are something! You *were* against God."

I said in his ear, "I still am--don't tell anybody because nobody will believe it. And I will always remain against God. Before I depart from the world I will expose everything. But you are not to tell because nobody is going to

believe you, and I will flatly deny that I have ever said anything to you."

He said, "You are something. You are against God and speaking on God?"

But then I had to find my own ways. I would speak on God and then tell people that godliness was a far better word. That was a way of disposing of God. But because I was speaking on God, the people who were involved--who were true seekers being exploited by the religious priesthood--started becoming interested in me. I found from all the religions, the cream.

There was no other way, because I would not have been able to enter their folds, and they would not have been able to come to me: just those few words would have been enough to prevent them. And I could not have blamed them, I would have blamed myself I had to find some way so that I could approach them. And I found

the way; it was very simple. I simply thought, "Use their words, use their language, use their scriptures.

"And if you are using somebody else's gun, that does not mean you cannot put your own cartridges in it. Let the gun be anybody's, the cartridges are mine! --because the real work is going to happen through the cartridges, not the gun. So what harm?"

And it was easy, very easy, because I could use Hindu words and play the same game; I could use Mohammedan words and play the same game; I could use Christian words and play the same game.

Not only were these people coming to me, but Jaina monks, nuns, Hindu monks, Buddhist monks, Christian missionaries, priests--all kinds of people started coming to me. And you will not believe it: you have not seen me laughing because I have laughed so much inside that there was no need. I have been telling jokes to you, but I have not been laughing because I have been playing a joke my whole life! What can be more funny? And I managed to befool all those priests and great scholars so easily.

They started coming to me and asking me questions. I just had to be alert in the beginning to use their vocabulary, and just between the lines,

between the words, to go on putting the real stuff in which I was interested. I learned the art from a fisherman.

I used to sit by the bank of the river for hours because that was the most beautiful place in my village. The morning was beautiful, the evening was beautiful; and even in the hot summer there were spots where there were thick trees, just leaning over the river. You could just sit in the river, in the water, and it was so cool you could forget it was summer.

I was just sitting looking at the morning sun, and fishermen were there. In India they put out a bait for the fish. Everywhere fishermen put out bait, but in India it has to be non-vegetarian, because the people who are catching fish and the people who are going to buy fish, both are non-vegetarians. So the fishermen will cut small insects into pieces which are delicious to the fishes and hook them to their--what do you call it? Fishing line?--fishing line, and the fishes will come and catch the insect. And with the insect there is a hook; the hook will catch the fish. The fish will come to get the insect, but inside the insect the hook has been put, so once she swallows the insect, the fish is caught by the hook and she can be pulled out immediately.

Looking at this fisherman I thought, "I have to find some way that I can catch my people. Right now they are in different camps, nobody is mine." I was alone: nobody was courageous enough even to associate with me or to walk with me because people would think that he was also gone, was lost. I found the bait: use their words.

In the beginning people were really shocked. Those who knew me for years, who knew that I had always been against God, were really puzzled, absolutely puzzled. .

This was happening again and again. Once I was speaking in a Mohammedan institute in Jabalpur. One of my Mohammedan teachers had become the principal of this institute; he was not aware that I was the same person he knew. Somebody told him that they had heard me speaking on Sufis and that it was something incredible:

"We had not thought about Sufis that way, and our institute will be honored

if he comes."

In India, or in any other country, if a Mohammedan comes and speaks on the *Bible* you feel very flattered, your ego is tremendously strengthened. Or if a Mohammedan, a Hindu, a Buddhist, is speaking on Jesus, praising him and his words.. . And particularly in India where Mohammedans and Hindus are continuously killing each other, if somebody who is not a Mohammedan can speak on Sufism.. . My old teacher was very happy; he invited me to talk.

I was in search of all these invitations because I wanted to find my people, and they were all hiding in different places.

When my teacher saw me he said, "I have only *heard* of miracles, but this is a miracle! You are speaking on Sufism, on Islam, on the fundamental philosophy of Islam?"

I said, "To you I will not lie--you are my old teacher. I will be speaking only on my philosophy. Yes, I have learned the art of throwing in the word Islam to people once in a while. That much I will do."

He said, "My God! But now we are caught: people are waiting in the auditorium. And you are the same mischievous person, you have not changed. Are you kidding or something?--because one of our trusted teachers who is an authority on Sufism has praised you. Because of his praise I have invited you."

I said, "He has spoken rightly, and you will also praise what I say. But remember always, I will say only what I want to say. It does not matter, it is so simple a thing: if a Buddhist calls me I have only to change a few words, and from Sufism I talk about Zen, not about Sufis. I say the same thing; it is just that Sufism is changed a little here and there. And I have to be alert--I should not forget about whom I am speaking, that's all."

And I spoke. Of course he had been sitting there very sad, but when he heard me he was so joyous. He came and hugged me and he said, "You must have been joking."

I said, "I am always joking--don't take it seriously."

"You *are* a Sufi" he said.

I said, "that's what people say!". .

I was speaking in Amritsar in the Golden Temple which is now creating great trouble in India. This is the Sikh temple, and because of this temple Indira Gandhi has been assassinated; the whole country is shaken. I was speaking in this temple.

Everywhere, all around the country, people had asked me thousands of times, "Why do you grow a beard?" I had become accustomed to the question and I enjoyed answering in different ways to different people.

But in the Golden Temple when I was speaking on Nanak and his message, a very old sardar came to me, touched my feet and said, "Sardarji, why have you cut your hair?" That was a new question, asked for the first time. He said, "Your beard is perfectly okay, but why have you cut your hair?--and you being such a religious man."

Only five things are needed to be a Sikh, very simple things; you can manage them, anybody can. They are called the five K's because each word starts with K. *Kesh* means hair, *katar* means a knife; *kachchha* means underwear--that I have not been able to figure out. It is the only question I cannot answer. What philosophy is being taught? Strange, but there must be some reason.

I enquired of the Sikh priests and their high priest, "Everything is okay--grow your hair and have a sword or a knife--but this kachchha.. ? What theological, theosophical, philosophical meaning does kachchha have?"

They said, "Nobody has ever asked about it; we just have to follow these five K's.". .

This old sardar thought that I was a sardar because nobody who was not a sardar had ever spoken in the Golden Temple; so it was unprecedented. He was certainly puzzled about why I, such a religious man, had cut my hair. And I was only thirty at that time.

So I told him, "There is some reason in it. I don't feel yet a perfect sardar, and I don't want to claim anything that I am not. So I have kept four things but I have been cutting my hair. I will grow my hair when I am a perfect sardar."

He said, "That's right. It is tremendously significant that a man should think about this, that he should not pretend to be a perfect sardar. You are a better sardar than us: we think we are perfect because we have all five things.". .

From among these people I found my people. It was not difficult, it was very easy. I was speaking their language, their religious idioms, quoting their scriptures and giving my message. The intelligent people there immediately understood and they started gathering around me.

All over India I started creating groups of my own people. Now there was no need for me to speak on Sikhism, Hinduism, Jainism; there was no need, but for ten years I had been continually speaking on them. Slowly, when I had my own people, I dropped speaking on others. After traveling for twenty years I stopped traveling also, because there was no need. Now I had my people: if they wanted to come to me they could come.

So it was an absolute necessity; there was no other way to hook my people.

Everybody is already divided. It is not an open world: somebody is a Christian, somebody is a Hindu, somebody is a Mohammedan. It is very difficult to find a person who is nobody. I had to find my people from these closed flocks, but to enter their flock I had to talk their language. Slowly, slowly, I dropped their language.

Proportionately as my message became more and more clear, their language I slowly dropped. .

In those days I had to speak in the name of religion, in the name of God. It was compulsory. There was no alternative: it was not that I had not tried it. I had tried it, but found it simply closes people's doors. But I could see a simple way out.

Even my father was puzzled, more so than anybody else, because he knew me from my very childhood--that I am an atheist, a born atheist; that I am against religion, against the priests. When I started speaking in religious conferences, he asked me,

"What is happening? Have you changed?"

I said, "Not a bit, I have just changed my strategy; otherwise it is difficult to speak in the world Hindu conference. They won't allow an atheist on their stage. An amoralist, a godless person, they won't allow. But they invited me--and I said everything against religion, in the name of religion."

The shankaracharya, the head of the Hindu religion, was presiding over the conference. The King of Nepal--Nepal is the only Hindu kingdom in the world--

inaugurated the conference. The shankaracharya was in great difficulty because what I was saying was absolutely sabotaging the whole conference. But the way I

was presenting it, the people were getting impressed. He became so angry that he stood up and tried to snatch away the microphone--this old man. While he was trying to snatch it away, I said, "Just one minute, and I will be finished." So just for one minute he stopped--and in one minute I managed!

I asked the people--there must have been at least one hundred thousand people--I asked them, "What do you want? He is the president, he can stop me if he wants, and certainly I will stop. But you are the people who have come here to listen. If you want to listen to me, then you all raise your hands; and to make it clear raise both your hands."

Two hundred thousand hands.. . I looked at the old fellow and said, "Now you sit down. You are no longer president: two hundred thousand hands have canceled you completely. Whom do you represent? You were president--these people had made you president, now these people have canceled you. Now I will speak as long as I want to speak"--it would have been impossible otherwise. And I found hundreds of people from that gathering: Bihar became one of the most potential sources of my

sannyasins.

The same way I was moving around the country going into religious conferences and catching hold of people. And once I had my own group in that city then I never bothered about their conferences; then my group was holding its own conferences, its own meetings. But it takes time. *person14*

Osho's interaction with Jainas

Thousands of people have come to me and gone. There was a time I was surrounded by Jainas. Unfortunately I was born in a Jaina family, so naturally my first audience was of Jainas. They were immensely happy because I was saying things which they had never thought about, I was interpreting their scriptures in a totally new way.

They had great hope in me. They thought that. .

Their religion has remained very small; it is the smallest religion in India. And it is the ancientmost religion--it is more ancient than Hinduism. But what calamity has happened? Even today there are not more than thirty-five lakhs of Jainas in a country of nine hundred million people. What has happened? Jainism is at least seven thousand years old--that is at least. It can be more, older, because in Harrappur and in Mohanjodro two ancient cities have been excavated, and Jaina statues have been found in those cities.

Now it is a scientific fact that those cities were destroyed somewhere between seven thousand and ten thousand years ago, and that is a very conservative estimate. But even if we take that estimate, in ten thousand years the population of the Jainas has remained negligible--thirty-five lakhs. That is not worth any consideration! That is why in the great religions of the world Jainism is never counted--never counted with Christianity, Islam, Hinduism, Buddhism. They are great religions, and they are all very new as far as Jainism is concerned.

Because of my interpretations they had a tremendous hope in me, that perhaps I may spread their religion to the whole world, take the message to the whole world.

But they were unaware--they were my first audience--they were not aware what kind of man I am: I cannot support anything which my heart is not ready to support.

So a few things I have supported in Jainism--people were very happy. But the moment I started telling about things which I cannot support, they were shocked. I have walked on their fingers. Just a small thing--which is so rational--and the Jaina community.. their supreme command decided to expel me. I wrote a letter to them saying, "Don't be stupid. I expel you all from my life. You don't have to expel me; you cannot. I am no more part of you."

And what was the reason? I addressed a Jaina conference and told them, "You are the oldest vegetarians of the world. You eat the purest food, but you have not produced a single Nobel prize winner. What is your contribution to art, to music, to science, to mathematics, to painting, to poetry? What is your contribution to the world? There are the Jews who get forty percent of all the Nobel prizes, and the rest of the world has to live only on sixty percent."

And I told them, "The reason is--I have deeply enquired into the matter--that in vegetarian food something is missing which is necessary for intelligence. That is why you have remained retarded."

Vegetarian food is not complete, and particularly for intelligence certain vitamins are missing. Those vitamins can be found in meat. Certainly I cannot support non-vegetarian food. Even though it gives you better intelligence, it destroys your very soul; it makes you cruel, violent, inhuman.

So I suggested to them, "I have found something which should be immediately accepted if any intelligence is left in you, and that is eating eggs which are not fertilized, non-fertilized eggs. They are not living, there is no life. If you leave them they will simply rot and disappear. There is no life in them because the male sperm has not entered into the mother's egg; the mother has grown the egg without the male sperm. It is not alive, so there is no harm in eating it. It is vegetarian."

Suddenly they were very angry. I am suggesting for them to eat eggs, and

they are afraid even to eat tomatoes, because tomatoes look like meat--just the color, poor tomatoes.. How can they conceive of themselves eating non-fertilized eggs?

Somebody stood up and said, "Maybe that is right that they are not living, but they are coming from animals."

I said, "So is milk; what is the difference? If you are avoiding anything that is coming from any living being, your children are from the very beginning against Jainism; they are drinking their mother's milk. And *you* are drinking milk"--and Jainas drink milk and milk-made products more than anybody. They cannot enjoy meat and non-vegetarian foods, so to substitute they have invented thousands of ways of delicacies made of milk products.

But the very word ègg' was enough for them to leave me completely; the Jainas disappeared. I was dangerous! I was teaching something that they have never done in ten thousand years. No scripture of theirs suggests anything about it. But they were absolutely unable to answer my questions--"If you are eating the purest food, your intelligence should have been the purest flame, the sharpest genius, the most creative, but it has not been so." And immediately--they had come to me because they thought I was supporting their system, but I am not supporting anybody's system--they disappeared. . *pilgr16*

Now the vegetarians are very much against me. They would like to kill me--although they are vegetarians. They don't want to kill anybody, but as far as I am concerned, they are ready to kill me: "This man is going to teach people to eat eggs." *upan18*

It happened in one Jaina family I used to stay with.. . It must have been six in the evening. A very old man, the father of the woman in whose house I was staying, came to see me. Now, in Jaina families, six is almost the last limit for the evening supper. As the sun sets, you cannot eat.

I was just going to take my bath and then to take my supper, but because the old man had come from far away and he must have been almost ninety-five, I said,

"Wait, there is no hurry. I can take my bath a little later on and the supper can wait--

there is no problem in it. First, let me talk to him about why he has come."

He was a ninety-five-year-old man and he had been living in a Jaina monastery for thirty years: he had renounced the world. He was recognized as a saint*, but just to come to see me was still to be in the Jaina community, so many Jainas had come following him. He told me.. the first thing, he touched my feet. I said, "This is not right, because you are ninety-five; even my grandfather is not ninety-five."

He said, "I have wanted to touch your feet for so long. I was afraid that death might spoil everything, and I might not be able to touch your feet. I have read only one of your books-- *Path to Self-Realization,* and that was it. It changed my whole life. Since then, you have been my master. If it was in my power.. . "

Jainas have twenty-four *tirthankaras,* twenty-four prophets, in one period of creation. That means that after millions of years, when this creation dissolves and a new creation starts, then again there will be twenty-four teachers.

He said to me, "We already have twenty-four tirthankaras, but if it was in my power, I would have declared you the twenty-fifth, because what the twenty-four have not been able to do for me, you have done." He was just all praise.

Just then, a servant came and said, "Your bath is ready and the supper will become cold."

The old man was in a shock. He said, "What? In the evening you take a bath?"

The Jaina tirthankara does not bathe at all because that is decorating the body, making it non-smelly. It is in the service of something that is lower than you; it has to be sacrificed for the higher. So Jaina tirthankaras don't bathe.

I said to him, "Yes--one in the morning, one in the evening. I take two baths."

He said, "Moreover, the sun has set, and you have not taken your supper yet?" In the first place, the Jaina tirthankara eats only once--there is no question of supper. And even if you are eating twice, at least you should be understanding enough to see that it has to be before sunset.

He forgot all his praise--I was no longer a tirthankara. I had been for years, and just because of a single expectation which I had never promised him I would fulfill.. .

That was his mind.

But he said, "Then I have been completely wrong. For all these years I have praised you, I have read your books--but you are not the right man to follow."

I said to him, "Understand a small thing. I never told you to follow me, I never said to read my books. I never told you to make me a tirthankara. I never asked you to have any expectations of me. It was easy because you had not seen me, you had not known me. A book is dead, and the book you are reading is my first book; and I have

gone far. If you had started reading my second and third and fourth books, they would have spoiled all your admiration."

But he was so angry that when he left, I said, "Won't you touch my feet again?--

because you are so old, and next time.. we may meet, we may not meet."

He said, "I have made the mistake once, I cannot make it twice." *light02*

*Note: A traditional renunciant means one who has renounced the world, eg a Jaina muni, Buddhist bhikkhu or bhikkshu, Hindu saddhu or sannyasin, Mohammedan Sufi or fakir, Christian monk, etc. The word saint traditionally means a holy person, but nowadays is often used for any renunciant; he may or may not be a guru. The word guru has 3 main

connotations in India: a spiritual teacher, a teacher, a charlatan.

It happened once that I was speaking in a conference with a Jaina monk who was very much respected among the Jainas, Chandan Muni. He spoke first, and he talked about the self, the realization of self, and the blissfulness of self. I was sitting by his side, watching the man. All those words were empty; there was no support from his experience. I could see in his eyes, there was no depth.

I spoke after him and the first thing I said was, "Whatever Chandan Muni has said is simply a repetition of scriptures, parrotlike. He has done a good job. His memory is good, but his experience is nil."

There was great trouble because it was the conference of the Jainas. A few people started standing up and going. I said, "Wait! You will have to listen for at least five minutes to me and then you can go. I am new to you; you don't know me. At least five minutes just to have a little introduction as to what kind of a man you have left behind, and then you are free; everybody can go."

Speaking for five minutes was enough, and after five minutes I asked, "Now, anybody who wants to go should immediately leave."

Not a single man left. I spoke for almost two hours. I was not supposed to speak for that long; I was asked to speak only for ten minutes. But seeing that now people were listening and nobody had left the president was afraid. Even Chandan Muni was listening very intensely and alertly. The president was afraid to disturb me because he knew that I am not a man who can be stopped. And I was not going to stop, I was going to throw out that president.

I said, "If people want to hear me.. You are no longer president of this conference.

You simply get out."

He understood it so he was sitting silently.

But having heard me for two hours, Chandan Muni sent me a message that

afternoon saying, "I want to meet you alone, in privacy. I cannot come to the place where you are staying because a Jaina monk cannot go anywhere except the Jaina temple. So please forgive me, you will have to come here."

I said, "There is no problem. I will come."

I went there, and at least two hundred people had gathered. But he wanted absolute privacy, so he took me in, closed the doors of the room, sat down with me on the floor and said, "You were right. I don't have courage enough to say it in public, but I wanted to say to you that you were right: I don't have any experience of self; I don't have any experience of self-realization. I don't know whether such a thing exists or

not, and you were absolutely right that I was just like a parrot repeating the scriptures.

"But help me. I am imprisoned, I cannot go anywhere. I am the head of a community; I cannot even ask questions to you before others. They think I am already self-realized, so why should I be asking questions?--I should know the answer myself."

And there were tears in his eyes.

I said, "I will do my best to help you, because I have seen many religious leaders but not with such a sincere heart. And I know perfectly well you cannot remain in this bondage long. You have met a dangerous man, and you have invited me yourself!"

And it happened within two years. He was in contact with me--letters, learning meditation, doing meditation--and after two years he dropped out of the Jaina community. He was so well respected, and the Jaina community is very rich.. and he dropped out.

He came to meet me. I could not believe it. When he came to my house and said, "I am Chandan Muni," I said, "You have changed so much."

He said, "To be free of a prison, to be free of borrowed knowledge has been such a great relief that I have again become young"--and he was seventy years old. He said,

"Now I am ready to do whatever you want. I have risked everything; I was rich, I renounced that to become a Jaina monk. Now I have renounced Jainism, the monkhood, just to be nobody so that I can have total freedom to experiment." *socrat27*

It happened in Hyderabad that one Jaina monk who was very much respected in South India became interested in me. Listening to me, reading my books, he finally gathered courage and dropped the monkhood.

I told him, "You are taking a very risky step. Don't blame me for it later on because there is no need to drop it; you can keep this show. What I am saying is, remain alert. I don't even say to an actor to stop acting, so what is the problem? You *act* the saint; let this whole life be a drama. Remain alert. So my teaching is to be alert--I am not telling you to drop all this nonsense."

"But," he said, "it seems insincere. I did believe in it; then it was one thing. Now it will be sheer hypocrisy. And I cannot speak with the same authority. You have taken away my authority. I know it is all bogus; I cannot play-act."

I said, "Then remember there will be risk."

He said, "I understand." He dropped the monkhood.

I was staying with a friend and he came there. My friend was a Jaina--he could not believe his eyes! He asked, "What happened to your special dress of the monk?"

He said, "I have dropped it."

My friend said, "Then you cannot enter my house." My friend was one of the monk's very devoted disciples--that's why he had come there. I was staying there, that was one reason, and second, my friend had been very devoted to the monk. But he simply would not allow him to enter the house: "Just get lost! I don't want to get involved."

On that very same day I was going to speak in a Jaina conference and that ex-Jaina monk went with me to the conference. Jaina monks always sit on a high platform, so just out of old habit he followed me on to the platform

from where I was to speak.

He sat just behind me, afraid, because there were at least five thousand Jainas,

utterly angry--you could see it. These are "nonviolent" people, and that man had done nothing much--simply changed his dress.

There was great turmoil. Somebody stood up and said, "That fellow should be dragged down from the stage. He cannot sit on the stage."

I said, "What is the problem? I am not a Jaina monk, and I can sit on the stage. Then what is the problem? He is no more a Jaina monk."

They said, "Your situation is different. You have never been a Jaina monk. But he has insulted our whole tradition." And they were already coming on the stage to pull the man down.

Seeing the situation I told the fellow, "You'd better get down yourself; otherwise they will pull you down and that will look more ugly."

But you see the human mind! He would not move. He could not sit with the ordinary people; he had never sat with them.

I said, "You used to be their saint, but now you are no more their saint."

I had to stand in between the crowd and the man, and I said, "Just out of old habit he has come up on the platform. If you want to listen to me you will have to tolerate him on the platform; if you don't want to listen to me I will leave--only then will he leave behind me. You can decide."

They wanted to listen to me so they had to tolerate it, but they were making gestures to the man that "we will show you, once the speech is finished." And that's what happened: as I concluded and stepped down, the whole crowd got hold of the poor man and they started beating him.

I tried hard. I said, "You are nonviolent and you are beating someone! Yesterday you were touching his feet. He is the same man; nothing has changed."

It was so difficult--they would have killed him--to drag him out of it and force him into the car. And people were still trying to get him out of the car from the other side.

When I reached home I told him, "It was absolutely stupid of you. You don't understand: the religious mind is the most hypocritical mind. It says one thing, it does just the opposite. And now you have seen your worshippers. You would never have understood them. They were touching your feet; now they are ready to kill you.

You should leave this place, you should move to some other place. Here they won't let you live peacefully. You move to the mountains, find a silent place and meditate."

What he said was very surprising. He said, "I can do everything--fasting, yoga *asanas...* I can chant mantras for hours on end. I can recite the scriptures because I have memorized them--but *meditation?* That I have never done. And what you are describing--that I have to be aware--is so new to me that I don't think, without you, I will ever be able to get into the experience."

I said, "So you have become my responsibility!" I had to take him with me.. for three months he was with me. And it was the most difficult thing for that person to learn meditation--for the simple reason that he had dropped the clothes but he could not drop the beliefs, he could not drop his mythology, he could not drop his religion.

That is not so easy. To change the clothes is very easy. *mystic43*

What others say about meditation is meaningless. Once I came upon a book written by a Jaina saint about meditation. It was really beautiful but there were just a few places by which I could see that the man had never meditated himself--otherwise

those places could not be there. But they were very few and far between. The book on the whole, almost ninety-nine per cent, was perfect. I loved the book.

Then I forgot about it. For ten years I was wandering around the country. Once in a village of Rajasthan, that saint came to meet me. His name sounded familiar, and suddenly I remembered the book. And I asked the saint why he had come to me. He said, "I have come to you to know what meditation is."

I said, "I remember your book. I remember it very well, because it really impressed me. Except for a few defects which showed that you have never meditated, the book was perfectly right--ninety-nine per cent right. And now you come here to learn about meditation. Have you never meditated?"

He looked a little embarrassed because his disciples were also there. I said, "Be frank. Because if you say you know meditation, then I am not going to talk about it.

Then finished! You know. There is no need. If you say to me frankly--at least be true once--if you say you have never meditated, only then can I help you towards meditation."

It was a bargain, so he had to confess. He said, "Yes, I have never said it to anybody. I have read many books about meditation, all the old scriptures. And I have been teaching people, that's why I feel embarrassed before my disciples. I have been teaching meditation to thousands, and I have written books about it, but I have never meditated."

You can write books about meditation and never come across the space that meditation is. You can become very efficient in verbalising, you can become very clever in abstraction, in intellectual argumentativeness, and you can forget completely that all the time that you have been involved in these intellectual activities has been a sheer wastage.

I asked the old man, "How long have you been interested in meditation?"

He said, "My whole life." He was almost seventy. He said, "When I was twenty I took sannyas, I became a Jaina monk, and those fifty years since then I have been reading and reading and thinking about meditation." Fifty years of thinking and reading and writing about meditation, even guiding people into meditation, and he has not even tasted once what meditation is!

But this is the case with millions of people. They talk about love, they know all the poetries about love, but they have never loved. Or even if they thought they were in love, they were never in love. That too was a 'heady' thing, it was not of the heart.

People live and go on missing life. It needs courage. It needs courage to be realistic, it needs courage to move with life wherever it leads, because the paths are uncharted, there exists no map. One has to go into the unknown.

Life can be understood only if you are ready to go into the unknown. If you cling to the known, you cling to the mind, and the mind is not life. Life is non-mental, non-intellectual, because life is total. Your totality has to be involved in it, you cannot just think about it. Thinking about life is not life. beware of this 'about-ism'. One goes on thinking about and about: there are people who think about God, there are people who think about life, there are people who think about love. There are people who think about this and that. *art01*

Osho writes to a friend:

I have just returned from Rajnagar in Rajasthan. I was invited to a religious function there organized by Acharya Shree Tulsi. I put four hundred monks and nuns through an experiment in meditation. The results were extraordinary.

In my view meditation is the essence of all religious practice. All the rest--such as non-violence, renunciation of wealth, celibacy etc.--are just its consequences. With the attainment of *Samadhi,* the culmination of meditation, all these things come by themselves, they just happen naturally. Since we forgot this central *sadhana* all our efforts have been external and superficial. True *sadhana* is not just ethical, it is basically yoga practice. Ethics *alone* are negative and nothing enduring can be constructed on negation. Yoga is positive and can therefore form a base.

I want to convey this positive basis to all. *teacup01*

Twenty people from all over the country were invited by Acharya Tulsi to address a gathering; they were celebrating a great festival. The gathering

was big, nearabout one hundred thousand people.

I was one of those twenty people and Morarji Desai was also. Morarji Desai was then the finance minister. An incident happened that started his animosity, then many things got added to it. From my side there is no animosity against him.

The incident was that these twenty invited guests were sitting on the floor and Acharya Tulsi, the host, was sitting on a higher stage; nobody had bothered about it.

Morarji, just like a political leader, arrived last.

The twenty people were gathered to first discuss human problems before they addressed the one hundred thousand people who were waiting outside. But Morarji said as he entered, "Before any other question is raised I have to ask two questions.

First, when I entered I folded my hands the way in India we greet each other, but Acharya Tulsi did not respond with folded hands. Rather, he raised one of his hands to give a blessing."

That was very insulting to him, although Acharya Tulsi was simply following a Jaina tradition--that only the monk can bless you because he is higher than you. He has renounced the world, you have not renounced the world. You can bow down with folded hands, you can touch his feet, but that does not mean that he will respond in the same manner. The tradition is ugly, because to me, the higher person should be more humble.

And he said, "The second question is: why are the guests sitting on the floor and you, the host, are sitting on a higher stage? First, answer these two questions and then we can discuss other things."

Acharya Tulsi himself is not a religious man. He wears religious garb but he has a very political mind. He was in a fix what to do, how to answer; he did not want to annoy Morarji Desai. There was silence for a few seconds, then I said--Morarji Desai was sitting by my side--I said, "The question has not been asked to me so I have to ask the permission of both the parties.

Acharya Tulsi has been asked but he seems to have no answer. If he allows me to answer I can answer, but I want Morarji Desai to give me permission, because he has not asked me."

He said, "It does not matter from whom the answer comes. I want the answer."

I said, "Now things can be sorted out. One thing: there are twenty guests, nineteen guests have passed through the same process, and nobody raised the question. You seem to be a very egoistic person, hence the question has arisen in your mind.

Otherwise, what does it matter? He is sitting on a high stage, he can hang himself from the ceiling, still he will not be the highest. There are spiders moving on the ceiling, you can see them. If to be higher is to be greater, then those spiders are the greatest here.

"Secondly, when you greet someone with your folded hands you are showing your heart. It cannot be conditional, it cannot be that the other should respond in the same way. Otherwise, you should first make the condition that, Ì will fold my hands and bow down to you if you are also ready to do it to me.' It was your fault--you did not make the condition.

"As far as Acharya Tulsi is concerned he has proved himself simply stupid. There was no need to answer the questions, he could have just come down from his stage and sat with us on the floor. There was no need to use a single word, his action would have been an answer. But he is sitting there almost like he is dead. He cannot move, he cannot step down from the stage, he cannot fold his hands to receive you.

These two egoists are facing each other and destroying the whole conference. You both can keep quiet, the remaining eighteen people can continue the discussion."

That was the beginning of the animosity from Morarji Desai and Acharya Tulsi. To say the truth in this world is to create enemies. But from my side I don't feel any animosity, I simply feel sad for these people, they are retarded--they don't have any intelligence to understand simple things.

last612

Osho's interaction with Hindus

In Jaipur there was a Hindu conference and one of the shankaracharyas.. . There are four shankaracharyas in India and they are equivalent to the pope; each one ruling one direction--for the four directions, four shankaracharyas. One of the shankaracharyas belonged to Jaipur, he was born in Jaipur. He was basically an astrologer, a great scholar, so when one shankaracharya died, he was chosen to be the shankaracharya of Jaganath Puri.

I had known him before he was a shankaracharya and this conference was the first time that I had met him since he had become the shankaracharya. I asked him, "Now you must have become infallible. And I know you perfectly well--before you were not. Can you tell me on what date, at what time you became infallible?"

He said, "Don't ask inconvenient questions in front of others. Now I am a shankaracharya and I am supposed to be infallible."

I said, "Supposed to be?"

He said, "That is for your information. If you ask me in public, I am infallible." *ignor11*

You will be surprised to know that in the twentieth century, one of the Hindu leaders--the most respected Hindu leader, Swami Karpatri--was teaching. I was present in the meeting, and I had to contradict him and I created thousands of enemies because of that. A new dam was being got ready just a few miles away, and this place was going to be the most benefited because of the dam, because their lands were dry and the rains were not certain, and they would be getting as much

water as they wanted. And what the man was saying to them was, "Don't accept that water, because before giving you the water they take the electricity out of it."

Now, to the people he was saying that that water is impotent; its whole

potential has been taken out. "It is dangerous for you to take that water--refuse." And the people looked convinced, because without education they don't understand that electricity is not something you take out of the water, it is not something like sexual potentiality that you can take out of a man and he becomes impotent. But this simile convinced them, and they were raising their hands in support.

I had to stand up and I asked him, "Do you understand what you are saying? And what do you understand about electricity? What do you understand when electricity is produced by a hydro-electric plant?" And I told the people, "The only argument against this man will be to this year accept the water and see your crops. Those crops will prove this man your enemy. There is no other way. If crops don't come, if you drink the water and the thirst does not go, then of course he is right." He was very angry; he was so angry he wrote a whole book against me about everything.

These people are responsible for poverty, for dying children; and all the religions of the world have been preaching poverty in some way or other throughout their whole history.

I want to change this whole approach. I'm all for comforts, luxury, richness, wealth, technology, science. I'm not for renunciation; I'm for rejoicing. I want people to live in all dimensions as richly as possible. *last205*

It is an old logical strategy to describe, to destroy, to criticize your enemy, that first you impose a certain doctrine on him which is not really representative of the person--it may be similar. So first you impose a similar doctrine on the person's name, knowing perfectly the loopholes because you are imposing the doctrine, and then criticize it. Then whosoever reads your book will find your criticism is perfectly right. This has happened to me, that's why I know.

One of the great Hindu monks, Karpatri, has written a whole book against me; and when I saw it I wondered how he managed. Statements that I have never made he makes in my name, and then criticizes them. Now, anybody reading his book will think that he has finished me completely. He has not even touched me.

His secretary has written the introduction to the book, and seems to be an intelligent man because in that introduction he says, "We are obliged to Osho because he created this opportunity and the challenge for all those who think to reconsider everything and not just to accept anything without reconsidering it."

The secretary is a follower of Karpatri, so he thanks Karpatri for doing a great job in accepting the challenge of Osho and criticizing him. He came personally to give me the book. I looked in it here and there and I asked him, "You are the secretary to Karpatri"--he was a Hindu sannyasin himself--"Have you not noticed that these statements are not mine? Most probably the book was dictated to you."

He said, "I was afraid that you were going to say that."

I just looked here and there in the book and I told him, "This statement is not mine.

Not only is it not mine, it is contrary to me, absolutely against my statements. You are an educated person: how did you allow it to happen? You should have prevented it, because this book is absolutely false and whosoever reads it will have a totally wrong concept of me."

So you cannot trust these people *ignor20*

Once I happened to stay in Allahabad. I was attending a Hindu world conference.

Somebody by mistake had invited me thinking that I was a Hindu. They found out, but it was too late. By that time I had disturbed everything that they were planning: how to convert the whole world into Hinduism.

I was staying with hundreds of other guests in tents by the side of the Ganges, a beautiful place they had chosen for the conference. In those tents at least five incarnations of God were present! In India it is so easy, nobody can object. You can declare yourself an incarnation of God. About that India is very nice. Who cares?

Who bothers? It is your business: if you think you are an incarnation of

God, good; be an incarnation of God. You are not doing any harm to anybody. *person02*

I used to live in a town where a man was very well known, almost as a saint, and many people had told me, "He is so humble!" Finally the man came to see me; he touched my feet and he said, "I am just dust underneath your feet!"

I looked at him--his eyes were saying something else, his nose was saying something else--so I said, "I can see you are absolutely right: you are just dust underneath my feet!"

He said, "What?!" He became very angry.

I said, "But I am simply agreeing with you! I have not said anything of my own! You started it and I have simply agreed with you, so why are you getting irritated?"

I told him, "Now close your eyes and sit silently and see the point! This is just another way of your ego trying to fulfill itself. The ego is there; now it is upside-down, doing *sirshasana,* the headstand. But it is the *same* ego; now it is pretending to be humble." *ultima11*

All the religions have exploited your hidden desires.

I was participating in a religious conference in Prayag. I heard one shankaracharya speaking to thousands of people, saying, "If you give one rupee in donation, in the other world you will get one thousand rupees." A good bargain! Good business! But all Hindu scriptures are full of such promises--"Give a little here and you will get much as a reward in heaven."

This is not trust. This is not getting rid of your mad desire for possessions. Here, you are giving one rupee--people will see: this man is a very religious man, he gave one rupee to a beggar. But they don't know his hidden desire. He is giving it as a guarantee so that he can get one thousand rupees after death. He is depositing in God's bank. But the interest rate seems to be absolutely absurd!

People give just a little to make sure that in the other world they will get

much. And in this world, they will get recognition, respectability; people will think of them as religious people.. .

This is one of the principles I insist on most: that each act comes with either its reward or with its punishment. There is no need of any God who is twenty-four hours noting things into his books about millions of people of this earth.. *mess110*

A man came to me, saying, "I want to learn to meditate."

He was a sannyasin, an old-fashioned sannyasin. So I said, "Good--come to the morning meditation."

He said, "That is a little difficult."

I said, "Why, what's difficult about it?"

He said, "The difficulty is, I cannot come without this man who has come with me, because he keeps the money, I don't touch money. He has to go somewhere else in the morning, so I won't be able to come tomorrow morning."

This is just hilarious! If you need money, what difference does it make whether it is in your pocket or in someone else's? And this becomes another bondage--the one who keeps the money in his pocket is better off than you, at least he can go wherever he wants. It is a peculiar situation: unless this man comes along, you cannot come because you need to have money for the taxi--but you don't touch money! So you are having this man sin for you? Commit your own sins. This is great fun--you will ride in the taxi and he will go to hell for it! Have a little compassion for him. This is the great connection of the worldly and the yogi!

All your renunciates live bound to worldly people. And your worldly people also live bound to renunciates, because they touch the feet of the renunciates thinking,

"Today I am not a renunciate, but at least I touch the feet of one. I get the satisfaction of having done something! If not today, then tomorrow I too will become a renunciate. But right now I worship him." *mahag108*

I have been moving around all kinds of renunciates. Once I was in Rishikesh in the Himalayas and I was sitting under a tree, a very beautiful tree. It was a hot, sunny afternoon, and the tree was so cool, the shadow of it, that although I had to go I lingered a little longer there.

One old Hindu monk came and said, "What are you doing here, under my tree?"

I said, *"Your* tree? You have renounced the whole world and this tree is yours? I don't see your signboard or. . How can you prove this tree is yours?"

He said, "There is no need to prove it; everybody around here knows. For thirty years I have been sitting underneath it."

I said, "You may have been sitting for thirty years, the tree has been here even before that; now I am sitting under it and the tree will remain. The tree has no concern with you or me; the tree has no idea who is its owner. You just get lost!"

He said, "What are you saying? You have been here for just a few hours and you become the possessor, and I have been here for thirty years."

I said, "I am not going to possess the tree, I will be moving soon; but not in this way.

You will have to apologize to the tree. You have not purchased it, you have not planted it, you have not watered it. On what grounds have you become its possessor?--just because you have been here for thirty years bothering the tree day and night?

"You *owe* something to the tree, the tree owes nothing to you. The tree has been kind to you, and you have become the possessor of it! And this 'possessing' is what you had left behind. Nothing has been left behind.

"You are even ready, right now, here, to fight with me. Thirty years before you would have been fighting for a house, for a small piece of land: 'This is my wife, this is my house, this is my religion, this is my country. . '

"Now all that has become concentrated on this poor tree. Your whole possessiveness has become concentrated on this poor tree. It does not matter whether you possess a whole kingdom or just a small tree; possessiveness has nothing to do with quantity, it is an attitude." *misery22*

Strangely, it happened that I was staying in a rest house with a shankaracharya. And I told him, "Celibacy is an absolutely unnatural idea. Only an impotent person can be celibate. If you are potent then you cannot be celibate. You tell me what you are, potent or impotent?"

He said, "I am celibate."

I said, "Then I will take you to the hospital this very moment."

He said, "You seem to be a strange man. It is a question of ideology. Where does the hospital come into it?"

I said, "It is not a question of ideology. Do you know how your sexual energy is created? Do you have any scripture in which it is described? Do you have any control over it--not to create it, to prevent it? You don't have any control over it, just as you don't have any control over your blood, you don't have any control over your hair. Your organism has not left anything essential in the hands of your mind. And celibacy is part of your organism--the most important part. Biology cannot leave it in your hands."

He said, "I don't want to be in unnecessary trouble."

I said, "Trouble or not, I can bring a doctor here."

He said, "But I don't want to argue with you."

I said, "You *are* arguing, because you are saying that you are celibate."

Not a single religious person--there are thousands of monks: Catholic, Hindu, Buddhist, Jaina--not a single monk has been to the people who can check whether he is celibate or not. But this ideal of celibacy has been created by very good people.

They have not committed any crime--Mahavira or Gautam Buddha. They

have not committed any crime, but they have created something which goes on creating immense crime. *hari14*

I have seen many saints, and I have been looking into the lives of your past saints.

Ninety-nine out of a hundred of them are simply abnormal--neurotic or even psychotic. But they were respected--and they were respected for their misery, remember. The more misery they lived through, the more they were respected.

There have been saints who would beat their body with a whip every day in the morning, and people would gather to see this great austerity, asceticism, penance.

And the greatest was one who would have wounds all over his body--and these people were thought to be saints!

There have been saints who have destroyed their eyes, because it is because of the eyes that one becomes aware of beauty, and lust arises. And they were respected because they had destroyed their eyes. God had given them eyes to see the beauty of existence; they became blind by their own decision.

There have been saints who cut their genital organs. And they were respected very much, tremendously, for the simple reason that they had been self-destructive, violent with themselves. These people were psychologically ill.

There have been saints who have been worshipped because they were capable of fasting for long periods, were experts in fasting. It is a certain expertise, you need a little training. Not much intelligence is needed; the training is very ordinary and any stupid person can go through it and learn it. You just have to be able to enjoy suffering--and only the ill person enjoys suffering.. .

But these things simply created miserable people and a miserable society. Look into your misery and you will find certain fundamental things are there.

One: it gives you respect. People feel more friendly towards you, more sympathetic. You will have more friends if you are miserable. This is a very strange world, something is fundamentally wrong with it. It should not be so, the happy person should have more friends. But become happy and people become jealous of you, they are no more friendly. They feel cheated; you have something that is not available to them.

Why are you happy? So we have learned down the ages a subtle mechanism: to repress happiness and to express misery. It has become our second nature. *wisdom20*

In the East there are many pathological people who are thought to be mahatmas.

And in the West many real mystical people are put into mad asylums because they are thought to be pathological. Both attitudes are wrong. That's why I say this matter of spiritual experience is a delicate one. In the West there are many mystical people who are in the hospitals being treated, being given electric shocks, insulin shocks, because it is thought that they are hysterical.. .

This matter is delicate. If Ramakrishna had been in the West he would have been treated. And they have devised such strong methods to treat people that there is every possibility that they would have made Ramakrishna normal. But that would have been a great misfortune.

In the East just the reverse is happening. I have come across many people.

Sometimes they would be brought to me with the idea that I would recognise their state. But I saw that they were just hysterical people; this was just hysteria and nothing else. They were neurotic; they needed some therapy. They had fallen below the normal. But to fall below the normal or to go above the normal sometimes looks alike. Only a Master can be decisive about it, otherwise it is very difficult to decide what is what. But there are a few things which can be given to you as indications. *sufis215*

I have known many mahatmas in this country, respected by the masses like anything. I have been very intimate with these people, and in their privacy

they have opened their hearts to me. They are more ugly than you will find the ordinary people.

I used to visit prisoners, to teach them how to meditate, and my observation was.. . I was surprised in the beginning that prisoners--even those who have been sentenced for their whole lives--are far more innocent than your saints, are far better people than your saints, far simpler, far more innocent. Your saints are cunning, clever, and your saints have only one quality: that they are able to repress themselves. *dh1008*

You ask me: *Do you really mean your criticism of saints like Muktananda, Nityananda?*

I really mean it!

Muktananda is a very ordinary person; I have met him. I was passing by his ashram and his disciples invited me, just for a few minutes' stay, to take a cup of tea. So I said, "Okay."

The man was so flat, just like a flat tire, nothing in him, nothing of any worth, not even junk. And it was not only apparent to me: one of my disciples, a woman follower, Nirmala Srivastava, was with me--even she could see, even she proved to

be far more intelligent than Muktananda. We stayed only fifteen minutes; it was a sheer wastage of time. And the moment our car moved away, Nirmala told me, "This man is absolutely common, very ordinary. Why did you waste your time?--even fifteen minutes is an unnecessary wastage!"

I looked at her, and immediately I knew that some idea had entered into her head--

and it had entered. The idea was: "If such a fool like Muktananda can become a saint, then why can't I become a saint?" And the idea worked out well. Now Nirmala Srivastava is a great saint, is traveling around the world, having many devotees.

That day it transpired, looking at Muktananda. Now she is 'Her Holiness, the World Mother-- *lagajjanani*-- Mataji, Nirmalaji Deviji Srivastavaji.' Now

she has many followers, doing the same thing that Muktananda is doing--raising people's kundalini. Once she could see that this fool can raise people's kundalini, then "Why can't I raise it?" And she is certainly far more intelligent than Muktananda, far more capable, far more skillful, far more intellectual. Muktananda is not a saint.

But this has not happened only once. *ultima15*

I have known people.. for example Muktananda's master, Nityananda. He could not do anything other than lie down flat because his belly was so big; and to carry it here and there, it was such a heavy load a crane must have been needed! So he used to just lie down flat; and when I saw him, I could not believe my eyes. His belly was so big--almost like a mountain--with a small head on this side, and two small legs joined on the other side.

I inquired of the man who had taken me there--he was a minister in Maharashtra.

He was Nityananda's follower and he was insisting that I see his master, so I agreed.

I said, "Okay, I am going that way. His ashram is just on the way, thirty miles from Bombay. So I will stop there; I would love to see him for a few minutes."

I asked him, "Just tell me one thing: whether Nityananda has this belly or the belly has Nityananda?--because the belly is so big and Nityananda is so small, almost negligible! The belly is everything."

And I said to him, "People who go to climb Mt. Everest, Edmund Hillary and others, unnecessarily waste their time there. They can just come here and climb on Nityananda's belly. And keep a photographer here--whoever climbs first will become an historical figure, because it seems to be very slippery!"

He was continuously polished, massaged--oil was poured on him. And those who were his worshippers were massaging him. Nobody even knew how to massage.. . *rebel10*

All the mahatmas in India have big bellies and they are teaching people, "Don't eat with taste." And they themselves.. I said, "Where does this belly come from? Stand up! Show your belly to the whole people. You are eating too much and the country is hungry. And I know that because of this belly you cannot make love to a woman. So now you are teaching everybody not to make love to any woman. It is because of this belly, not because of your religion." Such bellies I have seen, you would not believe it. .

One very famous mahatma, Shivananda, who had many followers in the West, used to be a doctor. And that a doctor should do such stupid things to himself makes it more difficult to understand. He was eating so much that he could not walk without two persons holding his hands. He even could not raise his hand. His hand was so

heavy, so fat, that one person would take one hand, another person would take his other hand and then the small walk would be done.

And he was telling people, "You have to follow the five great principles of Hinduism.

The first is *aswad,* no taste."

What happened to this man? And he was a doctor! I told him, when I went to Rishikesh and saw him, I told him, "What kind of doctor are you? It seems your certificate is bogus. You can't even take care of your body; you have become a monster. You cannot raise your own hand, it has become so heavy."

Everything was out of proportion: a big belly, big fat hands, the legs elephant legs, and this person is teaching the whole world, "You are not the body, you are the soul." And who are these monsters? Just bodies, with no soul at all. I can't see any space in them; they are so filled up with junk that I don't think they can have a soul also. *gdead04*

I used to know Swami Prabhupada, who created the movement of Hare Krishna. He was one of the greatest idiots, and had a great talent for attracting idiots. If you want to find a gathering of idiots you can find it in the Hare Krishna movement.. .

I have criticized Krishna. That's why they are angry. Prabhupada was very angry, because I had called him a dodo. But he was a dodo.

He was teaching those people celibacy which necessarily brings sexual perversion.

He was teaching these people begging. He was teaching these people that you need not do anything except repeat continuously "Hare Krishna, Hare Rama".

This is a sure way of destroying anybody's intelligence. These are the methods of programming.

Now if somebody thinks that this is enough to transform your consciousness, that whatever you are doing you go on chanting inside, loudly or silently, "Hare Krishna, Hare Rama", dancing in the street, "Hare Krishna, Hare Rama"--because only these two words will be continuously hammered. All your subtle cells, your whole system of mind, will be spoiled. It is not made only for two words. It will not be used, and unused those delicate cells start dying.

So first the idiots get attracted, and if by chance somebody has some little intelligence, then these methods will destroy it.

These people are continuously chanting--not knowing that repetition of a single word or a single mantra is going to kill your intelligence.

Intelligence needs to be sharpened in new areas, new dimensions. It has to move into the unknown. "Hare Krishna, Hare Rama"--it becomes stuck there.

Prabhupada was angry because he could not answer my criticism of Krishna. If he was honest, and if these people are honest--this Goswami*--then they will call Shri Krishna the greatest scoundrel ever. He forcibly collected sixteen thousand women as his wives, without marrying them--and they were all married, they had children, they had husbands.. but he was powerful, fascist. Any woman he liked was immediately taken to his palace, without any consideration of what will happen to the children.

Sixteen thousand women! No other man in the whole of history has been so ugly. *transm45*

*Note: Shrivasti Goswami: leader of the Hare Krishna movement at the time of speaking

I don't think there is any need for physical immortality. And your soul is immortal!

Search for that rather than trying to search for physical immortality. But there are fools who go on thinking in these ways.

Sri Aurobindo's philosophy became world famous for the simple reason that he was saying to his disciples that physical immortality is possible. And the day he died, the disciples could not believe it. In fact, one of my friends who was in the ashram, told me later on that for three days it was kept secret that Sri Aurobindo had died, because it was unbelievable. When the Mother was asked, she said "He has gone into a deep *samadhi.* It is not death. How can he die? He is physically immortal." But after three days when the body started stinking, they had to bury him.

Then they started believing that the Mother was immortal. Then one day the Mother died. Now those fools are believing that they have both gone to the other world to bring back some more secrets and that they will come soon, they will be back. They are hoping that they will be back with the secrets of physical immortality!

The immortality of the soul is enough. There is no need for your body's immortality.

In fact seventy years is enough--enough to enjoy, enough to suffer, enough to understand, enough to misunderstand. In fact whatsoever you want to do, seventy years is enough. And if you really go on doing things totally, within seventy years you will be capable of seeing the whole absurdity of being in the body. You will not ask for an immortal body, you will ask how to get rid of this whole business of being born and dying again and again and again, how to get rid of the wheel of life and death.

Another maxim of Murphy: Millions long for immortality who do not know what to do with themselves on a rainy Sunday afternoon. *theolo05*

One yoga teacher, Iyengar, in Poona, has given an interview to some journalists, and they asked him about me.. . He used to come to listen to my lectures in those old days when they did not exactly understand my meaning.

He used to come to my meditation camps--there are here witnesses for it--and he wanted me to do some yoga exercises, because I was traveling continually, and that would have an adverse effect on my body.

I said, "I would rather have that adverse effect than learn some stupid distortions of the body. And moreover, I remember perfectly how you exploit people."

He was teaching J. Krishnamurti a few yoga postures to help him overcome his forty years' migraines. Now, a yoga teacher is a professional; all that he teaches you is certain exercises of the body. But when he wrote his book on yoga, on the flap paper he wrote, "I am the guru of J. Krishnamurti."

I told him, "I don't want such exploitation. `Guru of J. Krishnamurti'--just because you have taught him a few exercises? Then any idiot who can teach a few exercises, then any doctor who treats you with medicine, then any psychiatrist, any psychoanalyst, can claim to be your guru.

"I don't want to be included in your disciples. I am nobody's disciple. Hence, I have to refuse your offer for teaching me some exercises. I don't need them." *poetry02*

Once a follower of Radhaswami, a small sect which is confined to an area near Agra, came to see me. I was in Agra. He was some kind of a priest, and he said, "Do you know?--our master has said there are fourteen planes of existence."

I said, "Just fourteen?"

He said, "What do you mean, 'Just fourteen?' Are there more?"

I said, "Certainly."

He said, "But our master has said there are only fourteen. Mohammed has reached only up to the third," he said--he had brought a map--"Kabir and Nanak have reached up to the fifth. And Mahavira and Buddha up to the seventh," and so on, so forth. But there has never been another who has reached up to the fourteenth except his so-called master.

I said, "I know your master. I have seen him struggling in the fourteenth. He is trying hard, but he cannot get out of it. I know it because I exist at the fifteenth. There are fifteen planes of existence."

He said, "But you are the first man.. ." And he was much impressed. When he was leaving he touched my feet and he said, "You have revealed a new secret."

I said, "Don't be foolish. I was just joking! There are only two categories of people: the people who are not aware and the people who are aware. The people who are aware have no hierarchy that one is more aware than the other, that somebody is at the fifth, somebody at the seventh, somebody at the ninth, somebody at the fourteenth. There is no higher and lower in awareness. Awareness is simply awareness."

But he was not much interested in that. He was more interested in my being on the fifteenth plane.

People are interested in religious fictions.

Don't waste your time in occultism, unless you are interested in novels, fictions.

Then it is okay, then there is no problem.. . *dh1008*

Once I went to address a conference of theosophists. Now, theosophists are people who will believe any bullshit-- *any!* The more shitty it is, the more believable. So I just played a joke on them. I simply invented something; I invented a society called

"Sitnalta." They were all dozing, they became alert. "Sitnalta?" I made the

word by just reading "Atlantis" backwards. And then I told them, "This knowledge comes from Atlantis, the continent that disappeared in the Atlantic ocean."

And then I talked about it: "There are really not seven chakras but seventeen. That great ancient esoteric knowledge is lost, but a society of enlightened masters still exists, and it still works. It is a very very esoteric society, very few people are allowed to have any contact with it; its knowledge is kept utterly secret."

And I talked all kinds of nonsense that I could manage. And then the president of the society said, "I have heard about this society." Now it was *my* turn to be surprised.

And about whatsoever I had said, he said that it was the first time that the knowledge of this secret society had been revealed so exactly.

And then letters started coming to me. One man even wrote saying, "I thank you very much for introducing this inner esoteric circle to the theosophists, because I am a member of the society, and I can vouch that whatsoever you have said is absolutely true."

There are people like these who are just waiting to believe in anything, because the more nonsensical a belief is, the more important it appears to be. The more absurd it is, the more believable--because if something is logical, then there is no question of believing in it. *wisdom03*

Osho's interaction with **Sikhs and Punjabis** The Sikh religion is in many ways interconnected with the Hindu religion. The Golden Temple in Amritsar, Punjab, is the main Sikh temple.

One man in Punjab. .he was the most famous saint in Punjab, known as the Lion of Punjab, Baba Hari Giri. He was not aware of me, and it was just a coincidence that in a conference. . In Amritsar they have every year a Vedanta conference, world conference, and at least one hundred thousand people gather in the conference.

It was just a coincidence that he spoke and I was to speak after him. And I

criticized him point by point. The organizers were simply frozen to death, because that man was respected in Punjab. Thousands will be ready to die for him. I was not known in Punjab at all, that was my first time to be in Amritsar.

And I criticized him so totally, even on small points, that they were afraid that there is going to be a riot immediately. And I don't have not even a single person who knows me.

An ancient Vedanta story he has told. The story is that ten blind men cross a river, and after passing the river they think it is better to count. Perhaps somebody the river has taken away. The current is strong and it is rainy season. So they start counting. But the count always comes to nine, because everybody leaves himself. He starts from the other, ends with the last, does not count himself. Naturally, it is nine.

One man sitting on the bank was watching the whole scene. It was hilarious what they were doing. They started crying and weeping that, "One friend is lost."

That man came and he said, "Don't be worried. I will find your friend. You stand in a line. I will hit the first man on the head with my stick and you say one. I will strike the second man twice, you say two. Third three times, you say three. You count how many times I strike and you speak the number."

And they were immensely happy because the last man is found. The tenth man got ten hits.

This is an ancient Vedanta story told for centuries. Nobody has ever raised any question about it. I asked the people, "This story is absolutely idiotic, because how did these people know that they were ten? Had they counted before entering the stream? If they knew how to count before they entered the stream, how did they forget it? How did they know that they were ten? And Hari Giri has to answer it, otherwise. .telling such idiotic stories and making them into great philosophy!"

He became so furious, knowing perfectly well that now there is no answer. If these people count themselves before entering the stream, then naturally

they will be able to count afterwards. If they had not counted, then how did they come to know that they are ten?

He simply walked down the podium, and I told him, "This escape will not help. I have discussed every single point that you have raised. If you have any guts--and you are known as the Lion of Punjab, the whole pride of Punjab is at risk--then don't escape. Come back."

And he would not come back. He simply escaped. And I asked the people, "This man you still want to call the Lion of Punjab? And I will be here ten days and for ten days

I will wait. If he wants, this challenge is open for ten days. I am ready to fight on every ground."

And the problem is that I am not against the essential message of the Upanishads.

But what these people are doing has nothing to do with the essential. They are making the nonessential more important, because the nonessential helps them to exploit people. The essential will not help to exploit anybody.

The man simply escaped. Ten days I was there in the conference, and even the organizers were surprised that not a single Punjabi stood in favor of him. I asked that anybody, if he wants to accept the challenge in place of his guru, his Master, I am ready. Those one thousand people.. one hundred thousand people just remained silent. In ten days time I was able to manage that what I am saying is the real essence of Vedanta, and what you have been told up to now is not the real essence.

The real essence is the same whether it is Vedanta or Zen or Sufism or the songs of Baul or Kabir. It doesn't matter. If anybody who has really attained, experienced, then he will agree with me. *last330*

It was an every day experience in India. I was worshipped in the temple of Amritsar by the Sikhs almost as one of their masters. They have ten masters. Actually the man who introduced me in their conference said that I could be accepted as their eleventh master. But now they won't let me into

the temple.

At that time I was holding back many things. I had talked about one small book, *Japuji,* and the Sikhs were immensely happy because no non-Sikh had ever bothered.

And the meaning I gave to their small booklet they had never thought of. But when I said, after two years, in a meeting in their Golden Temple that, "I consider only Nanak to be enlightened; the remaining nine masters are just ordinary teachers,"

they were ready to kill me. I said, "You can kill me, but you will be killing your eleventh master!" *mystic27*

I don't have any desire to die. That does not mean that I want to live forever. It simply means that as long as life is, I enjoy; if death comes, I will enjoy it too. But I am not going to Jerusalem knowing perfectly well that they are preparing a crucifixion.

It happened in Amritsar when I was getting out of the train, I was blocked. Two hundred Hindu chauvinist people wanted me to get back into the train and not enter Amritsar. The people who had come to take me had no idea that there would be two hundred people, so only twenty or twenty-five people were there just to take me home. And there was to be a meeting immediately--just time enough for me to take a cup of tea and go to the meeting. So everybody was in the meeting--ten thousand people waiting there--and these twenty-five people surrounding me in case those two hundred Hindu chauvinists do any harm to me. I could see in the faces of those two hundred people nothing but murder.

The stationmaster by chance happened to be one of my lovers. He phoned to the Golden Temple of the Sikhs, "This is the situation: We are not moving the train, because if we move the train there will immediately be trouble. We are not moving the train. Those people are insisting that he should get into the train and he is not going to get into the train, so immediately send a few temple guards.

The temple guards have naked swords, so a few temple guards came. As

they came the crowd started dispersing, because naked swords--there would have been a

massacre. And for the first time I had to be escorted, protected from all sides with naked swords, into the city.

I said, "This is my last time in this city."

They said, "Why?"

I said, "Because I don't want this kind of nonsense." And that was not only my last time in that city, I stopped moving altogether. I said, "Those who want to understand me will come, and those who do not want to understand me--in fact why should I interfere in their lives? If they don't want me to be in their city. . It is their city: if they want to remain idiots forever they have the freedom, and I respect their intention. I cannot force them to be enlightened. Let them remain endarkened--this is their choice. Why should I bother?"

That day became decisive: I was not going to move anywhere. *dark26*

Osho's interaction with Buddhists

I love the Gautam Buddha as I have loved nobody else. I have been speaking on him throughout my whole life. Even speaking on others I have been speaking on him.

Take note of it, it is a confession. I cannot speak on Jesus without bringing Buddha in; I cannot speak on Mohammed without bringing Buddha in. Whether I mention him directly or not that's another matter. It is really impossible for me to speak without bringing Buddha in. He is my very blood, my bones, my very marrow. He is my silence, also my song. *book06*

Ordinarily religions like Christianity or Mohammedanism are afraid that if they allow somebody to come too close, they may lose their own identity. Buddhism was never afraid, and it never lost its identity.

I have been to Buddhist conferences where people from Tibet and Japan and Sri Lanka and China and Burma and other countries were present, and

that has been my one experience--that they all differed with each other, but they were still connected with a single devotion towards Gautam Buddha. About that there was no problem, no conflict.

And this was the only conference--I have attended many conferences of other different religions, but this had something unique about it, because I was using my own experience in interpreting the teachings of Buddha. They were all different, and I was bringing still another different interpretation.

But they listened silently, lovingly, patiently, and thanked me, "We have not been aware that this interpretation is also possible. You have made us aware of a certain aspect of Buddha, and for twenty-five centuries thousands of people have interpreted it, but have never pointed this out."

One of the Buddhist leaders, Bhadant Anand Kausalyayan, told me, "Whatever you say sounds right. The stories that you tell about Gautam Buddha look absolutely true, but I have been searching into scriptures--my whole life I have devoted to the scriptures--and a few of your stories are not described anywhere."

I asked him, "For example?"

And he said, "One story I have loved. I looked again and again in every possible source--for three years I have been looking into it. It is not described anywhere; you must have invented it."

The story I have told many times. Gautam Buddha is walking on the road. A fly sits on his head, and he goes on talking with Ananda, his disciple, and mechanically moves his hand and the fly goes away. Then he stops, suddenly--because he has done that movement of the hand without awareness. And to him that is the only wrong thing in life--to do anything without awareness, even moving your hand, although you have not harmed anybody.

So he stands and again takes his hand through the same posture of waving away the fly--although there is no fly any more. Ananda is just surprised at what he is doing, and he says, "The fly you have brushed away from your

face long before. What are you doing now? There is no fly."

Buddha said, "What I am doing now is.. that time I moved my hand mechanically, like a robot. It was a mistake. Now I am doing it as I should have done, just to teach me a lesson so that never again anything like this happens. Now I am moving my hand with full awareness. The fly is not the point. The point is, whether in my hand there is awareness and grace and love and compassion, or not. Now it is right. It should have been this way."

I had told that story in Nagpur at a Buddhist conference. Anand Kausalyayan heard it there, and three years later in Bodhgaya--where there was an international conference of the Buddhists--he said, "The story was so beautiful, so *essentially* Buddhist, that I wanted to believe that it was true. But in the scriptures it is not there."

I said, "Forget the scriptures. The question is whether the story is essentially characteristic of Gautam Buddha or not, whether it carries some message of Gautam Buddha or not."

He said, "It does, certainly. This is his essential teaching: awareness in *every* action.

But it is not historical."

I said, "Who cares about history?"

And in that conference I told them, "You should remember it, that history is a Western concept. In the East we have never cared about history because history only collects facts. In the East there is no word equivalent to history, and in the East there was no tradition of writing history. In the East, instead of history we have been writing mythology.

"Mythology may not be factual, but it has the truth in it. A myth may have never happened. It is not a photograph of a fact; it is a painting. And there is a difference between a photograph and a painting. A painting brings out something of you which no photograph can bring out. The photograph can only bring out your outlines.

"A great painter can bring *you* out in it--your sadness, your blissfulness,

your silence.

The photograph cannot catch hold of it because they are not physical things. But a great painter or a great sculptor can manage to catch hold of them. He's not much concerned about the outlines, he is much more concerned about the inner reality."

And I told the conference, "I would like this story to be added to the scriptures because all the scriptures were written after Gautam Buddha's death--three hundred years afterwards. So what difference does it make if I add few more stories

after twenty-five centuries, not three centuries. The whole question is that it should represent the essential reality, the basic taste."

And you will be surprised that people agreed with me; even Bhadant Anand Kausalyayan agreed with me. This kind of understanding and agreement is a Buddhist phenomenon, it is a speciality which has happened in different branches of Buddhism.

And I am not even a Buddhist. And they went on inviting me to their conferences.

And I told them, "I am not a Buddhist."

They said, "That does not matter. What you say is closer to Gautam Buddha than what we say--although we are Buddhists."

You cannot expect that from Christians or Mohammedans or Hindus. They are fanatics.

Buddhism is a non-fanatic religion. *transm21*

There exists now in Sarnath a great institution teaching the philosophy of Buddha and his language, Pali. The director of the institute, Bhikkshu Jagdish Kashyap, invited me to his institute to speak on Gautam the Buddha, but I had to leave after one day. He had come to take me to the station. He said, "This is strange; why are you leaving after one day?"

I said, "For the same reason that Gautam Buddha left this place after one day."

He said, "It is strange, but we have been discussing.. " and he was a Buddhist, "We have been discussing for all these centuries why he did not stay."

I said, "You are all idiots! Just see! I have moved around the whole country but I have never seen such big mosquitoes." And Buddha was not using mosquito nets. It would have been difficult carrying a mosquito net, he was traveling and traveling.

But I told Jagdish Kashyap, "You should at least give mosquito nets to every student and scholar and researcher in your institute, not only for the night but for the day too."

I stayed there for twenty-four hours inside a mosquito net! *nomind03*

I have experienced many times--because I have lived with many so-called saints--

that saints are the worst company in the world. You cannot imagine: to live with a saint for twenty-four hours is enough to make you decide never to be a saint. From the morning till the night they are moving like robots, everything according to principle.

The Buddhist monk has thirty-three thousand principles. I told one Buddhist monk...he is an Englishman, converted at an early age--now he is very old. Bhikkhu Sangha Rakshita is his name, and he has lived in Kalimpong between Tibet and India, almost his whole life. He has written beautiful books on Tibetanism, and is certainly one of its authorities as far as scholarship is concerned.

Just by chance I was holding a camp in Bodh Gaya where Buddha became enlightened, and he had come to pay homage to the temple and to the tree where Buddha became enlightened. Just by coincidence I was also there sitting under the tree when he came. We became friends.

I told Sangha Rakshita, "I cannot visualize myself ever becoming a

Buddhist monk because my memory is not good. Thirty-three thousand principles! Following all those principles is out of the question; I cannot even remember them. And if you are following thirty-three thousand principles in such a small life, where will you find

time to live or to breathe? Those thirty-three thousand principles will kill you from all sides." *dark30*

I had a case sent to me from Ceylon, which is a Buddhist country, with so many Buddhist priests preaching Vipassana meditation.. . The technique is so simple, but they have never done it themselves. To teach anything to anybody which you have not done--and experienced all its possibilities, consequences, difficulties, problems that it can lead you into--then you are a criminal.

This man who was sent to me was a Buddhist monk. He had lost his sleep for three years, and every treatment was done but no treatment was successful; no medicine would work. He had been told by his teacher--I cannot call him a master--to do Vipassana in the night. Even if you do Vipassana in the day, its effects will carry into the night; that's why I am suggesting the most distant point, before sunrise. Just two hours are enough; more than that. .even nectar can become poison in a certain quantity.

Vipassana for ten hours a day can drive anybody mad. .

Vipassana is one of the greatest meditations, but only in the hands of a master. In the hands of a technician it is the greatest danger. Either the man can become enlightened or the man can become mad; both possibilities are there, it all depends under whose guidance it is being done.

When the Ceylonese monk was sent to me I said, "I am not a Buddhist, and you have been under the guidance of Buddhist monks. What was the need for you to come to me?"

He said, "They have all failed. They have taught me, but they cannot cure me. And I am going crazy. I cannot sleep a single wink."

When he told me this.. Buddhist monks are not supposed to laugh, but I told him a joke. For a moment he was shocked, because he had come very seriously. I told him that a man in England, no ordinary man but a very rich lord, was asking another lord--with the English attitude, mannerism: "Is it right that you slept with my wife last night?" And the other lord said, "My friend, not a wink."

Even the Buddhist monk laughed. He said, "You are a strange person. I have come from Ceylon and you tell me a joke! And I am a religious man."

I said, "That's why I am telling you a religious joke. If you stay with me I will tell you irreligious jokes too."

I said, "Your problem is not curable by any medicine. Your problem is created by your Vipassana."

He said, "Vipassana? But Vipassana was the meditation of Gautam Buddha; through it he became enlightened."

I said, "You are not a Gautam Buddha, and you don't understand that Vipassana done after sunset is very dangerous. If you do Vipassana for just two hours in the night, then you cannot sleep. It creates such awareness in you that that awareness continues the whole night." *pilgr07*

I have been searching for jokes which have their origin in India. I have not found a single one. Serious people.. always talking about God and heaven and hell and reincarnation and the philosophy of karma. The joke does not fit in anywhere.

When I started talking--and I was talking about meditation--I might tell a joke. Once in a while some Jaina monk or a Buddhist monk or a Hindu preacher would come to

me and say, "You were talking so beautifully about meditation, but why did you bring in that joke? It destroyed everything. People started laughing. They were getting serious. You destroyed all your effort. You did something for half an hour to make them serious, and then you told a joke and you destroyed the whole thing.

Why in the world should you tell a joke? Buddha never told a joke. Krishna never told a joke."

I would say, "I am neither Buddha nor Krishna, and I am not interested in seriousness."

In fact, because they were becoming serious, I had to bring in that joke. I don't want anybody to become serious. I want everybody to be playful. And life has to become, more and more, closer to laughter than seriousness.
mystic40

Osho's interaction with Mohammedans

For twenty years I lived in a city which was proportionately divided, half and half, into Hindus and Mohammedans. They were equally powerful, and almost every year riots happened. I used to know a professor in the university where I was teaching. I could never have dreamed that this man could put fire to a Hindu temple; he was such a gentleman--nice, well educated, well cultured. When there was a riot between the Hindus and the Mohammedans I was watching, standing by the roadside. Mohammedans were burning a Hindu temple, Hindus were burning a Mohammedan mosque.

I saw this professor engaged in burning the Hindu temple. I pulled him out and I asked, "Professor Farid, what are you doing?"

He became very embarrassed. He said, "I'm sorry, I got lost in the crowd. Because everybody else was doing it, I forgot my own responsibility--everybody else was responsible. I felt for the first time a tremendous freedom from responsibility.

Nobody can blame me. It was a Mohammedan crowd, and I was just part of it."

On another occasion, a Mohammedan's watch shop was being looted. It was the most precious collection of watches. An old Hindu priest--the people who were taking away those watches and destroying the shop, had killed the shop owner, were all Hindus--an old priest I was acquainted with

was standing on the steps and shouting very angrily at the people, "What are you doing? This is against our religion, against our morality, against our culture. This is not right."

I was seeing the whole scene from a bookstore, on the first story in a building just in front of the shop on the other side of the road. The greatest surprise was yet to come. When people had taken every valuable article from the shop there was only an old grandfather clock left, very big, very antique. Seeing that people were leaving, the old man took that clock on his shoulders. It was difficult for him to carry because it was too heavy. I could not believe my eyes! He had been preventing people, and this was the last item in the shop.

I had to come down from the bookstore and stop the priest. I said to him, "This is strange. The whole time you were shouting, `This is against our morality! This is

against our religion, don't do it!' And now you are taking the biggest clock in the shop."

He said, "I shouted enough but nobody listened. And then finally the idea arose in me that I am simply shouting and wasting my time, and everybody else is getting something. So it is better to take this clock before somebody else gets it because it was the only item left."

I asked, "But what happened to religion, morality, culture?"

He said this with an ashamed face, but he said it: "When nobody bothers about religion, culture and morality, why should I be the only victim? I am also part of the same crowd. I tried my best to convince them, but if nobody is going to follow the religious and the moral and the right way, then I am not going to be just a loser and look stupid standing there. Nobody even listened to me, nobody took any notice of me." He carried that clock away.

I have seen at least a dozen riots in that city, and I have asked individuals who have participated in arson, in murder, in rape, "Can you do it alone, on your own?" And they all said, without any exception, "On our own we could not do it. It was because so many people were doing it, and there was no

responsibility left. We were not answerable, the crowd was answerable."

Man loses his small consciousness so easily into the collective ocean of unconsciousness. That is the cause of all wars, all riots, all crusades, all murders. *rebel17*

I have seen politicians.. just a dead cow, they will put in front of a Hindu temple.

Naturally the Hindus will think it must have been done by Mohammedans, and immediately there is a riot. And then these same politicians start speeches for peace, for brotherhood.

We are living in a really mad world.

I know the politicians--who have been creating the riots and when hundreds of people have been burned and killed, and mosques and temples have been destroyed, then they will call a public meeting of all the religions and will talk about peace, humanity, progress. And they are the people who are hindering all progress. *mess122*

In Mohammedanism they went to the very logical end: either you have to be ready to be saved or be ready to die. They don't give you any other choice, because they believe that if you go on living unsaved you may commit sins and you will suffer in hell. By killing you they are at least taking away all the opportunities of falling into hell.

And to be killed by a savior is almost to be saved. That's what Mohammedans have been saying, that if you kill somebody in order to save him, he is saved; God will look after it. He is saved and you are accumulating more virtue in saving so many people.

Mohammedans have killed millions of people in the East. And the strange thing is that they believed they were doing the right thing. And whenever somebody does a wrong thing believing that it is right, then it is more dangerous. You cannot persuade him otherwise, he does not give you a chance to be persuaded. In India I tried in every possible way to approach Mohammedan scholars, but they are unapproachable. They don't want to

discuss any religious matter with somebody who is not a Mohammedan.

They have a word of condemnation for the person who is not a Mohammedan. Just as Christians call him a heretic, Mohammedans call him *kaffir*--which is even worse than heretic. Kaffir comes from a word, *kufr*; kufr means sin, a sinner. Kaffir means a sinner: anybody who is not a Mohammedan is a sinner. There are no other categories, only two categories. Either you are a Mohammedan, then you are a saint. . Just by being a Mohammedan you are a saint, you are saved, because you believe in one God, one prophet--Mohammed--and one holy book, the *Koran*. These three things believed is enough for you to be a saint. And those who are not Mohammedans are all kaffirs, sinners.. .

India, although a Hindu country, has the biggest number of Mohammedans. Still it is impossible to communicate. I have tried my best, but if you are not a Mohammedan then how can you understand? There is no question of any dialogue: you are a kaffir.

I had a professor as my colleague in the university, who loved me very much. He was a Mohammedan. I asked him, "Farid, can't you manage.. ?" Because Jabalpur is one of the big centers of Mohammedans and it has great scholars. One very famous scholar, Burhanuddin, was there. He was old, and famous all over India and outside India also as a scholar of Mohammedanism. I asked Farid, "find some way for me to have a dialogue with him."

He said, "it is really difficult--unless you can pretend to be a Mohammedan."

I said, "that too is very difficult, because then you have to teach me a few basic things of Mohammedanism--their prayer and what they do. And moreover that Burhanuddin knows me--we have spoken many times from the same platform--so it will be very difficult for me to act. I can try, there is no harm. At the most we may get caught and we can laugh at the whole thing."

He said, "You can laugh, but my position will be very bad. They will kill me because

'you are a Mohammedan and you are supporting a kaffir, and deceiving one of your great masters.'" But he was willing to do it. He started teaching me the language, Urdu. It was difficult to learn because it is just absolutely the opposite of any language that is born of Sanskrit. An Urdu book starts from the back and the sentence starts from the right corner and goes towards the left.

It is so difficult to get adjusted: it is just upside down, the whole thing. You have to open the book from the end; that is the beginning. And then the sentence starts from the right and moves towards the left. And because of the way the Urdu language is written a perfect way has not yet been found to print it or type it. The way it is written is not scientific at all; most of it has to be guessed. So those who are accustomed to read it, they can read it because they can *guess* what it will be. But for somebody who is learning, it is very difficult to guess.

But for six months I tried. I learned enough so that I could deceive somebody into thinking that I was not very educated, but a little bit. I learned their prayers; Farid managed to get a wig for me and cut my beard like the Mohammedans cut theirs.

And their beard is so strange that even when I think of it again now my stomach starts churning. But I went through it; they cut my mustache off completely and left just my beard.

I said, "my God" If you had told me before then I would not have wasted these six months!" In a way they were right, because I know that a mustache is such a difficult thing--particularly a mustache like mine which is not trimmed but is wild. I don't

allow anyone to trim it. It is difficult even to drink tea or to drink fruit juice because half of it will remain on the mustache. So Mohammedans have found a way: they cut off the mustache, they shave the mustache, and they keep the beard. But that looks so ugly.

But I said, "okay, we will do it. Now, for a few days I will not leave my house. Just give me a wig and let me see Burhanuddin." It certainly changed my face completely when Farid cut my beard like the

Mohammedans'--very thin along the jawline and just a little bit of beard on the chin--like Lenin's, a little less. Without a mustache and with a wig I looked different.

We went there, but the old man detected something about my eyes. He said, "I have seen those eyes somewhere."

I said, "My God! Farid, where could Maulana" --*maulana* means master; he was known as Maulana Burhanuddin--"have seen me?--because I have never been to this city."

Farid was trembling, he was having a nervous breakdown: we had never thought about the eyes. That old man continued to look, and he said, "I suspect something."

I said, "Farid, he suspects something." Farid just fell at his feet and he said, "There is no need to suspect--you know this man. And forgive me, I was just trying to help him because he wanted to have a dialogue with you."

But he said, "First tell me who he is, because as far as I can remember, I have known the man and I have seen him many times. You have just cut off his mustache."

I said; "Now it is better, Farid, that you tell the whole thing, that not only have you cut off my mustache.. ." I took off the wig and I said, "Look at the wig."

The moment I was without the wig, Burhanuddin immediately recognized me, and he said, *"You!"*

I said, "What else to do? You know me perfectly but you will not have a personal talk with me. Do you think that just being a Mohammedan is enough to be a saint? And what sin have I committed?

"Certainly I am not a Mohammedan, but Mohammed himself was not a Mohammedan when he was born. Was he a kaffir, a sinner? And can you tell me who converted Mohammed to Islam? He was never converted. Just as Jesus remained a Jew, Mohammed remained a pagan all his life; Mohammedanism is something that started after his death. So if

Mohammed, a kaffir, can become the messenger of God, can't I discuss the message?"

Burhanuddin said, "This is what I was afraid of. That is why we don't encourage any dialogue between Mohammedans and non-Mohammedans."

I said, "That simply shows your weakness. What is the fear? I am opening myself to you, to be saved by you. Save me--and if you cannot save me then let me try to save you."

But that man simply turned towards Farid and said, "Take him away. I don't want to talk any more. And you have to come tomorrow to see me."

And Farid was punished, beaten. I could not believe it: he was a professor at the university, a well-known scholar who was a guide to many research students working on Mohammedanism, on Urdu literature, the *Koran.* Burhanuddin had a few hooligans there--they gave Farid a good beating. He showed me his body; all over his body were signatures of the Mohammedan attitude.

He said, "I told you before, that if something goes wrong... They have only beaten me because I am a well-known person. If I were somebody else they would have killed me." *person20*

I have commented on hundreds of mystics, many of them Sufis who are in revolt against the orthodox Mohammedan structure. When Sufis heard about my commentaries on Sufism, at least two or three times a year I received beautiful printed copies of the *Koran,* with letters saying, "You are the only person who can write a commentary, because you are not a Mohammedan. Mohammedans cannot do anything against you; they cannot expel you." *satyam20*

If you ask Mohammedans, they will say I have no right to talk on Sufis or on the *Koran.* Once in a town I was talking about Sufis, and the *maulvi* of the town approached me and he said, "You have no right. You are *not* a Mohammedan, you don't know Arabic. How can you talk on the Sufis and on the *Koran?"*

I said, "The *Koran* has nothing to do with Arabic. It has something to do with the heart, not with the language." *until10*

I have enjoyed thousands of encounters; Jaina, Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian, and I was ready to do anything just to have a good argument.

You will not believe me, but I went through circumcision at the age of twenty-seven, after I was already enlightened, just to enter a Mohammedan Sufi order where they would not allow anybody in who had not been circumcised. I said, "Okay, then do it!

This body is going to be destroyed anyway, and you are only cutting off just a little piece of skin. Cut it, but I want to enter the school."

Even they were unable to believe me. I said, "Believe me, I am ready." And when I started arguing they said, "You were so willing to be circumcised and yet you are so unwilling to accept anything we say at all!"

I said, "That's my way. About the nonessential I am always ready to say yes. About the essential I am absolutely adamant, nobody can force me to say yes."

Of course they had to expel me from their so-called Sufi order, but I told them,

"Expelling me, you are simply declaring to the world that you are pseudo-Sufis. The only real Sufi is being expelled. In fact, I expel you all."

Bewildered, they looked at each other. But that's the truth. I had gone to their order not to know the truth; I knew that already. Then why had I entered? Just to have good company to argue with.

Argument has been my joy from my very childhood. I will do anything just to have a good argument. But how rare it is to find a really good milieu for argument! I entered the Sufi order--this I am confessing for the first time--and even allowed those fools to circumcise me. They did it by such primitive methods that I had to suffer for at least six months. But I didn't care about that; my whole concern was to know Sufism from within. Alas, I could not find a real Sufi in my life. But that is true not only about the Sufis; I

have not found a real Christian either, or a real Hassid. *glimps09*

I have been with Sufis and I have loved those people. But they are still one step away from being a buddha. Even though their poetry is beautiful--it has to be, because it is coming out of their love--their experience is a hallucination created by their own mind. In Sufism, mind is stretched to the point that you become almost mad for the

beloved. Those days of separation from the beloved create the sensation of burning. *rinzai02*

It happened that one Sufi master was brought to me. He was master of thousands of Mohammedans, and once a year he used to come to the city. A few of the Mohammedans of his group had become interested in me and they wanted a meeting. They highly appreciated that their master sees God everywhere, in everything, and he is always joyful: "We have been with him for twenty years and we have never seen him in any other state except ecstasy."

I told them, "It will be good that he becomes a guest in my house. For three days you leave him with me. I will take care of your master." He was an old man, a very good man.

I asked him, "Have you used any technique for this constant ecstasy, or has it come on its own without any technique?"

He said, "I have certainly used a technique. The technique is to remember, looking at everything, that there is God in it. In the beginning it looked ridiculous, but slowly slowly the mind became accustomed: now I see God everywhere in everything."

Then I said, "You do one thing.. How long have you been practicing it?"

"Forty years"--he must have been nearabout seventy.

I asked, "Can you trust your experience of ecstasy?"

He said, "Absolutely."

Then I said, "Do one thing: for three days you stop the technique.. no more remembering that God is in everything. For three days look at things as they are; don't impose your idea of God. A table is a table, a chair is a chair, a tree is a tree, a man is a man."

He asked, "But what is the purpose of it?"

I said, "I will tell you after three days."

But not even three days were needed; after only one day he was angry at me, ferociously angry that, "You have destroyed my forty years' discipline. You are a dangerous man. I have been told that you are a master, and rather than helping me.. Now I see in a chair nothing but a chair, in a man nothing but a man; God has disappeared, and with the disappearance of God my ecstasy that I am surrounded by an ocean of God has also disappeared."

I said, "This was the specific purpose. I wanted you to understand that your technique has produced an hallucination; otherwise forty years' discipline cannot disappear in one day. You had to continue the technique, so it would continue to create the illusion. Now it is up to you: if you want to live your remaining life in an hallucinatory ecstasy, it is up to you. But if you want to wake up, then no technique is needed.". .

The Sufi master could not stay with me for three days, but leaving me he finally said to me, "I am grateful. I will have to start my journey again. I can see what has happened: first I just started projecting. I knew that a table is a table, a chair is a chair, but I started projecting that it is God, that it is luminous with God's existence.

And I knew that it is just my idea. But forty years! Slowly slowly it became the reality. But you have shown me that that technique was simply creating an hallucination." *mystic12*

Osho's interaction with Christians

In Jabalpur, where I lived for twenty years, there is a big theological college where they train Christian missionaries for Asian countries; it is the biggest in Asia. I used to go there. I had a few friends there, but the principal informed those friends that I should not be entertained inside the campus "because you are making that man known to the students and to other professors. Now small meetings have started happening in your houses and he will corrupt you."

My friend told me, "This is what the principal has said, and he wants you not to be entertained anymore in the campus. And we are poor professors,

we cannot antagonize him."

I said, "You don't be worried. I will go and see him myself." I went to Principal Mackwan, who was the chief of Leonard Theological College, and I told him, "You prepare missionaries for the whole of Asia--and you are afraid of me, a single person, coming into the campus of all those missionaries who are going to convert Asians to Christianity! You don't trust your professors, you don't trust your Christianity, you don't trust your missionaries. You don't trust your students who are going to be missionaries. Your whole campus--there are ten thousand people on the campus--I can corrupt them, and those ten thousand people cannot corrupt me?

And you are included in those ten thousand people.

"I am here and I am going to come every day--not in the campus anymore, to your office, just to be corrupted by you."

He looked shocked. He said, "To be corrupted by me?"

I said, "Yes, you corrupt me, or I will corrupt you. It is an open challenge. You are the head of this institute. Ten thousand people follow you, they think you are some great sage. Corrupt me, make me a Christian; I am ready to be converted. But if you fail, then be ready to be converted to my way, which has no name."

He said, "I don't want to create any conflict, any controversy."

I said, "There is no controversy, no conflict. I will simply sit here silently; you corrupt me. Or, you sit silently, I will corrupt you. Nobody will ever even hear what is going on."

He said, "Let me think about it."

The next day I was there again. I said, "Principal Mackwan, have you thought about it? Have you asked your wife?"

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "That's what thinking means. When a husband says, Ì will think about it,' it means he will consult his wife."

He said, "You are something because actually--that's what I did."

And I said, "That shows that you are not even man enough--how can you be a Christian?" Just behind him was Jesus, a wooden sculpture on a cross. I said, "Give that cross and Jesus to me because it does not belong in your office. You are not man enough; you asked your wife. Do you think Jesus asked anybody, `What do you think--is it okay to be crucified, or escape?'"

That man became a friend--and of course became corrupted slowly slowly. His house became my meeting place. He said, "You are irresistible. You say things which are certainly against our scriptures, our tradition, but not against our reason."

And when I left Jabalpur, among the people who had come to give me a send-off was this old Principal Mackwan, with tears in his eyes. He said, "I will miss you. You became a reality in my life, far more real than Jesus Christ has ever been. Jesus Christ has been just a belief. I am not courageous enough to drop that, but you know it has dropped. I cannot say to the world, Ì am no longer a Christian,' but I have come to say it to you because perhaps we may not meet again. I am old, and I know you--once you leave a place you never look back."

And I have never gone back to Jabalpur. Perhaps he is dead now. But on the station he confessed to me that he is no longer a Christian; he has started enquiring, although it is too late. But he is happy; even though it is late, and the evening of his life has come, "Perhaps there is not time enough to enquire, but I am immensely satisfied only with this, that at least I am not dying with false beliefs, insincere, inauthentic, not my own. I don't have any truth yet, but at least I can die with this contentment, that I have started the journey. And if there is a beginning perhaps one day there will be an end to it too."

Every being is in search of truth, but small fears go on preventing you.
dark15

If a sudra becomes a follower of Buddha, immediately he is no longer untouchable. If a sudra becomes a Christian he is no longer untouchable. This is a very strange world.

I had a friend who was the principal of a theological college in Jabalpur, Principal Mackwan. I was saying to him, "Why are you Christians interested only in the poor?"

He said, "Please come to my house." I was sitting in his office. He said, "My house is just behind the college; come to my house; I want to show you something."

He showed me an old man and woman's picture. They were certainly beggars, in rags, dirty; you could even see it in their faces--so hungry. You could see that all their lives they had suffered; it was written in the lines on their forehead. He said,

"Can you recognize who these are?"

I said, "How can I recognize them?--I have never seen these people, but they look like beggars."

He said, "They *were* beggars. He is my father, she is my mother. And not only were they beggars, they were sudras, untouchables. They became converted, in their old age, to Christianity because they were so old, tired of begging; and now they were concerned about their children--particularly this boy who is now principal of Leonard Theological College. What would happen to him if they died? He would also become a beggar."

Because they were sick they entered a Christian hospital, because no other hospital will take poor people and give them free medicine, food, care, doctors. So they entered, they had to enter, a Christian hospital. And there the whole methodology is: with the medicine to go on giving as much of *The Bible* as possible; with each injection a little *Bible.* With food, the doctor talks about it, the nurse talks about it; the priest comes every day to inquire about their health, how they are.

For the first time they felt that they were human beings. Nobody had ever

asked them about their health. They were treated like dogs, not like human beings. And

had they remained Hindus they would have died like dogs, dying on the street corner. You don't know, because that is not the way in the West. .

Professor Mackwan told me, "This is my father and mother. They would have died like dogs and the municipal truck would have thrown them out of the city with all the garbage that it carries every day, because there is nobody to carry a beggar to the funeral pyre. Who bothers about a beggar? Beggars are not men, not human beings."

And then he took me to another picture of his daughter and his son-in-law. I was looking at three generations: the father and mother, almost below human beings; Mackwan, who has gained status and is now in a very respectable post, highly salaried. Now brahmins come and shake hands with him, not knowing at all that he is the son of two beggars who were sudras. I know his daughter, one of the most beautiful women I have seen; she is married to an American.

Looking at the three generations.. such a change. You cannot connect the daughter with the grandmother and how can you connect the son-in-law with her grandfather? There seems to be no bridge. The son-in-law is a well-known scholar, professor--six months teaching in India, six months teaching in America. Saroj, the daughter herself is a professor. They are all well-educated; the son is a principal.

They have moved in a completely different direction by being converted to Christianity. I could not object. I said, "Your father and mother did well."
misery06

One day, as I was going along a road, a woman came and gave me a pamphlet in which was shown a picture of a beautiful building with a garden full of flowers and a stream. On it was written, "Are you in search of a nice bungalow?"

Out of curiosity I turned it over and found that the bungalow was not of this earth, it was some propaganda from the Christian missionaries. That

beautiful bungalow with the garden and the stream is in heaven! It was written in that pamphlet that if you want such a building in heaven then nobody can take you there except Jesus.

Even if you desire for heaven it is you who will desire. It is the extension of your mind--it will be in your language and in your colors. *greatt10*

Once I was taken to a Christian college, one of the biggest in India, where they create missionaries, ministers, priests, etcetera. I was a little puzzled: how can you create priests, ministers, missionaries in a college? That is impossible. The principal was very much interested in me; he invited me. He said, "Come and see!"

It was a six-year course, and I looked around the college, a big campus--seven hundred people were getting ready to become priests, preachers, teachers--I looked around, went into many classes, and what I saw was really hilarious. It was so ridiculous.

In one class the teacher was telling the students, "When you give this sermon, this is how you have to stand, and when you come to this point, this is how you have to raise your hand, these are the gestures you make, this is how you have to close you eyes--as if you have gone into a deep deep meditation...." *As if,* don't forget the 'as if.'

They were learning like actors.. .

Taking leave of the principal I told him one story:

"I have heard--it must have happened in some college like yours--the teacher was telling the students, 'When you talk about paradise, heaven, smile a heavenly smile,

your eyes full of joy and light, and look upwards towards heaven. And for a moment become silent and just let people see how joyous, full of light and joy you are.'

"A student raised his hand and he said, 'That's right, but when we are talking about hell, what to do?'

"The teacher said, 'Then just as you are will do--just stand as you are. You need not do anything else, just be yourself, that's all, and that will show them what hell is.'"

Teaching people to become masters is such an absurdity. Jesus did not learn in any college. It is fortunate that such colleges did not exist in those days; otherwise they might have destroyed Jesus. Buddha never went to any religious institution to learn.

Religion has to be lived, because that is the only way to learn it. *dh0505*

One great Christian theologian used to come to India often. His name was Stanley Jones. Generally he was the guest of the principal of a Christian college. The principal was my friend; that's how I came to be acquainted with Stanley Jones. He had written many beautiful books, very beautiful. He was a man of tremendous scholarship.

He used to give sermons, and he would keep fifteen or twenty postcard-sized cards; on each card everything that he was going to say was written in shorthand, so nobody would even know what was written on them. And he always used to speak standing, so the people could not see those cards either. He would speak; when the card was finished he would change the card to number two, to number three.

One day, before he was going to speak, he had arranged his cards and had gone just to get ready in the bathroom. I mixed the numbers--the fifth was first, the first was fifth, the third was tenth, the tenth was the third. I just mixed them and put them back. He came out, took the cards--I also went with him.

He started speaking. Looking at the card he could not understand, "What is happening?"--because the card said something which it was not supposed to say--

"Where is the introduction?" He was almost in a nervous breakdown. And in front of a crowd of almost two thousand people, he started looking for the card with the introduction. He could not find it so he tried to start on his own, but he had never started on his own in his whole life.

People were very much puzzled: they had never seen such a third-rate sermon from such a first-rate theologian--and they had all heard him before. He was perspiring, and it was winter. Somehow he finished. Neither did he know what he was saying, nor did the people understand what he was doing, what was going on. It was all irrelevant, inconsistent, unrelated, upside down, the beginning coming in the end. .

Finally the introduction came: "Brothers and sisters.. . "

He was very angry. Back in the principal's home he said, "I feel like killing you!"

I said, "You *should* feel like that. But I wanted to do it for a specific reason: do you think Jesus used to have these cards with him? You are more articulate than Jesus.

Jesus was uneducated, he did not even know Hebrew. He only knew the local dialect, Aramaic, which only the laborers and poor people spoke. The learned and the cultured and the rich used to speak Hebrew; Aramaic was not for the cultured and the educated. Jesus had no way of carrying these cards because he could not write, but his words have a fire. And your words are the same, but there is no fire, there is no warmth. They are not coming from your heart, they are coming from a dead

corpse. And you are functioning only like a computer--you are not a theologian, just a machine." *upan27*

But I know many Quakers. They sit in silence also in their congregations. I have been to their congregations, and I have asked them, "If you are really truthful, tell me: What were you doing in your silence?" And they have always said, "We were thinking, thinking of silence, trying to be silent, making efforts to be silent." Yes, it is true they are not speaking. If you mean just by not speaking you are silent, then you are just a fool.

Silence is such a deep experience, where thoughts, emotions, everything disappears.

If you have attained to that silence you will not even call yourself a Quaker.

You will not subscribe to any theology. You don't need one; you have found the very source of truth within yourself. *false31*

Once a Quaker Christian stayed with me.. and Jainas think that they are the most vegetarian people in the whole world; they should forget all about it. I also used to think before that the Jainas are the most vegetarian people. I asked the Quaker--he was a Quaker missionary--what he would like: milk, coffee, tea?

He said, "Milk? A man like you drinks milk?!" He looked so puzzled, I could not believe my eyes.

"What is wrong with milk?" I asked him, "What is the matter with you? Is there something wrong with milk?"

He said, "Of course! It is an animal product. We Quakers don't use any animal product. It is just like non-vegetarian food. Whether you drink blood or you drink milk, it is the same, both come from the body."

And there is some reason in it, some logic in it. Now, in India, all the vegetarians think that milk is the purest, the most *sattvic* food, the purest, the most spiritual food. There are people, saints, only famous for the simple reason that they drink only milk and nothing else; they don't eat anything. And they are worshipped for that reason, because their sacrifice is great. Now, according to the Quakers they are sinners and they will go to hell. *special10*

There was one church, specially for British people, which had been closed for many years, because when the British rule ended in India, all the foreigners moved out.

The archbishop of England--thousands of miles away--was the owner of that church in Jabalpur.

I had a few Christian friends. I said to them "This beautiful church always remains closed." They said, "The congregation of that church is no more here, the nearest authority is in the capital, Nagpur. The bishop of Nagpur is the nearest authority who has the keys. But the real authority is with the

archbishop of England."

I said, "You are just fools. Break the lock--it is already falling apart since ten years.

Clean the church. This is *your* church. Use it."

They became excited, the idea was good. The church was a beautiful building with a very big garden around it, but it had become a jungle, nobody was taking any care.

They broke the lock. They asked me to inaugurate the opening. I said, "I am perfectly ready" and so I inaugurated their church.

It took a few days for the bishop of Nagpur to understand what was happening there. Then he inquired of the archbishop of England what to do, "because a few Christians have broken the lock, entered the property, and are worshipping every

Sunday there." Of course the archbishop was angry and he told him, "Take legal action against them."

The legal action was taken against them. That's why I was also found guilty. I inaugurated it, I inspired those people to enter into the church, so I was the most responsible person. I said to the judge, "A church, a temple, a mosque, a synagogue belongs to those who worship there. It is no ordinary property. For ten years the church has remained without a single worshipper. The archbishop of England is guilty for that, the bishop of Nagpur is guilty for that. Who are they to lock a church and prevent worshippers?

"I am not a Christian, but I can see that a beautiful place which was meant for worshipping, for prayer, is lying empty. Jesus Christ is still hanging on the cross and nobody comes. He must be getting bored."

I said, "Yes, I inspired these people to make that church again alive. It is dying. And to make any church alive is not a crime. To keep it locked. .locked against whom? In fact, churches and temples should not have doors, so that they are available twentyfour hours for anybody to meditate

there. It is a place of silence."

My advocate was getting to the point of nervous breakdown when I said that the archbishop of England should be given an arrest warrant.. and these people were going to continue worshipping in the church. The judge said, "Whatever you are saying is absolutely right, but it is not legal. The church is a property owned by the Church of England. Entering into somebody else's property, taking possession of it, using it, is trespass."

I said, "Then I am ready to be punished, to be jailed. But remember, you are doing something absolutely wrong. You are not making any difference between a place of worship and an ordinary house. A place of worship cannot be owned by anybody, cannot be possessed by anybody. It belongs to those who are ready to worship there. Tell the archbishops of Nagpur and England that either they should come here and bring their congregation, so the church becomes alive, or. .why are they worried? They were happy for ten years. The church was gathering dust, it was going to become a ruin.

"And I am not a Christian at all. I have no concern with that church, just a human concern, a compassion. These people I know, and I told them, 'If you are ready to worship, the church is yours.' And I take the whole responsibility on myself, these people are not in any way responsible. They simply got inspired by me."

There was silence. The advocate sent by the bishop of Nagpur could not figure out what to say. The judge told me that it was legally wrong, but spiritually right: "I cannot give any punishment to you. But please don't do anything like that again."

I said, "That I cannot agree with. I will continue my whole life doing things like that, because I don't care about man-made laws. My concern is with the existential, with the spiritual, with the real. Man-made laws go on changing."

But those Christians who had agreed and opened the church became afraid. The bishop of Nagpur put another big lock. I lived in Jabalpur for twenty years, and by the time I left Jabalpur the church was in ruins, the

roof had fallen. This is according to the law.

Why should I be afraid or guilty? And I am ready to accept any consequences of my actions. I have been moving for thirty years in the country facing hostile masses--

sometimes fifty thousand people, all hostile. But I have never felt any guilt, because whatever I was doing, I was doing with my totality. And whatever I was doing, I was doing with full consciousness. And seeing me, listening to me, although they had come with aggressive prejudices, I could see slowly, slowly a calmness was descending on them. And by the end, when I left, many were in tears. *last106*

Every year, the Catholic pope declares a black list of books that Catholics are not supposed to read. Reading them means a certainty of your going to hell. I was talking to a bishop in Nagpur, because a few of my books had been listed by the Catholic pope as not to be read by any Catholics; whoever reads them is paving his path towards hell. And this is not new, this is an almost eighteen-hundred-year-old tradition in the Catholic Church.

Before this century, they used to burn and destroy any book they decided was dangerous for Catholics. Now they cannot do that, but at least they can prevent the Catholics--who are a great majority in the world, seven hundred million people.

I simply said to the bishop of Nagpur, "At least somebody must have been reading my books; otherwise how do they decide? Either the pope himself must be reading, or some associate cardinals in the Vatican must be reading--without reading, you cannot decide that a book is dangerous to the Catholic belief."

He was in a dilemma: he could not say yes, he could not say no. Because if he says

'Yes, somebody reads it,' that means that person is bound to fall into hell. And if that person is not going to fall into hell, then the whole idea is ridiculous; then nobody is going to fall into hell. It is just to keep people's

eyes closed: no facts should be allowed to be known to them that go against their belief. *splend13*

Osho's interaction with Atheists

I have never come across an atheist who is really an atheist. All atheists are in search, all atheists are in deep search for a faith and trust. But they are afraid. The adventure seems to be so dangerous and risky. They start believing in no-God, but that no-God is also a belief. It is negative: it cannot be nourishing, it cannot give you life, energy; it cannot enhance your being, it cannot help you to become centered. It cannot help you to see the true and the real because it is a false belief, a negative belief. But, I say, it is still a belief. *foll411*

Atheists have been coming to me, and they ask me about God. I say, "Forget about God. You don't believe? That's perfectly good. You just meditate."--And meditation does not need any prerequisite belief in God or anything--it is a scientific method.

But if in the end of meditation you realize something which you had never dreamt of, then don't blame me. You will come to know something greater than God. You will not see God so that you can photograph him. You will not meet God and shake hands with him. But you will feel an oceanic energy all around you, all over the world, in which you disappear like a dewdrop; and that experience is so tremendously blissful that there is nothing that can surpass it. *last415*

Once I was staying in a village. Two old men came to me. One was a Hindu, another was a Jaina. The Jainas don't believe in the existence of God. Both were friends, almost lifelong friends, both must have been nearabout seventy. And both had

quarreled for their whole lives: whether God exists or not? The Hindu insisted that he exists and would quote the Vedas and Upanishads and Gita, and the Jaina would insist that he does not exist and would quote Mahavir and Neminath and Parshwanath and his *tirthankaras.* And they argued and argued to no end, because these questions are so meaningless, so futile, you can go on arguing, ad infinitum; there is no end

to it. Nobody can prove absolutely, nobody can disprove absolutely either. The questions are so utterly useless: nothing can be proved definitely this way or that, so the question goes on hanging.

Hearing that I was staying in the guesthouse outside the village, they came to see me. And they said, "Our whole lives have been a conflict. We are friends, in every way we are friendly, but about this question of God we immediately start quarreling.

And we have quarreled the whole life. Now you are here: give us a definite answer so this quarrel can be stopped, and we can at least die in ease."

I asked them, "If it is proved definitely that God is, how is it going to change your life?"

They shrugged their shoulders. They said, "We will live as we are living."

"Or, if it is proved," I told them, "that God definitely does not exist, how is it going to change your life?"

They said, "It is not going to change our lives at all, because we both live exactly the same life. We are partners in a business. He believes in God, I don't believe in God, but as far as our lives are concerned we have the same pattern. His God does not make any difference, my no-God does not make any difference."

Then I said, "This is a futile question."

Which question is futile? One whose answer is not going to make a change in your life. It is useless. People ask, 'Who created the world?' How is it going to change your life? Anybody, A B C D anybody, how is it going to change your life? 'Is there life after death?' How is it going to change your life?

Can't you see theists and atheists all living the same kind of life, the same rotten kind of life? Can't you see the Catholic and the communist living the same kind of life, the same lies, the same falsehood, the same masks? Can't you see the Protestant and the Catholic living the same life? Can't you see the Hindu and the Mohammedan living the same life, with no

difference at all? All differences are only verbal. No verbal difference makes any difference in their existence. They have been discussing about useless questions.

But why do people ask useless questions? To avoid going in, they pretend that they are great inquirers. They are interested in God, they are interested in the after-life, they are interested in heaven and hell. And the real thing is that they are not interested in themselves. To avoid that, to avoid seeing this fact, that 'I am not interested in my own being,' they have created all these questions. These questions are their strategies to avoid their central question: Who am I?

True religion consists in the inquiry 'Who am I?' And nobody else can answer it. You will have to go digging deeper and deeper into your being. One day, when you have reached the very source of your life, you will know. That day, the real question and the real answer will have happened simultaneously. *sos202*

I used to know a man who was an atheist. Once I heard that he had become a theist. I could not believe it. So when I came across him I asked him, 'How come you decided to become a theist?'

'Well,' he said, 'I used to be an atheist but I gave it up.'

'Why?' I enquired.

He said, 'No holidays.' *dang08*

Osho's interaction with **Mystics and Disciples**

J. Krishnamurti is enlightened, and he is not orthodox--but he has gone to the other extreme: he is *anti*-orthodox. *Anti* should be underlined. .

He hates orthodoxy, he hates all that has passed in the name of religion. Remember the difference: I criticize it but I don't hate it. I don't even hate it! Krishnamurti has a relationship with it--I don't have any relationship with it--and that is where he has missed. .

One time it happened, I was in Bombay, he was in Bombay, and he wanted

to meet me. One of his chief disciples in India came to me and asked me--he knew me and he used to listen to me--"J. Krishnamurti wants to see you."

I said, "I have no problem--bring him."

But he said, "That is not the Indian way."

I said, "Krishnamurti does not believe in Indian or European or American ways."

He said, "He may not believe in them but everybody else does."

I said, "I am not going to meet everybody else. You say J. Krishnamurti wants to meet me: bring him. If I wanted to meet him, I would go to him, but I don't see the need."

But again and again his emphasis was: "He is older, you are younger"--I must have been only forty at the time, and Krishnamurti was almost double my age.

I said, "That's perfectly true, but I don't see any need to meet him. What am I going to say to him? I have no questions to ask, I have only answers to give. It will look very awkward if I start answering him when he has not asked anything. He will be expecting a question from me. That is impossible--I have never asked. I have only answers, so what can I do?

"And of course he is enlightened, so what is the need?--at the most we can sit silently together. So why unnecessarily take me ten or twelve miles?" And in Bombay ten or twelve miles sometimes means two hours, sometimes three hours.

The roads are continuously blocked with all kinds of vehicles. Bombay is perhaps the only city which must have all models of cars. The ancientmost, that God used to drive Adam and Eve out of paradise--that too will be in Bombay. There is no other possibility; it cannot be anywhere else.

I said, "I am not interested in taking three hours, unnecessarily bothering. . And I have had such experiences before: it is absolutely futile. You go and

ask him; if he wants to ask me something perhaps I may think about coming just because of his old age. But I have nothing to ask. If he just wants to see me, then he should take the trouble of coming here." Of course Krishnamurti was very angry when he heard it.

He gets angry easily. That anger is due to his past; he is angry with the past. .

In Bombay he has been speaking for his whole life, and he comes only one time a year, for two or three weeks. In a week he speaks only twice, or at the most thrice; still there are only three thousand people. And the strangest thing is that you will find almost the same people, most of them very old because for forty years they have been listening to him--the same old fogeys.

Strange: for forty years you have been listening to this man, and neither he seems to get anywhere nor you seem to get anywhere. It has become just a habit: it seems that he has to come to Bombay and you have to listen to him, every year. By and by old people go on dying and a few new people replace them, but the number has never gone beyond three thousand. The same is the situation in New Delhi; the same is the situation in Varanasi. .because I have been speaking at his school in Varanasi.

At his school there I asked, "How many people come here?"

They said, "Fifteen hundred at the most, but they are always the same people."

What impact! And this man has made an arduous effort.. .

He is anti-orthodox, anti-tradition, anti-convention; but his whole energy has become involved in this hatred.

It is a hate relationship with the past, but it is a relationship all the same. He has not been able to cut himself totally from the past. Perhaps that would have released his energy; it would have opened his charismatic qualities, but that has not been the case.

The people who become interested in him are mere intellectuals remember,

I say *mere* intellectuals--who don't know they have a heart too. These intellectuals become interested in him, but these intellectuals are not the people who are going to be transformed. They are just sophists, arguers; and Krishnamurti is unnecessarily wasting his time with these intellectual people of the world.

Remember, I am not saying intelligent people of the world--that is a different category. I am saying mere intellectuals who love to play with words, logic.. it is a kind of gymnastics. And Krishnamurti just goes on feeding their intellect.

He thinks that he is destroying their orthodoxy, that he is destroying their tradition, that he is destroying their personality and helping them to discover their individuality. He is wrong, he is not destroying anything. He is just fulfilling their doubts, supporting their skepticism, making them more articulate--they can argue against anything. You may be able to argue *against* everything in the world, but is your heart *for* anything, just one single thing?

You can be against everything--that won't change you.

Are you *for* something too?

That something is not coming from him.

He just goes on arguing.

And the trouble is--this is why I feel sorry for him--that what he is doing could have been of tremendous help, but it has not helped anybody. I have not come across a single person--and I have met thousands of Krishnamurti-ites, but not a single one of them is transformed. Yes, they are very vocal. You cannot argue with them, you cannot defeat them as far as argument is concerned. Krishnamurti has sharpened their intellect for years and now they are just parrots repeating Krishnamurti.

This is the paradox of Krishnamurti's whole life. He wanted them to be individuals on their own, and what has he succeeded in doing? They are just parrots, intellectual parrots.

This man, Raosaheb Patvardhan, who wanted me to see Krishnamurti, was one of his old colleagues. He came to know me just in 1965 when I spoke in Poona; he lived in Poona. He is no longer alive. I asked Raosaheb Patvardhan--he was a very respected man--"You have been so close to Krishnamurti all your life, but what is the gain? I don't want to hear that tradition is bad, conditioning is bad, and it has to be dropped--I know all that. Put that all aside and just tell me: what have you gained?"

And that old man, who died just six or seven months afterwards, told me, "As far as gaining is concerned, I have never thought about it and nobody ever asked about it."

But I said, "Then what is the point? Whether you are for tradition or you are against tradition, either way you are tethered to tradition. When are you going to open your wings and fly? Somebody is sitting on a tree because he loves the tree; somebody else is sitting on the same tree because he hates the tree, and he will not leave the tree unless he destroys it. One goes on watering it, the other goes on destroying it, but both are confined, tethered, chained to the tree."

I asked him, "When are you going to open your wings and fly? The sky is there. You have both forgotten the sky. And what has the tree to do with it anyway?". .

I don't hate any religion.

I simply state the fact:

Religions are nothing but crimes against humanity.

But I am not saying it with any hate in me. I have no love for them, I have no hate for them: I simply state whatsoever is the fact.

So you will find much similarity between what I am saying and what J. Krishnamurti is saying, but there is a tremendous difference. And the difference is that while I am talking to your intellect, I am working somewhere else.. hence the gaps. Hence the discourse becomes too long! Any idiot can repeat my discourse in one hour--not me, because I have to

do something else too.

So while you are waiting for my words, that is the right time:

You are engaged in your head, waiting.

And I am stealing your heart.

I am a thief! *person07*

*Note: Many people who were with Krishnamurti also came to be with Osho, this took place over many years, see also Parts VI to X.

One of India's greatest seers of this age, Raman Maharishi, had only one message to everyone. He was a simple man, not a scholar. He left his house when he was seventeen years old--not even well educated. It was a simple message. To whoever would come to him--and from all over the world people were coming to him--all that he said was, "Sit down in a corner, anywhere.. ."

He lived on a hill, Arunachal, and he had told his disciples to make caves in the hills; there were many caves. "Go and sit in a cave, and just meditate on, Who am I? All else is just explanations, experiences, efforts to translate those experiences into language. The only real thing is this question, Who am I?"

I have come in contact with many people, but I never came in contact with Raman Maharishi; he died when I was too young. I wanted to go, and I would have reached

him, but he was really far away from my place, nearabout fifteen hundred miles. I asked my father many times, "That man is getting old and I am so young. He does not know Hindi, my language; I don't know his language, Tamil. Even if somehow I reach there--which is difficult.. ."

It was almost a three-day journey from my place to Arunachal.. changing so many trains. And with each change of train, the language changes. As you move from the Hindi language territory, which is the biggest in India, you enter the language of Marathi. As you pass from Marathi, you enter the

state of the Nizam of Hyderabad, where Urdu is the language. As you go further you enter Telugu-and Malayalam-speaking areas, and finally you reach Raman Maharishi who spoke Tamil.. .

I could not manage to see Raman, but I met many people who had been his disciples, later on when I was traveling. When I went to Arunachal I met his very intimate disciples, who were very old by then, and I did not find a single person who had understood that man's message.

It was not a question of language, because they all knew Tamil; it was a question of a totally different perspective and understanding. Raman had said, "Look withinwards and find out who you are." And what were these people doing when I went there?

They had made it a chant! They would sit down, chanting, "Who am I? Who am I?

Who am I?"--just like any other mantra.

There are people who are doing their *japa*, "Rama, Rama, Rama," or "Hari Krishna, Hari Krishna, Hari Krishna.. ." At Arunachal they were using this same technology for a totally different thing, which Raman could not have meant. And I said to his disciples, "What you are doing is not what he meant. By repeating, 'Who am I?' do you think somebody is going to answer? You will continue to repeat it your whole life and no answer will be coming."

They said, "On the one hand we are doing what we have understood him to mean.

On the other hand we cannot say you are wrong, because we have been wasting our whole life chanting, 'Who am I? Who am I? Who am I?'"--in Tamil of course, in their language--"but nothing has happened."

I said, "You can go on chanting for many more lives; nothing is going to happen. It is not a question of chanting 'Who am I?' You are not to utter a single word, you have simply to be silent and listen. At first you will find, just like flies moving around you, thousands of thoughts, desires, dreams--

unrelated, irrelevant, meaningless. You are in a crowd, buzzing. Just keep quiet and sit down in this bazaar of your mind."

Bazaar is a beautiful word. English has taken it over from the East, but perhaps they don't know that it comes from 'buzzing': a bazaar is a place which is continuously buzzing. And your mind is the greatest bazaar there is. In each single mind in such a small skull, you are carrying such a big bazaar. And you will be surprised to know that so many people reside in you--so many ideas, so many thoughts, so many desires, so many dreams. Just go on watching and sitting silently in the middle of the bazaar.

If you start *saying*, "Who am I?" you have become part of the bazaar, you have started buzzing. Don't buzz, don't be a buzzer; simply be silent. Let the whole bazaar continue; you remain the center of the cyclone.

Yes, it takes a little patience. It is not predictable at what time the buzzing will stop in you, but one thing can be said certainly: that it stops sometime or other. It

depends on you how much of a bazaar you have, for how many years you have carried it, for how many lives you have carried it, how much nourishment you have given to it, and how much patience you have to sit silently in this mad crowd around you--maddening you, pulling you from every side. *person06*

Just in this century, one of the most important men was Meher Baba. He remained silent his whole life. Although he again and again announced that he was going to speak at a certain date, when the date came it was postponed.

His closest disciple, Adi Irani, used to come to see me. All Meher Baba's books are written by Adi Irani. His name is not on those books as the author; the author is Meher Baba.

I asked him, "Why, again and again, do you declare that this year Meher Baba is going to speak? This has been going on for thirty years, and people gather on that date and he does not speak."

He said, "I don't have any explanations."

I said, "My own experience says that perhaps he has forgotten language."

Adi Irani was not aware of Mahavira and his state that had happened after twelve years of silence. Perhaps he was trying, but he was failing again and again. The silence is so much, and the words are so small they cannot contain it. The truth is so big and the language is so trivial.

I told Adi Irani, "Drop the hope that he will ever speak."

And he did not speak; he died without speaking. But with Adi Irani he had a telepathic, non-linguistic communion.

I asked Adi Irani, "Do you feel sometimes suspicious whether what you are saying is exactly what he means?"

He said, "Not for a single moment. It comes with such force; it comes with such inner certainty that even if he says, `That is not right,' I am not going to listen. How it happens I don't know, but just sitting by his side, something starts becoming so solid, so absolutely certain that there is not even a slight doubt about it. I know it is not from me, because I have no idea what I am saying. I could not have said it, left alone by myself.

"Certainly it is coming from him; and it is not coming as language. I am not hearing the words, but I am feeling surrounded by a certain energy, a presence, which becomes words within me. The words are mine, but his presence triggers them. The meaning is his, I am only a hollow bamboo flute. He sings his songs; my only function is not to hinder. Just let him sing his song. I am totally available to him as a vehicle."

And by the way, I would like you to remember that Meher Baba comes from the same heritage as Zarathustra.*

It is the fate of all the mystics to be misunderstood by their own people. Neither Zarathustra was understood by his own people, nor Meher Baba was understood by his own people. It seems something like a law of nature, that you cannot tolerate the idea that someone who comes from you has reached home, and you are still wandering.It hurts the ego. *zara213*

*Note: Zoroastrians, known in India as Parsis

The Gospel of Ramakrishna is a strange man's book. He calls himself 'M'. I know his real name, but he never allowed anyone to know it. His name is Mahendranath. He was a Bengali, a disciple of Ramakrishna.

Mahendranath sat at Ramakrishna's feet for many many years, and went on writing down whatsoever was happening around his master. The book is known as *The Gospel of Ramakrishna,* but written by M. He never wanted to disclose his name, he wanted to remain anonymous. That is the way of a true disciple. He effaced himself utterly.

The day Ramakrishna died, you will be surprised, M died too. There was nothing more for him to live for. I can understand. .after Ramakrishna it would have been far more difficult to live than to die. Death was more blissful than to live without his master.

There have been many masters, but there has never been such a disciple as M to report about the master. He does not come into it anywhere. He was just reporting--

not about himself and Ramakrishna, but only about Ramakrishna. He no longer exists in front of the master. I love this man and his book, and his tremendous effort to efface himself. It is rare to find a disciple like M. Ramakrishna was far more fortunate in this than Jesus. I know his real name because I have traveled in Bengal, and Ramakrishna was alive at the end of the last century, so I could find out the name of this man Mahendranath. *books16*

Ramakrishna. . His words were not reported correctly, because he was a villager and used the language of a villager. All those words which people think should not be used by any enlightened person have been edited out. I have wandered in Bengal, asking people who are still living how Ramakrishna used to speak. They all said he was terrible. He used to speak as a man should speak--strong, without fear, without any sophistication. *glimps06*

I have been in contact with Ramakrishna's disciples. They feel a little embarrassed that Ramakrishna had to be a disciple to a master, that only then he became enlightened. They simply don't want that part. They would like Ramakrishna himself to be the origin, the source of a new tradition--the Ramakrishna order.

And in Bengal there are thousands of sannyasins who belong to the Ramakrishna order, and there are many more who are not monks but who are deeply devoted to Ramakrishna--but they are all concerned with the *wrong* Ramakrishna. And whenever I said this they were very much shocked.

In the beginning they used to call me to speak at their conferences, and when I started focusing on this point they stopped inviting me--because I was destroying their whole joy. They were not people who wanted to sit silently doing nothing, and the spring comes and the grass grows by itself. They wanted chanting, ritual, dancing, an image of God, a belief in God. *transm43*

Bhuribai is very closely connected with me. I have come to know thousands of men, thousands of women, but Bhuribai was unique among them.

Bhuribai's *mahaparinirvana*-- her death attaining the highest liberation--happened just recently. Count her with Meera, Rabiya, Sahajo, Daya--she is qualified to be among these few selected women.

But as she was illiterate, perhaps her name won't ever become known. She was a villager, she belonged to the country people of Rajasthan. But her genius was unique; without knowing scripture she knew the truth.

It was my first camp. Bhuribai was a participant in it. Later she also participated in other camps. Not for meditation, because she had attained meditation. No, she just enjoyed being near me. She asked no question, I gave no answer. She had nothing to ask, there was no need to answer. But she used to come, bringing a fresh breeze along with her.

She became inwardly connected to me in the very first camp. It happened. It wasn't said, it wasn't heard. The real thing happened!

She attended the first lecture.. the words and events of the camp that Bhuribai participated in are collected in a book called *The Path of Self-Realization.* It was the first camp; only fifty people participated. It was in Muchala Mahavir, an isolated uninhabited ruin in far Rajasthan. Kalidas Bhatiya, a High Court advocate, was with Bhuribai. He served her. He had left all: law practice, law court. He washed Bhuribai's clothes, he massaged her feet. Bhuribai was aged, some seventy years old.

Bhuribai had come, and Kalidas Bhatiya and ten or fifteen of her devotees came. A few people recognized her. She listened to my talk, but when the time to sit in meditation came, she went to her room. Kalidas Bhatiya was surprised, as they had come for meditation. He ran over there and asked Bhuribai, "You listened so attentively to the talk; now when the time to do it has come, why did you leave?"

Then Bhuribai said, "You go, you go! I understood it."

Kalidas was very surprised. If she has understood, then why doesn't she meditate?

He came and asked me, "What's the matter, what's going on? Bhuribai says she understands, so why doesn't she meditate? And when I asked her she said, 'You go, ask Baapji himself"--Bhuribai was seventy years old, but still she called me Baapji, father--"'You go, ask Baapji.' So I have come to you," Kalidas said. "She doesn't say anything, she smiles. And when I started to go, she added, 'You don't understand a thing. I understood it!'"

Then I said, "She is right, because I explained meditation--it is non-doing. And you went and told Bhuribai to come and do meditation. She will just laugh--doing meditation? How to do it, when it is non-doing? I explained also that meditation is just becoming quiet, so she must have thought it's easier to be quiet in her room than in this crowd. She understood well. And the truth is she doesn't need to meditate. She knows silence. Although she doesn't call it meditation, because meditation has become a scholarly word. She's a simple direct village woman, she says, *chup!*-- silence!"

When she returned home after the camp, she asked someone to write this sutra on the wall of the hut:

Silence the means, silence the end, in silence, silence permeates.

Silence, the knowing of all knowing: understand it, you become silence.

Silence is the means, silence is the end, in silence only silence permeates. If you would understand, if you want to understand, then only one thing is worth understanding-silence. The moment you know it, you become silent. There is nothing else to do: *Silence, the knowing of all knowing.*

Her disciples told me, "She doesn't listen to us. If you tell Bai, she'll accept what you say. She'll never refuse you, she'll do what you say. You tell her to have her life's experience written down--she can't write because she's unschooled. Still, whatever she has known, have it written down. Now she's old, the time for her to depart is coming now. Have it written down; it will be helpful for people coming later."

I asked, "Bai, why don't you have it written down?"

Then she replied, "Baapji, if you say so, it is good. When I come to the next camp, you yourself can release it. I'll bring it written down."

At the next camp her disciples waited eagerly, with great excitement. She had put the book in a chest and had it sealed. She had a lock put on it and brought the key.

Her disciples lifted the chest on their heads and brought it to me. They asked me to open it. I opened it and took out a booklet, a tiny little booklet of some ten or fifteen pages; and tiny--about three inches long by two inches wide. And black pages without any white!

I said, "Bhuribai, you have written well. Other people write, but they blacken the page only a little bit. You wrote so there's no white left at all." She had written and written and written.

She said, "Only you can understand. They just don't get it. I told them, 'Look. Other people write. They write a little--they are educated, they can write only a little. I am unschooled, so I wrote on and on, wrote out the whole thing. I didn't leave any space.' And how to have someone else write it? So I just went on writing, went on marking and marking and marking--

made the whole book totally black! Now you present it."

And I did present it. Her disciples were very surprised.

I said, "This is real scripture. This is the scripture of scriptures. The Sufis have a book, it is a blank book. They call it *The Book of the Books.* But its pages are white.

Bhuribai's book has gone beyond this. Its pages are black."

Bhuribai never used to say anything. When someone used to come and ask her,

"What should I do?" she would just make the gesture of touching her finger to her lips--"Just remain silent. Nothing else needs to be done."

Her love was amazing. She had her own way, unique! She doesn't have to return to this world. She has gone forever. *In silence, silence permeates.* She has dissolved. The river has diffused into the ocean. She didn't do anything, she just remained silent.

And whoever went to her house she served them. She served them in every way--

and silently, quietly.

She was an amazing woman. *early08*

You don't know thousands of enlightened people who have lived and died because they had no special talents so that they became visible to the ordinary man. They may have had something unique; for example they may have had the immense quality of being silent, but that would not be noticed much.

I knew an enlightened man who was in Bombay when I was in Bombay and his only talent was to make beautiful statues out of sand. I have never seen such beautiful statues. The whole day he would make them on the beach, and thousands of people would see them and would be amazed. And they had seen Gautam Buddha's statues, Krishna's, Mahavira's, but there was

no comparison. And he was not working in marble, just with the sea sand. People would be throwing rupee notes; he was not at

all bothered. I have seen others taking the notes away; he was not concerned about that either. He was so absorbed in making those statues. But those statues didn't last. Just an ocean wave would come and the Buddha was gone.

Before his enlightenment he was earning that way, moving from one city to another city and making sand statues. And they were so beautiful that it was impossible not to give something to him. He earned much, enough for one man.

Now he had become enlightened but he had only one talent: to make sand statues.

Of course he will not make sand statues that don't indicate towards enlightenment--

but that is the only offering he can give. Existence will use that. His statues are more meditative. Just sitting by the side of his sand statues you could feel that he has given a proportion to the statue, a certain shape, a certain face that creates something within you.

I asked him, "Why do you go on making Gautam Buddha and Mahavira? You can earn more--because this country is not Buddhist and Jainas are very few. You can make Rama, you can make Krishna."

But he said, "They will not serve the purpose; they do not point to the moon. They will be beautiful statues--I have made all those statues before--but now I can make only that which is a teaching, even though it will be invisible to millions of people, almost to all."

Whenever I used to come to Bombay.. When I came permanently he had died, but before that whenever I used to come I made it a point to go and visit him. He worked on Juhu beach at that time. It is silent there the whole day. People only came in the evening and by that time his statue was ready. The whole day, no disturbance.

I told him, "You can make statues. Why don't you work in marble? They will remain forever."

He said, "Nothing is permanent"--that is a quotation of Buddha--"and these statues represent Gautam Buddha better than any marble statue. A marble statue has a certain permanence and these statues are momentary: just a strong wind and they are gone, an ocean wave and they are gone. A child comes running and stumbles on the statue, and it is gone."

I said, "Don't you feel bad when you have been working the whole day, and the statue was just going to be complete, and then something happens and the whole day's work is gone?"

He said, "No. All of existence is momentary; there is no question of frustration. I enjoyed making it, and if an ocean wave enjoys unmaking it, then two persons enjoyed! I enjoyed making it, the wave enjoyed unmaking it. So in existence there has been a double quantity of joy--why should I be frustrated? The wave has as much power on the sand as I have; perhaps it has more."

When I was talking to him he said, "You are a little strange because nobody talks to me. People simply throw rupees. They enjoy the statue, but nobody enjoys me. But when you come I feel so blissful that there is somebody who enjoys me, who is not concerned only with the statue but with its inner meaning, with why I am making it.

I cannot do anything else. My whole life I have been making statues; that is the only art I know. And now I am surrendered to existence; now existence can use me."

These people will remain unrecognized. A dancer may be a buddha, a singer may be a buddha, but these people will not be recognized, for the simple reason that their

way of doing things cannot become a teaching. It cannot help people really to come out of their sleep. But they are doing their best; whatever they can do, they are doing.

The very few people who become masters are those who have earned in their many lives a certain articulateness, a certain insight into words, language, the sound of words, the symmetry and the poetry of language. It is a totally different thing. It is not a question of linguistics or grammar, it is more a question of finding in ordinary language some extraordinary music, of creating the quality of great poetry in ordinary prose. They know how to play with words so that you can be helped to go beyond words.

It is not that they have chosen to be masters, and it is not that existence has chosen them to be masters. It is just a coincidence: before enlightenment they had been great teachers and they became masters because of enlightenment. Now they can change their teaching into mastery--and certainly that is the most difficult part.

Those who remain silent and disappear peacefully with nobody knowing them have an easy way, but a man like me cannot have an easy way. It was not easy when I was a teacher--how can it be easy when I am a master? It is going to be difficult. *mystic14*

Osho's interaction with Aboriginals

Just in the middle of India there is a state, Bastar. It used to be an independent state under British rule, and the king of Bastar was my friend. And he became my friend by a strange coincidence.. .

We both were traveling in the same train compartment, and we both looked alike.

He had a beard exactly the same size as I had at that time, and he used to wear the same kind of long robe with a lunghi wrapped around. So we were sitting in the same compartment looking at each other, thinking, "This is strange." And he was also looking at me and watching, thinking, "What is the matter?"

Finally, he said to me, "We both look so alike. From where are you coming?" I told him. He said, "Strange. .and where are you going?"

So we were going to the same place, Gwalior. And we were going to be the

guests at the same palace of the Gwalior maharani, the queen of Gwalior. We were both going to participate in an annual conference she used to call a World Conference of All Religions.

He was going to represent the aboriginal idea. They are pagans, they don't have any organized religion or dogma; they don't have any holy scripture, they don't have any priest. And because he was an educated person, he was going to represent pagans.

I was invited by some misunderstanding. The maharani must have read some of my books and thought that I was a religious person. On the first day of the meeting, she became so worried, because at least fifty thousand people were there in the palace grounds.. .

It is a beautiful palace, and it has a huge ground where fifty thousand people can sit every year. But when I spoke, she was completely shattered. She could not sleep. At twelve o'clock in the night she knocked on my door. I had left her at ten o'clock after the meeting. I could not think who would be knocking on my door, so I opened the door, and it was the queen herself.

She said, "I cannot sleep. You have shattered my whole mind. And now I cannot allow you to speak tomorrow." The conference was going to continue for seven days, I spoke only one time. And she said, "My son wants to see you, but I have prohibited him." She said, "Whatever you said feels to be true, but it goes against all our beliefs, all our religious feelings."

I said, "Do you think about truth, or do you think about lies and consolations?"

She said, "I can understand, but my young son who is going to be the head of the state is too young, and he will be impressed by you immediately." She requested me,

"Just for my sake--even if he comes, don't allow him in."

So I said, "If I am not going to speak, then I don't have to stay here. You have asked me for seven lectures, and just one lecture and you are finished. Let me do my job.

Those fifty thousand people will ask for me."

She said, "I know it, because you were the only one they seemed to be interested in, and there was absolute silence. I have never seen such silence in the crowd. The priests go on speaking, who cares? They are telling the same thing again and again, year after year, the same dogmas. For the first time," the queen said to me, "I understood what it means to have pindrop silence. So they will be asking, but it is difficult, because all the other participants are absolutely against you.". .

She said, "You are going to create trouble, and I want no trouble."

I said, "Then if you want to keep those people, you don't understand. You will be in trouble."

At that moment the Bastar maharajah also came in. He was staying in the next room in the guest house with me. And he said to me, "You have done a great job, and if you have to leave, I am coming with you."

That's how we became friends. And he invited me to his state. So from Gwalior I went directly to Bastar. It is far away from Gwalior. And he introduced me to the people of Bastar. They are aboriginals, and they live almost naked. They put only a small piece of cloth around them when they come to the main capital, Jagdalpur--

otherwise, in the forest, in the mountains they live naked. .

And the aboriginal children who don't have any dreams at all.

Freud could not have conceived that there are people who don't have any dreams, because the Christian-Judaic religion is so repressive. People who have been brought up in that culture cannot conceive that there are still aboriginal people around the world, hidden in deep forests, who are absolutely natural beings. Those people have never heard that there is anything to be repressed.

You can ask a woman, even by touching her breast, "What is this?"--and she will not feel embarrassed, she will not feel offended. She will say, "This is just to give milk to my child," with no idea that "you are being offensive,

you are touching my breast."

She is not going to scream, and she is not going to any police station; in fact, there is no police station there.

The people are so innocent, that rarely does it happen that somebody kills someone.

It has happened perhaps twice in this maharajah's lifetime. Then the person who has killed comes to the capital himself, because only the capital has the police station and the court. He goes to the police station and informs them: "I have killed a man and I need to be punished." Otherwise no one would ever have known that he

had killed anybody. Nobody goes into those deep forests. They live in caves; nobody goes there. And they have such beautiful caves.

And they are such beautiful people. You will not find anybody fat, you will not find anybody thin--they all look alike. They live long, and they live very naturally. Even about sex they are very natural, perhaps the only natural people left in India.

And exactly what they do, has to be done all over the world if you want people not to be perverted. Behind all kinds of mental sicknesses is sexual perversion. In Bastar I found for the first time, people totally natural.

After a girl and a boy come of age--that is thirteen and fourteen. .They have in their villages, in the middle of the village, a small hall just made of bamboos, as their huts are made. The moment a girl starts having periods, she has to stay in the central hall.

By the time a boy is fourteen, sexually potent, he has to live.. All the girls and the boys who have become sexually mature, they start living together, sleeping together, with one condition--and that is a beautiful condition--that no boy should sleep with a girl for more than three days. So you have to become acquainted with every girl of the village, and every girl has to become acquainted with every boy of the village.

Before you decide to marry someone, you must know every woman of the

village, so there is no question arising afterwards that you start feeling lustful for some woman. You have lived with all the women of your age, and it is your choice after the experiment with all the woman.

And there is no jealousy at all, because from the very beginning everybody is living with every girl. Every boy has the chance to be acquainted with every girl of the village, and every girl has the chance to be acquainted with every boy of the village.

So there is no question of any jealousy, there is no competitive spirit at all. It is just an experiment, an opportunity for every child to know sex with different people, and then find out who suits you, and with whom you were the most happy, with whom you settle harmoniously, with whom you felt your heart. Perhaps this is the only scientific way to find a soul mate.

But these people are called uncivilized, and missionaries are doing a great job of civilizing them: opening schools, hospitals. They don't need hospitals. They are such healthy people, and these missionaries bring all kinds of diseases to them. They have never heard about gonorrhea, they have never heard about all kinds of perverted diseases. The missionaries bring the diseases, and then the hospital.

The missionaries bring the idea to them that you are poor. They have never thought about it--they are all equal, equally poor. There is no question of comparison, and they are living perfectly well, and healthy, on one meal a day. They are more healthy than anybody else in the world.

Just recently scientists have been experimenting on rats, and they were puzzled.

They kept two categories of rats, the same kind. To one category they were giving as much food as they wanted--American rats. And to the other category, the Bastar rats, they were giving food only one time. And they were surprised. The rats who were given whatever they wanted, lived to be only half of the age of the rats who were fed only one time. They were double the age--twice the American fellows!

So Bastar people live longer, although they don't know how long they have

lived, because they cannot count. They live up to one hundred years very easily, one hundred and twenty very easily. If you search deeper in the forests, perhaps you can

find a person who has lived one hundred and fifty years. They don't know it--you have to figure it out. And they don't look that old either.

Even the oldest person goes on working. Life is hard, but it is beautiful. Every night--

particularly when it is fullmoon nights--they dance to abandon. The whole day they have been working hard, and in the night they dance. All the women, all the men together. .no question that you have to dance with your wife. People go on changing partners. It is a social phenomenon, it is not a question of possessiveness that you should dance with your own wife. And if she is dancing with somebody else, then you are looking jealous, you are looking murderous.

I have watched their dances. They look so beautiful. There is no question of any lust, because they are fulfilled, sexually fulfilled, physically fulfilled.

They don't have dreams. I have asked many. I have asked the maharajah. He said,

"They don't have dreams, but I have because I am an educated person. They destroyed me. I was born in these hills, and I would have loved to remain just as uneducated, as uncultured as these people. Their joy is infectious, their laughter is infectious. But they don't have any dreams."

There is no need for dreams. A dream is a need created by a repressive morality, by a repressive God, by a repressive priesthood. These are the people who have created dreams. And then another priesthood has come into being, the psychoanalyst. They exploit your dreaming. One priesthood has created the dreams, another priesthood. .and both were Jews.
celebr06

I may have told you: I was staying in Central India--there is a small aboriginal tribal land, Bastar. I used to go there often just to see how man

was ten or twelve thousand years ago, because they are that far back. They live naked; they eat raw meat.

I used to study how man must have been and how he must have evolved. I was staying. . In those days Bastar was a state, and the king of Bastar was my friend. He was a very courageous man, and he loved me so much that just because of me, he was killed.

The government became afraid because he was a king of a state, and he was too much under my influence. He was allowing me to use all his resthouses in the mountains, in the jungles of Bastar, and they thought that if he wanted. .because he was worshipped by the aboriginals as God, just as in the old way every nation in the past worshipped kings as gods. They are still in the past, they are not contemporary people, and if he said anything about me, they would accept it without any question.

The chief minister of Central India was very much against me. He was a Brahmin, and he wanted that I should be prevented from reaching Bastar. He told the king; the king refused. He said, "He is my friend, and I love what he says--and I am not under anybody's power." Finding some excuse, police action was taken and the king was killed. .thirty-six bullets; no chance was taken that he would be left alive. His name was Bhanjdeo. Because of him I enjoyed absolute freedom in his state.

I was staying in one of his guesthouses, and I saw a bonfire in the middle of the tribe--the tribe make their beautiful huts in a circle. So I went there--it must have been nine or ten o'clock in the night--and a Christian missionary was teaching them that the real religion, the only real religion, is Christianity.

So I sat just there with the crowd, and the missionary was not aware that somebody else from the outside was present. He had a bucket full of water, and the bonfire was there--it was a cool night. He brought from his bag two statues; one was of Rama, the Hindu god, and one was of Jesus Christ.

And he said, "You can see these statues: one is Rama--the Hindu god you worship--

and one is Jesus Christ; he is our god. And I will put them to a test to show you." He put both of them in the bucket of water. Rama drowned, and Jesus remained floating.

And he said, "You can see!--this fellow cannot even save himself; how can he save you? And look at Jesus Christ: while he was alive he used to walk on water; even in his statue he is floating! He can save you."

And many poor aboriginals nodded their heads, "That is true. You can see--there is no question."

I said to myself, "This is something I had never imagined--that these aboriginals are being converted to Christianity in this way." I stood up, I went close, and took both out of the bucket--Rama and Jesus--and as I took them I immediately felt that the Rama statue was made of steel, painted exactly the same way as Jesus' statue; and Jesus' statue was made of very soft wood, very light wood. So I asked the aborigines,

"Have you ever heard in your scriptures about a water test?"

They said, "No."

"Have you heard about a fire test?"

They said, "Yes!". .because in Hindu scriptures, the fire test is a well-known fact. A water test nobody has heard of.

I said, "So you can see now... " I threw both of them into the bonfire. Jesus immediately started burning! The missionary tried to escape. I said, "Hold this man, don't let him go! Let him see the whole scene. Now Rama is safe even in the fire; Jesus is gone."

The aboriginals were very happy, and they said, "This is the real test, and this man was cheating us; a water test we have never heard of. But we never thought--we are poor people, we don't think--we agreed with him. If you had not been here he would have made us all Christians. This is his way; he has converted many tribes here in the forest to Christianity. This is his only game."

I said,"What do you think?--should we put him also to the fire test?"

They said, "That will be great, but that will be dangerous because he will be caught in it; he will not be able to save himself." And he was in such fear, trembling, that these people. .and if I had told them to, they would certainly have put him in the fire!

And he said, "I will never do such a thing again."

"But," I said, "this is absolutely ugly. It is not religion that you are practicing; you are cheating poor people, innocent--and you call it conversion."

Any dignified philosophy does not believe in conversion. Jainism does not believe in it. It simply makes available to you all its treasure, and if you are interested you can join the caravan, but nobody wants you to be converted. *transm25*

One man has been opening schools in India for aboriginal children his whole life. He is a follower of Gandhi. Just by chance he met me, because I had gone into that aboriginal tribe. I was studying those aboriginals from every view, because they are living examples of days when man was not so much burdened with all kinds of

morality, religion, civilization, culture, etiquette, manners. They are simple, innocent, still wild, fresh.

This man was going and collecting money from cities, and opening schools and bringing teachers. Just by the way he met me there. I said, "What are you doing? You think you are doing great service to these people?"

He said, "Of course!"

So arrogantly he said, "Of course!" I said, "You are not aware of what you are doing.

Schools exist in the cities, better than these: what help have they provided for human beings? And if those schools cannot provide, and colleges and universities cannot provide any help to humanity, what do you think?-- *your* small schools are going to help these poor aboriginals?

"All that you will do is, you will destroy their originality. All that you will do is, you will destroy their primitive wildness. They are still free: your schools will create nothing but trouble for them."

The man was shocked, but he waited for a few seconds and then said, "Perhaps you are right, because once in a while I have been thinking that these schools and colleges and universities exist on a far wider scale all over the world. What can my small schools do? But then I thought it was Gandhi's order to me to go to aboriginals and open schools, so I am following my master's order."

I said, "If your master was an idiot, that does not mean that you have to continue following the order. Now, stop--I *order* you! And I tell you why you have been doing all this--just to escape from your own suffering, your own misery. You are a miserable man; anybody can see it from your face. You have never loved anybody, you have never been loved by anybody."

He said, "How did you manage to infer that?--because it is true. I was an orphan, nobody loved me, and I have been brought up in Gandhi's ashram where love was only talked about in prayer; otherwise, love was not a thing to be practiced. There was strict discipline, a kind of regimentation. So nobody has ever loved me, that's true; and you are right, I have never loved anybody because in Gandhi's ashram it was impossible to fall in love. That was the greatest crime.

"I was one of those whom Gandhi praised because I never fell in his eyes. Even his own sons betrayed him. Devadas, his son, fell in love with Rajgopalchary's daughter, and then he was expelled from the ashram; they got married. Gandhi's own personal secretary, Pyarelal, fell in love with a woman and kept the love affair secret for years. When it was exposed it was a scandal, a great scandal."

I said, "What nonsense! But Gandhi's personal secretary. .that means, what about others?" And this man was praised because he never came in contact with any woman! Gandhi sent him to the aboriginal tribes and he had been doing what the master had said.

But he said to me, "You have disturbed me. Perhaps it is true: I am just

trying to escape from myself, from my wounds, from my own anguish."

So all these people who become interested in saving humanity, in the first place are very egoistic. They are thinking of themselves as saviors. In the second place, they are very sick. *dark01*

Gandhians and Politicians

After Indian Independence in 1947, the National Congress Party was Gandhi's movement, so all politicians and most of the country were Gandhians. When Gandhi died in 1948, his ashram at Wardha was continued by his son Ramdas.

Because I was born into a certain Jaina religious group, they were the first people to surround me. When people started looking at me, asking me questions, feeling that something has happened in me, the first ones were bound to be Jainas because they were my relatives, they were my neighbors. It was obvious that they would be the first. Naturally their questions were concerned with Jainism, with Mahavira.. .

When I was surrounded with Jainas I had to talk with these people about things which have no importance, nothing. But those were the people and these were their questions. Slowly, slowly others started moving towards me, Jainas became a minority. Out of that minority a few are still here--very few, their percentage has fallen to one percent at the most.

The second group that followed, which was certainly the closest group to the Jainas. .Mahatma Gandhi had adopted a Jaina doctrine of nonviolence, so all the Jainas became Gandhians, and all the Gandhians came close to the Jainas. At least on one point they were in agreement. So when Jainas were becoming alert that I am a dangerous man, Gandhians followed. Their great leaders--Vinoba Bhave wanted to meet me; Shankarrao Deo attended a meditation camp; Dada Dharmadhikari attended many meditation camps; Acharya Bhagwat attended many meditation camps. And because these were the thinkers of Gandhism, all over India Gandhians started becoming interested in me.

Again I was surrounded by a certain group with a fixed ideology. The day I

criticized Mahatma Gandhi.. I was simply stating the facts, not even criticizing him. Somebody had asked, "What do you think about Mahatma Gandhi and his philosophy of nonviolence?". .

I said that Mahatma Gandhi was simply a cunning politician. By adopting nonviolence he was managing many things. All the Jainas became his followers. They found a certain man who was in tune with them; although he was not a Jaina, he was at least nine percent Jaina. I have the percentages about Gandhi: he was born a Hindu, but he was only one percent Hindu. He was born in Gujarat, an area very dominated by Jaina philosophy; nine percent he was a Jaina. And ninety percent he was a Christian. Thrice in his life he was just on the verge of being converted to Christianity.

I said to them that by nonviolence he managed the Jainas; he also managed the upper-class Hindus who are nonviolent people; he also managed to influence Christian missionaries, Christians, because Jesus Christ's message is of love, and nonviolence is another name of love. And these were not all the benefits of accepting nonviolence. The most important thing is, India has been for two thousand years a slave country. It has forgotten what it means to be independent. It is not yet independent, its mind has become that of a slave.. .

Indians are very much afraid of fighting. They have never fought. A small group could manage to keep this vast continent in slavery. The ownership changed from one group to another, but India remained in slavery.

Secondly, Gandhi was intelligent enough to see that on the one hand Indians are not people who will fight, and on the other hand, they don't have any weapons to fight with.

Thirdly, the British empire of that day was the greatest power in the world. It was impossible to fight violently with the British empire: you don't have weapons, you don't have trained people to fight, you don't know anything about fighting.

Nonviolence was a political policy. It served many purposes, and served well.. .

So I said that Gandhi's nonviolence was not a spiritual philosophy, but a political policy. And it is proved by the facts. He had promised before independence that the moment India became free, all armies would be dissolved, all arms would be thrown into the ocean. When asked, "If you do this and somebody attacks, what are you going to do?" he said, "We will receive them as our guest and we will say to them,

`We stay here; you also can stay.'"

After independence everything was forgotten. Neither the armies were dissolved, nor the arms were thrown into the ocean; on the contrary, Gandhi himself blessed the first attack on Pakistan. Three Indian Air Force planes came to receive his blessings and he came out of his house and blessed the planes. All nonviolence and all that bullshit talk that he was doing his whole life was forgotten.

The moment I criticized Gandhi.. And this was only on one point. I am a man who loves to go deep into everything. If I don't go, I don't go at all. Once I started, I had to condemn Mahatma Gandhi on a thousand and one grounds, and on each point Gandhians disappeared; now I don't think even one percent of those present are Gandhians--not here, even in India, because they cannot be Gandhians if I am right. I have condemned him point by point.

I have not changed, just the people around me went on changing. When Gandhians disappeared then the people who were communists, socialists, who were against Gandhism thought, "This is a great chance. If he can support us. ." But I had not condemned Gandhi to support communism. I had never thought about it, that this would become an opportunity for socialists and communists. And then I had to condemn them. There is no other way to get rid of such people.

So all those political talks were a necessity, to find out exactly who my people are: who are without any prejudice; who have come to me; who have not come to me to hear about Christ, or to hear about Buddha, or to hear about Gandhi, or to hear about Mahavira; who have come directly to listen to me. I have my own message, I have my own manifesto to the world. .

I have never been a serious person. But I was surrounded by serious people for many years, and amongst those serious people it is very difficult not to be serious. It is almost like being in a hospital. You have at least to pretend that you are serious.

For years I was surrounded by sick people and I had at least to pretend that I was serious.

I am not serious at all because existence is not serious. It is so playful, so full of song and so full of music and so full of subtle laughter. It has no purpose; it is not business-like. It is pure joy, sheer dance, out of overflowing energy. *hari18*

Gandhi's songs of the unity of Hinduism and Mohammedanism, his discourses that both are the same, that there is no difference, are proved all bogus, because his own

son, eldest son, Haridas, who was a rebel from his very birth--and I love that man, he was far superior in every way than his father. .

He wanted to go to school and Gandhi will not allow because he thought that all education poisons people. So no education for children. He will teach them enough so they can read religious scriptures. But Haridas was insistent that he wants to learn everything the way other boys are learning. Gandhi threatened him that, "If you go to school, then never enter in my house again."

Do you think this is the attitude of a non-violent man? And that too against a small child, and whose demand is not in any way for any crime. He is not saying that he wants to go to a prostitute. He is simply asking to go to school to study just like everybody else. And his argument is perfect. He said, "You have been educated and you are not poisoned, so why you are so worried? I am your son. If you can be educated, if you can attain to the degree of bar at law, then why can't I? Why you are so suspicious?"

But Gandhi said, "I have given you the ultimatum. Either you live in this house with me, then no school, or you go to school, then this house is no more for you."

And I love that boy. He left the house--with grace. He touched his father's feet, asked for his blessings, which Mahatma Gandhi could not give.

I cannot see non-violence and love. In these small acts you can find the real person, not in speeches, public performances.

The boy left. He lived with one of his uncles, studied, many times wanted just to come and see his mother but was refused. He graduated, and just to see how much Gandhi means that Hinduism and Mohammedanism are all one he became a Mohammedan. He was really a colorful man.

He became Mohammedan, he changed his name--meaning still the same. Haridas means servant of God. So he asked the Mohammedan priest to give him a name which means Haridas in Arabic. Abdullah means exactly the same. Abd means God, Abdullah means servant of God. So he became Abdullah Gandhi.

When Gandhi heard about it, he was so much shocked. He was so angry. His wife said, "But why you should be so angry? Every morning, every evening, you say both are the same. That's why he must be trying, that, "If both are same.. . Hinduism I have lived for all these years, now let us see what is Mohammedanism."

And Gandhi was angry that, "This is not a matter to laugh. He is disinherited from my property. He is no more my son, and I don't want him to see again." And in India when somebody dies and his funeral pyre is lit with fire, the eldest son puts the fire.

So Gandhi made it his will that "Haridas is not my son and I emphasize the fact that after my death he should not put the fire into my funeral."

What anger! What violence!

I have known this man, Haridas Gandhi. He was really a lovely man. And he said, "I simply became a Mohammedan just to see how my father reacts. And he exactly reacted the way I thought, so all that unity of religions, Hindu and Mohammedan, Christian and Buddhism, is all nonsense. It is all politics. That's what I wanted to prove and I have proved

it."

The place where I lived, just eighty miles away from there, just a coincidence that Haridas.. . It was a junction station. He was coming from one train and Gandhi was passing into another train, so he came close to the compartment of Gandhi just to

see his father, and the mother will be there. Gandhi, seeing him coming towards the compartment, closed all the windows and told his wife that, "If you open the window and talk with him, then my connections with you are finished. Then you can go with him."

Kasturbhai, Gandhi's wife, was crying, weeping, but could not open the window.

Haridas was knocking on the window. Gandhi was standing there. And this man is thought to be the greatest non-violent saint of the contemporary world. I don't agree.

And this is just one instance. I have gone through his life in very detail and I have found thousands of instances where his real personality surfaces. His public performance is a different thing. *last404*

Babasaheb Ambedkar was a sudra, but caught the eye of a very rich man who, seeing he was so intelligent, sent him to study in England. He became one of the greatest experts of law in the world and he helped make the constitution of India. He was continuously fighting for the sudras to whom he belonged, and that is one-fourth of the Hindu society. He wanted a separate vote for the sudras--and he was absolutely right.

I don't see why they should belong to the Hindu fold which has tortured them for ten thousand years, forced them to do every sort of ugly work and paid them almost nothing. They are not even allowed to live in the cities, they have to live outside the city. Just before freedom, they were not allowed to move in many streets of the town. In many places they were forced to announce loudly, "I am a sudra and I am passing through here. Those who can hear me, please move out of the way.. "

because even their shadows falling on you, defile you.

But finding no way, because Mahatma Gandhi was insistent that sudras should not leave the Hindu fold. . That was also a political strategy, because if one-fourth of the Hindus leave the fold, then Hindus will become a minority in their own country.

There are Mohammedans, there are Christians, there are Jainas; now if a new big chunk would go out of the Hindu fold, the country of the Hindus would become almost the country of other religions. And if they all got together, Hindus would never be in power.

I don't consider Mahatma Gandhi a religious man either; he belonged to the same category as Doctor Ambedkar. Gandhi went on a fast to death so that Ambedkar had to take back his stand. He had to withdraw the idea that sudras should be given a separate vote. And Gandhi was clever.. he started calling sudras *harijans.* Cunning people always play with words. Words don't make any difference--whether you call them sudras, untouchables, or harijans.. harijans means, "children of God."

I had a long discussion with Mahatma Gandhi's son, Ramdas. I said, "Don't you see the cunningness? The children of God have been suffering for ten thousand years and those who are not children of God are exploiting them, torturing them, oppressing them, raping their women, completely burning their towns with all living people inside. If these are the children of God, it is better not to be a child of God.

That is dangerous."

Gandhi changed the name just to give it a beautiful meaning, but everything inside remained the same. And he went on a fast unto death unless Ambedkar takes his statement back.

If I had been in the place of Ambedkar, I would have told Mahatma Gandhi, "It is your business to live or to die. It is your business if you want to fast--you are free to.

Fast unto death or even beyond!"

But Ambedkar was pressurized from all over the country, because if Gandhi died the whole blame would come on Ambedkar. And I would have told Gandhi, "This is a very violent method, and you have been talking about nonviolence. Is this nonviolence?". .

After Gandhi had been fasting for twenty-one days, and his health had started to fall fast, the doctor said, "Do something; otherwise the old man will be gone." Ambedkar was much pressurized by all the Indian national leaders who said to him, "Go to Mahatma Gandhi. Ask for his forgiveness, offer him a glass of orange juice to break his fast. .and renounce your movement; otherwise you will be remembered always as the one who killed the greatest man of this country, the great religious man." And Ambedkar had to do it, although unwillingly.

I would not have done it! I would have accepted the blame, I would have accepted history's condemnation. Who cares when you are dead what is written in history about you? At least you don't know what is written, and you don't read. Let them write anything.. .

But I would have insisted that this was not a nonviolent method. It was absolutely violent but in a very subtle way. I threaten to kill you--this is violence. And I threaten to kill myself if you don't accept me--is this logical? The standpoint that Gandhi was taking was absolutely illogical, but he supported it by threatening. It is blackmail to say, "I will kill myself."

Ambedkar managed another way. He started converting the sudras to Buddhism.

That's why now there are a few lakhs of Buddhists, but they are not in any way religious. It was just a political manoeuver. *bodhi19*

In this context it is necessary to ask if Ambedkar used the right means, or Gandhi? Of the two, who is really non-violent? In my view Gandhi's way was utterly violent, and Ambedkar proved to he nonviolent. Gandhi was determined till the last moment to pressure Ambedkar with his threat to kill himself.

It makes no difference whether I threaten to kill you or to kill myself to make

you accept my view. In either case, I am using pressure and violence. *krishn10*

People ask me what non-violence is every day. My answer is that non-violence is knowledge of the self. If you come to know yourself you will know the essence of man. This awareness gives birth to love, and it is impossible for love to inflict pain.

This is non-violence. *long06*

Mahatma Gandhi's son Ramdas was very much interested in me for the simple reason that, as he said, "You are the only man who has criticized my father--

everybody worshiped him. I could see many times that he was going too far in illogical, superstitious things, but he was a man of great weight. It was better to remain silent--because what happened with my eldest brother, Haridas? He was thrown out of the home, and my mother was told, Ìf you allow him any entry in the house, remember--you will be the next to be thrown out.'". .

Ramdas was very interested in me because I had been criticizing Gandhi point by point, and no Gandhian had dared to answer me on anything--they could not

answer. So when Gandhi died, Ramdas became the head of his ashram, and he used to invite me once in a while. *mess204*

In Mahatma Gandhi's ashram you could not use a mosquito net. His son, Ramdas, was very friendly with me. He had invited me to the ashram, but I said to him, "I cannot stay here with all these mosquitoes. Any intelligent person can understand that a mosquito net is not a luxury, it is not something unspiritual."

And what had Mahatma Gandhi substituted? He had substituted kerosene oil. You put kerosene oil on your face, on your hands, on whatever parts are exposed, put kerosene oil.

Naturally, the mosquitoes are more intelligent than you--they don't come

near you, because it stinks! But how can you sleep? You have to choose between mosquitoes or kerosene oil.

I said, "I am not going to choose, I am simply leaving. This seems to be some insane asylum--it is not an ashram."

Gandhi had adopted five basic principles of life from Jainism. The first is: *aswad,* no-taste--you have to eat, but if you taste, you are a materialist.

I am just trying to show you how they are making it difficult and impossible and unnatural. If you eat, you are bound to taste because you have taste buds in your tongue. Those taste buds don't know anything about your spirituality and the other world, they will simply function. *sword09*

The most difficult time was the mealtime, because Gandhi used to give everybody--

and he was very particular about it--a chutney made of neem leaves, which are the bitterest in the world. They are very medicinal. They are good, they purify the blood.

But one is not eating in order to purify the blood. And every day, purifying the blood--too much purified!. .

And I asked--Gandhi had died--when I visited his ashram; his son was in charge. I asked him, "Do you think. .is it not pure hypocrisy? Because tastelessness does not mean that you have to make your food bitter--to experience bitterness is also taste, just as to experience sweet. It is such a simple thing, but you never objected to your father."

He said, "Nobody ever thought about it. .that bitterness is also a taste."

I said, "It is so simple. Whatever you do, it will be hypocrisy. Taste will be there." *yaahoo24*

I will give you the example of Mahatma Gandhi. In India railway trains have four classes--the air-conditioned, the first class, the second class and the third class. And the country is so poor that even to afford a third class ticket is difficult for almost half of the people of the land. Gandhi started traveling

in third class.

I used to have discussions with his son, Ramdas, and I told him, "This is simply crowding the third class, it is already too crowded. This is not helping the poor." And you will be surprised; because Gandhi was traveling in the third class, the whole compartment was booked for him. In a sixty-foot compartment--where at least eighty to ninety persons would have traveled--he alone is traveling. And his biographers will write, "He was so kind to the poor."

He used to drink goat's milk because that is the cheapest, and the poorest of people can afford it. Naturally, everybody who is conditioned with the idea immediately appreciates what a great man he is. But you don't know about his goat! I am a little

crazy, because I don't care about Mahatma Gandhi much, but I care certainly about the goat.

I inquired everything about the goat, and I found that his goat was being bathed every day with Lux toilet soap. The food of the goat cost in those days, ten rupees--

ten rupees was the salary of a school teacher for one month. But nobody will look into these matters. Only one woman, a very intelligent woman in Mahatma Gandhi's circle, Sarojini Naidu--later on she became the governor of North India--joked once that to keep Mahatma Gandhi poor, we have to destroy treasures. His poverty is very costly.

But it worked. As a politician he became the greatest politician, because the poor people thought "This is the man who is our real representative, because he lives like a poor man in a cottage, he drinks goats' milk, he travels in third class." But they don't know the background--that to maintain his poverty was very costly. .

I once said to Ramdas, Mahatma Gandhi's son, that if it is sympathy and kindness and compassion to live like a poor man amongst the poor, then what about other things? If there are a few blind people, should I live with a blindfold? Or if there are unintelligent people--and there are, the whole

world is full of the unintelligent--

should I also live like the retarded, the stupid, just out of sympathy?

No, this cannot be the criterion of being good, of being virtuous, of being religious. If somebody is sick, that does not mean that the doctor should come and lie down on another bed, so as to help the sick. Everybody can see the nonsense in it. The doctor has to remain healthy so that he can help those who are sick. If he himself becomes sick out of sympathy, then who is going to help? The same is true in the inner growth of man. *mess211*

For twenty years I have criticized Mahatma Gandhi and his philosophy. No Gandhian has answered. Many Gandhians have come to me and they say, "Whatsoever you say is right, but we cannot say it in public, because if we say that whatsoever you say about Mahatma Gandhi is right, we will lose." The public believes in Mahatma Gandhi. so utter nonsense has to be supported because Gandhi was anti-technological. Now this country will remain poor if this country remains anti-technological; this country will never be in a state of wellbeing. And there is no need for technology always to be anti-ecology; there is no need. A technology can be developed which can be in tune with ecology A technology can be developed which can help people and will not destroy nature--but Gandhi was against technology.

He was against the railway, he was against the post office, he was against electricity, he was against machines of all kinds. They know this is stupid, because if this continues.. But they go on saying so, and they go on paying homage to Mahatma Gandhi because they have to get the votes from the people. And the people worship the Mahatma because the Mahatma fits with their ideas of how a mahatma should be.

Mahatma Gandhi fits with the Indian mob; the Indian mob worships him. The politician has to follow the mob. Remember always: in politics the leader follows the followers. He has to! He only pretends that he is leading; deep down he has to follow the followers. Once the followers leave him, he is nowhere. He cannot stand on his own, he has no ground of his own.

Gandhi worshipped poverty. Now if you worship poverty you will remain poor.

Poverty has to be hated.

I hate poverty! I cannot say to worship it; that would be a crime. And I don't see any religious quality in just being poor. But Gandhi talked much about poverty and its beauty--it helps the poor man's ego, it buttresses his ego; he feels good. It is a consolation that he is religious, simple--he is poor. He may not have riches but he has some spiritual richness. Poverty in itself is not a spiritual richness; no, not at all.

Poverty is ugly and poverty has to be destroyed. And to destroy poverty, technology has to be brought in.

Mahatma Gandhi was against birth control. Now if you are against birth control this country will become poorer and poorer every day. Then there is no possibility. *sos204*

One of the Congress presidents in India, U.N. Dhebar, was attending my camps and there should have been no difficulty, but one day he told me, "Osho, you are the real inheritor of Mahatma Gandhi's ideology, although you have never been with Mahatma Gandhi. You have never been associated with Gandhism, but if you start teaching Gandhism, then it can be saved from dying."

I said, "It would have been better if you had not said this, because I hate to be anybody's successor and I hate to propagate anyone else's philosophy."

And that day I criticized Mahatma Gandhi on many points. I would never have bothered because there are millions of people in the world; I am not going to criticize everybody, there is not time for that. But U.N. Dhebar just pointed me towards Mahatma Gandhi, so he was responsible, he was present.

After the meeting I asked him, "If you have anything to say you can say it to me now or you can say in the next meeting before everybody. I am willing to have an open discussion about it because I think that Gandhism should die if India has to live. If Gandhism continues then India will have to die. And if I have to choose between the two I would choose that India live--Gandhi is already dead. It does not matter if Gandhism also dies. Who cares?"

He said, "No I cannot discuss it publicly. I understand what you say is right, but you should be more discriminating."

I said, "You are a politician, I am not a politician. A politician has to be discriminatory, but why should I be?"

He said, "I am simply telling you that you have such a great following in the Gandhians that if you say things against Gandhi all these people will leave. They will not leave Gandhism, they will leave you. That's why I am saying you should be more discriminating. When you make any statement you should wait and see whether it is going in favor of you or against you." And he was giving friendly advice. But what he actually meant by discrimination was diplomacy.

I am not a diplomat.

I said, "I will say whatever feels to me to be the right thing, whatever the consequences."

I have lost many followers in these thirty years in the same way. *last601*

Certainly many people have come to me and have had to drop me for small reasons, because those small reasons, to them, were very fundamental.

I had many followers of Mahatma Gandhi around me at a certain time. Even the president of the Congress, the ruling party, U.N. Dhebar, was coming to my camps.. Shankar Rao Dev, one-time secretary general of the ruling party, and many imminent Gandhians.

I used to wear hand-spun clothes, and that is something very spiritual to the Gandhians. It was perfectly good in India's freedom struggle as a token of protest against Britain, that we would not use clothes manufactured in Manchester, in Lancashire. And it had a certain logic behind it: before the British rulers came to India, India had such craftsmen that even today there is no technology to create such thin material as was spun and woven by the Indian craftsmen--particularly living in Dacca and around Dacca in Bangladesh. Their clothes were so beautiful that Britain was at a loss as to how to compete with them in the market.

And what was done was so ugly: the hands of those craftsmen were cut; thousands of people lost their hands so that the beautiful clothes coming from Dacca should disappear. This is not human. It was good as a protest, that "We will not use clothes woven by your machinery. You have destroyed our people, for whom it was not only a living but an art, an art that they have inherited for thousands of years, generation to generation."

But now that the country is independent, that protest no longer has any meaning.

After the country became independent, it was idiotic to make hand-spun clothes and the spinning wheel something spiritual. To protest against this, I had to drop those hand-spun clothes. Because now India needs more machinery, more technology; otherwise, the people are going to be hungry, naked, without any roof over their heads.

The moment I started using clothes made by machinery, I was no longer spiritual.

All the Gandhians disappeared. U.N. Dhebar, the president of the Congress, told me,

"You are unnecessarily losing thousands of followers. Be a little more diplomatic."

I said, "You are telling me to be a diplomat, to be cunning, to be an exploiter, to cheat people? Just to keep them following me I should fulfill their expectations? I am the last one to do that."

And this went on happening in small things, small matters. *upan31*

I know lots of political leaders who always sit with their spinning wheels at hand.

They never spin or anything. Just if someone should come visiting, quickly they begin spinning the wheel.

I was a guest at the house of a politician. I was much surprised; now how long can he deceive me! I was there at the house. But his spinning wheel

never turned. And whenever anyone arrived, he immediately began preparing his wheel; began drawing out thread.

I asked him, "What is this set up? How long will it take you to spin thread this way?

When that man comes in, you stop again because the man has arrived. As the man comes inside the door, you put up the thread. How will you ever spin any thread?"

He replied, "Who is spinning thread? No, this is just a show I have to put on for these idiots. And what do I know about spinning thread? It breaks again and again."

But clever politicians have very small spinning wheels made. They carry them on airplanes too. Those spinning wheels don't work. They buy khadi cloth--Pure khadi.. etc. *JyunThaTyun*

I used to stay with one of the presidents of the ruling congress party, U.N. Dhebar.

He was very much interested in me. He used to attend my camps, even though all his political friends tried to prevent him, telling him, "Don't go to this man." But he was not a politician, not cunning, a very simple and very authentic man.

It was just by chance, accidentally, that he had become the president. It happens in most cases. He was chosen as the president because he was the most polite--a nice man who would never say no. And Pandit Jawaharlal needed a yes-man. He was the prime minister and he wanted the organization of congress to be ruled either by himself--which would look dictatorial--or by a yes-man. And U.N. Dhebar was such a simple man that he would say yes to whatever Jawaharlal wanted. So it was Jawaharlal who was dictating almost everything.

I was staying once in his house in New Delhi, and he was talking to me and gossiping about all the political leaders, what kind of people we have got; all kinds of idiots he was telling me about.. .

And then suddenly came a phone call. U.N. Dhebar took the phone and said, "I am very busy and I cannot give you any appointment for at least seven days," and put the phone down.

I said, "You are not busy, you are just gossiping with me."

He said, "This is the trouble in politics. You have to pretend that you are very busy, that you don't have any time--and you have all the time. But you have to show the people that you are a very busy man, not approachable so easily. So I have told him after seven days he should phone again. If I have time, then I will see him. Although I am completely free. .because you are here I have canceled all my programs. While you are here in my house, I don't want to waste my time with anybody else. I want to be with you. This is a rare chance, because in the camps I cannot have much time with you. This is a great opportunity. And I have told everybody--the guards--`Don't allow anybody. .'"

I said, "This is strange. That man may have some important work."

He said, "Who cares? Nobody cares about anybody." Such a nice person, very cultured, educated, but who cares? *gdead05*

I don't like to waste people's time; I am not a political leader. A political leader is supposed to come late. Again, the same power--you have to wait.. .

I am not a politician. I am neither a big shot nor a small fry. I am just a human being, neither anything more nor anything less. I have been particular about arriving in time. *dark03*

I have known intimately many presidents of the ruling party, and I don't think any one of them had any high qualities of intelligence. *mess121*

The Gandhians now stay in palaces. But there also they apply novel techniques. I went to see Rashtrapati Bhavan when Rajendrababu was the president. The gate-keeper told me that the president had spread a mat over the viceroy's seat. What is the sense in spreading mats and wearing loin clothes in a palace which is tended by about a thousand servants?

These are the symptoms of madness, result of our extremist philosophy. Stay in a hut if you like, or in a palace if you like, but what is the consolation behind faking the look of a hut in a palace? The two things do not harmonise. And that is because of the internal strife. *gandhi01*

The house of the president of India has one hundred rooms with attached bathrooms, one hundred acres of garden. This used to be the viceroy's house and still they have separate guesthouses. What are these hundred rooms doing there?

One wonders.. .

I have once been there because one of the presidents, Zakir Hussain, was interested in me. He was a vice-chancellor of Aligarh University and when he was the vice-chancellor, I spoke there. He was presiding, and he loved what I had said. When he became president and he came to know that I was in Delhi, he invited me to come and he took me around. I asked him, "What purpose are these one hundred rooms serving?"

He said, "They are just useless. In fact to maintain them, one hundred servants are needed. For the maintenance of this big garden of one hundred acres, one hundred rooms--and in front you see two big buildings. They are guesthouses and each guesthouse must have at least twenty-five rooms, not less than that."

I said, "This is absolute wastage. In how many rooms do you sleep?"

He said, "In how many rooms? I sleep in my bed. I'm not a monster that I will spread myself into many rooms.. head in one room, and the body in another and the legs in another."

"But then," I said, "these hundred rooms which are simply empty, fully furnished with everything available that a man needs, should be put to some use."

But this is the situation around the world. The emperors have big palaces and still there is no space. They are always making new palaces, new guesthouses. *bodhi18*

One of the prime ministers of India, Lalbahadur Shastri*, was a very good man, as good as a politician can be. I have known so many politicians that I can say perhaps he was the best out of all those criminals. He said, "If you are a little less sincere and a little more diplomatic, you can become the greatest mahatma in the country. But you go on saying the naked truth without bothering that this is going to create more enemies for you. Can't you be a little diplomatic?"

I said, "You are asking me to be diplomatic? That means being a hypocrite; knowing something but saying something else, doing something else. I am going to remain the same. I can drop being religious if it is needed, but I cannot drop being rebellious because to me that is the very soul of religion. I can drop every other thing which is thought to be religious, but I cannot drop rebellion; that is the very soul.". . *dark21*

*Note: Lalbahadur Shastri was prime minister of India in 1964, after Nehru Lalbahadur Shastri, was immensely interested in me. He died with one of my books on his chest. He was reading it and must have fallen asleep, had a heart attack, and died. . .

He was very available to me, but even he was not courageous enough to come to see me. He managed a lunch, in a political way, in the house of one of his cabinet ministers.

This man, Karan Singh, was interested in me--he was the king of Kashmir, and because Kashmir became dissolved into India, he was immediately taken into the cabinet. Naturally he had to be given something; he was the first to join India and give his whole country to the union. He was very much interested in me, so Lalbahadur said, "This would be good. You call him and me for lunch, so just casually we meet and discuss. My going to him will be dangerous to my career." And he

confessed it to me that this is how diplomacy works. Nobody knows--just a casual, accidental meeting. And before lunch, after lunch, for almost three hours he was listening to me about every problem that he was facing.

But I told him it would be good if he came to my place and lived a few days with me.

Everything could be cleared. He said, "That is impossible. If people come to know that I have gone to you for advice, I am finished. You have so many enemies in the country, in my party, in my cabinet, that I cannot take that risk. And I am simply a weak man--I have been chosen for my weakness." But he was sincere. *last109*

Lalbahadur Shastri was interested in me very much, and promised that although his party and colleagues did not agree with it, he would try his best to implement my ideas. But he died of a heart attack in the U.S.S.R. His secretary reported to me that all the way on the journey he was reading my book, *Seeds of Revolutionary Thought*.*

And the night he had the heart attack, another of my books, *The Perfect Way,* was in his hands. *unconc27*

*Note: reprinted under title: Seeds of Wisdom

Indira Gandhi came to power because she was living with her father. She was a born politician. .

All these years she was a watcher of all the politicians, and she was collecting information about each politician: his weakness, his crimes against the society, his exploitation of others, his corruption.. and yet on the outside he would go on keeping a pure white Gandhian face.

She was collecting a file--she showed me the file--against every leader, and that was her power. When Jawaharlal died all these politicians were afraid of Indira because she had the key. She could expose anybody before the public, before the court. She had all the evidence, she had all the letters. They were afraid of her for the simple reason that only she could save them; otherwise they would be exposed. That file was her power.

I have looked into the file. All these people have been exploiting that poor country.

They all have bank balances in foreign countries, in Switzerland, in America. They all have connections outside India, from where they get bribes and money and everything, for giving secrets. They are all

connected to one country or other; they are agents. They have one face before the masses, the poor masses, and their reality is something totally different. And they were also afraid because Indira was absolutely incorruptible. That was one thing she had learned from Jawaharlal. He was incorruptible because he was not a politician; he was more a poet. *ignor03*

I was talking to Indira Gandhi, and I told her, "India is so poor, you cannot hope to become a world power; there is no possibility. You cannot compete with Russia or America. It will take you at least three hundred years to come to where America is now. But in these three hundred years America is not going to just sit and wait for you to pick up speed.

"In three hundred years America will be nine hundred years ahead of you. Can't you see this simple thing?"

She said, "I *can* see it."

I said, "If you can see it, then drop all your projects for an atomic energy commission, and atomic energy plants and nuclear weapons. What nonsense are you doing? You cannot compete with the nuclear powers. If there was any hope I

would have said, okay, go ahead; let people starve--they have been starving for millions of years, they can starve a few hundred years more. And anyway, starving or not starving, everybody is going to die; let them die, forget about them. You go ahead and compete.

"But you have no power to compete. Then will it not be a wise course that India declares itself an international country? that we drop the boundaries, we drop the whole idea that you have to come with a permit into the country, that you need a passport? No, we just open the whole country for the whole world. Whoever wants to come is welcome. We are so poor that we cannot be more poor.

"But this will be a precedent and this will be a historical moment: one country declaring that it is no longer a nation, that it belongs to the whole world.

"Anyway you cannot win against China, you cannot win against Russia or America.

When you cannot win why not take some other course? Declare, 'We are defenseless, we dissolve our defense forces, we send our soldiers to the fields, to the factories. We are no longer in the game of war; we drop out of it.'"

She said, "But then anybody can attack."

I said, "Anybody can attack *now*--what difference does it make? In fact, then to attack India will become difficult because there will be a worldwide condemnation.

A country who declares itself defenseless, drops its arms and goes to the fields and the factories, welcomes everybody who wants to come, to invest, to bring industries, to do anything. . It will be almost impossible for anybody to attack India because the whole world will be against that attacker.

"You will have so much sympathy and so many friends that nobody will dare. Right now anybody can attack you. And you have been attacked by China already; China already occupies thousands of miles of land and India has not even the guts to raise the question, 'Please return that land.'"

Indira's father, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, said, "That land is useless, not even grass grows there." I wrote him a letter, saying, "If not even grass grows there and it is useless, why did you go to war in the first place? You should have told the Chinese,

'You can occupy as much as you can. Not even grass grows. If you can manage to grow something, good, because for us it is useless anyway. We give it to you as a gift.'

"That would have been more gentlemanly--to give it to them as a gift, rather than to be defeated. Why did you go to war? Did you come to know it later on--that no grass grows there, that it is wasteland?

"You can be attacked," I told Indira. "You *have* been attacked, so your arms and your armies don't help. Even the biggest powers have been attacked.

We have seen even a powerful nation like Germany defeated, a powerful nation like Japan defeated. We know that for five years Germany went on defeating all big nations, so you don't count.

"If you accept my suggestion you come out on top; you prove really wise in the true sense of the word. And you prove that it is not only a saying that India is a country of wisdom; you will prove by this act that you are certainly wise. Where you cannot win, the best way is to drop the whole idea of any fight.". .

I told Indira, "India is in such a condition, you can make it a historical moment, an unprecedented thing, that no country has ever dared. . And you are not going to lose

anything because what have you got to lose? You are not going to be attacked by those who want to attack; they can attack right now.

"And once you do this, invite the U.N.O.; say that the U.N.O. can only be in India, nowhere else, because this is the only neutral country, the only country which has dropped all its claims of nationality, of being a different nation. This is the only country which belongs to the whole humanity. Let the U.N.O. be here. Surrender all your arms and all your forces to the U.N.O. and tell them to use them for world peace, world friendship."

She said, "I understand you--you are always right, I am always wrong--but what to do? This is too much--I don't have that much courage to do it. Only a man like you can do such a thing, but a man like you is not interested in politics at all.

"My father was telling you, 'Come into politics.' I have been telling you, 'Come into politics,' and you say that you don't want to get into this dirty game. But without getting into this dirty game you cannot be in this position where I am. And to be in this position I have to consider a thousand and one things, because if I say such a thing, there are people just behind me who will not miss the opportunity, who will simply throw me out of office, saying, 'This woman has gone mad!'

"And this will look like madness because nobody has done it before. They

will immediately capture power; they will immediately capture power by saying, 'This woman has to be medically treated,' and nobody will listen to me."

She wanted to come to me. So many times she made a time, and then at the last moment she would inform me, "It is difficult, because the people around me don't allow me even to come to you, because they say, 'Even going to this man will affect your political position in the country.

"'Nobody will bother what transpired between you, what you talked about--nobody will bother about it--just your going to this man is enough to affect your position; even your prime-ministership will be gone.' They are all against you--and I cannot go against them.". .

In fact if I was in her place I would have taken the risk even of being called mad. It is worth taking. I would have taken the risk even to be thrown out of office. At least it would have been on record that one person had tried his best to bring some sense to humanity. *misery27*

The first prime minister of India, Jawaharlal Nehru, had a clash with another disciple of Gandhi's, Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel. The clash was such that if voting was allowed then Vallabhbhai Patel would have won. He was a real politician. .

To avoid this voting, because this was going to be a party decision, Gandhi said, "It will be good to create one post of deputy prime minister, so Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel will be happy that he is, if not the first, at least the second man.". .

Jawaharlal was innocent in that way. He was not a politician at all. So without any constitutional basis for it, immediately an amendment was made that there would be a post of deputy prime minister It was created for Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel.

Once Nehru and Patel both died the post was dissolved, because it was unconstitutional, but it was again revived with Indira and Morarji Desai. The same conflict: Indira was Jawaharlal's daughter, and Morarji Desai is almost a politically adopted son of Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel. He was his

disciple in politics, the chief disciple.

Morarji became aware later on, that it was my suggestion to Indira to throw him out.

And I had suggested it just by the way. I was talking for almost an hour to her. She listened, and in the end said only, "Whatever you are saying is right and should be done, but you don't know my situation: my cabinet is not mine, my deputy prime minister is not mine. There is so much conflict and continual fighting in the cabinet; he is trying to throw me out by hook or by crook, any way, and to become the prime minister.

"If I say the things--that you are saying, everybody will be with him, nobody is going to be with me--because the things that you are suggesting are so much against the Indian mind, the Indian tradition, the Indian way of thinking, that nobody is going to support me. If you want, I can propose it before the cabinet, but the next day you will hear that Indira is no more prime minister."

Then just by the way I said, "Then why don't you throw out Morarji Desai first, because he is the man who will manipulate all others. All those others are pygmies.

They don't have any national character, they are all provincial people. In certain states, in Bengal or in Andhra or in Maharashtra they are important, but a provincial person cannot fight with you, he has no grounds.

"Only one man can manipulate all those pygmies, and that is Morarji Desai; so first finish him. And they all will be with you if you finish him; because of him nobody out of them can become the second man. So create the situation that this man is blocking the way of everybody, throw him out, and nobody is going to support him."

And exactly that happened: within eight days Morarji Desai was thrown out, and nobody supported him. They were all happy because now they were all equal; nobody was of national importance except Indira. So once Indira was gone, died, or something happened, then those pygmies were bound to have the power; otherwise they could not have it. So Morarji's removal

was almost half the journey finished; now Indira was the only problem.

Morarji was not aware of it, but later on he became aware. Indira's secretary, who was listening from the other room, told him. But before the secretary told him, Morarji Desai had asked me to help him. He said that he had been thrown out and it was unfair, unjust; without being given any reason, any cause, he had been just told to resign.

And he said, "The strangest thing is that just eight days before there was no question of any change, there was no conflict between me and her. And another strange thing is I had always thought that the other people would support me against Indira.

When I was thrown out, not a single cabinet minister was against it. They rejoiced!

They had a party, a celebration!" He said to me, "I need help."

I said, "You have asked the wrong person. I would be the last person in the world to help you. If you were drowning in a river, and I was going along the side, and you shouted 'Help! Help! I am drowning!' I would say, 'Do it quietly. Don't disturb my morning walk.'"

He said, "What! Are you joking?"

I said, "I am not. With politicians I never joke; I am very serious."

Later on he found out that it was my suggestion basically that got stuck in Indira's mind; it was clear mathematics that if she threw this man out then there was nothing to be worried about: all those others were provincial people. Then she could

do whatever she wanted to do and nobody could oppose her, because nobody represented India as such. And India is such a big country--thirty states--that if you represent one state, what does it matter? So it stuck in her mind. And Morarji became even more inimical. *ignor15*

Morarji Desai was sometimes chief minister of Bombay, sometimes chief minister of Gujarat, sometimes deputy prime minister of India, and finally he

became the prime minister of India. *nomind12*

Once, when I started criticizing Mahatma Gandhi, Morarji Desai wanted that my entry into his province, Gujarat, should be prevented--even my entry--but he could not do a thing about it. *secret10*

I wanted to have a residence and a commune in Kashmir, because it is one of the most beautiful places in the world. But Indira Gandhi, who was immensely interested in me, suggested, "It is not right, you should not go to Kashmir. You will be killed. It is ninety percent Mohammedan." And she was a Kashmiri. She said, "I will not suggest it and I will not help you, because I know they cannot tolerate you for a single day."

They know only one thing, and that is the sword. They know no argument, they know no discussion. They have not come to that human stage where you can discuss problems and come to conclusions openheartedly--discuss, not to prove anything but to discover the truth. *light33*

I tried continuously for twenty years to get into Kashmir. But Kashmir has a strange law: only Kashmiris can live there, not even other Indians. That is strange. But I know ninety percent of Kashmiris are Mohammedan and they are afraid that once Indians are allowed to live there, then Hindus would soon become the majority, because it is part of India. So now it is a game of votes just to prevent the Hindus.

I am not a Hindu, but bureaucrats everywhere are delinquents. They really need to be in mental hospitals. They would not allow me to live there. I even met the chief minister of Kashmir, who was known before as the prime minister of Kashmir.

It was such a great struggle to bring him down from prime ministership to chief ministership. And naturally, in one country how could there be two prime ministers? But he was a very reluctant man, this Sheikh Abdullah. He had to be imprisoned for years. Meanwhile the whole constitution of Kashmir was changed, but that strange clause remained in it. Perhaps all the committee members were Mohammedans and none of them wanted anybody else to enter Kashmir. I tried hard, but there was no way. You cannot enter into the thick skulls of politicians.

I said to the sheikh, "Are you mad? I am not a Hindu; you need not be afraid of me.

And my people come from all over the world--they will not influence your politics in any way, for or against."

He said, "One has to be cautious."

I said, "Okay, be cautious and lose me and my people."

Poor Kashmir could have gained so much, but politicians are born deaf. He listened, or at least pretended to, but he did not hear.

I said to him, "You know that I have known you for many years, and I love Kashmir."

He said, "I know you, that's why I am even more afraid. You are not a politician; you belong to a totally different category. We always distrust such people as you." He used this word, distrust--and I was talking to you about trust.

At this moment I cannot forget Masto. It was he who introduced me to Sheikh Abdullah, a very long time before. Later on, when I wanted to enter Kashmir, particularly Pahalgam, I reminded the sheikh of this introduction.

The sheikh said, "I remember that this man was also dangerous, and you are even more so. In fact it is because you were introduced to me by Masta Baba that I cannot allow you to become a permanent resident in this valley.". .

Sheikh Abdullah took so much effort, and yet he said to me, "I would have even allowed you to live in Kashmir if you had not been introduced to me by Masta Baba."

I asked the sheikh, "Why?.. when you appeared to be such an admirer."

He said, "We are no one's admirer, we admire only ourselves. But because he had a following--particularly among rich people in Kashmir--I had to admire him. I used to receive him at the airport, and give him a send-off, put

all my work aside and just run after him. But that man was dangerous. And if he introduced you to me, then you cannot live in Kashmir, at least while I am in power. Yes, you can come and go, but only as a visitor." *glimps38*

Swami Maitreya,* in his past, was a politician, and he had much promise. He had been a colleague of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Jaiprakash Narayan, and Ramdhari Singh Dinkar. For many years he was a Member of Parliament. Somehow he got hooked with me, and all his dreams of becoming a great politician, a great political force, disappeared. .

Now Maitreya is completely left alone--no money, no power, no prestige, no political status. Everything gone, he is just a *bhikkhu.* I have made a beggar of him; and he was rising high. He was rising higher and higher. He would have been a Chief Minister somewhere by now, or he may have been in the Central Cabinet. He was very promising. All those dreams disappeared. .

When he met me he was an MP, but that accident changed his life. By and by he drifted away, became more and more interested in me and less and less interested in his political career.. .

I was a guest at another politician's house and he had invited Maitreya also. So because an old politician, a senior politician, had invited him, he must have come by the way, just to see what the matter was. But once you come in contact with some influence that can take you out of the world of ambition--and if you are a little sensitive and understanding--and he is--he understood the point immediately. .

That old politician with whom I was staying remained with me for many years but never understood me. Now he is gone and dead, but he died a politician and he died a member of Parliament. He was one of the longest-standing members in the whole world. He remained a member of Parliament for fifty years. But he never could understand me. He liked me very much, almost to the point of loving me, but understanding was not possible. He was very dull, a dullard.

Maitreya came to me through him, but he is a very sensitive soul. And I say to him that he was not only promising in his political career, he is very promising as a candidate for the ultimate also. *yoga910*

*Note: Swami Maitreya, one of Osho's oldest disciples, who became enlightened, see Part X.

I know one very famous Indian politician, Doctor Govindadas. Maitreya knows him because they both were in parliament together. Doctor Govindadas was in the

parliament perhaps the longest time in the whole history of humanity: from 1914

till he died, I think in 1978, he remained continuously, without a single gap, a member of parliament. He was the richest man in the whole state of Madhya Pradesh.

His father was given the title of *raja,* king; although he was not a king, he had so much land, and so many properties--one third of the houses of the whole city of Jabalpur, which is ten times bigger than Portland*1, belonged to him. He had so much land that the British government thought it perfectly right to give him the title.

And he was helping the British government, so he was called Raja Gokuldas, and his house was not called a house, it was called Gokuldas Palace.

Govindadas was Gokuldas' eldest son--a very mediocre mind. It hurts me to say so but what can I do? If he was mediocre it is not my fault. He was very kind and friendly to me and very respectful too. He was very old but he used to come every day whenever he was in Jabalpur. Whenever the parliament was not in session he was in Jabalpur; otherwise he was in New Delhi. Whenever he was in Jabalpur, in the morning from eight to eleven, his limousine was standing in front of my door, every day religiously.

Anybody wanting to meet him between eight and eleven need not go anywhere; he had just to stand outside my gate. What was happening in those three hours? He used to come there with his secretary, his steno. He would ask me a question, I would answer, and the steno would write it in shorthand. Then he published in his own name everything that I said.

Govindadas has published books, two books; not a single word is his. Yes, there are a few words from the secretary. I was puzzled when I saw those books--and he presented them to me. I looked inside.. I knew that this was going to happen, it was happening every day--in newspapers he was publishing my answers all over India.

He was president of the Hindi language's most prestigious institution, *Hindi Sahitya Sammelan;* he was the president of that. Once Mahatma Gandhi was president of that, so you can understand the prestige of the institution.

Govindadas was president for almost twenty years, and he was the main proponent in the parliament that Hindi should become the national language. And he made Hindi the national language, at least in the constitution. It is not functioning--English still functions as the national language--but he put it in the constitution.

He was known all over the country. Every newspaper, every news magazine, was publishing his articles--and they were my answers! But I was puzzled, because once in a while there would be a quotation from Tulsidas, Surdas, Kabirdas. I could not believe that he had even the intelligence to put the quotation in the right place, in the right context.

So I asked his steno one day when I was staying in Delhi in Govindadas's house. I asked his steno, "Shrivastava, everything else is perfectly right; I just wonder about these--Surdas, Tulsidas, Kabirdas--how Seth Govindadas manages to put them.. "

He said, "Seth Govindadas? I put them in."

I said, "Who told you to put them in?"

He said, "He says that at least something should be put from our side too."

I said, "I am not going to tell anybody, but just to deceive me, these two lines of Kabirdas in the whole question? You have been putting them in and you think I will be deceived?"

He said, "I had to work hard, looking into Kabirdas' collection to find some lines which could fit somewhere in your question."

I said, "You are a fool; you should have asked me. When your master can steal the whole article, you, being his steno, should at least learn this much politics. You could have said to me, `Just give me two or three quotations so that I can fit them in.' In future don't bother yourself."

He was a poor man, and where would he find Kabirdas, and something very relevant to me? So I used to give quotations to Shrivastava and say, "These are the lines you fit in so Govindadas remains happy."

Why did I want him to remain happy? He was helpful to me.. . I was continually out of town without any leave from the university. Govindadas' limousine standing in front of my door was enough. The vice-chancellor was afraid of me because Govindadas was a powerful man; the vice-chancellor could be immediately transferred, removed--just a hint from me was enough. The professors were afraid.

They were really puzzled why every day Govindadas was hypnotized; he spent three hours with me every day.

And he started bringing other politicians. He introduced me to every chief minister, every cabinet minister in the central government, because they all were his guests in Jabalpur. Jawaharlal used to be his guest in Jabalpur. He introduced me to almost all the politicians; I think Maitreya must have come to me through Seth Govindadas. He even arranged for a small group of important members to meet me in parliament house itself. Maitreya certainly must have been there.

Govindadas was helpful, so I said, "There is no problem. And it does not matter whose name goes on the articles. The question reaches to thousands of people. The answer reaches to thousands of people. *That* is important; my name or Govindadas's name, it does not matter. What matters is the matter."

This man remained continuously in contact with me for almost ten years, and when I told him, "We are strangers," he said, "What are you saying? We have known each other for ten years."

I said, "We don't know each other. I know your name, Govindadas; it has been given by your father. The doctorate you have received from the university. I know how much value that doctorate has, and why you have been given that doctorate--

because it was you who proposed the vice-chancellor. Now the vice-chancellor has to pay you back with the doctorate. The vice-chancellor is your man, and if he manages to give you a doctorate there is no wonder in it. Your D.Litt is absolutely bogus."

First I used to hear.. . He had written almost one hundred dramas. He was in competition with George Bernard Shaw because George Bernard Shaw was the great drama writer and he had written one hundred dramas. So Seth Govindadas was also a great drama writer of Hindi language--a hundred dramas. And he was not capable of writing a single drama!

He was not capable of even writing a single speech--his speeches were written by that poor Shrivastava. Govindadas has published one hundred dramas. By and by I

came to know those people who had written them--for money--poor people, poor teachers, professors. So I told Govindadas, "I know what your D.Litt is: one hundred dramas, and none is written by you. Now I can say it authoritatively, because you go on publishing articles, and now you have published two books without even telling me, Ì am going to put your answers in these books.' And they are nothing but my answers--there is nothing else."

So I said to him, "Doctor Govindadas, I also have such a doctor in my village--Doctor Sunderlal*2. I have given him the doctorate. He has not written one hundred dramas, neither have you. Just the way you believe you are a doctor, he believes he is a doctor. And I don't think there is much difference of quality in your minds, because *Seth* is a title.. "

Before he became a doctor he was known all over the country as Seth Govindadas.

Seth is a title, it comes from an ancient Sanskrit word, *shreshth. Shreshth*

means the superior one; from *Shreshth* it became *Shreshthi* and from *Shreshthi* it became *Seth*.

In Rajasthani *Sethi, sethia*-- it went on changing. But it is a title.

So when Govindadas became a doctor he started writing "Doctor Seth Govindadas."

It was Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru who told him, "Govindadas, two titles are never written in front of a name. Either you write "Seth," then you can write "D.Litt"

behind, but if you write "Doctor" in front then you cannot write "Seth."

So he asked me what to do. I said, "There is no problem. You write "Doctor (Seth) Govindadas."

So he said, "Great!" And that's how later on he did it for the rest of his life: "Doctor (Seth) Govindadas." He could not leave out that *Seth* either. And when Jawaharlal saw those brackets, he said, "Who has suggested these brackets to you? Can't you leave out that *Seth, or put it at the end?"*

He said, "I cannot leave it out. It is one of my great friends who has suggested it to me, and he cannot be wrong. The brackets are perfectly right."

Jawaharlal said, "To me there is no problem. You write whatsoever you want, but two titles in front simply make you a laughingstock."

Govindadas again asked me what to do. I said, "You don't be bothered by Jawaharlal; the brackets are meaningless. The brackets simply mean "underground": doctor aboveground and Seth underground--and you are both. Tell Jawaharlal clearly, Ì am both. If people don't write two titles in front, the simple reason is they don't have them. There is no other reason; they don't have them. I have got two titles so I have to write them.'"

What is the difference? But so much attachment to names, titles, professions, religions--and this is all your identity. And behind all this brown bag is lost your original face. *dark06*

*1 Note: Portland, capital of the state of Oregon, where this discourse is given

*2 Note: Dr Sunderlal, see Part III and VIII

I used to know a very famous politician, Seth Govindadas. He had a very ambitious mind and wanted to become not less than prime minister of India. He and the man who became the first prime minister of India were both friends, and very intimate friends. Both had been together in jails, both had come from very rich families. In one of his speeches the father of Jawaharlal Nehru, Motilal, said, "I have two sons.

One is Jawaharlal, the other is Govindadas."

Naturally, he was thinking of becoming the prime minister. If he cannot become the first prime minister, then his must be the second chance after Jawaharlal. But he could not manage even to become a cabinet minister. He could not manage to become even a governor, a chief minister of a state. He had tried everything, but basically he was not a politician. He was very simple, almost a simpleton. So the desire was there, burning his heart.

He had two sons, and he tried hard that they should become what he had missed.

And he had all the political connections, so he helped his first son become a deputy minister. He was hoping that the son soon would become minister, then move to the cabinet of the central government and then become prime minister.

If he had not been able to become the prime minister himself, at least he can claim to be the father of a prime minister, which is far better. But the son died as a deputy minister in a state council. He was only thirty-six when he died.

But ambition is such a thing that this old man tried to commit suicide, because with the death of the son all his ambitions had failed again. I told him, "You have another son. Give him a try. You have all the best connections in the country, from the lowest to the highest. It is just very

easy for you." And suddenly I could see his eyes shine again, as if life returned to him. He said "Yes, I had never thought about it. I was thinking simply to die, because what is the point of living? I missed, my son has died." So he managed that his second son enter into the same post; he became the deputy minister. But neither of his sons had the ability to be politicians. They were his sons, just as stupid as he was, perhaps a little more.

And you will be surprised that the second son also died. The man was now seventy-five or seventy-eight, and this was too much of a shock. Again he started talking about suicide. His wife phoned me and said, "You come. Last time you had done something and he dropped the idea of suicide. Now you do something because again he is talking of suicide." I said, "Don't be worried. People who talk of suicide never commit suicide. People who commit suicide are those who never talk about it. But I will come."

I went. He was sitting again in the same posture, and I said to him, "If you want to commit suicide, commit! Why do you harass the whole family by talking about it?"

He said, "Everybody, the mayor of the city, the chief minister, all have come to console me. Indira Gandhi's telegram has come." He was sitting with a pile of telegrams from all the ministers and governors--India has thirty states and chief ministers--and he was showing them to everybody who was coming. I told him, "You don't seem to be interested in the death of the son. You are more interested in these telegrams."

Just one man had not sent him a telegram, and about that he was feeling very much hurt. He was one of his old colleagues, but then later on they became enemies in politics. He joined another party, and became a chief minister. Only Govindadas had not, so he was continuously telling everybody, "Only Dwarka Prasad Mishra.. his telegram has not come. And I have made the man." And it was true, if you think that Dwarka Prasad lived in Govindadas' house and was financially supported by him.

But it was not true that he had made the man. That man was capable to reach the post, any post, on his own. He was a very ambitious, very cunning, very clever man.

He used him, he used all his friendships with all the great politicians.

And I said, "You are so much interested in telegrams, and you are not interested in the death of your son. Can you understand that you have lived your whole life in ambition? You failed, your first son died, your second son died, but your ambition--it continues. You are ready to commit suicide but you are not ready to drop the ambition. As if ambition is far more valuable than life!" And I said, "If you just want to project your ambition on somebody, then why not your son-in-law?" He said,

"You are a genius, certainly! I never thought about my son-in-law." He had only one daughter and two sons. And because he was so rich the daughter was living with him, and the son-in-law also.

I said, "He lives with you. He is just like a son to you. Make arrangements, make him deputy minister in the cabinet somewhere and see whether he dies or not. Then we will think. . Why did these two sons die? It seems they were not capable of withstanding the political pressures, challenges, worries. They were both young and there was no need to die so soon. There was no reason except that politics proved poisonous to them. Let us try this one." And he tried. And this time things went well.

The man became deputy minister and Seth Govindadas died!

And the moment he died, his son-in-law was thrown out of the ministry, because he was just taken in because of Govindadas's pressure, that he would commit suicide.

All the politicians had known him for his whole life. He had been in the freedom struggle and he was known as father of the parliament. He was the only man in the whole world except Winston Churchill who had been a member of parliament so long, continuously from 1916 to 1978, without a break, so he was known as the father of Indian parliament. Everybody knew him and everybody was obliged to him in many ways. But the moment he died, the son-in-law was thrown out.

I said, "This is far better, because. if you were thrown out before, he would have tried to commit suicide again." And he was not capable of committing

suicide, either, because still ambition was there, some hope from some corner. *last316*

I was very close to a chief minister. His sons had been my colleagues in the university, and because of them I had become acquainted with the old man. He was an old freedom fighter and he told me one day.. he was very sick, and there was a danger that he might die. Doctors were not certain whether he would survive or not.

But the old man said, "Make sure that whether I am sick or healthy, that I remain the chief minister. I want to die as chief minister. It will be too hard for me to die if my chief ministership is gone."

I said, "What does it matter to a man who is going to die whether he is chief minister or not?"

He said, "It matters, it matters much. My whole life I have struggled to reach this post, and I want to die at the highest peak of my success, with government honors, seven-day holidays, national flags down everywhere in respect. I don't want to die just like any ordinary man. I am not afraid of death," that old man said to me, "but I am afraid that while I am sick, my colleagues--who deep down are all my enemies--

must be trying to pull my legs; and while I am not able to fight with them, somebody may try to take over the chief ministership."

His deputy chief minister was also known to me, because when I was a student he was vice-chancellor of that university. I said, "Don't be worried. I will go to the deputy chief minister, who is the real danger to you, and who is trying not to miss

the opportunity while you are sick. He wants to be declared by the president of the country to be the acting chief minister. That will be the first step.

"Then the second step will be that because you are too old and too sick, you are not able to function, you are not in a state to function.. then he will manage to be declared not only as acting chief minister but really as chief

minister. I will go to him, you don't be worried."

And that's what was going on in the house of the deputy chief minister. The whole cabinet was there--they were all trying to manipulate the situation. How to convince the president of the country that the old chief minister is too old and too sick, and the deputy chief minister is a far more intelligent politician, a better organizer, and he should be given the chance immediately.

I told the deputy chief minister, "That old man is almost on the verge of death, and I want you just to wait at least one week--not more than that. I have talked to his doctor; he says, Ì cannot say it to them, but I don't think he will survive more than a week.' And his only desire, his last desire, is to die as the chief minister. So what?

And you have always been a colleague, a friend, a follower of that old man. He has appointed you as the deputy chief minister. Just wait for seven days. You will not lose anything, but his last wish will be fulfilled."

He thought for a moment, and said, "Okay. Then seven days--exactly."

I said, "Do you mean I have to kill him in seven days? I will try. But you should not be so ugly and so harsh with your own boss. Just one day more or one day less, but he is going to die--that much is certain. Now don't force me to kill him to stay just within the seven days exactly. If he dies in eight days, just one day of waiting will not disturb anything."

He said, "I have told you seven days means seven days. And just because you have come, I cannot refuse. I have always loved you as my student." Fortunately, the old man died on the fourth day. It was such a relief! Otherwise I would have had to do something, because his last wish had to be fulfilled. .

But how poor these people are! And what is their ultimate achievement? They have just learned how to climb ladders, and then they are sitting on the ladders which lead nowhere. And they don't want to come down because they don't want to be nobodies.

These are the most irreligious people in the world. That's why I'm so much against politicians. I am against the priests and the politicians because these two are the most irreligious people in the world. And they have a deep conspiracy, they support each other--for centuries they have been supporting each other. One has political power, the other has the power of numbers. And both together can manage to keep the whole of mankind in slavery; they have kept it up to now. The authentic religious man has to rebel against these two, and their conspiracy against humanity. *rebel28*

One man came to me--and I know the person; certainly he is not a bad man, but that does not mean that he is a good man. He is simply a coward. He wants everything that bad people have, but he is cowardly. He wants all the riches, he wants prestige and power, he wants to become a president or a prime minister, but he is not ready to go through all the gutters that you have to pass before you become a president. It is a long, winding way through gutters and gutters, and it becomes more and more

dirty the deeper you get into it. He does not want to do that. He wants simply to become a president because he's a good man.

He wants to be the richest man, but he does not know that the rich man has earned through tedious effort, all kinds of cunningness, has been doing every type of cheating. All that makes him afraid, he does not want to go to jail. If you are afraid of jail then forget about being rich. Richness means a certain boldness, a daredevil courage, a readiness to fight, to compete without bothering whether the means are right or wrong. The rich man, the powerful man, the successful man.. for them the end makes every means right--whether you have to cut throats, kill people, does not matter. Your goal is absolutely to succeed, and you are ready to pay everything for it.

Now, this man wanted all these things and also wanted to remain good, also wanted to remain virtuous, also wanted never to be cunning, never to be deceiving. You are asking too much.. . *upan36*

One of my friends was contesting an election, a political election, so he came to me for blessing. I said, "I will not give the blessing because I am not your enemy, I am a friend. I can only bless that you may not get elected, because that will be the first step towards madness." But he wouldn't listen

to me. He was elected, he became a member. Next year he came again for my blessing and he said, "Now I am trying to be a deputy minister."

I asked him, "You were saying that if you could become a member of parliament you would be very happy, but I don't see that you are happy. You are more depressed and more sad than you ever were before."

He said, "Now this is the only problem: I am worried. There is much competition.

Only if I can become a deputy minister will everything be okay."

He became a deputy minister. When I was passing through the capital he came to see me again and he said, "I think you were right, because now the problem is how to become the minister. And I think this is the goal. I am not going to change it. Once I become the minister it is finished."

He has become the minister now, and he came to me a few days ago and he said,

"Just one blessing more. I must become chief minister." And he is getting more and more worried, more and more puzzled, because more problems have to be faced, more competition, more ugly politics. And he is a good man, not a bad man.

I told him, "Unless you become the supremost God you are not going to be satisfied." But he cannot look back and cannot understand the logic of the mind, the logic of the achieving mind. It can never be satisfied, the way it behaves creates more and more discontent. The more you have the more discontent you will feel, because more arenas become open for you in which to compete, to achieve. A poor man is more satisfied because he cannot think that he can achieve much. Once he starts achieving something he thinks more is possible. The more you achieve the more becomes possible, and it goes on and on forever.

A meditator needs a nonachieving mind, but a nonachieving mind is possible only if you can be content with purposelessness. Just try to understand the whole cosmic play and be a part in it. Don't be serious,

because a play can never be serious. And even if the play needs you to be serious, be playfully serious, don't be really serious.

Then this very moment becomes rich. Then this very moment you can move into the ultimate.

The ultimate is not in the future, it is the present, hidden here and now. So don't ask about purpose--there is none, and I say it is beautiful that there is none. If there was purpose then your God would be just a managing director or a big business man, an industrialist, or something like that. *vedant11*

Osho's interaction with the Rich and the Royal

All over the world there are socialist parties, and their only function is to prevent people from becoming communist. They are being paid by the capitalists--as far as India is concerned I am absolutely certain. I know, because the same man offered me money also.. .

The head of India's biggest super-rich family was Jugal Kishore Birla*. He was giving monthly salaries to Jaiprakash Narayan, who was the head of the Socialist Party of India. Seeing my meetings, where fifty thousand or one hundred thousand people would attend, he was immensely interested.

And I used to stay in Delhi with one of the members of parliament from my constituency, Dr. Seth Govindadas. Both Seth Govindadas and Jugal Kishore Birla belong to the same caste, of *Marwaris*-- they are the Jews of India--so he had found a medium to reach me. He asked Govinddas, "A meeting is absolutely necessary. You arrange it."

Govinddas said to me, when I was staying with him in Delhi for a few days, "It will be immensely helpful for your work."

I said, "In what way can Jugal Kishore Birla help my work? My work is to destroy Birlas, and Tatas, and Sahus"--the three great super-rich families of India--"how can he help me?"

He said, "But there is nothing wrong in meeting the man." I said, "Okay."

So I met the man, and he immediately made an offer to me: "I will give you a blank check, as I have given to Mahatma Gandhi." And he had been supporting the freedom movement, and had a very clear vision of the future, that sooner or later these people would be the presidents, the prime ministers, so whatever he was giving them was an investment. Then he would take the advantage--and he *was* taking advantage, after the freedom of India. People who had been on a monthly salary from him.. he had purchased their souls.

He told me, "Jaiprakash Narayan is on my payroll."

I said, "If you can give me a blank check without any conditions, I will be grateful to you. But I don't accept any conditions. I cannot sell myself."

He said, "Conditions are bound to be there; otherwise why should I give you a blank check? I am a businessman."

I said, "You may be a businessman, I am not."

He said, "But my conditions are very simple: preach Hinduism to the world. And the second condition is, create a great movement in India to protect the cows from being slaughtered."

I simply got up and I said, "Throw your blank check to the dogs! I am going."

Govindadas was very much embarrassed, because they all felt great respect for his money and his support.

And I told him, "You have asked me to come, and you have insulted me! Nothing can be more insulting than offering money as a bribe, trying to purchase a man. You cannot purchase me--nobody can purchase me. I am going to speak against Hinduism my whole life! You have strengthened my idea; you have reminded me that I have to take care of Hinduism. And I am going to fight with all those people who are trying to stop cow slaughter."

That's how I came to be the arch-enemy of the Shankaracharya of Puri, because he is the head of the movement to stop cow slaughter.

So I know from the very man himself, Jugal Kishore Birla, that the head of the Socialist Party and perhaps other leaders were on his payroll.

Why was he paying the socialists? What is the function of the socialist? The function is to divide the proletariat, to create barriers so the proletariat, the poor people, the labor unions, don't go to the communists. *fire06*

*Note: there are 4 big industrial houses/families in India: Birla, Sahu, Tata, Bajaj I have told you that the richest man in India, Jugal Kisore Birla, had offered to give me a blank checkbook if I was ready to spread Hinduism to the world at large, and create a movement in India to force the government to ban cow slaughter. When I refused him he said, "Young man, you think twice because Jawaharlal gets money from me, Jaiprakash Narayan gets money from me, Ram Manohar Lohia gets money from me, Ashok Mehta gets money from me." All these were the topmost leaders.

He said, "And every month I am giving them money, as much as they need. Even to Ashok Mehta who is the president of the socialist party of India, which is against the rich people--even he is my man." He said, "I give to all party presidents, important people; whoever comes to power he will be my man. Let them talk what they talk; talking does not matter--I have purchased them."

I told Indira about Jaiprakash, just in that conversation in which I talked about Morarji--to throw him out. She was shocked! She could not believe it because she called him uncle; he was almost like a brother to Jawaharlal. He had been Jawaharlal's secretary for many years and their relationship was very close. And Indira was brought up in front of his eyes. When she was just a small child she used to call him "Kaka"--uncle.

And when I said, "Jugal Kisore himself has told me, and I don't think that old man was telling a lie. In fact, how does Jaiprakash maintain himself?--because he does not belong to any party. He does not have any group of supporters; he has renounced politics. He does not earn a single pai. How does he manage to have two secretaries, one typist? How does he manage to travel in airplanes continually? Money must be coming from somewhere, and he has no visible source. My feeling is that Jugal Kisore was not lying."

Indira mentioned this to Jaiprakash: "Do you get a salary every month from the Birla house?" And that was the thing that hit him hard; that was when he decided that Indira could no longer be tolerated. He willingly became a partner of Morarji Desai's and all the people--it always happens whenever you are in power that you manage to create enemies--all the enemies were together. But Jaiprakash was the key.

Morarji is not capable of gathering anybody--he is simply retarded--but Jaiprakash was an intelligent man.

He managed to overturn the government and to show his last renunciation: that although he had overturned the government, he was not going to be the prime minister. He wanted to prove that he was higher than Jawaharlal. That was his only, his deepest longing--to be higher than Jawaharlal. So he placed Morarji Desai in the prime ministership just to show to history: "Somebody was trying to place *me* as premier, but I don't care about these premierships--I can create my own premiers."

But it was all ego.

I used to speak in Patna--Maitreya will be aware of the fact--and because Jaiprakash also belonged to Patna, his wife used to come to attend my

meetings. I was puzzled. I enquired of my host, "The wife comes, but I never see Jaiprakash."

He laughed, he said, "I asked the same question of Prakashwati, Jaiprakash's wife.

She said, 'He comes but he sits in the car outside and listens from there. He cannot gather courage to come in and let it be seen by people that he has come to listen to somebody.'"

The ego is so subtle and so slippery. And the politician is sick because of his ego. *ignor15*

The first time I spoke in Bombay was on Mahavira's birthday. At least twenty to thirty thousand Jainas were present. .

I had come for the first time to this city. The man who invited me was a very rare man, rare in the sense that there was not a single important person in India who was not respectful towards that old man. And the reason was that that old man.. his name was Chiranjilal Badjate and he was the manager for Jamnalal Bajaj. Jamnalal Bajaj had invited Mahatma Gandhi from Sabarmati, Gujarat to his own place in Wardha, and had made a beautiful ashram for him there.

He gave Gandhi a blank check; whatever he wanted to spend, whatever he wanted to do with the money, he could do. He never asked, "Where does the money go? What happens to it?" And because Mahatma Gandhi was in Wardha, all the great freedom fighters in India, writers, poets, were going to see Gandhi, to meet Gandhi. And for them Jamnalal Bajaj had made a special guest house for five hundred people to stay together at one time. Chiranjilal was his manager, so he was the link between Mahatma Gandhi and Jamnalal Bajaj, Jawaharlal Nehru, Motilal Nehru, Madan Mohan Malaviya. All these people were respectful towards the old man.

He was the man who invited me to Bombay.

I had spoken at a Jaina conference, and as I came down from the stage--it was a cold night, he was covering himself with a blanket--he threw the

blanket on the ground, took hold of me and asked me to sit down, just to sit down for five minutes with him.

But I said, "Your blanket will become dirty."

He said, "Forget about the blanket--you just sit down--because I don't have anything else." And I had no idea who this man was. He introduced himself; then too I had no idea, just his name.

He said, "I am inviting you to Bombay for a conference, and you cannot say no."

Tears were in his eyes; he said, "In my whole I have heard life all the great orators of this country, but I have never felt such deep harmony as I have felt with you, although what you were saying was against my conditioning. I am Mahatma Gandhi's follower. I am the manager for Jamnalal, and I have lived my whole life

according to Mahatma Gandhi's principles--and you were speaking *against* them.

But still somehow I felt you are right and I have been wrong."

And he must have been seventy years old, but with great courage to say, "My seventy years were wrong"; and he had listened to me only for ten minutes. "And you cannot say no. This conference is absolutely important because I want you to be introduced to my friends in Bombay and then to my friends all over India."

So I said, "I will come."

I knew nobody in Bombay, and somehow. . Because he was an old man with thick glasses, in the night perhaps he could not see me perfectly well. He described me to the organizers of the conference here, but somehow he told them that I used a Gandhi cap. Just seventy years continuously seeing Gandhi caps, Gandhi caps--he had not seen anybody else without a Gandhi cap--so it must have been somehow completely fixed in his mind.

I was standing at the door; all the passengers had left. At least twenty-five

people were running from this side to that side. They would look at me from up and down, from down and up, and just as they saw my head they would rush on. I said, "What is wrong with my head? Up to the head they look as if things are going right, and the moment they see my head they are simply gone!" But finally, I was the only passenger left, and those were the only people left who had come to receive anybody.

One of them came to me and asked, "Have you not put on your Gandhi cap today?"

I said, "Now I understand what the problem is. But who told you that I have ever used a Gandhi cap?"

And Chiranjilal had got caught somewhere in the traffic. He was coming running!--a seventy year-old man. He said, "Yes! This is the man, but where is the cap?"

I said, "You created this whole trouble. I am standing here for half an hour these people are running all over the platform looking for the Gandhi cap. If you had told me I would have put on a Gandhi cap! You never mentioned it."

He said, "My God, just old age, and I must be getting senile--just seeing these Gandhi caps day and night.. even in dreams I see people with Gandhi caps! Even in my dreams I don't see people without Gandhi caps, so just forgive me."

This man, a simple man, a loving man who had known all the great thinkers of this century in India, leaders in different professions, but he could feel immediately some synchronicity, as if the parts of a jigsaw-puzzle had all fallen together in one piece and the puzzle had disappeared. He had lived with Mahatma Gandhi for twenty, thirty years and it had not happened.

There are people who can speak beautifully about the unknown, but if you are a little alert you can see that their words are empty and they don't touch your heart, they don't stir your being.

And there are mystics who are complete, whose journey has come to an

end. *upan13*

Gwalior's palace is a very big palace, and has acres and acres of greenery around it, and small bungalows, and it is all in a walled garden. Almost half of the city belongs to the palace. And just behind the palace is a huge mountain where they run a school for all the princes of the country and even outside the country. That school belongs to the palace. It was created just for Gwalior's sons and daughters in the beginning.

Then it became a royal school for all the royal states of India. *celebr06*

I was staying in the palace of the Maharani of Gwalior, who had invited me. It is one of the most beautiful palaces in India and perhaps in the world, with miles and miles of beautiful gardens around it. It has everything: lakes, gardens, fountains, and many small cottages for guests. The main palace is all marble. She had chosen a very beautiful cottage for me to stay in, just half on the lake, half on the ground.

Every day, for seven days, they were having religious discourses. There was a big congregation because it was a palatial function; nearabout twenty thousand people were there. Her son heard me and was immensely impressed. She was also impressed, and the next morning she came to see me and she would not sit on the chair. I told her, "You are old." She said, "No, I cannot do that. Please don't stop me sitting at your feet. And first I have to confess one thing: that I have prevented my son from coming to you. Forgive me. I was afraid because he seemed too much excited by last night, and he is continuously talking about you and what you said.

"I became afraid he may get too impressed by you. And we are a traditional family, royal family, and he is my successor. I cannot allow him to be impressed by you, although I myself am impressed, but I am mature enough that I can intellectually be convinced by you, yet I will go on doing whatever I was doing. That has been our tradition, and I cannot betray that tradition."

I said, "You can betray your intelligence, and you cannot betray some dead ancestor thousands of years old who has made rules and regulations for you? But you are ready to betray your intelligence. . And you say you are

impressed, and still you prevent your son from meeting me?"

She said, "I am sorry, but I will not allow him. And he cannot go against my wishes because he knows I can deprive him of the inheritance and the inheritance can go to his younger brother."

With this threat he had been prevented. Later on, after five, six years, he met me in Delhi--he had become a member of parliament--and he said, "I have been trying hard since you stayed in my house, but my mother--if she comes to know that I met you in Delhi, she has threatened that she will deprive me, and it is too much a risk.

She is one of the richest queens in India, and I will have to wait till I succeed her, and then my first thing is to come to you and be with you. All sorts of nonsense has been told to me; all kinds of religious teachers and saints go on coming to the house, but you were the first man I became interested in. They are all boring, but I have to listen to them because of the inheritance."

I said, "You are also a coward. If you had really the mind of a seeker, you would have said to your mother, 'Keep your inheritance yourself. I renounce it.'"

He said, "Yes, I don't have that much guts, but it has left a wound in me that my mother is threatening me. And she is also impressed by you. She does not say that you are wrong, she says that a young person should not come in contact with such a person: 'He can be dangerous. You are immature. You first become mature.'"

I said, "So that you can become a hypocrite, in other words; so you can intellectually say it is right, but I am going to do what I am expected to do."
last214

One man was asking me--I was in Calcutta, and he was one of the richest men of India, Sahu Shanti Prasad; he had the greatest palace in Calcutta. We were walking in his big garden. .because he has, in the middle of Calcutta, at least a hundred acre green garden. The palace once used to belong to the viceroy of India, when Calcutta

was the capital. When the capital shifted to New Delhi, the palace was sold. Now the president of India lives in the same kind of palace in New Delhi, with a one hundred acre garden.

So we both were walking and he asked me, "I always wanted to ask you what happens after death."

I said, "Are you alive or not?"

He said, "What kind of question is this? I am alive."

I said, "You are alive. Do you know what life is?"

He said, "That I cannot answer. Honestly, I don't know."

I said, "When you are alive, even then you don't know what life is. How can you know death when you are not dead yet? So wait. While you are alive, try to know life; and soon you will be dead, then in your grave contemplate about death. Nobody will be bothering you. But why are you concerned what happens after death? Why are you not concerned what happens before death? That should be the real concern.

When death comes we will face it, we will see it, we will see what it is. I am not dead so how can I say? You will have to ask somebody who is dead what happens. I am alive. I can tell you what life is, and I can tell you how to know what life is."

"But," he said, "all the religious teachers I go to listen to talk about death; nobody talks about life."

They are not interested in life, in fact; they want you all not to be interested in life.

Their business depends on your interest in death. And about death, the most beautiful thing is that you can create any kind of fiction and nobody can argue against it. Neither you can prove it, nor can anybody disprove it. And if you are a believer, then of course all your scriptures are in support of the priest, the monk, the rabbi, and he can quote those scriptures.

I would like you to remember: Live, and try to know what life is. *unconc29*

The Nizam of Hyderabad in India had five hundred wives--just in this century. This is so stupid and ugly. Women are treated like cattle.

And that Nizam of Hyderabad was an old man, but he went on marrying young girls.

Perhaps he was the richest man in the world, because in his state is the biggest mine of diamonds. All great diamonds have come from Hyderabad--the Kohinoor and others. He himself had so many diamonds that once a year they had to be put into sunlight and given air. They were not counted because counting was impossible, he had so many.

His whole palace had basements which were filled with diamonds, and they would be taken out and spread on all the terraces of his temple. I have seen the terraces; the palace is one of the biggest palaces in India. He had all the money, he had all the power. He was old, but he could purchase any woman. He could give enough money to any man and purchase his daughter. I don't think he even remembered the names of his five hundred wives, and I don't think that all the wives had seen him. Perhaps the early ones may have seen him.

And he was not worth seeing anyway, an ugly man, and so superstitious that you will not believe it--in the night he used to put one of his feet in a bucket full of salt, the whole night. The reason was that he was very much afraid of ghosts. And Mohammedans believe that if one of your feet is in salt, ghosts don't come close to you.

When I went there he was dead, but I asked his son, "Have you put the bucket in his grave?--because ghosts in the palace are not many, but in the graveyard there are ghosts and ghosts and nobody else, and in the dark night that old man.. . "

The son said, "You are right! We forgot completely about the bucket of salt."

I said, "It is not too late." Mohammedans don't make marble graves or

anything, just mud graves--to show humbleness. So I said, "Just arrange with the gravedigger to put one of his feet into a bucket of salt."

He said, "I will do it. I myself sleep with a bucket because ghosts are very dangerous; and certainly in the graveyard there are only ghosts and nobody else." *transm32*

I know many famous hunters in India. The king of Bhavanagar in his palace has hundreds of lions' heads hanging all around the walls. I have been with him when he went hunting. He said, "But why are you interested? You are not for violence, you are against hunting."

I said, "I simply want to see how, with your powerful automatic rifle, you face a lion who has no weapons." And it was significant that I went because there I saw that even with guns man is so powerless.

First a stage was made up high in the trees--and *you* have the gun! A stage is made for the king and for the friends who had come with him, far away. The lion cannot climb up the tree that far. Then all the branches of the tree below the platform were cut, so even if some crazy lion tries, he has no support anywhere. Then a cow was tied underneath the tree.

I was seeing the whole scene; silently I watched the whole scene. Of course when the lion smells that a cow is nearby, he comes; that cow is an invitation card. And the poor lion cannot see that far above in the darkness there is platform, and his death.

But they don't shoot the lion before he jumps on the cow and starts eating her. They wait, because when a lion is eating he does not want to be disturbed by anything, he is total in his act. The cow could have been saved. I said to the king, "The cow could have been saved. When the lion was coming closer, you could have used your rifle."

He said, "You don't know hunting. Even sitting on this platform I am shivering with fear, although I have killed hundreds of lions. Just to see the lion is enough to freeze you!"

And lions are very agile people. If you hit the lion--and you *can* miss, then

you lose the game--the lion will jump into a bush, into a trench. He has to start eating the cow, because that is the habit of lions: while they are eating they don't want to be disturbed. And they become so absorbed in eating that it is easier for you to kill them.

I asked the king on the way, "If this is how you have collected those hundreds of heads of lions, please remove them--they are all proofs of your cowardliness. Have you ever thought," I asked him, "that you call hunting a *game,* when the other party has no weapons and is not even aware of you, that you are hiding above in the trees?

You call it a game? Is it fair?

"You should be on the ground; you should be without a gun, because the lions cannot use guns. Then even a single head would have been enough to prove that you are a brave man. These hundreds of heads, they don't prove anything except cowardice. If this is the way you have collected them--that's why I wanted to come with you to see.. . " *dless23*

One of my friends was a colonel in the army, and his wife was my student in the university. She introduced me to the colonel, and after Jabalpur, where I was a teacher, they were transferred to Poona, so I used to come here and always used to have at least one meal in their house.

The colonel was very much influenced by me, and he had a big regiment in Jabalpur, so he invited me one day.

His wife said, "Do you understand what you are doing?"

He said, "He is a nice fellow."

The wife said, "That's true, he is a nice fellow, but he will teach disobedience to your regiment."

He said, "Are you going to teach my regiment disobedience?"

I said, "Certainly!"

He said, "Then the program is canceled. My God! If my wife had not told

me.. "

I said, "I want to teach all the armies of the world disobedience. If they disobey, then let the presidents and prime ministers have wrestling matches, boxing matches.

They can enjoy, and we will enjoy on television--but there is no need for millions of people to be killed continuously." *christ04*

I used to stay in the house of a very unique man, Sohanlal Dugar. He was unique in many ways. I loved the man--he was very colorful. He was old--he died seven years ago. When he met me first, at that time he was seventy years old, but he lived to ninety.

He met me in Jaipur, that was his home town, and he invited me to Calcutta because that was his business place; from there he controlled the whole silver market, not only of India but of the whole of Asia. He was called the Silver King. I had heard about him, but I had no idea who the person was. When he came to me for the first time in Jaipur, he touched my feet--an old man dressed in the Rajasthani way with a yellow turban, very ancient-looking in every way--and took out bundles of notes from the pockets of his coat and wanted to give them to me.

I said, "But right now I don't need them. You just give me your address; whenever I need I will enquire and if you are still in possession of wealth and in the mood to give, you can give. But right now I don't have any need, so why unnecessarily give me trouble? I am going now to travel for thirty-six hours, and I will have to take care of these notes. I cannot even sleep, anybody may take them. So please keep them."

He just started crying, tears pouring from his eyes. I said, "But I have not said anything that hurts you so much."

He said, "Nothing else hurts me more. I am a poor man because I have only money and nothing else. I want to do something for you--I feel so much for you--but I am a poor man; except money, I have nothing. And if you refuse my money, then you refuse me because I don't have anything else. So you take this money. If you want to burn it, burn it here right now. If you want to

throw it away, throw it away right now--that is your business. But remember: never again refuse money from me, because that means you are refusing me. And I have nothing else to offer." His tears were so sincere and authentic, and what he said was so meaningful, that I said,

"Okay. You give me this money, and take out.. you have more in your pockets."

He said, "That's right. That's the man I have been in search of." And he took it all out.

He showed me his pockets, inside out, and said, "Now, right now, I don't have

anything else, but this is the man I have been in search of!" And he invited me to Calcutta. *ignor02*

I used to stay with a very rich man in Calcutta, Sohanlal Dugar. He was an all-India fame, rich man, and he was always sad. His wife told me, "He listens to you, he reads to you, you stay with us but he is always sad. And sad for strange reasons that I cannot understand."

Sohanlal said, "You will never understand. I have lost five crore rupees and you want me to laugh?"

I said, "If that is the situation, then let him be sad."

But the wife said, "You don't understand the full situation. In a deal in which he has not invested a single rupee, he was hoping to get ten crores and he has got only five crores. So he is sulking for those five crores that he has lost."

I said, "This is idiotic." But this is how human mind functions. Just in his imagination he has ten crores, now he has got only five crores, five crores are missing.

But it is really amazing to watch people's minds: how they work and how they make themselves miserable and they go on weaving their misery deeper and deeper and more complex and more complex, to a point from

where they cannot get out. And it is all their imagination. *last509*

One of the richest men in India told me that he feels very guilty. The country is dying in poverty and his riches go on growing. And he is not courageous enough to stop this growing of riches; deep down he still wants more. On the one hand he can see the country is suffering from poverty, on the other hand is his desire to have more and more; between these two he is crushed. *nansen08*

Osho's interaction with the Poor and the Law

I would like India to understand me, but it is almost impossible. For thirty years I have been moving in India like a whirlwind, destroying my health, trying to tell people, "It is you who are responsible for your poverty." And they were throwing shoes at me, stones at me; I was poisoned twice. Attempts on my life were made.

Still I want that one day they should awake. But there is not much possibility. *dless13*

I became completely fed up with these idiots who don't understand and are not ready even for a dialogue. I had challenged all the Hindu leaders, Buddhist leaders, Jaina leaders, that I want an open dialogue. But nobody is ready to discuss because they know what they are saying is simply illogical, it is meaningless. And they are going to create a country of poor people. Right now, fifty percent of Indians are ready to become another Ethiopia any day.

But I don't feel responsible because for thirty years I have been talking to these people, talking to their leaders, talking to their religious leaders.

Indira Gandhi was in touch with me and she was convinced of whatever I was saying, and she told me, "You are right, but we cannot do anything because if we do anything then the Hindu votes are gone out of our hands, Mohammedan votes are

gone out of hands, Christian votes are gone out of our hands. I will be finished." She asked me, "Do you want me to be finished?"

I said, "If I was in your place, either I would do something or I would simply resign, because there is no point--if I cannot do what is right, then what is the need for me to remain as prime minister of the country? Then allow somebody else who can do something.". .

I told Indira, "You give me all the power, you simply retire. Within ten years I can change this whole country." But who wants to give up power? *last205*

I was in India, and I spoke on every problem that that country is facing--and more or less every country is facing. But no politician was ready to listen, for the simple reason that whatever I was saying was against their vested interest. No religious leader was ready to listen. It went against their profession, their business.. .

No politician had the guts even to have contact with me, because if the public knew that the prime minister or the president had some connection with me, it would have been dangerous to his political future.

They knew what I was saying was true, and if they had listened to me, the country would not have been facing all the kinds of evil that it is facing today.

What are the problems in India in particular? They are the problems of the whole world in general.

Fifty percent of India's population is just starving. Soon India will be a bigger Ethiopia--Ethiopia is a small country. Fifty percent of Indians means four hundred million people. And if fifty percent of the country is dying, the remaining fifty percent cannot live in the country of the dead. There is every possibility they will revolt, every possibility they will turn communist--every possibility.

When a person has nothing to lose, he can do anything, commit any crime. And when fifty percent of the country is dying, it will not leave others to live in peace, in comfort.

For thirty years I have been saying that abortions should be legal. But it was against religions, so every religious person was against me, saying I

am teaching things which go against religions. Now they should ask their religions to provide food, shelter, clothes, employment, for fifty percent of the people of the country. They should catch hold of their religious leaders!

I was continuously telling people to use birth control methods. But the politicians and the religious leaders were both condemning me, saying that I was trying to destroy the morality of the country, that if people start using the pill, the morality of the country will be destroyed, because India is a very strictly monogamous country. .

There are still people in India today who have sixteen children, eighteen children.

From the very moment the girl becomes capable of being pregnant--her whole life until menopause--she goes on reproducing. She is just a productive machine.

Naturally, she cannot have any individuality of her own. Her whole time is taken up either by pregnancy or by bringing up children. And before one child is even six month old, she is again pregnant. Women have been treated like cattle.

These are simple facts, not much intelligence is needed to understand. But nobody was ready to listen; they were more interested in their morality.. .

Of course whatever I was saying was going against them. But if they had heard me, the country would not have been in such a state, because when I started speaking the population of the country was half what it is now. And still they are continuously producing children. .

They were all against me. You will be surprised--the politicians were telling people that I was too young, I didn't understand the complexities of morality, religion, spirituality. One of the topmost political leaders was Kaka Kalelkar--he was ninety years old. He condemned me because I was too young.

I asked him in a public meeting, and gave him an open challenge: "I am ready to discuss the problems before the masses, from the same platform,

and if my being young makes my argument wrong, then your being senile makes your argument wrong. But arguments are not to be decided by the age of the person. Arguments have to be decided by the counter-arguments. I am saying that the country is growing so fast that soon you will all be beggars. You give the alternative!"

In fact, I told him that if he had any sense of dignity, now was the time he should commit suicide, "Because what is the need? And what are you doing? Unnecessarily, a ninety-year-old man.. " All his colleagues were dead, all his contemporaries were dead, his children were old, the eldest was seventy. "So what are you doing here except becoming an unnecessary burden, continuously sick, continuously in bed?

And still you won't leave, you won't create some space for a new person to take over."

That was even more shocking to these presidents and prime ministers of India. I was saying two things: birth control--but that is only half the story. The second is death control, which nobody in the whole world has been talking about, because that is the logical end. If you stop people from being born, that is one part of reducing the population. The second part should be that those who are too old, a burden to themselves, a burden to others, and who are simply suffering--relieve them. And there is no need for them to jump into the ocean, or to hang themselves from a tree.

The government should provide facilities in every hospital so that these people can come and you can give them a peaceful death--just an injection which takes them into deeper and deeper sleep, into eternity. And make at least their death beautiful--

you could not make their life beautiful. Life is a long affair; to make a person's life for ninety years a beautiful phenomenon is difficult. But death comes within seconds. So at least for twenty-four hours, let him do whatever he always wanted to do. Let him enjoy everything that he wanted to enjoy. And for twenty-four hours before his death let him learn how to be silent, how to relax, so that death does not come only as death, but also comes as a deep meditation. So not only will we be helping the population to be reduced, we will be helping old people to die with dignity, with smiles

on their faces, and with a deep serenity within them which will change their whole future course of consciousness.

But naturally they all were against me, saying that I am preaching suicide, that I am talking against the law.

The medical profession was against me, because the doctors have been given an idea hundreds of years old. Hippocrates has created the oath for the doctor. And every doctor--even today, when he passes the examination--has to take the oath that he

will always serve life, that he will try in every way to prevent a person dying. That oath is now stupid. But Hippocrates is far more important to them than the whole humanity on the verge of death. The oath should be that a doctor should help the person to live beautifully, and to die beautifully. Life and death should not be separated as enemies; they are one phenomenon. The oath is half. The full oath should be that a physician should serve the man in life and death both. The best he can do for life he will do. The best he can do for death he will do.

But no doctor--I was speaking in medical clubs, medical colleges, universities--no doctor was ready to accept the idea because of the fear that some doctor may take advantage of it and may kill someone. I said to those people that if somebody wants to take advantage, do you think Hippocrates can prevent him? His oath can prevent him? He can still take advantage. The patient knows nothing of what is being done to him, what medicine is being given to him, what injections are being given to him. If the doctor wants to take advantage, he can take it now; nobody can prevent him. In fact, the oath protects him. But if you understand the whole situation, he cannot kill a young man; otherwise he will be behind bars. He can help a man to die only when the man has given him his authority and the man's family has made its farewell to the man. Taking advantage will be impossible.

But people are addicted to the past. India has been becoming poorer and poorer and poorer; and poverty is the source of all evil.. .

Whatever I could do.. I had no power, I could only persuade people,

convince people.

But the people are so conditioned--they hear, but they don't listen. Seeing the situation I simply dropped the idea of transforming the Indian mind. . *dless16*

In India Mohammedans are the second biggest community after Hindus, but they are very poor. I was continuously wondering what is the reason that all the Mohammedans in the whole country. . And India has the biggest number of Mohammedans than any country, although it is not a Mohammedan country, but it has the biggest number of Mohammedans than any other country. Why are they all poor?

And as I looked into their scriptures, I found the reason. The reason was that they have been prohibited by Prophet Mohammed that: 'interest is a sin, so never give money on interest', one thing; and 'Never take money on interest'. This is the reason they are poor, because they cannot take money on interest and they cannot give money on interest. And the whole economy functions on interest. You take money from the bank on interest, you take loan from the government on interest, but they cannot take it. It is sin.

Now, a stupid idea keeps them poor. Am I responsible for it? Should I go and serve them?

If they are hungry and poor, this is one reason.

The second reason, Mohammed has given them the opportunity that they can marry four women. If one woman marries four men, that will be very helpful in reducing the world population. One woman can marry as many men as she wants, there is no harm. It will not create more poverty because she can give only birth to one child.

How many husbands she has makes no difference.

But one man and four women is a dangerous thing. Now that man can have four children every year. So Mohammedans are having more children than anybody in

India. Naturally, every man goes on dividing his poverty into so many

children, they all end up almost like beggars. *last320*

Recently I was in Bihar. Thousands of famines have happened in Bihar since the time of Buddha, but the people of Bihar have done nothing. There is a lot of water underground in Bihar, but they do not dig wells. Every year they are waiting for the famine and begging for help to go on living. They do nothing! When the famine comes, they accept it and beg. When there is famine, the leaders of the whole country begin to ask for donations and help. When the famine is over, nobody bothers. The same situation continues, there will be no change. *educa08*

I have visited areas where people were so hungry--starving; they had no food. I enquired, "You don't have any food, how do you manage to sleep?"--because without food you cannot sleep. In fact sleep is needed for one of the most basic reasons: to digest food. So all other activity is dropped and your whole energy goes into digestion. But when you don't have any food in the stomach, sleep becomes difficult.

I have been fasting, so I know. Before the fasting day, the whole night you go on tossing and turning, thinking of the next day and the delicious foods. And when you are hungry anything looks delicious. But you cannot sleep. I asked, "How do you manage to sleep?"

They said, "We drink a lot of water to fill the belly, to deceive the body, and then sleep comes." They know perfectly well they are deceiving; water is not nourishment. The body is asking for food, and they are giving water because only water is available. But at least something is in the stomach, it is not empty. *dark09*

I have known people who have gone to sleep tying a brick on their stomach so they don't feel that their stomach is empty. Such poverty exists in many parts of this country. Would these people have become buddhas?--no. Enlightenment has nothing to do with poverty, fasting, discipline, religious rituals.

There is only a single way to enlightenment and that is creating more and more awareness about your acts, about your thoughts, about your emotions. *bodhi17*

And in India, the people who have houses.. you cannot conceive what kind of houses they are. Those who have not, in a way their position is clear. But those who have houses--they are not worth calling houses at all. I have been traveling in villages.. not a single house will have a bathroom, not a single house will have an outhouse, a latrine. No, you have to go out by the side of the river or the tank, or wherever water is available you go there. People are doing everything there--and people are drinking the same water. I had to stop going into villages, it was so ugly, so inhuman.

And what is a house in India? Just a shed which you would not make even for a cow.

They are living with their cows and their bulls and their other animals in the same house. And the families are joined, so in one house you may have thirty people, forty people, with all the animals. Every house is Noah's ark. All the species.. and such a smell! So much stink that even thinking of it I feel immensely sorry for people.

But that is not the case only in India, it is all over the third world. In Africa, in China--

it is all over the third world. *unconc26*

I have been travelling in this country, I have been born in this country; I know poor people. Sometimes when they come to me, they come for some other reasons. They come: their son is not getting employment, so, Òsho, bless.' They come because

their wife is ill; they come because somebody is not having a child, `So bless.' They come for some other reasons, not for religious reasons. A poor person cannot have religious reasons really; he is starving. His problem is not religious, his problem is physical. Only a rich person can have religious problems. Religion is a by-product of affluence; it is a luxury. *plove04*

Machines can become a great liberation to man, but they have to be used rightly. If you don't use them rightly they can be dangerous; they can pollute all of nature, they can destroy the whole balance--the ecology can be disturbed by them. But if you use them consciously, meditatively, then all

slavery can disappear from the world, because machines can do the work that man has been doing for ages. It can provide food, clothes, shelter.

Hence I am all for science, I am not against science. And I am all for religion too, because I can see a possibility of a great synthesis arising in the future. It has to arise now. If it does not arise, then man is doomed and finished and man has no future, no hope. The world can be made rich outwardly with technology and science, and the inner world can be made rich by meditation, by prayer, by love, by joy. We can create a new human being, fulfilled both within and without. *dh0605*

I went to a meeting*. It was a meeting of the untouchables. The very conception of an untouchable fills my heart with tears. On reaching there also, I was very unhappy and sad. What is it that man has done with man? And persons erecting uncrossable walls between man and man are also called religious! What greater fall of religion could be than this? And if this is religion, what is irreligion? It appears that the dens of irreligion have stolen the flags of religion; and the scriptures of satan have become the scriptures of God.

Religion is not separatist. It should unite. Religion is not dualistic; it is monistic.

Religion lies not in erecting the walls but in demolishing them. But the so-called religions have been creating only divisions and erecting only walls. Their power has been active only in breaking up and dividing men. Surely, this has not been done without reason. In fact, without dividing man against man, neither can there be unions nor can there be exploitation. If manhood is similar and one, the main basis; of exploitation is finished; for exploitation inequality is unavoidable. Sects and castes are essential. For the same reason, religions in many forms have been supporters of inequality, sects and castes. A sectless and casteless society is automatically opposed to exploitation. To accept equality of men is to discard exploitation.

Then, without creating differences between man and man there can be no unions and religious sects. Division creates fear, jealousy and hatred and finally enmity.

Enmity gives birth to religious sects; they are born of enmity and not friendship; not love, but hatred is their foundation stone. Unions are formed out of fear of enmity.

Unions provide power. Power becomes strength for exploitation and also realization of the thirst for authority. On expansion, the same develops into a desire for monarchies. In the same way, religions secretly become politics. Religion moves in front and politics follows it. Religion remains only a cover and politics becomes the life. In fact, where there is union, there are religious sects, there then is no religion; there is only politics. Religion is deep application; that is not a union. In the name of separate religious unions, politics alone keeps on making moves. In the absence of

union there can be religion, but there cannot be religions nor can there be worshippers, priests and their profession. God has also been converted into a profession. Several interests have got connected even with him. What can be more unseemly and irreligious than that? But the power of propaganda is unlimited and by constant propaganda even absolute untruths become truths. Then what wonder if the worshippers and priests who are themselves victims of exploitation should be supporters of the scheme of exploitation? Religions have served as strong pillars for the scheme of social exploitation. Having woven a net of imaginary principles, they have proved the exploiters as religious people and the exploited as the sinners. The exploited ones have been told that their suffering is the result of their bad deeds.

Truly, religions have given lot of opium to the people.

An old untouchable asked me after everyone else: "Can I go to the temples?"

I said: "To the temples? But what for? God himself never goes to the temples of priests."

There is no other temple of God except Nature. All the rest of temples and mosques are an invention of the priests. There is not even a distant relation of these temples with God. God and priests have never been on talking terms. Temple is the creation of priests and priest is the creation of satan.

They are disciples of satan. For this very reason, their scriptures and religious sects have been centres of putting man against man. They have talked of love but have spread the poison of hatred. Even then man is not beware of the priests; and whenever he thinks of God, he gets involved with the priests. The basic reason for the thinking of relations between man and God is only this. Priests have all along been busy in murdering God. Excepting them, there is no other murderer of God. If you have to choose God you cannot choose the priest.

Both of them cannot be worshipped at the same time. As soon as the priest enters the temple, God goes out of it. In order to establish relation with God, it is necessary to get rid of the priest. That is the only obstacle between the devotee and God. Love does not tolerate any one in between. Nor does prayer tolerate any obstacle. **Note: this text is from the early 1960s. earthn06*

And *all* that you believe is nothing but a lie repeated for thousands of years.

How do you know that somebody is a brahmin? How do you know that somebody is a sudra? How do you know that somebody is a *vaishya* or somebody is a *kshatriya?*

And the sudra cannot move upwards, and the brahmin is at the top. .what makes you think that? I have seen very idiotic brahmins, and I have seen very intelligent sudras.. .

Nobody is lower, nobody is higher, but if for thousands of years.. Manu has been the cause of the whole calamity. He preached these four castes, and they are still being followed. And even the sudra believes in them, it is not only the brahmin who believes in them.

I have been trying to convince sudras who used to come to see me: "You can come and sit on a chair."

They would say, "No."

They would sit just by the door, outside on the steps: "We are sudras, we cannot come in."

Even they have become convinced. If the brahmin is convinced one can understand, because he is gaining superiority by the conviction. But what is the sudra gaining?

In one place they were celebrating the birthday of a great saint, Raidas, who was a shoemaker, a *chamar.* I was just visiting there, so I said, "I will also be coming."

But they said, "No, how can you come there? Only sudras will be there."

But I insisted. The family I was staying with said, "It is creating trouble for us. If you go we have to go with you. You are our guest and we cannot let you go alone. We don't want to go there because if somebody sees that we are mixing with sudras, our whole life will be ruined!"

I said, "You don't need to come with me. I am going there."

But you will be surprised, the sudras wouldn't allow me to enter the area. They said,

"No. We are sudras and we cannot commit this sin of bringing you down amongst ourselves. No, God will never forgive us."

I said, "This is strange."

They are so convinced. It is a lie, because in the whole world there is no caste system except in the Hindu world. So it is not something natural. *sword19*

I have been talking to these sudras, untouchables. At first they could not believe that anybody from a higher caste would come into their small village outside the city; but when I started visiting them, slowly, slowly they became accustomed to it--that this man seems to be strange.

And I told them, "Your slavery, your oppression, your exploitation, is because you are clinging to such small securities. When society cannot give you your individuality and your freedom, that society is not yours. Leave it! Declare that you do not belong to such an ugly society! Who is preventing you?

"And stop doing all these dirty jobs. Let the brahmins and the higher castes clean the toilets, and then they will know that just sitting and reading the scriptures is not virtue; it is not purity."

Brahmins have not done anything except be parasites on society; but they are the most respected people, because they are educated, they are well-versed in religious scriptures. Just to be born into a brahmin family is enough; no other quality is needed: people will touch your feet. Just being a brahmin by birth, you have all the qualifications to be worshiped. And this has continued for at least five thousand years.

Talking to the sudras, I became aware they have become so accustomed to a certain security that they have forgotten the alternative of freedom. And whenever I tried to convince them, sooner or later the question was asked, "What about responsibilities? If we are free, then we will be responsible. Right now we are not responsible for anything. We live safe and secure, although in utter humiliation"--

but to that they have become accustomed and immune. *spirit10*

It has been experimentally proved that if a child is not brought up by loving people--

the mother, the father, the other small children in the family--if the child is not brought up by loving people, you can give him every nourishment but somehow his body goes on shrinking. You are giving everything necessary--medical needs are fulfilled, much care is being taken--but the child goes on shrinking.

Is it a disease? Yes, to the medical mind everything is a disease; something must be wrong. They will go on researching the facts, why it is happening. But it is not a disease.

The child's will to live has not even arisen. It needs loving warmth, joyful faces, dancing children, the warmth of the mother's body--a certain milieu which makes him feel that life has tremendous treasures to be explored, that there is so much joy, dance, play; that life is not just a desert, that there are immense possibilities.

He should be able to see those possibilities in the eyes around him, in the bodies around him. Only then will the will to live spring up--it is almost like a spring.

Otherwise, he will shrink and die--not with any physical disease, he will simply shrink and die.

I have been to orphanages; one of my friends, Rekhchand Parekh, in Chanda Maharashtra, used to run an orphanage--nearabout one hundred to one hundred and ten orphans were there. And orphans would come, two days old, three days old; people would just leave them in front of the orphanage. He wanted me to come to see the orphanage. I said, "Sometime later on I will see it, because I know whatever is there will make me unnecessarily sad."

But he insisted, so one time I went, and what I saw.. . They were taking every care, he was pouring his money on those children, but they were all ready to die just any moment. Doctors were there, nurses were there, medical facilities were there, food was there, everything was there. He had given his own beautiful bungalow--he had moved to a smaller bungalow--a beautiful garden and everything was there; but the will to live was not there.

I told him, "These children will go on dying slowly."

He said, "You are telling me? I have been running this orphanage for twelve years; hundreds have died. We have tried every possible way to keep them alive, but nothing seems to work. They go on shrinking and one day simply they are no longer there."

If there was a disease the doctor could help, but there was no disease; simply, the child had no desire to live. When I said this to him, it became clear to him. He immediately, that very day, gave the orphanage to the government, and he said, "I have been trying to help these children for twelve years; now I know it is not possible. What they need I cannot give, so it is better that the government takes it over."

He said to me, "I had come to this point many times, but I am not an articulate man so I could not figure out what it was. But in a vague way I

was feeling that something was missing and that goes on killing them."
misery28

In my university there used to be a student of mine who was the son of a beggar. Just accidentally I found it out. That beggar used to stand at the railway station, and I was continually coming and going, coming and going. It was almost a routine thing that whenever I came I would give him one rupee, and whenever I went I would give him one rupee. And he was very happy because nobody else was giving one rupee.

And in a month I would pass at least eight or ten times, so he was getting good earnings from me. We became friends.

But one day when I came to the station, I found the beggar was not there. The train was late so I looked around to find where he was, because his rupee.. otherwise this would be a kind of betrayal--that he was not present and I just escaped with his rupee. So I tried to find him. I found him in the goods shed, talking to this boy who was my student. And they both became very shocked; I was puzzled.

I said, "What is the matter? I have been looking for you--the train is late and you were not in your place. You just take your rupee and relieve me because I am unnecessarily worried. And always remember, at that time you should be there. And what are you doing with my student?"

He said, "Now I cannot hide it from you. He is my son: I am teaching him. But please don't tell anybody that he is my son. He is respected, and people think that he belongs to a rich family"--and he had kept him like a rich man's son. His earning was good; in India, beggars earn more than professors.

I said, "No, I will not tell anybody. There is no need to say anything to anybody; and there is no harm."

He said, "I am living just for him. He is my hope. What I could not do in my life he will do. Perhaps I may not be able to see it--him living in his own home, having his own car, his wife, children, a good salary, or a good business. Perhaps I may not be able to live that long, but I pray to God to

give me a little more life.

"I just want to see him--I will never go close to his house, I will not disturb his life.

Nobody will ever know that he is the son of a beggar. And the woman who was his mother was also a beggar; we were never married. She has died, with the same hope. We both were working hard to keep him in a boarding school. Meeting him in hiding. . He comes here once in a while to meet me--in this goods shed we meet because nobody comes here.

"I can suffer as much as my fate decides but only one hope is enough to keep me tolerating every suffering, every humiliation, every insult. My son is now in the final M.A.; next year perhaps he will be in a good job. It is a question of only a few years until he will be having his own house--I never had one; he will be having his own wife--I never had one. He will be having his own children--and although I have him, I cannot claim to be his father because I was never married."

Now this man. .I asked him, "Have you ever thought of committing suicide?"

He said, "Suicide? What are you saying? I am thinking only of life, more life."

Through him I became acquainted with many beggars. And I asked all of them, whenever we were alone, "Have you ever thought of committing suicide?" And they were shocked the same way: "Why have you asked this question? Why should we think of committing suicide? We want to live--we have not lived yet."

One beggar told me, "I have been putting my money in a bank hoping that one day I will drop this begging and just live a relaxed life. Once in a while I would like to give something to a beggar. People have insulted me so much; even in their giving they insult. It is not given with compassion, it is not given with love: it is given just to get rid of you--you are a nuisance. And we know, so we create a nuisance because nobody gives out of compassion. They give to us if they want to get rid of a nuisance.

"So we never beg from a single person if he is walking on the road alone, because he will say 'go to hell!' We beg when there are people around before whom he cannot misbehave because he is a respectable man, known to be kind and compassionate; now this is the time to show the compassion. We see in their faces that they are boiling with anger that we have caught them in the wrong place--but for us that is the right place." *misery28*

Begging is a business where there is continuous competition--you don't know which is the beggar who owns you. When I came to know this, it was a great surprise.

Because I was traveling continually, I was coming and going to the railway station so many times, an old beggar had become accustomed--in fact, he had started taking it for granted--that whenever I came back from a journey, or went for a journey, he was entitled to have one rupee each time.

In the beginning he used to be grateful. When I, for the first time, gave him one rupee, he could not believe it--Indians don't give rupees to beggars. But slowly, slowly, everything becomes taken for granted. Now it was not a question of gratitude, it was a routine. And I could see from his eyes that if I don't give him the rupee he will be angry--I am depriving him of one rupee.

I never deprived him, but one day I was surprised: the old man was gone, and a young man was sitting in his place and he said, "Don't forget that one rupee."

I said, "How did you come to know about the one rupee?"

He said, "You don't know. .I got married to that old beggar's daughter."

Still I could not understand, "If you got married, where is the old man?"

He said, "He has given the whole area of the railway station as a dowry to me, and he has given me all the names--and your name is the first name. You have been giving him one rupee each time, whether you enter the railway station or you come out."

I said, "This is a revelation, that beggars have their territories." They own it.

They can give it as a dowry to their sons-in-law. I said, "This is great! Where is the old man?"

He said, "He has found another place near a hospital, because the beggar who used to sit there has died. And he looks old, but he is a very strong man. Nobody wants to fight with him." Beggars are also in continual conflict to own the clients, customers.. . *mess203*

Once in India I was traveling from Indore to Khandwa. Khandwa was a big junction, and I had to wait there for one hour. I was alone in my air-conditioned compartment. A beggar knocked on the window, and I indicated to him to come in.

He came in. He said, "My mother has died, and I don't have even enough money to bury her." I gave him one rupee. In those days that was even enough to get wood and burn your mother. The man looked surprised.

He was a professional beggar. I knew it, because I passed through Khandwa many times, and it was always his mother who was dying. I could have asked, "What a great mother you have got. Is your mother a Jesus Christ?" But I never said anything to him.

That day, thinking me mad or something, he came again. He said, "My father has died."

I said, "Great! Take one rupee more."

The man could not believe that so soon.. just five minutes before his mother had died, now his father has died. And that gave him courage enough to come again after five minutes.

I said, "Has your wife died?"

He said, "How do you know? Yes."

I said, "Here is one rupee more. How many relatives do you have? Because it is unnecessarily disturbing me--these people will go on dying and you will have to come again and again. You just tell me the whole number, as if the whole family has died. How many relatives do you have?"

The poor man could not imagine more than ten. I said, "Okay, you take ten rupees.

And now, get lost."

He said, "Before I accept your ten rupees--three I have already taken--I want to know, do you believe me? So quickly my mother dies, my father dies, my wife dies, and now you are giving me an advance for my whole family." He felt guilty that he was cheating. He said, "No, although I am a beggar, I cannot cheat you. You still trust me?"

I said, "You have done nothing wrong. I have money, you are poor; any excuse will do. And don't you think that I am also immensely interested in your family?--

because your mother has died many times before. I have been passing through this railway station so many times, and it was always your mother. How many mothers did you have?"

He said, "I want one thing to be clear; otherwise I will carry this wound in my heart forever. How could you trust me?"

I said, "I thought perhaps you went on forgetting that it is the same man you are asking for money: `My mother has died, my father has died, my wife has died.'

Perhaps you were thinking you were asking different people"--because he came with different clothes. One time he came with a cap, another time with a basket, the third time with a coat on--just so that he was not recognized as the same man.

I said, "I was wondering if perhaps you could not recognize me as the same man.

And as far as trust is concerned, I trust you still. It has nothing to do with your trustworthiness; I trust you because I cannot distrust. It is my incapacity, it has nothing to do with your worthiness or unworthiness."

He returned the thirteen rupees. I tried hard to refuse but he said, "No. I will

not take these rupees knowing perfectly well that you are aware that I am cheating and still you trust me. You have given me the dignity of being a human being for the first time in my whole life. And I am not going to beg again--without saying a word, you have changed me."

You say you could not stop the tears because I said I trust you, and you feel unworthy. That's a great step, to feel that you are unworthy. It is a quantum leap.

Those tears will take it away, wash you completely clean of your unworthiness. But as far as I am concerned, whether you are worthy or unworthy makes no difference to me: I trust you. *dless06*

I have been to many prisons.

It happened that in Madhya Pradesh when I was a professor there, one old man, Mangaldas Pakvasa, was governor of Madhya Pradesh. He was very much interested in me, so much so that although I went on telling him, "Kaka"--he was known to everybody as Kaka, uncle--"I don't believe in God," he said, "Whether you believe it or not, just when you reach, tell God something for this Mangaldas Pakvasa, because I am an old sinner. Being in politics, you know, I have done everything that I should not have done. Now I am getting old."

"But," I said, "you will be dying first, Kaka. Can't you see a simple thing: you will be reaching first. So if you want, you can help *me,* but I cannot help you; I am not going that early!"

"But," he said, "I suspect that I will never be going to heaven. Governors and prime ministers and presidents--I don't think any of them are going there. This whole company is going to hell!"

He was a very simple and good man. Because he was governor, I had immense dimensions open for me. I asked him, "You give me a general permission: if I want to visit any jail I should be allowed."

He said, "That is no problem." And the biggest jail was in Jabalpur itself; it was the central jail of the whole state--three thousand diehard criminals. So

I used to go almost every Sunday; while he remained governor I continued to go there. And what I saw--this was the climate, and in other jails also. I went in smaller jails also but the climate was essentially the same.

The climate was that it is not crime that brings you to jail, it is being caught, so if you know right ways to do wrong things.. . It is not a question of doing right things; the question is doing wrong things in a right way. And every prisoner learns the right way of doing wrong things in jail. In fact I have talked with prisoners and they said,

"We are eager to get out."

I said, "For what?"

They said, "You are a friend, and we don't hide anything from you: we want to get out as soon as possible because we have learned so much, we want to practice. Just the practicals were missing, it was all theoretical knowledge. For practicals you need the society." *dark04*

In the university, one of the students, who was my colleague for two years, murdered somebody. He was caught and jailed. Years after, when I became a professor, the governor was very much interested in me, so he wanted me to go to the central jail every Sunday to talk to the prisoners, to help them to meditate. And there I met that young man who had murdered somebody. He was trying to hide in the crowd of other prisoners, but I went directly inside the crowd.

The superintendent was preventing me, saying, "These are dangerous people. You should not go amongst them."

I said, "They may be dangerous--they cannot be dangerous to me. I have not done any harm to anybody." And I got hold of the boy and I told him, "This is not good that you should hide. I have specially come to see you. When the governor asked me, I remembered only you, that I will be able to see you again."

He said, "I was feeling so ashamed. I betrayed you, your love, your friendship. I am not ashamed of the murder--the man I murdered needed it!

I am ashamed that I betrayed your love and your trust."

I said, "Forget about it. You have not betrayed anything. I love you as much as I loved you before--perhaps more, because you had to pass through such a torturous ordeal."

I went there every Sunday, and after six or seven weeks the superintendent told me,

"There has been a strange change in the man you always meet before you talk to everybody. Before, he was the most dangerous person here. He was always creating trouble, always problems; he was always beating, hurting somebody. But during these seven weeks, something has happened to him. He is meditating. Others only meditate when you come, every Sunday, but he meditates every day."

Within a year, he was a totally different man, and the superintendent recommended that he should be released; otherwise it was a life sentence.

He asked me, "I am recommending him to be released. If you can put a word into the governor's ear it will help immensely; otherwise, he will not believe that a man who has been sentenced for his whole life can be released. He has served almost six, seven years, but that is nothing."

I told the governor that I had a friend there, and told him the whole story. I said,

"The superintendent wants him to be released. I would love that he is released, because that will create a great incentive and encouragement in the other prisoners.

And you yourself would love to see that man. This whole year he has been meditating--whenever he had time he was meditating."

He was released, and I asked him, "What has happened in your meditations?" He said, "Now I feel perhaps it was good that I murdered. If I had not murdered, I would have never come so close to you. In my meditations I was so close to you, I could hear your heartbeat. And strangely, the meditations transformed all my energy. That which was

violence became love, that was anger became compassion; and I was not even concerned that for the whole of my life I have to live in the jail

"In fact I was happy to have no worries of life, no responsibilities of life. Just do your work the whole day, and meditate. I was reading your books, meditating, and slowly, slowly, a group of meditators was formed. We were reading together, discussing together. Out of jail I feel a little lost, because for this one year it has become almost a temple to me. And on the outside, it is just the ugly marketplace I had left before."

Love has a chemical quality to transform people's energies. It changes the person you love; it changes you simultaneously. *zara113*

Osho visits a jail and addresses the prisoners:

Brethren! Do not be under the delusion that you alone are in fetters; those outside this prison, who are apparently free, are also in chains, though their shackles are of a different kind. Their desires are their chains; their ignorance is their imprisonment.

Man's bondage is of man's own making. Man himself labours at making the walls and bars for his prison. Though what I say may surprise you, the truth is that most of us spend our lives creating prison-houses for ourselves.

Thinking from another angle about this, I would say, lack of religion means lack of freedom. Most of us do not live in religion means lack of freedom. Most of us do not live in religion, but in the lack of it; of course, we are not conscious of this fact. Those that do not travel in the direction of self-enlightenment, gradually go deeper and deeper in the abyss of darkness, and this darkness can be destructive.

He who has no thirst for the Truth can not be free. Truth leads to freedom; nay, more correctly, Truth is freedom. And please remember that he who is not free is not for, but against God. In the soil of consciousness that is not free, the plants of divinity can not grow. For these plants to grow, to bloom and to bear fruits, the soil needed is of freedom; the manure needed is of a simple, unpretentious life, the water needed is of purity; and the seed required is of living silence. But above all, there should be the care of the

gardener by the name of Awareness.

He who shows the courage to fulfil the above conditions, finds himself free of all bondage. From within his self, the latent fire of God burns bright, because the ashes of dependence have been blown away. And in that fire, misery and dissatisfaction,

pain and turmoil, all are burnt out completely. The ashes left thereafter, act as a fertiliser for the blossoming of flowers of ever-lasting joy and bliss.

I invite you to participate in a wonderful search. The moment your heart echoes this invitation of mine, you will be transformed into a new being who hears the call divine; then you won't heed any call from lesser or baser sources. The calls from the low are heard only so long as the call from the high is disregarded. The call from the high or from the above, is a challenging call! The ways of the beast exist only because the sight is not turned towards God. Only they are tied to the mundane and the terrestrial, who do not dream of soaring to celestial heights. Raise your sights to the firmament, and see how vast, how immense and limitless is the sky; and also how near it is to you! Isn't it the height of folly--a sort of insult to your intelligence--

that you remain earth-bound worms crawling in muck, despite your having the wings to fly to the most distant horizons, and the spirit that can encompass the sky?

This spirit is mysterious; it can be as small or as large as it chooses to be. It can be smaller than the tiniest atom, the more immense than the skies. It can be a dog, and it can be also a god; it is its own creation. Therefore, those who concentrate on the lowly, become lowly. Whereas, those who yearn to soar in the infinite realms, become the Infinite.

I appeal to you: If you would fall in love, let it be with God! And if you must be in bonds, let the bonds be of the limitless firmament! And if you must be in a prison-house, let nothing less than the cosmos be your jail! And if you must confine yourself to any limits, let these be the frontiers of freedom! And if you must seek manacles, then seek the ties of love, because love means freedom absolute! *lead01*

How can a poor man have character? Life closes in on him from all sides and suffocates him so that he is compelled to say goodbye to character. Nevertheless, the politicians go on saying that poverty cannot be eradicated unless corruption is eradicated.

This is putting the cart before the horse. So I say let us drop the talk of character and characterlessness for the present and put all our energy towards eradicating poverty. And when poverty disappears, corruption will disappear on its own.

Poverty has to go first. It will not go with the departure of characterlessness, just because the latter is simply not going to disappear. But with the departure of poverty and degradation, the level of character will begin to rise.

A magistrate visited me the other day. By the way, he told me that he did not accept bribes. I asked him to let me know the limit within which he refused bribes. He was startled and said that he could not understand what I meant. I said, "Would you accept if I offer a bribe of five *paise?"* He said, "What are you talking about? Five

paise? Never!" "And if I give you five *rupees?" I* asked again. He again said no. And I asked, "And what about five hundred?" He repeated his no, but this time his no was not that emphatic. When I raised the assumed figure of a bribe to five thousand *rupees,* he queried about the purpose of my asking these questions, but he did not say no this time. And finally as I raised the sum to five hundred thousand he said that he would have to think about it.

What does lack of character mean? You are a man of character if you refuse a bribe of five *paise* and you become characterless on accepting a hundred thousand *rupees?*

No, every man has his limit. *social05*

I know professional witnesses.. . I used to live in a city where the high court of the state was. I had a friend, and I was surprised that he was always moving around the courts; I thought perhaps he was employed there.

I used to go to the university by way of the court. One day I stopped the car and called him and asked, "What kind of job have you got?--because mostly I see you outside the court."

He said, "I don't have any job. I am a professional witness."

I said, "What is that?"

He said, "You don't know what a professional witness is? I witness for anybody. So outside I find a client, a customer who wants a witness. He has done something wrong; I can witness and prove that he has not done it."

I said, "But you must be taking the oath.. ."

He laughed, he said, "I have taken the oath so many times it does not matter anymore. And even the judges know me, the advocates know me, the criminals know me. When the advocates find that it is very difficult to save a criminal, they seek my help. I am an eyewitness for anything. And I have become so expert in all these ten years that I earn more than the advocates."

There is no point in the oath. Who cares about a book when there are scientific instruments available which are absolutely certain? And more sophisticated mechanisms can be invented. The man can be hypnotized, and in hypnosis he cannot lie; he will have to say the truth. *bond32*

I used to stay in Calcutta in the house of the chief justice of the high court. His wife told me, "My husband only listens to you. Just tell him that at least in the house he should not be the chief justice of the high court. Even in bed he's the chief justice of the high court. The moment he enters the house, the children stop playing, everybody starts looking busy. The moment he leaves the house, it feels like a great burden is relieved, everybody is happy and smiling. And this does not look good, this is not right. But he only knows how to order. .obedience."

That night I said to the chief justice, "You have forgotten that you are a man too, you have forgotten that you love a woman. A chief justice has nothing

to do with a woman. A chief justice has nothing to do with love. You have forgotten that you have children. A chief justice has nothing to do with children.

"Your being the chief justice is only a profession. But you have forgotten yourself.

When you come from the court, you should leave everything in the court. Come home as a human being. You may not be aware how your family is suffering. They feel joyous when you are not in the home, and they feel afraid when you are in the home. This is not a good character certificate for you."

He said, "But I never thought about it, and nobody told me. Perhaps it is right."

And that night he apologized to the children, to the servants, to his wife. He said to them, "From tomorrow you will find me just a man. The house is not a court, but I had simply forgotten. I became so identified with my profession that I was lost in it. I tortured you all, and I have tortured myself too.

"I was wondering why my children don't love me, why my wife does not love me, why everybody looks afraid. I was wondering what is the matter, that everything falls silent, servants who were sitting idly or playing cards just start looking busy.

Now I know, it was my fault." I visited the family twice more and it was a totally different family. *socrat14*

Once I used to live in a town. The police commissioner was my friend; we were friends from the university student days. He used to come to me, and he would say,

"I am so miserable. Help me to come out of it." I would say, "You talk about coming out of it, but I don't see that you really want to come out of it. In the first place, why have you chosen to work in this police department? You must be miserable, and you want others also to be miserable."

One day I asked three of my disciples to go around the town and dance in different parts of the town and be happy. They said, "For what?" I said, "You simply go."

Within one hour, of course, they were caught by the police. I called the police commissioner; I said, "Why have you caught these people of mine?" He said, "These people seem to be mad." I asked him, "Have they done anything wrong? Have they harmed anybody?" He said, "No, nothing. Really, they have not done anything wrong." "Then why have you caught them?" He said, "But they were dancing on the streets! And they were laughing."

"But if they have not done anything harmful to anybody, why should you interfere?

Why should you come in? They have not attacked anybody, they have not entered anybody's territory. They were just dancing. Innocent people, laughing."

He said, "You are right, but it is dangerous."

"Why is it dangerous? To be happy is dangerous? To be ecstatic is dangerous?"

He got the point; he immediately released them. He came running to me; he said,

"You may be right. I cannot allow myself to be happy--and I cannot allow anybody else to be happy."

These are your politicians, these are your police commissioners, these are your magistrates. the juries, your leaders, your so-called saints, your priests, your popes--

these are the people. They all have a great investment in your misery. They depend on your misery. If you are miserable they are happy.

Only a miserable person will go to the temple to pray. A happy person will go to a temple? For what? A happy person is so happy that he feels God

everywhere! That's what happiness is all about. He's so ecstatically in love with existence that wherever he looks he finds God. Everywhere is his temple. And wherever he bows down, suddenly he finds God's feet, nothing else. *ecstas09*

I have been dragged into a court because I used to live outside a city where there was a Mohammedan cemetery, and people used to come there to meditate. The Mohammedans came to me again and again, saying that "This is not good; your disciples are disturbing our sleeping ones."

I said, "Why? How can they disturb?"

They said, "They go on saying, `Hoo, hoo.' Even a dead person feels like getting out of the grave to find out, `Who is this fellow?' "

I said, "We cannot change it. And moreover it is really the last part of *Allah-Hoo.* It is a Mohammedan mantra!"

They said, "You are very clever, but we have never heard of *Allah-Hoo. Allah* is okay, but *Hoo?"*

I said, "You can do anything you want to do. If your ghosts come out of their graves, it is *our* problem, we live here. We will enjoy, we will entertain them; you don't be worried."

They said, "This man is difficult we are going to the court."

I said, "That is perfectly good, you go anywhere!"

Even the judge said, "This is not a crime. Nowhere in any law book, in any constitution, any statute, is it written that saying *`Hoo'* is a crime. And don't drag me into something with that man, because I know him."

But they insisted. They said, "If you don't take action, there is going to be a Hindu-Mohammedan riot."

The judge said, "But he is not Hindu, so why bring Hindus into it?"

They said, "Whoever he is.. but if near our cemetery anybody says *`Hoo'*

there is going to be difficulty. Then don't tell us that we are breaking the law." So the judge summoned me. I went there with at least one hundred disciples. First we did *"Hoo"*

in the court. The judge was absolutely afraid, he said, "Wait! I cannot say that this is insulting the court, because there is no precedent, nobody has insulted anybody by saying *`Hoo.'* It is perfectly right but you frighten me! Perhaps those poor Mohammedans are right that the way you shout for one hour, even dead people will come alive. And it is natural for them to protect their dead; otherwise the dead will think that perhaps the Judgment Day has come.. You can do your meditation somewhere else" because where I used to live there was a great lake, and mountains.

He said, "You can move anywhere. There is nothing that anybody can do against you.

But why unnecessarily create trouble?" *yaahoo07*

There have been dozens of cases against me all over India in different courts for the same simple reason: somebody's religious feeling is hurt. Why do you go on carrying such religious feelings that get hurt so easily? These are not religions; these are their securities, their consolations. And because I have said something which takes away the consolation, the security. .that's what hurts.

It is as if I have taken away the protection which was hiding their wound. I have not created the wound, I have simply made them aware of it. They should be grateful to me, not angry, because if the wound is opened to the sun, to the air, there is a possibility of its being healed. But the very recognition is lacking that they are living in an imaginary security. *tahui35*

My whole life I have been fighting in courts on the same point that people's religious feelings are hurt. I have been telling the judges, "If I am true and somebody's feelings are hurt, do you think I have to be punished for it? That man needs psychological treatment. If his religious feelings are so weak, that shows that they are only beliefs. He does not know what religion is. And if truth hurts people, what do you suggest? Should I start lying?" And the judges would look all around--what to do? They cannot say I

should start lying, so they are puzzled....

Hundreds of cases have been dismissed. But the society goes on rewarding a person who consoles you. It does not matter that he is consoling you by a lie. *gdead07*

The first time I appeared in an Indian court, I refused to take the oath. The magistrate was shocked. He said, "Why are you refusing?"

I said, "There are many reasons. First, on what book do you want me to put my hand? *The Bible?* Even the contemporaries of Jesus did not believe him, and the man was put on the cross. He was considered a greater criminal than any other criminal by his whole contemporary world. And you want me to put my hand on his book?"

He said, "No, you can put your hand on Bhagavad Gita."

I said, "Then you are going from bad to worse, because this man Krishna has stolen sixteen hundred wives from people, married women, and he himself was not a man of his word or promise. He has broken his promises, he has gone against his own word, and you want me to put my hand on his book? Then I will have to wash my hands!"

The magistrate said, "Then forget about the books. You simply say yourself that whatever you say will be true."

I said, "You don't understand even simple logic. If I am a man of lies, what is the problem for me to say that whatever I say will be true? It is still going to be a lie.

Either you accept me as a man of truth.. but don't ask for an oath."

This is the world that we have created--where in the name of justice all kinds of injustices will be done, where in the name of truth all kinds of fictions will be invented, imposed, conditioned. *mani15*

A friend said to me *"Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could transform the world?"*

I replied, "It would be very nice, but where is this world? I look for it but cannot find it. I seek the world and only see the reflection of myself. Leave the world alone. Let us transform ourselves instead. When we do that, the world will be transformed.

What else is the world but that deep inner connection we are all a part of, that we all share? *long04*

Once I was sitting on the bank of a river and a man started drowning. He shouted for help. I ran, but by the time I reached close to the river to jump, another man who was closer, just near the bank, had already jumped. So I stopped myself; there was no need. But then the other man started drowning--I had to save both!

I asked the second man, "Why did you jump if you don't know how to swim?"

He said, "I completely forgot! The moment I heard him shout, 'Save me!'--I completely forgot that I don't know how to swim. I simply jumped, it was a mechanical response."

This is not the way to help! I said, "If I had not been here, you both would have drowned! There was every possibility of the other person reaching the shore alone, without you... Because you don't know how to swim and you would have caught hold of the other person and you both would have depended on each other, there is more possibility that you both would have drowned. And you created unnecessary trouble for me--first I had to save you, because you were closer to the bank, and that man had to wait a little longer."

But this is happening in life every day: you start helping others without ever becoming aware that you yourself are in need.

Be altruistic only when your own self is fulfilled. *dh0507*

But try to understand: your own light is not burning and you start helping others.

Your own inner being is in total darkness and you start helping others. You

yourself are suffering and you become a servant of the people. You have not passed through the inner rebellion and you become a revolutionary. This is simply absurd, but this

idea arises in everybody's mind. It seems so simple to help others. In fact, people who really need to change themselves always become interested in changing others.

That becomes an occupation, and they can forget themselves.

This is what I have watched. I have seen so many social workers, *sarvodayis,* and I have never seen a single person who has any inner light to help anybody. But they are trying hard to help everybody. They are madly after transforming the society and the people and people's minds, and they have completely forgotten that they have not done the same to themselves. But they become occupied.

Once an old revolutionary and social worker was staying with me. I asked him, "You are completely absorbed in your work. Have you ever thought if what you really want happens, if by a miracle, overnight, all that you want happens, what you will do the next morning? Have you ever thought about it?"

He laughed--a very empty laughter--but then he became a little sad. He said, "If it is possible, I will be at a loss as to what to do then. If the world is exactly as I want it, then I will be at a loss for what to do. I may even commit suicide."

These people are occupied; this is their obsession. And they have chosen such an obsession which can never be fulfilled. So you can go on changing others, life after life. Who are you?

This is also a sort of ego: that others are hard upon each other, that they are stepping on each other. Just the idea that others are hard gives you a feeling that you are very soft. No, you are not. This may be your way of ambition: to help people, to help them to become soft, to help them to become more kind, compassionate. .

Remember well that a social servant, a revolutionary, is asking for the impossible--

but it keeps him occupied. And when you are occupied with others' problems, you tend to forget your own problems. First, settle those problems, because that is your first, basic responsibility. *belov208*

People think that a good man, a religious man, is one who serves the poor. Then a reversal happens: you start serving the poor and you think you have become a good man--that's not necessarily so. You can serve the poor man your whole life and you may not have any glimpse of God.

I have seen many public servants--in India there are many because the country is poor--but they are all politicians. They serve people but they have their motivations.

I have seen many christian missionaries in India; they also serve, but they have their motivations. They are bound to have their motivations because they don't have any prayer in their heart, they don't have any meditation. They have not contacted Jesus at all. They have been trained--they have been trained to be missionaries. Their whole motive is how to convert the poor to Christianity. They make hospitals, they distribute food, they distribute medicines, they open schools. They do many things--

good things--but deep down the hidden motive is how to convert these people to Christianity. And all these things are just bribes.

You will be surprised that in India not a single rich man has become Christian. Only the very downtrodden, the very oppressed, the very poor uneducated--they have become Christians. Why?--can't your missionaries do anything to bring Jesus to other people? No--because their whole approach is of bribery. You can bribe a poor man. You can tell him that his children will be well-educated--become Christian. And of course they see it And I am not saying that they should not become Christian; I am

not against it. I say it is good! Become Christian--at least your body will be taken care of. Hindus are not bothering about your body at all; become Christian. But this has nothing to do with religion. *sale22*

A friend came to see me. His wife was also with him. This friend was known for his charity. His wife said, "Perhaps you aren't acquainted with my husband, he is very charitable, he has given one hundred thousand rupees in charity."

Immediately the husband put his hand on his wife's saying, "Not one hundred thousand, but one hundred and ten thousand."

This is not charity, this is calculation. This is trade. Every cent is kept track of. If he should ever meet God, he will grab him by the throat saying, "I have given one hundred and ten thousand; tell me what you are giving in exchange." He gave it because the scriptures say if you give one here, there you will receive a millionfold.

Who is going to pass up such a deal? A millionfold! Did you hear the interest rate?

Have you seen business like this? Even gamblers are not such great gamblers!

Gambling you don't get a millionfold. It is pure gambling. Give one hundred thousand in the hope that it will be returned a millionfold. This is just an extension of your greed.

And calculating one hundred thousand. .the value of these rupees is not yet gone.

Before the rupees were kept in the safe; now in place of the safe, a record is kept of how much has been renounced. But the dream is not broken.
mahag107

Whenever you do something good, do it out of love--not out of duty.

I used to go to many clubs to speak. In one Rotary Club they had a motto, which was placed just in front of me, `We serve.' I had not gone to speak to them about service, but I said, "Now I have forgotten what I had come for. I am going to speak about this motto that is in front of me in golden letters, `We serve.' If you are aware of your service, it is not service; it is a very cunning way of enslaving the other person. To me, duty is a four-letter, ugly

word--obscene."

Never do anything out of the idea of duty, because it means you are forcing yourself, it means you are fulfilling a certain demand from the other side, it means you are following a certain discipline taught by the society to you.

Only act out of love.

Then only your act is beautiful and is a blessing. *mess221*

Osho writes to a friend:

Rest is the supreme goal, work is the medium. Total relaxation, with complete freedom from effort, is the supreme goal. Then life is a play, and then even effort becomes play.

Poetry, philosophy, religion are the fruits of repose. This has not been available to everyone but technology and science will make it so in the near future. That is why I am in favour of technology.

Those who attribute intrinsic value to labour oppose the use of machines--they have to. For me, labour has no such intrinsic value: on the contrary, I see it as a burden.

As long as work is a prerequisite for rest it cannot be blissful. When work flows out of a state of rest voluntarily then it is blissful. So I cannot call rest a sin.

Nor do I support sacrifice. I do not want anyone to live for anybody else, or one generation to sacrifice itself for another. Such sacrifices turn out to be very costly--

those who make them expect an inhuman return. This is why fathers expect the

impossible from their sons. If each father lives for his son who will live for himself?

For every son is a potential father. No, I want everyone to live for himself--

for his own happiness, his own state of rest.

When a father is happy he does much more for his son--and easily, because it comes out of his happiness. Then there is neither sacrifice nor renunciation; what he does comes naturally out of his being a father--and a happy father at that. Then he has no inhuman expectations of his son and where there is no pressure from expectations, expectations are fulfilled--out of the son being a son.

In short, I teach each person to be selfish. Altruistic teachings have taught man nothing but suicide. and a suicidal man is always homicidal; the unhappy sow their sorrow amongst others.

I am also against the sacrifice of the present for the future, because what is is always present; if you live in it totally the future will be born out of it--and when it comes it too will be the present. For he who has the habit of sacrificing the present for the future the future never comes because whatever comes is again always sacrificed for that which has not yet come.

Finally, you ask why I too work for others and for the future. First of all, I do not work. Whatever I do flows out of my state of rest. I do not swim, I just float. No one can ever do anything for another but if something *happens* to others out of what I am, that is something else, and there too I am not the doer.

As for the future--for me, the present is everything. And the past too is also a present--that has passed away; and the future too--that is a present that is yet to come. *Life is always here and now* so I do not bother about past and future. And it is amazing that ever since I stopped worrying about them they have begun to worry about me! *teacup02*

Osho Resigns from the University

In June 1966 a Hindi quarterly magazine Jyoti Sikha (Life Awakening) is published by Jivan Jagruti Kendra (JJK) of Bombay, which is also the main official publisher of Osho's books.

On 1st August 1966 Osho resigns from the University.

Osho writes to a friend:

I was out of station. Have returned only day before yesterday. I have become free of the University, hence *now travels are my only life.*

What is truth? *A total experience of isness, of being, of one's life is the truth.*

The more unconscious the experience of 'Isness' the more untrue the life is.

'I am'--experience this with very deep intensity each moment.

Let every breath be filled with this.

Ultimately the 'I' too is to disappear, only the 'am' remains.

It is in that moment that 'that which is' is known and lived.

*Is dialogue possible in silence?

In fact, dialogue is possible only in silence. The words say less and obstruct more.

Deep down everything is connected.

In silence, it is on this level of connectedness that feelings get transmitted.

Words are a very poor substitute of the silent expression.

The truth just cannot be said in words.

It can only be expressed through silent inner voice.

And the advice that you have started giving, I am very happy about it.

Always keep giving such advice.

After all I know nothing about the world!

I get very much overwhelmed by your worry and love for me hidden in this

advice.

Pranam ke Rajneesh, 5-8-66 *letter05*

The day I resigned my post of professor in a university I burned all my certificates. A friend used to live with me; he said, "What are you doing? If you have resigned. . I don't agree that you have done the right thing, but burning your certificates is absolutely unnecessary. You may need them some day; keep them. What is wrong in keeping them? You have such a big library--they won't take up much space, just a small file will be enough. And if you cannot keep them, I will keep them; you just give them to me. Some day you may need them."

I said, "I am finished with all this stupidity. I want to burn all the bridges. And I will never need them because I never look back and I never go back. I am finished with it. It was all nonsense and I have been in it enough."

But I had not compromised with any vested interest; that's why I had to resign: because I was not teaching what I was supposed to teach. In fact I was doing just the opposite. So many complaints against me reached the Vice-Chancellor that finally he gathered courage to call me. He never used to call me because to call me was an encounter! Finally he called me and he said, "Just look--all these complaints are here."

I said, "There is no need to bother about the complaints--here is my resignation."

He said, "What are you saying? I am not saying that you should resign!"

I said, "You are not saying it, but I am resigning because I can only do the things that I want to do. If any imposition on me is there, if any kind of pressure is put on me, I am not going to be here even for a single moment. This is my resignation and I will never enter this building again."

He could not believe it! I left his office; he came running after me. When I was getting into my car he said, "Wait! What is the hurry? Ponder over it!"

I said, "I never ponder over anything. I was doing the right thing. And if there are complaints--and of course I know there are complaints--there

must be, because I am not teaching what your stupid syllabus binds me to teach, I am teaching something else. I am not talking about philosophy, I am talking against philosophy, because to me the whole project of philosophy is a sheer stupid exercise in futility. It has not given a single conclusion to humanity. It has been a long, long unnecessary journey and wastage. It is time we should drop the very subject completely. Either a person should be a scientist or he should be a mystic; there is no other way. A scientist experiments with objects and the mystic experiments with his subjectivity. Both are scientists in a way: one is of the outer, the other is of the inner. And the philosopher is nowhere; he is in a limbo. He is neither man nor woman, he is neither here nor there. He is impotent, hence he has not been able to contribute anything. So I cannot teach philosophy--I will go on sabotaging it. I was just waiting--whenever you called me I had to resign immediately."

It was very difficult to get out of it because all my friends came to persuade me, the professors came to persuade me, all my relatives tried to persuade me: "What are you doing?" Even the Education Minister phoned me: "Don't do such a thing. I know that your ways are a little strange, but we will tolerate. You continue. Don't take any note of the complaints. Complaints have been coming to me too, but I am not taking any notice of them. We don't want to lose you."

I said, "That is not the point. Once I have finished with something I am finished with it. Now no pressure can bring me back." *inzen15*

I was teaching in the university, and without taking any leave from the university I was traveling all over the country, because leave was only twenty days per year and I was traveling twenty days per month.

The vice-chancellor called me and he said, "I don't want to lose you. You are part of our beautiful university; without you.. nobody is going to replace you. But just take a little care--everybody thinks you are here and in the newspapers we hear that you have been lecturing in Madras, in Calcutta, in Amritsar, in Srinagar. It makes me embarrassed. People bring those news cuttings to me, saying, `Look, he is in Srinagar.'"

I immediately wrote my resignation and gave it to him. He said, "What are

you doing? I am not asking for your resignation."

I said, "You are not asking, but this is what I am doing with totality."

He said, "I was always afraid. .that's why I was not mentioning it to you. Please take it back."

I said, "Now that is impossible, you will have to accept it. As far as my work is concerned, I have completed it in this university. You cannot call a single student who can complain against me. What people do in thirty days, I can do in one week, so the work has not suffered. What concern is it for you, where I am?"

He said, "It is not my concern. You just take your resignation back; otherwise the whole university, particularly the students, will kill me!"

I said, "There is no harm in it. You need to be killed, it is time. You are seventy-five."

He said, "You are a strange fellow."

I said, "I have been here nine years in this university. Have you come to know *now* that I am a strange fellow?"

In the evening he came back to my home and said, "You just take it back; I have not told anybody. This resignation will hurt me."

I said, "I don't want to hurt you. What you said was true. You cannot give me that much leave--it is almost the whole year I am wandering around the country. But you cannot tell me that I am not teaching. I am teaching your people and I am teaching all around the country. I am teaching twenty-four hours a day."

He said, "I understand. You take the resignation back."

I said, "That is impossible, I never take anything back. And I am not angry at you--in fact, I wanted to get rid of this teaching job. When I can teach fifty thousand people, why should I bother with twenty people? It is a sheer wastage. You have helped me, you should feel good about it; you should

have done it before!"

When my father heard about it, he came from his village to the university city and he said, "I know, with you nothing can be changed. I have not come to say to take your resignation back, because your vice-chancellor has written to me, saying, `Come and

try to convince him to take his resignation back,' but I know you more--he does not know you. So I cannot say anything about it. I have come only to say that if at any time you need money I will be always available, as long as I am alive."

I said, "I will not need money. I have never contributed anything to the family except trouble. And you have enough financial problems."

He said, "If you have said you are not going to take any money, there is no point in arguing with you. I will do something on my own without asking you."

I said, "That is up to you."

What he did was, he made a beautiful house with all the facilities that I would need; he put money in a bank account so that in case I wanted, I could come back. He created a beautiful garden around the house--he knew my likings. And I was not even aware of it. I became aware of it when he died. When he died, my brothers informed me, "This property is in your name and we all want to come to the ashram.

So you have to sign a letter giving authority so that it can be sold and the bank account can be closed."

I said, "I don't possess anything and I have told my father not to do any such thing, but he never asked me." So I had my secretary give an affidavit on my account, saying that I don't write, don't sign anything, and she is allowed to do all kinds of transactions for me. The officials of that village knew me perfectly well, so they did not create any trouble. The house was sold, the account was closed. *hari04*

It happened that in the university where I was teaching for almost nine

years, there was a long row between two university buildings. One building was for the arts faculty and the other building was for the science faculty. And between these two buildings there was a long row of very beautiful trees. They give deep shadow, and in the summer there are so many flowers--red flowers--that the trees seem to be on fire. And when there are hundreds of these trees, it looks as if the whole forest is on fire. So many flowers come to them simultaneously that you cannot see the leaves anymore, just flowers--such beautiful flowers.

And there were at least two dozen trees between the two buildings, and just a small road joining the two buildings. And the idea must have been to cover that small road with these lush, green, beautiful trees so that they will cover the whole road--the small road between the two buildings--and will keep the shade even in the hottest summer.

But no one knows what happened. When I had joined that university all the trees were alive. And I had chosen one tree, which was the most beautiful, to park my car under. Nobody was parking their car there, because a parking lot was available on the other side of the building. I was even told that this was not the place to park.

I said, "Unless you show me any ordinance from the university that I cannot park my car under this tree, I am going to park my car under this tree. Even if I have to leave the university, I will leave, but I will park here as long as I am part of the university."

So the vice-chancellor understood, "It is unnecessary to quarrel with this man. He may resign just for this reason, and there is no harm, let him park." And it was just outside his office--he could see me and my car from his window. And my idea to park the car there had some reasons. Because I was mostly out of town without any leave, I had told my chauffeur, "Every day, before the vice-chancellor comes to the university--he comes nearabout twelve--at eleven thirty you park my car under the

tree. That will keep him thinking that I am in the university. And just as he leaves you can bring the car back home."

It was because of his window that I had chosen that tree, but he was not

aware of the fact that it was really the window, not the tree, because my insistence was that,

"I love this tree and I will keep my car under this tree as long as I am in this university." And he used to look out of his window and remained happy, thinking that I was in the university.

Slowly slowly, some kind of disease happened to those trees, so that all the trees died, except the tree I was parking my car under. The vice-chancellor was very much surprised. All the trees completely died. They were without leaves, barren, and the new leaves never came. One day I was parking the car. He came to the window and he called me, waved to me and said, "It is very strange. I am sorry I was preventing you from parking your car. But it is not only me, many people feel that it is just because of you and your car that this tree has remained alive. Because all the trees have died, not a single exception, just *your* tree." And it had become known as *my* tree. Nobody else dared to park his car or anything; everybody knew that it was *my* tree.. .

And the vice-chancellor himself said, "I am sorry that I was preventing you. If you had listened to me, this tree also would have died. And this tree is the only tree that I can see from my window."

I myself did not think that it had anything to do with me. Then I left the university and after two years I went again, just to meet the vice-chancellor and my friends, colleagues. I was passing through the city and I thought.. And as I went there I saw that my tree had also died. Then I also became a little suspicious--perhaps the vice-chancellor and those other people were right.

And he reminded me.. As I reached his office he said, "I knew it would happen. The day you resigned I looked at the tree and I felt it, that it was going to happen. And within three months--just three months--the tree died."

And I had left the tree absolutely young, luscious green, full of flowers. Perhaps there was something that was happening in the being of the tree, some love, some trust, some opening, some friendliness. Modern

researchers say that trees are more sensitive than human beings, they go through the whole range of emotions: fear, love, anger, compassion. They go through all these emotions far more deeply than human beings.

It is really a question of being open. The master is only an excuse. Use the master as an excuse, so that you can learn the language of trust, the language of openness, the language of communion with existence, and you will find your life will become inwardly rich, every day more and more. And you will find a grace in your being that you were never aware was possible. *chit06*

I had renounced my professorship and become a beggar.. although I never begged.

But the truth is I am a beggar, but a special type of beggar who does not beg.

You will have to find a word for it. I don't think a word exists in any language that can explain my situation, simply because I have not been here before--in this way, this style. Neither has anybody else been this way, with this style: having nothing and living as if you own the whole universe. *glimps47*

I have not touched any note for thirty-five years. It is the dirtiest thing. Not that I am against money but it is the most dirty thing. All kinds of people.. somebody may have cancer, somebody may have tuberculosis, somebody may have AIDS.. and who knows what he has been doing with his notes? Anything is possible, because people are so perverted, they can do anything with the bank notes. I said, "I am not going to touch them"--and I stopped touching them. *ignor23*

But how do you earn your living?

I don't buy anything. I talk to you and if you feel that this man must not starve, then you do something. If you stop doing, then I will die. And I will be content with it.

How will you be content with it?

How will I be content? Because I am content with everything. And this

contentment is not a forced contentment, this is not a deadness. I am content with everything. *early12*

After Osho's resignation in 1966 the controversy around him intensifies. As well as attacking orthodox religions, Gandhi, Socialism and Communism, he 'turns the wheel of dharma' with his revolutionary insights into love, sex, death, and meditation.

Osho's impressions on Love and marriage

If you love a person, how can you destroy his or her freedom? If you trust a person, you trust her or his freedom too.

One day it happened that a man came to me who was really in a mess, very miserable. And he said, 'I will commit suicide.'

I said, 'Why?'

He said, 'I trusted my wife and she has betrayed me. I had trusted her absolutely and she has been in love with some other man. And I never came to know about it until just now! I have got hold of a few letters. So then I inquired, and then I insisted, and now she has confessed that she has been in love all the time. I will commit suicide'

he said.

I said, 'You say you trusted her?'

He said, 'Yes, I trusted her and she betrayed me.'

What do you mean by trust?--some wrong notion about trust; trust also seems to be political.

'You trusted her so that she would not betray you. Your trust was a trick. Now you want to make her feel guilty. This is not trust.'

He was very puzzled. He said, 'What do you mean by trust then, if this is not trust? I trusted her unconditionally.'

I said, 'If I were in your place, trust would mean to me that I trust her freedom, and I trust her intelligence, and I trust her loving capacity. If she falls in love with somebody else, I trust that too. She is intelligent, she can choose. She is free, she can love. I trust her understanding.'

What do you mean by trust? When you trust her intelligence, her understanding, her awareness, you trust it. And if she finds that she would like to move into love with somebody else, it is perfectly okay. Even if you feel pain, that is your problem; it is

not her problem. And if you feel pain, that is not because of love, that is because of jealousy.

What kind of trust is this, that you say it has been betrayed? My understanding of trust is that it cannot be betrayed. By its very nature, by its very definition, trust cannot be betrayed. It is impossible to betray trust. If trust can be betrayed, then it is not trust. Think over it.

If I love a woman, I trust her intelligence infinitely. And, if in some moments she wants to be loving to somebody else, it is perfectly good. I have always trusted her intelligence. She must be feeling like that. She is free. She is not my other half, she is independent. And when two persons are independent individuals, only then there is love. Love can flow only between two freedoms. *tvis204*

I have seen couples who have lived together for thirty or forty years; still, they seem to be as immature as they were on their first day together. Still the same complaint:

"She doesn't understand what I am saying." Forty years being together and you have not been able to figure out some way that your wife can understand exactly what you are saying, and you can understand exactly what she is saying.

But I think there is no possibility for it to happen except through meditation, because meditation gives you the qualities of silence, awareness, a patient listening, a capacity to put yourself in the other's position.

It is possible with me: I am not concerned with the trivia of your life.

You are here basically to listen and understand.

You are here to grow spiritually. *enligh16*

I was talking to a friend yesterday. There is a conflict between him and his wife. As is natural, he thought if he had married another woman there would not have been this state of affairs. Now this man has no experience of another woman. She exists only in imagination. The wife also feels the same way. She feels she has made a wrong choice. Another man would have made a better husband. In this case also, there is no experience of the other man. He is purely imaginary. Now we cannot have the experience of all the women in the world or all the men in the world, therefore, the illusion persists.

I told my friend, "It is not a question of this woman or that woman. It is a question of your different natures. There is conflict in your dispositions. And it is the arrangement between a man and a woman that society has prescribed that is to be blamed for this, for it is an arrangement of ownership. Wherever we make permanent relationships, strife is bound to be, for the mind is most impermanent and relationships very permanent. *way109*

I was traveling for twenty years in this country. I was staying in thousands of homes, and I saw it continuously: when the husband is not in the house, the wife seems to be very cheerful, very happy. The moment the husband enters the house she has a headache, and she lies down on the bed. And I was watching, because I was just staying in the house. Just a moment before, everything was okay--as if the husband has not entered but a headache has entered.

Slowly slowly, I understood the logic. There is a great investment in it. And remember, I am not saying that she is simply pretending. If you pretend too long it can become a reality, it can become an autohypnosis. I'm not saying that she is *not* suffering from a headache, remember. She may be suffering: just the face of the

husband is enough to trigger the process! It has happened so many times that now it has become an automatic process. So I am not saying that she is deceiving the husband; she is deceived by her own investments.

You have a certain image and you don't want it to be changed, and criticism means again a disturbance. *dh0210*

One of my friends was continually complaining to me about his wife; "She is always sad, long faced and I am so worried to enter the house.. I try to waste my time in this club and that club but finally I have to go back home and there she is."

I said to him, "Do one thing just as an experiment. Because she has been serious and she has been nagging, I cannot imagine that you enter the house smiling."

He said, "Do you think I can manage that? The moment I see her something freezes inside me--smile?"

I said, "Just as an experiment. Today you do one thing: take beautiful roses--it is the season; and the best ice-cream available in the city--tutti frutti; and go smiling, singing a song!"

He said, "If you say so I will do it, but I don't think it is going to make any difference."

I said, "I will come behind you, and see whether there is any difference or not."

The poor fellow tried hard. Many times on the way he laughed. I said, "Why are you laughing?"

He said, "I am laughing at what I am doing! I wanted you to tell me to divorce her and you have suggested I act as if I am going on a honeymoon!"

I said, "Just imagine it is a honeymoon.. but try your best."

He opened the door and his wife was standing there. He smiled and then

he laughed at himself because to smile.. And that woman was standing almost like a stone. He presented the flowers and the ice-cream, and then I entered.

The woman could not believe what was happening. When the man had gone to the bathroom she asked me, "What is the matter? He has never brought anything, he has never smiled, he has never taken me out, he has never made me feel that I am loved, that I am respected. What magic has happened?"

I said, "Nothing; both of you have just been doing wrong. Now when he comes out of the bathroom you give him a good hug."

She said, "A hug?"

I said, "Give him one! You have given him so many things, now give him a good hug, kiss him.. . "

She said, "My God. . "

I said, "He is your husband, you have decided to live together. Either live joyously or say goodbye joyously. There is no reason.. it is such a small life. Why waste two person's lives unnecessarily?"

At that very moment the man came from the bathroom. The woman hesitated a little but I pushed her, so she hugged the man and the man became so afraid he fell on the floor! He had never imagined that she was going to hug him.

I had to help him up. I said, "What happened?"

He said, "It's just that I have never imagined that this woman can hug and kiss--but she can! And when she smiled she looked so beautiful."

Two persons living together in love should make it a point that their relationship is continuously growing, bringing more flowers every season, creating more joys. Just sitting together silently is enough.. . *sermon13*

One of my friends was retiring; he was a big industrialist, and he was

retiring because of my advice. I said, "You have so much and you don't have a son; you have two daughters and they are married in rich families. Now why unnecessarily bother about all kinds of worries--of business, and income tax, and this and that? You can close everything; you have enough. Even if you live one thousand years, it will do."

He said, "That's true. The real problem is not the business, the real problem is I will be left alone with my wife. I can retire right now if you promise me one thing, that you will live with us.

I said, "This is strange. Are you retiring or am I retiring?"

He said, "That is the condition. Do you think I am interested in all these troubles? It is just to escape from my wife."

The wife was a great social worker. She used to run an orphanage, a house for widows, and a hospital particularly for people who are beggars and cannot pay for their treatment. I also asked her in the evening, "Do you really enjoy all this, from the morning till the evening?"

She said, "Enjoy? It is a kind of austerity, a self-imposed torture."

I said, "Why should you impose this torture on yourself?" She said, "Just to avoid your friend. If we are left alone, that is the worst experience in life."

And this is a love marriage, not an arranged marriage. They married each other against the whole family, the whole society, because they belonged to different religions, different castes; but their imprints gave them signals that this is the right woman, this is the right man. And all this happens unconsciously. That's why you cannot answer why you have fallen in love with a certain woman, or with a certain man. It is not a conscious decision. It has been decided by your unconscious imprint. *golden06*

Particularly people in India go on using women as if they are just servants. Their whole work consists of taking care of the children and the kitchen and the house, as if that's their whole life.

Have you respected your wife as a human being?

Then, if anger arises, it is natural. If she feels frustrated--because her life is running out and she has not known any joy, she has not known any bliss, she has not known anything that can give meaning and significance to her life.. .

Have you just sat by her side sometimes, silently, just holding her hand, not saying a word, just feeling her, and letting her feel you? No, that is not done in India at all.

Wives and husbands have only one kind of communication: quarreling. I have been acquainted with thousands of Indian families, I have stayed with thousands of Indian families. While I was traveling all over the country I was staying with so many families that I have come to know almost all kinds of families, but very rarely have I seen husbands and wives respectful to each other. Using each other, exploiting each other, reducing each other to things, but never respecting each other's divinity--then this hell is created. *secret16*

One of the great Hindu saints, Tulsidas, who is worshipped and read all over India by every Hindu, has a strange statement: *Dhol gamar pashu aur nari. Ye sab tadan ke*

adhikari. He is categorizing women with drums-- *dhol* means drum, *gamar* means idiots, *pashu* means animals, and *nari* means woman. All these four are constantly to be beaten. The dhol, the drum, will not work if you don't beat it. So for thousands of years Indian women have been beaten. It has been taken for granted, there is no question.

I have come across situations where a husband was beating his wife and I could not tolerate it and I entered their house, and I was amazed: more than the husband, the wife was against me, saying, "He is my husband, you cannot interfere in our affairs.

If he is beating me, it is perfectly okay."

So deep has the conditioning gone. *hari02*

In Indian villages I have seen with my own eyes.. In India you cannot marry

a widow. It is really the same logic because if people start marrying widows then who cares about virginity? In a strange way widows look more beautiful. Perhaps they have to look more beautiful, otherwise who is going to be interested in them?

Virgins are inexperienced, look childish; widows are experienced, well polished, more attractive. But in an Indian village, if you marry a widow, the whole village--

which is still a tribe--boycotts you, and the boycott is total. You cannot take water from the village well, you cannot purchase anything from any village shop; nobody will welcome you into his home.

The village will simply forget about you as if you don't exist. You cannot live; it is impossible. If you cannot purchase anything and nobody speaks to you, if you cannot even get water from the well, life has become impossible. What kind of freedom. .? *shanti25*

One man--he was one of my students in the University--told me that he would like to marry a widow. In India that is a problem. Nobody wants to marry a widow. So there are people who think that to marry a widow is a great sacrifice.

I said, "You can marry, but once you have married she will not be a widow. Then what will you do? Then the whole charm will disappear because the charm is in her being a widow."

He laughed--he thought I was joking. And he got married. And after six months he said, "You were right. I'm no more interested in her. My interest was basically in her widowhood. I wanted to show to the public that I am a great servant of people, that I am serving people even through my love. I am sacrificing my love for a widow. I am going against the society, I am going against the tradition. I am doing something great. But now the marriage has happened and the widow has come, now there is no point."

I said,"You do one thing. You commit suicide. She will be a widow again, and somebody else will have a chance to serve her again. If you are really a public servant, do this." Since then I have not seen him. *isay208*

I am absolutely in favor of liberation--liberation for both man and woman--because it is a simple law: the enslaver also becomes a slave of his own slaves.

Man has enslaved woman, but he has also become a slave. That's why you cannot find a husband who is not really henpecked--at least I have not found one yet. I have been searching for a husband who is not henpecked. *rebel29*

Once I was on a journey and someone asked me which word in a man's vocabulary was the most valuable. My reply was, "Love". The man was surprised. He said he had expected me to answer "soul" or "God". I laughed and said, "Love is God."

Raising on the ray of love one can enter the enlightened kingdom of God. It is better to say that love is God than to say that truth is God, because the harmony, the beauty, the vitality and the bliss that are part of love are not part of truth. Truth is to be known; love is to be felt as well as known. The growth and perfection of love lead to the ultimate merger with God.

The greatest poverty of all is the absence of love. The man who has not developed the capacity to love lives in a private hell of his own. A man who is filled with love is in heaven. You can look at man as a wonderful and unique plant, a plant that is capable of producing both nectar and poison. If a man lives by hate he reaps a harvest of poison; if he lives by love he gathers blossoms laden with nectar.

If I mold my life and live it with the well-being of all men in mind, that is love. Love results from the awareness that you are not separate, not different from anything else in existence. I am in you; you are in me. This love is religious.

The doors of love only open for the person who is prepared to let his ego go. To surrender one's ego for someone else is love; to surrender one's ego for all is divine love.

Love is not sexual passion. Those who mistake sex for love remain empty of love.

Sex is only a passing manifestation of love. It is part of nature's mechanism, a method of procreation. Love exists on a higher plane, and as love grows, sex dissipates. The energy that has been manifested in sex is transformed into love.

Love is the creative refinement of sex energy. And so, when love reaches perfection, the absence of sex automatically follows. A life of love, an abstinence from physical pleasures is called brahmacharya, and anyone who wishes to be free from sex must develop his capacity to love. Freedom from sex cannot be achieved through supression. Liberation from sex is only possible through love.

I have said that love is God. This is the ultimate truth. But let me say as well that love also exists within the family unit. This is the first step on the journey to love, and the ultimate can never happen if the beginning has been absent. Love is responsible for the existence of the family and when the family unit moves apart and its members spread out into society, love increases and grows. When a man's family has finally grown to incorporate all of mankind, his love becomes one with God.

Without love man is an individual, an ego. He has no family; he has no link with other people. This is gradual death. Life, on the other hand, is interrelation.

Love surpasses the duality of the ego. This alone is truth. The man who thirsts for truth must first develop his capacity to love--to the point where the difference between the lover and the beloved disappears and only love remains.

When the light of love is freed from the duality of lover and the beloved, when it is freed from the haze of seer and seen, when only the light of pure love shines brightly, that is freedom and liberation.

I urge all men to strive for that supreme freedom. *long06*

Osho's controversial discourse series:

From Sex to Superconsciousness

Osho is invited to Bombay to give series of five talks on ‘Love’, in the prestigious Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan Auditorium. In the first discourse on 28 August 1968, Osho explains that love and meditation are the transformation of sexual energy, and that if sex is suppressed it cannot be transformed. Osho emphasises transcendence of sexual energy. Many people are outraged and the owners of the Auditorium cancel the series.

On 28 September Osho returns to complete the talks to a very large audience at the famous Gwalia Tank Maidan. The series is published under the title From Sex to Superconsciousness, which becomes his most-read book. The press sensationalize and distort his teachings, and libel him the 'sex-guru'.

Some quotes from the first discourse on 'Love':

If you want a shower of love in your life, renounce this conflict with sex. Accept sex with joy. Acknowledge its sacredness. Receive it gratefully and embrace it more and more deeply. You will be surprised that sex can reveal such sacredness; it will reveal its sacredness to the degree of your acceptance.. .

My conjecture is that man had his first luminous glimpse of samadhi during the experience of intercourse. Only in the moments of coitus did man realize that it was possible to feel such profound love, to experience such illuminating bliss. And those who meditated on this truth in the right frame of mind, those who meditated on the phenomenon of sex, of intercourse, came to the conclusion that in the moments of climax the mind becomes empty of thoughts. All thoughts drain out at that moment.

And this emptiness of mind, this void, this vacuum, this freezing of the mind, is the cause of the shower of divine joy. .

If you want to know the elemental truth about love, the first requisite is to accept the sacredness of sex, to accept the divinity of sex in the same way you accept God's existence--with an open heart. And the more fully you accept sex with an open heart and mind, the freer you will be of it. But the more you suppress it the more you will become bound to it.. .

When such a harmony exists between two people I call it love. And when it exists between one man and the masses, I call it communion with God. If you can become immersed with me in such an experience, so that all barriers melt, so that an osmosis takes place at the spiritual level, then that is love. And if such a unity happens between me and everyone else and I lose my identity in the All, then that attainment, that merging, is with God, with the Almighty, with the Omniscient, with the Universal Consciousness, with the Supreme or whatsoever you want to call it.

And so, I say that love is the first step and that God is the last step--the finest and the final destination. *super01*

Osho concludes his first discourse:

I wondered what I could say about love! Love is so difficult to describe. Love is just there. You could probably see it in my eyes if you came up and looked into them. I wonder if you can feel it as my arms spread in an embrace.

Love.

What is love?

If love is not felt in my eyes, in my arms, in my silence, then it can never be realized from my words.

I am grateful for your patient hearing. And finally, I bow to the Supreme seated in all of us.

Please accept my respects. *super01*

I was told to speak on "Love." But I felt that as long as we were hampered by certain incorrect suppositions about sex and lust, we would never be able to understand or appreciate love. As long as such misleading beliefs are deep-rooted, whatever we say about love will be incomplete, will be wasted, will be untrue. So, to focus on that, I talked about lust and sex in that particular meeting. I said that the sex energy itself could be transformed into love.. .

Sex can become love. But how can one who hates sex ever become filled with love?

How can one transform sex when one is its enemy? And so, I stressed the necessity of understanding lust, of knowing sex. The other day, I pointed out that sex had to be transformed. .

When I ended my talk that day, I was surprised to see that all the officials who had been on the platform, the friends who had organized the meeting, had vanished into thin air. I did not see one of them when I walked down the aisle to leave.. .

Not even the main organizer was present to thank me. Whatsoever white caps there were, whatsoever khadi-clad people there were, were not on the dais; they had already fled long before the completion of the talk. Leaders are a very weak species indeed. And swift too. They run away before their followers do.

But some courageous people did approach me--some spirited men and women: some old, some young. They all said I had told them things no one had ever said before. They said their eyes had been opened, that they felt much lighter inside.

There was the look of gratitude in their eyes, in their tears of joy. I was asked by them to complete the series of talks. Those honest people were ready to understand life; they asked if I would elaborate on the subject, and this was one of the reasons for my return to Bombay.

A big crowd had assembled, even as I came out of the Bhavan, and people congratulated me on what I had said. Then, even though the leaders had fled, I felt that the public was with me. And there and then I decided to expound fully on the topic. That is why I selected this subject.

Another reason was that those who had run away from the dais had begun to tell people everywhere that I had said such blasphemous things that religion was sure to be destroyed, that I had said things that would make people irreligious! And so, to reply to them I felt I must elaborate on my point of view. I felt they should realize that people are not going to become

irreligious by hearing talks on sex, but that, on the contrary, people are irreligious because they haven't understood sex up to now...

If mankind becomes more debased, if a total perversion occurs, if mankind goes completely neurotic because of its ignorance of sex, the blame will be not with those who reflect and meditate on the subject of sex, but at the door of the so-called preachers of morals and religion. They have tried to keep man encased in ignorance for thousands of years. But for these oppressive leaders, mankind would have been freed from sexuality long ago. Sex is normal, but the invention of sexuality can be

traced to these gurus. This handicap can never be overcome so long as ignorance about sex exists.

I am not in favor of ignorance at any level of life. I am always ready to welcome the truth at any cost, at any danger. I felt that if one stray ray of truth could spread so much agitation among people then it was fitting to discuss the full spectrum, so as to clear up the question of whether knowledge of sex makes man religious or irreligious. This is the background; this is why I have selected this subject. Without this, it would not have occurred to me to choose this subject; without this, I would not have talked on this topic at all. And so, those who created this opportunity and led me, indirectly, to select this subject for these lectures deserve some thanks.

Therefore, if you have a mind to thank me for choosing this topic, please do not do so; instead, congratulate those who are propagating misleading things about me.

They have forced me to pick this subject. *super05*

I say there is not, nor can there be, any God but life itself. I also say that to love life is one's sadhana, one's path to God. The true religion is to avail one's self of life. To realize the ultimate truth that exists in life is the first auspicious step towards achieving total deliverance. The one who misses life is the one who is sure to miss everything else.

However, the tendency of religion is exactly the opposite: cast life away,

renounce the world. Religion does not advise the contemplation of life; it does not help you to lead your life; it does not tell you that you will only find life as you live it, but it says that if your life is miserable it is because your perception of life is impure. Life can shower happiness on you if you only know the proper way to live it.

I call religion the art of living. Religion is not a way to undermine life, it is a medium for delving deeply into the mysteries of existence. Religion is not turning one's back on life, it is facing life squarely. Religion is not escaping from life; religion is embracing life fully. Religion is the total realization of life.. .

During these few days, I shall discuss the religion of life, the religion of the living faith--and a certain elemental principle the common man is never encouraged to discover, nor even told about. In the past, the utmost was done to throw a blanket over this primary rule of life, to suppress this basic truth. And the result of this grave mistake has grown into a universal disease.

What is the basic drive of the average man?

God?

No.

The soul?

No.

Truth?

No.

What is at the core of man? What is the basic urge in the depths of the common man-

-in the life of the average man, of the man who never meditates, never searches his soul, never undertakes any religious pilgrimages?

Devotion?

No.

Prayer?

No.

Liberation?

No.

Nirvana?

Absolutely not.

If we look for the basic urge in the common man, if we search for the force behind this life, we will find neither devotion nor God, neither prayer nor the thirst for knowledge. We will find something different there--something that is being pushed into the darkness, that is never faced consciously, that is never evaluated. And what is that something? What will you find if you dissect and analyze the core of the average man?

Leave man aside for the moment. If we look at the animal or vegetable kingdom, what will we find at the core of anything? If we observe the activity of a plant, what do we find? Where is its growth leading? Its whole energy is directed toward producing a new seed. Its entire being is occupied with forming a new seed. What is a bird doing? What is an animal doing? If we closely observe the activities of nature, we will find that there is only one process, only one wholehearted process going on.

And that process is one of continuous creation, of procreation, of creating new and different self-forms. Flowers have seeds; fruits have seeds. And what is the seed's destiny? The seed is destined to grow into a new plant, into a new flower, into a new fruit, into a new seed--and so the cycle repeats itself. The process of procreation is eternal. Life is a force that is continuously regenerating itself. Life is a creativity, a process of self-creation.

The same is true of man. And we have christened the process "passion," "sex." We have also termed it "lust." This labeling amounts to name-calling; it is a kind of abuse. And this very disparagement itself has polluted the atmosphere.

Then, what is lust? What is passion? What is the force called "sex"?..

We have deliberately condemned the urge to procreate for thousands of years.

Instead of accepting it, we have abused it. We have relegated it to the lowest possible place. We have concealed it and pretended it is not there, as if there were no place for it in life, no room for it in the scheme of things.

The truth is that there is nothing more vital than this urge. And it should be given its rightful place. Man has not freed himself from it by covering it up and by trampling it; on the contrary, he has entangled himself in it even more. This repression has yielded the opposite result from the one expected. .

Have you never observed that the mind is pulled towards and hypnotized by the very thing it is trying to avoid? The people who taught man to be against sex are fully responsible for making him so aware of sex. The over-sexuality that exists in man can be blamed on perverted teachings.

Today we are afraid to discuss sex. Why are we so mortally afraid of this subject? It is because of a presupposition that man may become sexual just by talking about sex. This view is totally wrong. There is, after all, a vast difference between sex and sexuality. Our society will only be free of the ghost of sex when we develop the courage to talk about sex in a rational and healthy manner.

It is only by understanding sex in all its aspects that we will be able to transcend sex.

You cannot free yourself from a problem by shutting your eyes to it. .

We have tried to curb and annihilate our inborn urges in vain; no attempts are made to transform them, to elevate them. We have forced ourselves to

control that energy in a wrong way. That energy is bubbling in us like molten lava; it is always pushing from inside: if we are not careful, it may topple us at any moment. And do you know what happens when it gets the slightest opening?..

What is this fire?

It is not an enemy, it is a friend.

What is the nature of this fire?

I want to tell you that once you know this fire it will no longer be an enemy, it will become a friend. If you understand this fire, it will not burn you. It will warm your homes, it will cook for you, and it will also become your lifelong friend. .

The sex inside man, his libido, is even more vital than electricity. A minute atom of matter annihilated an entire hundred thousand people in the city of Hiroshima, but an atom of man's energy can create a new life, a new person! Sex is more powerful than an atom bomb. Have you ever thought about the infinite possibilities of this force, about how we can transform it to better mankind? An embryo can become a Gandhi, a Mahavir, a Buddha, a Christ. An Einstein can evolve from it; a Newton can be manifest in it. An infinitely small atom of sex energy has a towering person like Gandhi manifest in it!

But we are not inclined to even try to understand sex. We have to summon immense courage even to talk about it in public. What kind of fear is it that plagues us, so that we are not prepared to understand the force out of which the whole world is born?

What is this fear? Why does sex alarm us so? *super02*

Tomorrow, I intend to speak to you about how the experience of *kama,* of lust, can be sublimated into that of *rama,* of light. I wish you to listen attentively, so there will be no misinterpretation. And whatever questions come to mind, please ask them honestly. Send them to me in writing so that I can speak to you about them simply and directly in the next few days. It is

not necessary to hide any questions that arise in your minds; there is no reason to hide the truth. It is pointless to try to run away from it. Truth is truth whether we shut our eyes to it or not. Only those who have the courage to face the truth are religious men. Those who are weak and cowardly, those who are not even manly enough to face the facts of life, can never be helped to become religious.

In the coming days, I invite you to consider my topic. It is one on which your aged seers and sages cannot be expected to talk. And perhaps you are not used to hearing such discourses either. Your minds may react in fear, but I urge you to be patient and to listen attentively. It is quite possible the understanding of sex may lead you to the temple of your soul. That is my desire.

May God fulfill that desire. *super02*

For these three days I have elaborated on a few principles only. I would now like to recapitulate one point and then conclude today's talk.

I want to say that those who lead us away from the truths of life are the enemies of mankind. Those who tell you never to think about sex are your enemies; they have not allowed you to think about it, to reflect on it. Otherwise, how is it possible that we have not yet developed a rational attitude towards the subject?

Furthermore, the people who say that sex has no relation to religion are entirely incorrect, because it is the energy of sex, in a transformed and sublimated form, that enters the realm of religion. The sublimation of this vital energy lifts man to realms about which we know very little. The transformation of his sex energy raises man to a world where there is no death, no sorrow, to a world where there is nothing but joy, pure joy. And anyone who possesses that energy, that life-force, can uplift himself to that realm of joyous, truthful consciousness, to *satchitanand.*

But we have been wasting this energy. We are like buckets with holes in the bottom, and we are using these buckets to draw water from the well. But all the water drains out in the process and what we end up with is an empty bucket. We are like boats with holes in the bottom: we row only to

sink. Such a boat can never reach the other shore; it is destined to sink in midstream. All this leaking is due to the wrong diversion of the flow of sex energy.

Those who show nude photos, write obscene books and produce sexy films are not responsible for these leakages of energy. The responsibility for these kinds of perversions lies with those who have put barriers in the way of our understanding of sex. It is because of these people that naked pictures are in demand, that pornographic books are on sale, that nude films are made, and we see the sordid and absurd results every day. The ones who are responsible are those we call saintly and ascetic. But if you look deeply into it, you will see that they are the real advertising agents for obscenity. .

But in order to succeed in producing a new man, it is a question of ultimate concern and a matter of dire necessity that we accept sex, that we come to know sex fully, that we understand it and that we transcend it.

I have explained a few things to you during the last three days, and tomorrow I will endeavor to answer your questions. Your questions should be put forth honestly; the attitude with which you have been asking about the soul and God will not do.

This is a question of living, of life, and only if your inquiries are direct and honest can we delve deeply into the subject. The truth is always ready to be discovered; we require only a true, honest and conscientious curiosity to come to know it. But, unfortunately, that we lack. *super04*

I trust and believe that what we have discussed will guide you on the proper road toward breaking those barriers that stand in the way of the evolution of an authentic man. A path is visible; the gradual transformation of your lust is possible.

Your sex can become your samadhi. *super05*

Traditional attitude to sex

I am firmly against the traditional teachings of enmity for, and suppression

of, sex. It is because of the old teachings that sexuality has not only grown in man but has also become perverted. What is the remedy? Is there no other alternative? *super03*

I want to draw your attention to the fact that sex is the aspect of life that is the most responsible for immorality. It has always been the most basic and influential cause of perversion, debauchery and dullness in man. And so religious leaders never want to talk about it. *super05*

When old traditional sannyasins come to me they always say, "What to do with sex?

It goes on hammering in the mind, and it hammers *more* than before. And we have renounced, so what to do now?" The more you renounce, without understanding,

just by the willpower, the more you will be in trouble. Understanding is needed; will is not needed. Will is part of the ego.

And if you try to will something, you are already divided in two--you start fighting. If you say,"I will not be interested in women," why are you saying it? If you are not really interested--finished. What is the point of saying it? Why do you go in public to take a vow in some temple before some guru in a public ceremony? What is the point? If you are no longer interested you are no longer interested. Finished. Why make a show of it? Why be an exhibitionist? No, the need is different. You are not finished yet; in fact, you are deeply attracted. *yoga609*

Whenever I meet prostitutes, they never speak of sex. They inquire about the soul, and about God. I also meet many ascetics and monks, and whenever we are alone they ask about nothing but sex. I was surprised to learn that ascetics, who are always preaching against sex, seem to be captivated by it. They are curious about it and disturbed by it; they have this mental complex about it, yet they sermonize about religion and about the animal instincts in man. And sex is so natural. *super02*

I was, by mistake, invited to attend a sadhu convention, in Delhi. The subject was

'Protest against vulgar posters'. I told them that they were mahatmas and should not bother about those posters. Why do they search, notice and look at those vulgar posters at all? The question is not why bad posters are exhibited, but the problem is why do people like to see such posters. I told them they were responsible for the posters. By repressive, unnatural strictures they had made people more conscious about sex. The law of reverse effect was being brought into operation. You teach people to run away from women and they will look at them with squinted eyes.

They will read obscene literature between the covers of Geeta. It is inevitable because of the extremist teachings.

You might have read that recently a foreign actress was called to perform a naked belly dance in Sydney. But only two persons came to the show out of the population of two million. The organisers were in trouble; probably the girl caught cold because of the empty theatre. . You arrange such a show in Bombay, and do you think only two people will attend it? Not even two men will stay at home. And do not think that only bad people will come for the show. It is possible that bad people may not come but some must. Only the difference may be that the bad people will come by the front door whereas the good will arrange with the manager to come by the back door. . Do you follow? *gandhi01*

This is my observation: that out of a hundred persons, almost ninety-nine persons die thinking of sex. In fact when death comes, the idea of sex becomes very strong.

Because death and sex are opposite each other; they are the polar opposites. Sex is birth and death is the end of the same energy that birth released. So while dying, a person becomes obsessively interested in sex. And that becomes the beginning of another birth.

To die without thinking about sex is a great experience. Then something of tremendous import has happened to you. If you can die without thinking of sex at all, no lurking shadows of sex in your mind, of lust for life, you are dying as one should die. Only one percent of people die that way.

These are the people Buddha calls srotapanna--those who have entered

into the stream, those who have become sannyasins, those who have taken a step towards

understanding what is real and what is unreal, those who have become discriminating of what is dream and what is true. *trans201*

Spiritual Sex and Meditation

My teachings about sex are really based on the cultural heritage of India. No other country has been able to find a philosophy like Tantra, and Tantra is one of the greatest contribution of this country to the world. And my teachings are part of Tantra. It is up to date Tantra. *last420*

The sex I am talking about is spiritual sex, the divine experience. I desire a spiritual orientation of sex. *super05*

I urge you to approach sex only when you are cheerful, only when you are full of love and, last but not least, only when you are prayerful. Only when you feel that your heart is full of joy, peace and gratitude, should you think of having intercourse.

A man who approaches intercourse like this can attain sublimation, and the ultimate realization, even once, is enough to free one from sex forever. With one single experience, you can break through the barrier and enter the periphery of samadhi. *super04*

You must strive for a continuous awareness of the glimpse of samadhi in coitus. One should try to grasp that point, that glimpse of samadhi which flashes like lightning in the midst of intercourse, which shimmers for a second like a will-o'-the-wisp and then vanishes. Your effort must be to know it, to become acquainted with it, to hold to it. If you can make the contact fully, even once, in that moment you will know that you are not a body, that you are bodiless. For that fraction of time you are not a body; in that moment you are transformed into something else: the body is left behind and you become the soul, your real self. If you have a glimpse of that glory even once, you can pursue it, through dhyana, through meditation, to establish a deep and lasting relationship with it. Then the path to samadhi is yours. And when it becomes part of your understanding,

part of your knowledge and of your life, there will be no more room for lust. *super05*

To reach celibacy sex must be understood. To know sex is to be free of it, to transcend it; but even after a lifetime of sexual experience, a man is not able to detect that intercourse gives him a fleeting experience of samadhi, a peek into superconsciousness. That is the great pull of sex; that is the great allure of sex: it is the magnetic attraction of the Supreme. You have to know and to meditate upon this momentary glimpse; you have to focus on it with awareness. On everyone its pull is so tremendously strong.

There are other, easier ways to attain to the very same experience--meditation, yoga and prayer are other alternatives--but only the channel of sex has such a powerful influence on man. It is very important to consider the various ways there are to reach the same goal. *super02*

When, on the first day, I talked about the void, about egolessness, about no-mind, many friends were not convinced. Afterwards, one friend said to me, "I never thought about it before, but what you say has happened."

A certain lady came and told me, "I have never experienced this at all. When you talked about it, I recalled that my mind becomes still and contented, but I have never felt egolessness or any other deep experience." It is possible many have not thought about this before. *super04*

Morality

You ask me: *Do you think it is a bad thing to be moral?*

No. I do not consider it bad to be moral but I do consider the *illusion* of being moral bad. It gets in the way of real morality. *pway05*

Give the body abundant love and it becomes alive vital; its slumbering potential is awakened. But please remember I am not speaking of debauchery or of abstinence.

Neither the debauchee nor the abstainer loves his body in the way I mean.

The debauchee shows his contempt for his body through his lack of self-restraint.

Out of his disdain for his body he is inclined to abuse it. The abstainer has recoiled to the other extreme, but he is equally hostile to the body. Of course, the two have gone in different directions. The abstainer harasses his body in the name of self-control, in the name of renunciation; the other harasses his in the name of licentiousness.

But neither feels any thankfulness to the body; neither has any love for the body.

One of the characteristic features of a healthy mental equilibrium is a positive and a loving attitude towards the body. harassing the body in any way is an indication of a mind that is unhealthy, of a mind that is sick.

It all boils down to the fact that there are two kinds of mental infirmities that can plague a man. One is unrestrained enjoyment; the other, thoughtless renunciation.

This is why the libertine can so easily make an about-face and dive into renunciation so fully. What a shame he cannot just stop in the middle! It is very unfortunate it is so easy to proceed from one illness to another.

These unbalanced people have taught us much. They have taught us that the body is an enemy, that we have to fight with it. And the religions have become obsessed with the body because of these harmful teachings. But

this is to be expected; to be opposed to the body requires focusing a great deal of attention on it.

I say that if you wish to go beyond the body, to rise above the body, do not fight with it, do not allow any hostility towards it to grow in you. Love your body. Seek its friendship. The body is not your enemy; it is an instrument, a wonderful tool to be used. You have to stretch out the hand of friendship to anything you wish to use.

And above all else you have to extend a friendly hand towards your own body. It is a marvelous example of God's expertise as a skilled craftsman. It is a ladder laden with secrets that can lead you to God.

Only a mad man fights with a ladder instead of climbing its rungs, but unfortunately we live in a world of such madmen. Beware of them. It is very difficult to assess the havoc they have wrought amongst us.

You have no idea of the thousands of secrets that lie hidden in this body that has been naturally bestowed upon you. If you were able to learn the secrets of your own body alone you would possess the key to the endless mystery of the universal soul.

This body is so small and yet how many wonderful mysteries it conceals! The mind is hidden in the body. The soul is hidden in the mind. God is hidden in the soul.. .

Your attitude towards the body must be one of deep understanding and sympathy.

You must have enough awareness to look upon it with friendliness and to protect it.

It is your fellow traveler on a long, uphill journey; it shares your joys and your sorrows. It is an instrument, a means, a ladder. And so to me it is impossible for any man with even a single iota of sense to be cruel to it, to enter into any sort of conflict with it whatsoever.. .

But do not stop with the body. Go deeper still. The physical body in only the starting point of our journey towards love of the self. If you move deeper

you will encounter the mind. You have to love it too; you have to seek its friendship as well. Man is normally only aware of these two levels of his being--the body and the mind--but if you wish to rise above them or go deeper than them you have to learn how to use them. *long06*

From meditation to observation, from observation to knowledge, from knowledge to freedom--this is the path. This is the path of religion, of yoga. I want you to understand this path and to walk along it. Then you will know the alchemy of the transformation of conduct by inner revolution. Then you will realize that religion, not morality, is the fundamental thing and that morality flows out of religion. It is not morality but religion that is the sadhana to be practiced. Morality follows in the wake of religion like the tracks of the wheels of a bullock-cart follow the cart. If this becomes clear to you, you will see a very great truth, and a great illusion will be dispersed.

I look at the transformation of mankind from the standpoint of this inner revolution, of this penetration of the unconscious by the conscious. On the basis of this knowledge a new man can be brought into being and the foundations of a new culture and a new humanity can be laid. Such a man, one that has been awakened by self-knowledge, is naturally moral. He does not have to cultivate morality. Neither is it the result of his actions nor of his endeavors. It radiates from him as light radiates from a lamp. His good conduct is not based on opposition to his unconscious mind but comes out of the fullness of his inner being. He does everything with his total being. There is neither duality nor multiplicity in him, but unity. Such a man is integrated; such a man is free of duality.

And the divine music one hears when one has gone beyond all conflicts and shackles is neither of this world nor of this space. There is a timeless symphony, a blissful note, that reverberates in us at that moment of peace, innocence and freedom from all discord. The very rhythm of this music brings one in tune with the infinite.

To me, this realization is God. *pway04*

Controversy about Sex

People were shocked when I spoke about sex at the first meeting last

month, in Bombay. I received many angry letters asking me not to talk in this fashion, letters saying I should not speak on this subject at all. I wonder why one should not discuss this subject? When this urge is already inherent in us, why should we not talk about it? Unless we can understand its behavior, can analyze it, how can we hope to raise it to a higher plane? By understanding it we can transform it, we can conquer it, we can sublimate it. Unless that happens, we will die and still we will be unable to free ourselves from the grip of sex.

My point is that those who forbid talk about sex are the same people who have pushed humanity into an abyss of sex. Those who are frightened of sex, and have therefore convinced themselves they are innocent of sex, are lunatics. They have conspired to make the whole world a gigantic asylum.

Religion is concerned with the transformation of man's energy. Religion aims to integrate the inner being of man--both his chaste aspirations and his basic urges. It

is also true that religion should guide man from the lower to the higher, from darkness to light; to the real from the unreal, to the eternal from the ephemeral.

But to reach somewhere, one has to know the starting point. We have to start from where we are; it is imperative we know this place first. And this is more important at the moment than the place we want to reach. In this context, sex is the fact, the reality; sex is the starting point. But God? God is far from here. We can reach the truth of God only by understanding the starting point of the journey; otherwise we cannot move an inch. We will be lost. We will be on a merry-go-round, going nowhere.

When I spoke to you at our first meeting I could sense you were not prepared to face the realities of life. Then what more, if anything, can we do? What can we achieve?

Then all this hullabaloo about God and the soul means nothing. It is all empty of conviction; it is all just false talk.

It is only by acquiring real knowledge about something that we can rise

above it. In fact, knowledge is transcendence. And first of all, one fact must be comprehended fully: man is born out of sex. The whole of his being exists because of the practice of sex. Man is filled with the energy of sex. The energy of life itself is the energy of sex.

What is this sex energy? Why is it such a powerful disturbance in our lives? Why does it pervade our entire beings? Why do our lives revolve around it, even to the end? What is the source of this urge?..

What I wish to emphasize is that this strong and recurring pull toward sex is for the momentary realization of samadhi. *super02*

The concept of nakedness is a subjective one. To a simple mind, to an innocent mind, nudity is not offensive; it has its own beauty. But up to now, man has been fed on poison, and gradually, with the passage of time, this poison has spread from one pole of his existence to the other. Consequently, our attitude to nakedness is completely unnatural.

When I spoke on this topic at the first meeting, at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan Auditorium, a lady came to me and said, "I am very upset. I am very angry with you.

Sex is a scandalous subject. Sex is sin. Why did you speak about it at such length? I really despise sex."

Now, you see, this lady despises sex although she is a married woman with sons and daughters. How can she love the husband who leads her into sex? How can she love those children who have been born out of sex? Her attitude to life is permeated with poison; her love will remain poisonous. And so there is bound to be a basic and deep rift between this woman and her husband. There will also be a fence of thorns between her and her children because the latter, to her, are the fruits of sin. The relationship between her and her husband is sin-oriented; she is haunted by an unconscious guilt complex where sex is concerned. Can one live in harmony with sin?

Those who slander sex have disturbed everyone's marital life.. . *super03*

I am also informed by letter that Freud's opinions on sex may be worthy and acceptable, but asked how mine can be considered true and sincere.

How can you decide whether I am honest and sincere or not? In this connection, whatsoever I say, it won't be decisive because I myself am the subject under consideration. If I say I am honest it is meaningless. It is also meaningless if I say I

am not honest, because the very subject under debate is whether the person making these statements is an honest man or not. So whatever I say in this context will be meaningless; it will be futile. I say, experiment with sex and find out for yourselves whether I am honest or not. You will come to know the truth of my statements when you attain to the experience for yourselves. There is no other way.

For example, if I were to talk to you about a certain swimming technique, you might doubt whether my method were feasible or not. My reply to that would be to ask you to come along to a place where you could wade into the river. If my advice were useful in helping you to swim across the river, then you would know that what I had said was neither worthless nor insincere.

As far as Freud is concerned, I wish to explain to this particular friend that it is quite probable Freud was not aware of what I am telling you here. Freud was one of the few seers who guided mankind in the direction of sexual liberation, but he had no idea whatsoever that spiritual sex existed. The knowledge Freud systematized was that of sick sex; his research was with the pathological. Freud was a kind of doctor and his discoveries were used like treatments, doled out to sick people. Freud hadn't studied normal, healthy sex. He was a research scholar dealing in sickness, in perversion, and his mind was primarily set on treatment, on cure.

Therefore, if you are bent on confirming the truthfulness of what I say, you will have to turn to the philosophy of Tantra. Tantra made early attempts to spiritualize sex, although we banned thinking about Tantra thousands of years ago. .

The Tantrikas tried to transform sex into spirituality, but the preachers of

morality in our country did not allow the message to reach the masses. These are the same people who wanted to put a stop to my talks. *super05*

On my return to Jabalpur, three days after my talk at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan Auditorium here in Bombay, I received a letter from a friend telling me that if I continued these talks I would be shot. I wanted to reply to him, but the trigger-happy gentleman seems to be a coward: he neither signed his letter nor gave his address; he was probably afraid I would report the matter to the police.

Nevertheless, if he is present here, he should accept my reply now. Even if he is here, I am sure he is either hiding behind a wall or a tree. If he is anywhere around I wish to tell him that I am not going to report the threat, but that he should give me his name and address so that I can at least send him a reply. But, if he doesn't even dare that much, I will give him my reply here. He ought to listen carefully.

He is probably not aware of this, but in the first place he shouldn't be in a hurry to shoot me, because with the striking of the bullet, what I am saying will become eternal truth. Had Jesus not been crucified, the world would have forgotten him long ago. In a way, the persecution was beneficial to Jesus.. .

This is the brighter side to being crucified. Therefore, I say to my friend not to be in too much of a hurry to shoot me, otherwise he will repent his action for the rest of his days.

The second thing is that he should not worry too much about it, because I have no intention of dying in bed. When the proper time comes, I will do my best to see that someone or other shoots me. He shouldn't be hasty; I myself will arrange it. Life is useful but when one is assassinated, death also becomes useful. A bullet-ridden death can often accomplish what life could not.. .

So, my friend, if he is here, should not act thoughtlessly, otherwise he will quickly find himself to be the loser. I won't be harmed; I am not one of those whom bullets can destroy. I am one of those who will survive bullets. He shouldn't be in a rush to shoot me. He shouldn't be upset either, for I will do

my best not to die in bed. That kind of death is unbecoming. That kind of death is a worthless death.

And the third point for him to remember is not to be afraid to sign letters, not to be afraid to give his address. If I am convinced there is someone brave enough and ready enough to shoot me, I will keep the appointment without informing anyone, so that, later on, he will not be involved.

But there is nothing so very strange about this man. He wrote with the conviction he was protecting religion. He wrote because he thought I wanted to destroy religion, and he wants to restore religion. His intentions were not malicious. His feelings were very sincere and, to him, very religious. *super05*

Another friend of mine has sent a message saying that no saint or guru ever talks about sex. He writes that the high esteem he had for me has lessened because of my talks on sex. I wish to tell him there is no reason to be disappointed in me. First of all, if you once had respect for me, it was your mistake. Why was it necessary to honor me? What was your motive? When did I ask you for respect? If you were paying me respect, it was your error; if you are not so inclined any more, it is your privilege. I am no mahatma, nor am I inclined to be one.

Had I the slightest desire to become a mahatma or a guru, I would never have selected this subject in the first place. A man can never become a mahatma if he isn't very clever in selecting the topics for his discourse. I have never been a mahatma, I am not a mahatma, and I certainly do not want to become a mahatma--that desire itself is a projection of a subtle, refined ego. I am a man, and that is good enough for me. Is it not enough, just being a man? Can a man not be happy without riding the shoulders of other men, without imposing himself on others, without acquiring power in one form or another? Can a man not be happy simply by remaining a man?

In whatever position I find myself I am happy and contented.

I long for greatness in humanity; I want to see a greater man. Isn't it greatness to become a man, to attain to the full measure of manhood? Every man can become great; every man is capable of becoming great in

the true sense of the word. The days of the mahatmas and the gurus are gone; they are not needed any more. A great mankind is essential; the need of the hour is for a great humanity. There have been many great men, but what have we gained from them? The need is not for great men, but for a great mankind, for a greater humanity.

At least one person is disillusioned; at least one man has come to know that I am not a great man. This is a great relief, this man's disillusionment. He wrote me to tempt me with mahatmadom; he says I could become a great guru if I stopped discussing such topics. Up to now, the mahatmas and the gurus have been fooled by such approaches, and as a result, those great but weak people did not discuss subjects that might have proved disastrous to their own gurushipsto their mahatmadoms.

In their concern to save their own thrones, they never cared how many people they were harmfully influencing.

I am not concerned with being on some high pedestal. I do not dream about it; I have no designs on one. On the other hand, I am concerned that someone may want to make me a mahatma some day.

These days, there is no shortage of gurus and mahatmas, and to be considered as one it is very important to adopt the correct pose. It has always been so. But the crux of the matter is not the availability of mahatmas, but how an authentic man can evolve. What can we do to achieve that goal? How can we apply ourselves to that task?

I trust and believe that what we have discussed will guide you on the proper road toward breaking those barriers that stand in the way of the evolution of an authentic man. A path is visible; the gradual transformation of your lust is possible.

Your sex can become your samadhi.

Now, as you are today, you are your lust; you are not your souls. You can also become souls, but only by the gradual transformation of your sexuality. Only then can your journey to God begin. *super05*

Osho concludes the series:

A spiritual sex can evolve. A new life can begin for mankind.

During the last four days, I have spoken to you about the possibility of reaching a new level of spiritual existence. You have listened to my talks patiently and with much love, although to listen to such discourses peacefully must have been very difficult for you; you must have felt embarrassed at times.

One friend came to me and voiced his fear that a few men, feeling that such a subject should not be talked about, might stand up and raise a cry to stop the lectures. He felt some people might strongly and loudly protest the discussion of such a topic in public. I told him it would be a better world if there were such brave people around.

Where will you find a man who is so courageous that he will stand up at a public gathering and ask the speaker to stop his discourse? If such courageous people existed in this country, then the glib and nonsensical talks delivered from the high platforms of this country by a long line of foolish men would have stopped a long time ago. But they haven't stopped yet and they will never stop. All along, I have been waiting for some brave man to get up and ask me to stop my talk. Then I could have discussed the subject with him in detail. It would have been a source of great pleasure to me.

And so, to such discourses, on such a topic--despite the fact that many friends were afraid someone might get up to protest, that someone might create pandemonium here--you have quietly listened. You are all very kind. I am grateful for your patient and peaceful attention.

In conclusion, from my heart of hearts, I desire that the lust inside each of us may become a ladder with which to reach to the temple of love, that the sex inside each of us may become a vehicle to reach to superconsciousness.

And finally, I bow to the Supreme enthroned in all of us.

Please accept my respects. *super05*

I have tried almost all one hundred and twelve methods (of meditation). That list is exhaustive, there is no possibility of adding a single method more. You can make a method of combinations, but those one hundred and twelve are exhaustive.

Out of them all I have chosen witnessing, because most of them are based on this in different ways.

For example, if while making love you also witness, it becomes tantra. Tantra has taken one method, used it for love, and changed the whole sexual energy into a spiritual phenomenon. That's what I have been talking about, and I have been misunderstood by almost everybody. They think I am teaching free sex. I am teaching meditative sex, and they think I am teaching free sex. I was simply teaching that if you can make sex an object of meditation you can become free of it--because with meditation the energy starts moving higher and higher. .

And the people who have been condemning me--that is their own imagination, their own creation, the whole idea of free sex. But it is sensational, particularly in a country which is very repressive about sex.

To me, sex is as natural as everything else. If we can make sleeping a meditation, if we can make eating a meditation, why leave sex out? And sex is so powerful that it should not be left out; otherwise, that will create disturbance. It should be absorbed into your total meditative process. It should become an organic unity. .

Tantrikas were the first scientific religious people who took possession of their energy--which was already available. They managed to transform it in the same way that later somebody transformed the electricity from the clouds to become a light in your house. Nobody would have conceived before that the electricity flashing in the clouds could run your fans--and your air-conditioners and your railways.

Tantrikas had the first insight that man's sexual energy can be transformed easily.

The only barrier is repression. If you repress it, then you cannot transform it. Don't repress sexual energy, don't condemn it, but create a friendship with it, that's what I have been saying. Don't think of it as a sin; it is not--you are born of it. The whole life is sex. If you call sex sin, then the whole life becomes sin, then the whole existence becomes sin--and this is not a religious approach to the world. We should make the whole world divine--not sin.

But nobody reports what I have been saying; they just go on misinforming people.

This is a misfortune--that journalism still is not literature. *last415*

I have never taught free sex.

What I have been teaching is the sacredness of sex. I have been teaching that the sex should not be degraded from the status of love to the status of law. The moment you have to love to your woman because she is your wife--not that you love her, it is prostitution, legalized prostitution. I have been against prostitution, whether it has been legalized or illegalized. I believe in love. If two persons love each other they can live as long as they love. The moment love is gone, they should gratefully separate.

I have never taught anything concerning free sex. This is the idiotic Indian yellow journalism that has made my whole philosophy confined to two words. I have written four hundred books. Only one book is concerned about sex, three hundred ninety-nine books nobody bothers; only one book that is concerned about sex, and that too is not for sex, that too is how to transform sex energy into spiritual energy.

It is really anti-sex.. .

What they have been doing all along is misinforming people and condemning that misinformation. They have never represented me fairly; otherwise, I don't think India is so unintelligent.

A country which has produced the philosophy of tantra, a country which has made temples like Khajuraho, Konarak, cannot be so stupid that it will

not understand what I am saying. Khajuraho is my proof. All the literature of tantra is my proof. And this is the only country where something like tantra has existed. Nowhere in the world any effort has been made to transform sexual energy into spiritual energy.

And that's what I was doing, but the journalists are not interested in reality; they are interested in sensationalism. I have been misinformed on. *last414*

I am not the sex guru.

I am the anti-sex guru, if anything.. .

So those who call me the "sex guru" are simply stupid. They don't understand a simple thing.

I repeat again: I am the most anti-sex person in the whole world. If I am listened to there will be no pornography, there will be no homosexuals, there will be no lesbians--there will be no perversions of any kind. And you call me the "sex guru"! *mystic21*

It is difficult to find a greater enemy of sex than I am. I do not mean to imply that I abuse or reproach sex; I said it apprehensively, as a guide in the direction of transcendence, as an indication of how lust can be transformed. I am an enemy of sex in the sense that I favor the transformation of coal into diamonds. I wish to transform sex.

How can this be done? What is the procedure?

I say that another door must be opened, a new door. *super03*

Best-selling Book

Many persons came to me when the book *From Sex to Superconsciousness* was published. They came and they said, "Please change the title." The very word 'sex'

makes them disturbed--they have not read the book. And those who have already read the book also say to change the title.

Why? The very word gives you a certain interpretation. Mind is so interpretive that if I say 'lemon juice', your saliva starts flowing. You have interpreted the words. In the words 'lemon juice' there is nothing like lemon, but your saliva starts flowing. If I wait for a few moments, you will become uneasy because you will have to swallow.

The mind has interpreted; it has come in. Even with words you cannot remain aloof, without interpreting. It will be very difficult, when a desire arises, to remain aloof, to remain just a dispassionate observer, calm and quiet, looking at the fact, not interpreting it. *vbt17*

I am in a difficulty continuously, because the society forces you to remain celibate, at least up to the twenty-first year. That means the greatest possibility of achieving sex, learning sex, entering sex, will be missed. By the time you reach twenty-one, twenty-two, you are already old as far as sex is concerned! Near the age of seventeen you were at the peak--so potent, so powerful, that the orgasm, the sexual orgasm, would have spread to your very cells. Your whole body would have taken a bath of eternal bliss.

And when I say sex can become *samadhi,* I don't say it for people who are seventy, remember. I am saying it for people who are seventeen. About *From Sex to Superconsciousness...* old men come to me and they say, "We have read your book but we never achieve anything like this."

How can you? you have missed the time, and it cannot be replaced. And I am not responsible; your society is responsible, and you listened to it. *justlt10*

I have written one book--not written, my discourses have been collected in it--it is called *From Sex to Superconsciousness.* Now fifteen years have passed. Since then nearabout two hundred books have been published, but nobody seems to read any other book--not in India. They all read *From Sex to Superconsciousness.* They all criticize it also, they are all against it. Articles are still being written, books are written against it, and *mahatmas go on objecting to it. And I have written two hundred books, and no other book is mentioned, no other book is looked at.*

Do you understand?.. as if I have written only one book.

People are suffering from a wound. Sex has become a wound. It needs to be healed. *sos210*

I have been discussed around the world, condemned, just because I am talking about going from sex to superconsciousness. But nobody has given any explanation why they are condemning me because of my book--which has been translated into thirty-four languages, has gone into dozens of editions, and is read by all the monks whether they are Hindu, Jaina, Christian, Buddhist. Monks are the best customers for that book.

Here there was a Jaina conference just a few months ago, and my secretary, Neelam, informed me, "It is strange. Jaina monks come and they ask for one book only, *From Sex to Superconsciousness.* Then they hide it in their clothes and just get out of the door silently so nobody finds them out."

The book, *From Sex to Superconsciousness,* is not about sex, it is about superconsciousness. But the only possible way for man to find that there is some door, some way to go beyond his thoughts into eternal silence.. Even though it lasts only one moment, that moment is eternity--everything stops. You forget all the worries, all the tensions. *celebr01*

Osho's impressions on Hippies

About this time Osho comes into contact with Western hippies, many of whom become his disciples. In March 1969, Osho gives a discourse entitled: The Hippie Rebellion

The hippie refuses to play the role of a yes-man. He believes in doing whatever he feels is right. It undoubtedly creates difficulties, but in a way the hippie can be called a sannyasin. Truly speaking, the sannyasin must have been a sort of a hippie at some time. He had also refused to tow the common line. He was a non-citizen and a run-away from society just like Mahavir who stood naked. The day Mahavir would have stood naked in Bihar discarding clothes, I do not think the orthodox people would have accepted this strange person without any protest. *whatr01*

The view point of the hippies is quite dear to me. They say, "We would like to live like natural men and women, as we really are, without deceiving. We will practise neither deception nor hypocrisy. We know that our path will be strewn with troubles, but we would put up with all these and try to live as we are." If a hippie feels that he should tell somebody that he is becoming angry with him and feels like abusing him, he would go to him and quite plainly speak out his mind without any hesitation or reservation. I think it is a great human quality. And he will not come afterwards to apologize until he really feels its necessity, because he will argue that he had a mind to abuse, so he abused, and he was now ready to face the consequences. But he refuses to be a hypocrite and to don a smile on his lips while his heart feels like abusing. But as far as we are concerned our exterior is not the same as our inner feelings. We are harbouring all sorts of hellish ideas within whereas our exterior betrays a completely different picture of us. Every man is, so to say, a personification of untruth. *whatr01*

The second thing which the hippies say is "We are as we are. We do not wish to obstruct our natural behaviour. We do not wish to conceal anything." One of my friends had an occasion to live for a few days with the hippies in a small village inhabited by them, and he reported to me that to live there is quite perturbing because they cast aside all the masks imposed on humanity and civilization. There, a young man, instead of saying all sorts of round-about things in poetical language or flowery words to a maiden to plead for her love, goes to her and straight-away tells her that he has a desire to sleep with her. He argues that when behind all this jugglery of words the central idea is sex, then why not express it frankly and plainly, and why it should be concealed behind the facade of flowery language. He can very well say to a girl in simple words that he wishes to sleep with her.

It may appear quite disturbing to us, but according to hippies, if after all this talk of poetry, music and love, the same thing is going to happen ultimately, it is quite proper to say it straight-away so that at least no one may be deceived. If the girl is not willing to oblige him, she can very well beg to be excused. .

The second principle of the hippies is "natural living"--to be as one is. But it is a terrible thing to be as one is. It is indeed a very difficult thing because

artificiality has gripped us to such an extent, and we have travelled so far in the domain of pretending that for us to return to our original state of naturalness has become well nigh impossible. *whatr01*

Another stand point of the hippie is expansion of consciousness. He is seeking how to expand his consciousness, and for this purpose is making all sorts of experiments-

-consuming ganja, opium, bhang, hashish, LSD, mescaline, marijuana, and even taking refuge in yoga and meditation. He is trying all these in his endeavour to expand his consciousness, to attain expansion of the contracted consciousness.

Therefore, he makes use of chemical drugs: LSD, mescaline etc. Through the help of which his consciousness travels to another plane for at least a short time.

The law opposes it. As a matter of fact law takes up a cudgels against anything new because a law gets enacted at a particular time, and though ages roll by yet it remains static. So naturally there has to be opposition on its part to the use of drugs.

The law condemns LSD as sin. I at least fail to comprehend how it is so. *whatr01*

I was staying in a house. On the roof of that house, few Westerners--their two families were staying. Whenever I used to stay in that house, they would say,

"Westerners are very materialistic. They know nothing except eating, drinking, dancing and singing, they are absolutely materialistic."

Whenever I visited them they would say the same thing: "They dance till 12 o'clock in the night. Just eating, drinking and dancing. This is their whole life."

Once again I happened to stay in that house. But it was quiet upstairs, so I enquired whether they had left. The housewife said, "They have gone. But they were strange people, they distributed all their possessions." The

woman continued, "They gave all their utensils to the woman who washed dishes, and the utensils were all stainless steel, pure steel. There was radio, radiogram. They distributed everything. They were strange people."

I asked the woman, "You always used to say that they were very materialistic people, they just danced and sang, ate and drank and did nothing else." *Dekh Kabira Roya*

*First Talk in English to Westerners**

The first occasion Osho speaks publicly in English to a Western audience is in September 1969 at Pahalgam in Kashmir, where followers of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi invite Osho to talk to them. Maharishi teaches 'Transcendental Meditation', a 20-minute repetition of a mantra.

When I started using English, for two or three months I was thinking in Hindi and speaking in English. It was a double trouble. *last413*

I don't know English but I manage. I am surprised myself because English is such an unscientific language and I am not acquainted with it in any way, but when you have to say something, when you have something to say, then the language follows. If you have just a little bit of an acquaintance with the words they follow, they fall in line. *dark14*

I don't care. What does it matter if a word here and there is mispronounced? My whole life I have been mispronouncing. *books07*

I have met Maharishi Mahesh Yogi just by accident. I was having a camp in Pahalgam in Kashmir and he was also having a camp in Pahalgam. His disciples became very much interested and they wanted me to come to them and to talk to them, so I went there. We met. The man is simply ordinary, nothing special. And what he is teaching in the West is a very traditional thing in India; any stupid person knows about it. *ggate208*

Osho answers questions from disciples of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi: Really, there can be no method as far as meditation is concerned. Meditation is not a method. Through technique, through method, you cannot go beyond mind. When you leave all methods, all techniques, you transcend mind. So

meditation itself is not a method. Truth cannot be achieved through method.

Method is our own invention. We, who are ignorant, have achieved knowledge through methods constructed, created, projected, in our ignorance. Through method you can achieve a sort of self-hypnosis, a sort of auto-hypnosis. Any method,

whatsoever it's name, can only give you an illusory kind of peace. Through method you cannot go beyond yourself, because the method is yours, and it will strengthen you, your ego, your state of mind. If you leave all methods and all paths, and all ways, and remain in a total vacuum, doing nothing, thinking nothing--only then what we call meditation can be achieved.

But if you are following some method. some path, some guru, then you are going nowhere because it cannot lead you anywhere. It can only lead you into an illusory state of auto-hypnosis. .

The mind, through old habits and through old patterns, needs constant occupation.

The mind needs constant occupation. If you give it some occupation, then it is all right. You may be doing "jap" (chanting a mantra); that too is an occupation. If you don't do anything, and even for a single moment can remain without doing anything--not even a single thought, not even doing any mantra, if you can remain for a single moment *alone,* not doing anything, that very moment leads through into inner depths.. .

The person who thinks is a man of non-understanding. A person who knows doesn't think. It is not a question of thinking. He sees, he is aware, but not in thinking.

Thoughts are not opening, thoughts are closing; they close your mind. The more you are in a thinking mood, the more you are closed and isolated from the whole. If you are not thinking, if you just are, if you are in a state of being, then something comes.

That is not thinking, that is the realization. That is not thinking, you have not thought it. And the more you have thought about it, the less is the possibility

for its coming. The known must go for the unknown to come. The thinking must go for the truth to be revealed.

One is to be aware of the mechanism of the mind, how the mind works, how the mind needs constantly occupation. Every moment mind needs to be occupied. It has become a mechanical tendency; you need occupation. Once you leave the so-called worldly occupations you become occupied in spiritual affairs, but you remain occupied. One is to be aware of this very process of the mind. That awareness of the mechanical process stops the process. Moments come--they break through--and you see something, that is not your thinking, not a by-product of your thought.. . *early07*

I am against the so-called transcendental meditation of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. It is very destructive. It is a lullaby; it only gives you good sleep, at the most. It can't awaken you. It can cool you, it can give you a little calmness; it is good for people who are suffering from nervousness, tension, anxiety. It is a psychological device, it is a psychological drug--a non-medicinal tranquilizer. But it is not meditation, no. It is neither meditation nor transcendental; it is not at all. It simply soothes you, consoles you, helps you to go into good sleep.

And it is not accidental that America has become very much interested in the so-called transcendental meditation of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, because America is suffering tremendously from insomnia. People have lost their sleep. They want sleep at any cost; they are ready to try anything. And transcendental meditation can help you to have a good sleep.

But meditation is just the opposite. Meditation is waking up. It is not a lullaby, it is diametrically the opposite. It is a shock, it shatters your sleep and your dreams. If you are a beggar, you are no more a beggar; it shatters the idea of your beggarhood.

If you are a prime minister, you are no more a prime minister; it shatters your illusion of being a prime minister. It shatters all identities. It simply reveals one fact, that you are God. It only reveals your reality and takes all illusions away. *secret04*

People come to me saying, "Maharishi Mahesh Yogi says that one who

meditates will receive abundantly in that world and will receive in this world too. There will be worldly gain also. What do you say?"

If there were worldly gain from meditation then this country would be at the peak of prosperity. This country has meditated more than anyone else has. Buddha meditated, attained samadhi. The story says that flowers showered. I have not heard that dollar bills showered. Rewrite the story so that it can be related to Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. Rewrite the story.

But I understand Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's reasons. If you want to propagate something in America, the American craze is for money, not for meditation.

Maharishi Mahesh Yogi is a shrewd salesman. He is ready to give whatever you want. He has to give whatever the customer wants--a businessman does not bother with what the customer needs. What the demand is--if something wrong is demanded, then the wrong is given. He agrees with whatever is asked. A shrewd businessman believes that the customer is always right. What he says is right, right exactly like he says it.

In America he is selling meditation--and sales are moving there--he is selling meditation. America says we want health, so they will get health. If money is needed they will get money. If professional skill needed they will get professional skill.

I cannot give support to this kind of idiotic nonsense. *death06*

Death

If you ask me, it will look like an exaggeration, but in fact, in the whole of India I never found another Shambhu Dube. He was just rare.

When I was traveling all over India he would wait for months for me to come and visit the village just for one day. He was the only person who ever came to see me when my train would pass through the village. Of course I am not including my father nor my mother; they had to come. But Shambhu Dube was not my relative. He just loved me, and this love started at that meeting, on that day when I had gone to protest against Kantar Master.

glimps20

This is synchronicity.

Somehow a deep, deep connection existed. The day he died I went to him without hesitation. I did not even inquire. I simply drove to the town. I never liked that road, and I like driving, but that road from Jabalpur to Gadarwara was really a sonofabitch! You will not find a worse road anywhere.. the road from the university to Shambhu Babu's house. I just rushed--a feeling in the guts.

I am a speedy driver. I love speed, but on that road you cannot go more than twenty miles an hour; that's the maximum possible, so you can conceive of what kind of a road it must be. By the time you arrive, if you are not dead then you are something close to it! There is just one good thing: before you enter the town you come across the river. That is its saving grace: you can take a good bath, you can swim for half an

hour to refresh yourself, and give your car a good bath too. Then, when you reach the town, nobody thinks you are a holy ghost.

I rushed. Never in my life have I been in such a hurry. .

That day I had to hurry, and it proved true because if I had been just a few minutes later I would never have seen Shambhu Babu's eyes again. Alive, I mean--I mean looking at me just the way he had looked that first time. I wanted to see that first look for the last time that synchronicity. And in that half hour before he died there was nothing but pure communion. I told him he could say whatever he wanted to say.

He sent everybody else away. Of course they were offended. His wife and sons and his brothers did not like it. But he clearly said, "Whether you like it or not, I want you all to leave immediately because I don't have much time to waste."

Naturally afraid, they all left. We both laughed. I said, "Anything you want to say to me, you can say."

He said, "I have nothing to say to you. Just hold my hands. Let me feel you.

Fill me with your presence, I beg you." He went on, "I cannot go on my knees and touch your feet. It is not that I would not like to do it, just that my body is not in a position to get out of bed. I cannot even move. I have just a few minutes longer."

I could see that death was almost on his doorstep. I took his hands, and said a few things to him, to which he listened very attentively. *glimps22*

My (paternal) grandfather died. In my family, he was the oldest, and I was the youngest, but by a strange coincidence, we were great friends. And all those who were in between were against both of us.. .

When he died, I was sitting. . It was a beautiful winter morning and the sun had risen. I was just sitting at the door, because everybody else of the house was surrounding the old man. One of my uncles asked, "This is strange; your great friend is dead, and you are sitting outside the house enjoying the morning sun."

I said, "When he was alive none of you sat with him, except me. I am just giving you a chance; there will never be a chance again. But you can sit only by the side of the dead, not by the side of the living."

Neighbors came to sympathize, to comfort--they met me first, because I was sitting outside the house--and they would start weeping, and tears would be rolling down their face. I said, "Don't pretend," and they were very much shocked. I said, "These tears are crocodile tears, because I never saw you coming to the old man when he was alive. He was a lion; he could have made a breakfast of you. Now that he is dead. .

But he had lived so totally, and his death was so beautiful. At the last moment he called me, took my hand in his hand, and said, "I have lived totally, without any regret. Just remember it: never listen to anyone, just listen to your own heart."

So I said to the neighbors, "There is no need to cry for a man who lived so blissfully, so beautifully. When your grandfather dies, then you can cry. And remember, I will not come, even to comfort you."

They could not understand what I was saying, and when somebody from my family dragged them in, they said, "Don't talk to him." They said, "He said very insulting things to us--that our tears are crocodile tears."

Coming back, I said, "Enjoy that your grandfather is still alive. In this comfort, I can see your heart enjoying that somebody else's grandfather has died. Your grandfather is alive, but I want to tell you--your grandfather has been dead all his life!"

They said, "We are not even talking to you."

I said, "It doesn't matter. But I wanted to be clear to you that all this comfort and sympathy is for those who have missed life, who have missed love, who have not lived according to their own longings." My grandfather was a simple man, but unpolluted, uncorrupted by the priests. His death was as beautiful as his life. *mess214*

In my village one old priest was very much respected as a wise man. I used to go to him. And to any question that I ever asked him, he would say, "Wait. At the right time, in the right season, you will find the answer."

I came back from the university and I went to see the old man; he was dying. I said to him, "You have been deceiving me. I have been waiting for the right moment and the right season. It has not come. And I want to ask you, at least while you are dying, to be honest. Tell me, has your right time come?"

He had tears in his eyes. He said, "Forgive me, I used to say that to everyone, just to avoid their question--because I don't know the answer. I am myself as ignorant as anybody but people think I am a wise man, and by and by they have convinced me that I am a wise man. I too have started believing in it."

I said, "At least now drop that belief. Die as ignorant as you are. Your whole life you have been dishonest, but even a single moment before death, if you are honest, perhaps the right time and the right season may come suddenly." And actually it happened. He closed his eyes, and I was sitting by his side and I saw the change happening around his energy; there was a

freshness, a different fragrance. His old face became so beautiful--wrinkled with age, but now showing a maturity.

He opened his eyes and he took my hand in his hand and he said, "I cannot be more grateful to anybody in my life than to you, although you have not done anything. But seeing the fact that death is coming, I closed my eyes and for the first time I looked inwards. It was there, it has always been there." He died an enlightened man. He lived unenlightened, in misery, in suffering, but he died enlightened, in tremendous joy.

He told me, "Nobody should weep or cry; nobody should be sad or serious because my death is an illumination. What life has not been able to give me, my death has given to me. Celebrate! Tell the people that my death has to be celebrated."

And when I told the people, they wouldn't believe me. I said, "Whether you believe me or not, that old man's last wish should be fulfilled. If you cannot celebrate I will have to bring my friends, and we will celebrate."

I had to gather people, and they were hesitant because death is not celebrated, death is a calamity. But the death of an enlightened being, and particularly a death which makes a man enlightened, has to be a festival. It is far more valuable than birth.

Birth brings you life. Enlightened death brings you eternal life, a timeless ecstasy, a blissfulness that never ends. *exist06*

One man I know, Dada Dharmadhikari--he is a very famous follower of Gandhi, a colleague of Gandhi, and a colleague of J. Krishnamurti. He does not believe in God,

he does not believe in any traditions. He used to come to see me, and I told him, "Not believing in God is not enough; believing in God, or not believing in God, both are God-centered. I cannot say that I do not believe in God--how can I not believe in something which does not exist? Believing or not believing are both irrelevant when something is existential." But he was too full of Krishnamurti.

I said, "Some day some opportunity may come and I will be able to point it out to you, that this belief is only a reaction. It does not erase God, it simply puts disbelief in place of belief, but God remains in its place."

His son is attorney general of the high court. One day he came very much disturbed and asked me to come immediately, "My father is dying. He had a serious heart attack, and the doctors are worried that he may have another heart attack and it will be difficult to save him. Perhaps he will be happy to see you. He always talks only of you or J. Krishnamurti."

I went to his house. He was resting in a dark room and I entered slowly. I told his son not to announce that I had come. He was repeating "Hare Krishna, Hare Rama, Hare Krishna, Hare Rama" very silently, almost whispering. But I shook him and I said, "Have you forgotten J. Krishnamurti? Have you forgotten me? What are you doing? Hare Krishna, Hare Rama.. !"

He said, "This time don't disturb me. Who knows, God may be a reality. And just to repeat a few times before death.. there is no harm. If he is there I can say, Ì

remembered you.' If he is not there, there is no harm, just let me repeat it--no argument at this moment. I am dying."

I said, "That's what makes it very urgent to prevent you doing any stupid thing! This is against your whole life." Now he is eighty years old; he followed Krishnamurti for almost fifty years, has been in contact for twenty years with me, and at the last moment all intellectual garbage disappears and the old conditionings appear again.

This was what his parents had taught him in his childhood, "Hare Krishna, Hare Rama," because Hindus believe that in this dark age of humanity only the name of God can save you. The name of God is like a boat; you simply ride on the boat and it will take you to the other side of existence, the spiritual world.

He became okay; he did not die. And when he had become almost all right, I asked him about that day. He said, "Forget all about it. There is no God. I

don't believe in God."

I said, "Again--because now death is no longer so close? That day you were not even willing to discuss it. You were even arguing: ÀAt this moment, let me repeat the mantra that is going to save me.'" I said to him, "All your intellectual garbage is useless. It has not reached to your heart; it has not given you any transformation." *socrat25*

Dwarka Meditation Camp

Osho's teachings on Death

In October 1969, at his Dwarka Meditation Camp, Osho gives revolutionary teachings on death: that it is a fiction. Osho explains that samadhi experienced

through meditation is similar to the experience of death. Osho leads meditation techniques to understand the death experience. These discourses are published under the title: *And Now and Here*

The first thing I would like to tell you about death is that there is no bigger lie than death. And yet, death appears to be true. It not only appears to be true but even seems like the cardinal truth of life--it appears as if the whole of life is surrounded by death. Whether we forget about it, or become oblivious to it, everywhere death remains close to us. Death is even closer to us than our shadow. .

What I wish to say is that it is essential to see death, to understand it, to recognize it.

But this is possible only when we die; one can only see it while dying. Then what is the way now? And if one sees death only while dying, then there is no way to understand it--because at the time of death one will be unconscious.

Yes, there is a way now. We can go through an experiment of entering into death of our own free will. And may I say that meditation or samadhi is nothing else but that.

The experience of entering death voluntarily is meditation, samadhi. The phenomenon that will automatically occur one day with the dropping of the body--

we can willingly make that happen by creating a distance, inside, between the self and the body. And so, by leaving the body from the inside, we can experience the event of death, we can experience the occurrence of death. We can experience death today, this evening--because the occurrence of death simply means that our soul and our body will experience, in that journey, the same distinction between the two of them as when the vehicle is left behind and the traveler moves on ahead. .

If the shell, the body, and the kernel, the consciousness, separate at this very instant, death is finished. With the creation of that distance, you come to know that the shell and the kernel are two separate things--that you will continue to survive in spite of the breaking of the shell, that there is no question of *you* breaking, of *you* disappearing. In that state, even though death will occur, it cannot penetrate inside you--it will occur *outside* you. It means only that which you are not will die. That which you are will survive.

This is the very meaning of meditation or samadhi: learning how to separate the shell from the kernel. They can be separated because they *are* separate. They can be known separately because they *are* separate. That's why I call meditation a voluntary entry into death. And the man who enters death willingly, encounters it and comes to know that, "Death is there, and yet I am still here.". .

In meditation, too, one has to enter slowly within. And gradually, one after another, things begin to drop away. A distance is created with each and every thing, and a moment arrives when it feels as if everything is lying far away at a distance. It will feel as if someone else's corpse is lying on the shore--and yet *you* exist. The body is lying there and still *you* exist--separate, totally distinct and different.

Once we experience seeing death face-to-face while alive, we will never have anything to do with death again. Death will keep on coming, but then it will be just like a stopover--it will be like changing clothes, it will be like when we take new horses and ride in new bodies and set out on a new

journey, on new paths, into new worlds. But death will never be able to destroy us. This can only be known by encountering death. We will have to know it; we will have to pass through it.

Because we are so very afraid of death, we are not even able to meditate. Many people come to me and say that they are unable to meditate. How shall I tell them that their real problem is something else? Their real problem is the fear of death.. and meditation is a process of death. In a state of total meditation we reach the same point a dead man does. The only difference is that the dead man reaches there in an unconscious state, while we reach consciously. This is the only difference. The dead man has no knowledge of what happened, of how the shell broke open and the kernel survived. The meditative seeker *knows* that the shell and the kernel have become separate.

The fear of death is the basic reason why people cannot go into meditation--there is no other reason. Those who are afraid of death can never enter into samadhi.

Samadhi is a voluntary invitation to death. An invitation is given to death: "Come, I am ready to die. I want to know whether or not I will survive after death. And it is better that I know it consciously, because I won't be able to know anything if this event occurs in an unconscious state."

So, the first thing I say to you is that as long as you keep running away from death you will continue to be defeated by it--and the day you stand up and encounter death, that very day death will leave you, but you will remain.

These three days, all my talks will be on the techniques of how you can encounter death. I hope that, these three days, many people will come to know how to die, will be able to die. .

Knowing death causes it to dissolve; then suddenly, for the first time, we become connected with life.

That's why I told you that the first thing about meditation is that it is a voluntary entry into death. The second thing I would like to say is that one who enters into death willingly, finds, all of a sudden, entrance into life.

Even though he goes in search of death, instead of meeting death he actually finds ultimate life. Even though, for the purpose of his search he enters the mansion of death, he actually ends up in the temple of life. And one who escapes from the mansion of death never reaches the temple of life.. .

I say both things simultaneously: meditation is entering voluntarily into death, and the one who enters death voluntarily attains to life. That means: one who encounters death ultimately finds that death has disappeared and he is in life's embrace. This looks quite contrary--you go in search of death and come across life--

but it is not.. .

These three days we shall do the meditation of entering into death. And I shall speak to you on many of its dimensions. Tonight we shall do the first day's meditation. Let me explain a few things about it to you.. . *now01*

Life is here, death has not arrived yet. It is sure to come; there is nothing more certain than death. There can be doubt regarding other things, but about death nothing whatsoever is in doubt. There are people who have doubts about God, there are others who have doubts about the soul, but you may never have come across a man who has doubts about death. It is inevitable--it is sure to come; it is already on its way. It is approaching closer and closer every moment. We can utilize the moments which are available before death for our awakening. Meditation is a

technique to that effect. My effort in these three days will be to help you understand that meditation is the technique for that very awakening. *now02*

Now I will give suggestions for three minutes. Similarly, I will give suggestions for your breathing, and then for your thoughts. At the end, for ten minutes, we will be lost in silence.

Your body is relaxing. Feel it: your body is relaxing. .your body is relaxing. .your body is relaxing. . Let go, as if the body is no more. Give up your hold. Your body is relaxing. .drop all control over the body, as if your body is dead.

You have moved inside; the energy has been sucked inside--now the body is left behind like a shell. The body is relaxing. .the body is totally relaxed. . Let go. You will feel that it has gone, gone, gone. Let it fall if it will. The body is relaxed, as if you are dead now, as if the body is no more, as if the body has disappeared. .

Relax your breathing also. Your breathing is relaxing. .feel that your breathing is relaxing. .your breathing has totally relaxed. . Let go.. let the body go; let the breathing go too. Your breathing has relaxed.

Your thoughts are also becoming silent. .thoughts are becoming silent. . Feel your thoughts becoming totally silent. .feel inside, thoughts are calming down. The body is relaxed, the breathing is relaxed, thoughts are silent. .

Everything is silent within you. We are sinking into this silence; we are sinking, we are falling deeper and deeper as one falls into a well, keeps on falling deeper and deeper.. just like this, we are falling deeper and deeper into emptiness, into *shunya.*

Let go, let go your hold completely. . Keep drowning in emptiness, keep drowning...

Inside, only consciousness will remain, burning like a flame, watching, just a witness.

Just remain a witness. Keep watching inside.. . Outside everything is dead; the body has become totally inert. Breathing has slowed down, thoughts have slowed down; inside, we are falling into silence. Keep watching, keep watching, watching continuously--a much deeper silence, a much more profound silence will grow. In that watching state, 'I' will also disappear--only a shining light, a burning flame will remain.

Now I will be still for ten minutes, and you keep on disappearing within, deeper and deeper. Give up your hold, let go. Just keep watching. For ten minutes, just be an onlooker, be a witness.

Everything is silent. . Look within, keep looking within. . Inside, let there be just watching. The mind is becoming more and more silent. . At a distance

you will see your body lying--as if it is someone else's body. You will move away from the body, as if you have left the body. It seems someone else is breathing.. .

Go even further within, go deeper inside.. . Keep watching, keep looking inside, and the mind will totally sink into nothingness. Go deeper, go deeper down within.. keep watching. .the mind has become totally silent.

The body is left behind, the body is as if dead. We have moved away from the body.

Let go, let go totally; do not hold back at all, as if you are dead inside. The mind is becoming even more silent...the body is lying far away; we have moved far away from the body. . The mind has become totally silent....

Look inside. The 'I' has disappeared totally, only consciousness is left, only knowing is left. Everything else has disappeared. .

Slowly, take a few deep breaths. The mind is now totally silent. Watch each and every breath, and you will feel the mind becoming even more silent. Your breathing will also seem separate from you, far away from you. Breathe softly and slowly.

Watch how far away the breath is.. watch how distant it is from you.

Slowly, take a few deep breaths. Then open your eyes slowly. There is no need to hurry to get up. If you are unable to open your eyes, there is no need to hurry. Open your eyes slowly and softly, and then look outside for a moment. .

Our evening meditation is now over. *now03*

In each meditation camp there used to be four discourses and four question-and-answer sessions. This time it has happened that you have turned all the meetings into question-and-answer sessions. *now07*

Osho's controversial discourse series:

Beware of Socialism

In April 1970, Osho gives a series of very controversial discourses, which upset many Gandhians and Communists. These are published under the title: Beware of Socialism. Communists are attracted to Osho towards the end of this period of travelling and when Osho settles in Bombay.

When I criticized Gandhi, all the communists and socialists started coming closer to me; they thought that I must be a communist. Who else is going to criticize Gandhi?

The president of the communist party told me, "We can be immensely helped by you because we don't have any person of your charisma who can influence the masses."

But I said, "Wait. I did not speak against Gandhism because I am a communist--now you have created another trouble, I will have to speak against communism."

And again the same advice: "No, Osho, you have to be very discriminating. These people can be of immense help to you. The communist party is the most organized party in the country and if they are behind you, your work. . "

I said, "Forget all about work. First let me finish the communists because they have come under a misunderstanding and I don't want anybody to be with me under any misunderstanding." And I had to criticize communism just because of their desire.

And this has been happening politically, socially, religiously. . *last601*

So when the communists saw that the Gandhians were angry with me, they thought it was an opportunity*. If I can be their representative, it will be an immense help for them to gain power in India, because they have heard that I don't believe in any religions; they have heard there is no God, no heaven, no hell. They felt, "This seems to be perfectly agreeing with us."

In fact, my emphasis was far deeper than their own philosophy. So when I said that there are no religions, but there is something higher than religion and that is religiousness; there is no God as a person, but as a presence,

and the whole universe is full of godliness.. I walked on their fingers! Immediately all communists disappeared from my audience. But a few courageous souls have remained, and have become accustomed to my stepping on their fingers. And they have learned one secret:

With me it is not ideas that matter.

With me it is your transformation that matters.

And your transformation is possible only if your mind slowly, slowly becomes calm and quiet. *pilgr16*

A friend wants to know if I am paid by the capitalists for supporting them.

No payment so far, but if there is a suggestion please bring it to me. It is strange, the whole pattern of our thinking is such. When I speak in favor of socialism I receive letters saying that I am Mao's agent and paid by China. And when I criticize socialism they say I am in the pay of America and I am an agent of American capital.

Is it a crime to think? Do only agents think, and no one else? I wonder if the questioner himself is connected with some agency. If not why this question?

We cannot imagine that one can think independently. We say one must be an agent.

This means that man does not have a soul of his own and he cannot think on his own. *social02*

The first thing to understand is that socialism today stands as an enemy, in opposition to capitalism. But whatever socialism may be, it is the child of capitalism.

Capitalism arose out of the system of feudalism. And if capitalism is allowed to develop fully, it will lead to socialism. And socialism, allowed to run its full course, will turn into communism. And in the same way communism can lead to anarchism.

But the basic condition is that these systems should be allowed to evolve fully, completely. But a child can be forced prematurely out of its mother's womb, and the mother may feel tempted to have a child sooner than later. An impatient mother may want to have the child in five months, instead of nine; she will escape four months of labor and see her child earlier. But such a child will be a dead child, not a living one. And even if the child survives, it will be worse than dead. .

Remember, if capitalism is developed properly, socialism will be its natural outcome--in a pregnancy of nine months the child comes out of its mother's womb naturally and silently. So, talk of socialism when capitalism has not yet grown to its full height, is suicidal.

I am myself a socialist, so it will surprise you when I ask you to beware of socialism.

I also want the child of socialism to come to India, but on one condition--that it completes its full nine months in the mother's womb. This country has not achieved capitalism as yet. So talk of socialism here at this moment is as dangerous.. as dangerous as it proved in Russia, and is going to be proved in China. China is out to kill millions, and yet socialism will not come there, because nothing in life happens before its time. The law of life does not permit haste. This country has yet to develop its capitalist system.. .

What do I mean when I warn you against socialism? I ask you to let the time of pregnancy be complete. Capitalism is that time of pregnancy--let it complete nine months.. .

My understanding of the problem is this: It is only the Tatas and Birlas who can produce that enormous wealth which is needed for distribution. Distribution cannot happen otherwise.

If I warn you against socialism, it does not mean that I am the enemy of socialism. In fact, the socialists of the day are its enemies, for they do not know what they are doing. They are setting on fire the very house they live in. They will be burned, and with them the whole country will be burned.

India's poverty is very chronic. So think well before you take a step in this

direction.

Let not the capital-forming process in this country break down. In fact, it is already weakening, but we do not see it. It seems we have decided not to see anything with open eyes. The government is making a mess of everything it undertakes to do. For every one *rupee* invested in the private sector of industries, we have invested two in the public sector. But all the public undertakings are running at a loss. Yet the government says that all the industries should be nationalized. .

Many people find contradictions in what I say. But what I say is so simple, so clear. I repeat: Socialism will stem from capitalism if the latter is allowed its full growth. But capitalism should go only after it has completed its job. But today, unfortunately, the capitalist himself is gripped with fear. He cannot say with courage that capitalism has a rationale to be, to live. He also says socialism is right. And there are reasons for it.

The capitalist is afraid. He is afraid of the great crowd all around him. He is scared by the slogans and the flags and the noise raised by the power-hungry politicians.

And in panic he says. "Then socialism is right." I see even the biggest capitalist is terrified; he is trembling. He thinks he has committed a sin; he feels guilty. And it is amazing. ..

In the course of the coming four talks I am going to discuss with you the many sides of this problem. And I would like you to send me your questions. if you have any, in writing, so that I can deal with them at length.

It is a very vital question, and deserves serious consideration. Lots of rethinking is necessary on every side of the problem. The effort is worth it. It is not necessarily so that what I say is right; it may be wrong. So I invite you just to think, and objectively.

I don't expect more. If so many of us here think together and have a perspective of socialism, it will help the whole country." *social01*

I am against communism, because if a person is deprived of his private

possessions, something of his individuality dies. His private possessions are a kind of safety around him, that keep him alive as an individual. *false06*

I have met Stalin's daughter, Svetlana. After Stalin's death she came to India. Just by chance I happened to be in Delhi, and the woman I was staying with. .she is a rare woman. I will not tell you her name because what I am going to say refers to people who are still alive, and particularly to a person for whom I have tremendous respect.

This woman is now nearabout seventy-five. I have never come across a woman that old and yet so beautiful...

She invited me, saying, "If you pass through Delhi, stay with me this time."

I was staying with her and she told me, "Svetlana is here. Would you like to see her?"

I said, "That's very good. I wanted to meet Stalin, but no harm; some part of Stalin...at least royal blood!"

When I asked her, "How was he behaving with your mother?" she just started weeping.

She said, "He was a monster. He used to beat my mother. He used to beat me for any small thing and we could not say a single word against him, because he would do the same to us as he would have done to anybody else--he would kill us. We were treated just like servants."

Even Stalin's wife could not enter his room without knocking and asking permission.

She had to make an appointment--and they lived just in the same house. Stalin was very much in favor of what he called women's liberation. And people thought it was not women's liberation; it was just making all women prostitutes. Everybody was against it. The whole of the communist party's high-ranking people were against it; not a single person was in favor. That's why the policy was dropped.

Otherwise everything that was private became public--and by public it simply meant it became state-owned. Your house, your horse, your hands, your land--

everything became state-owned.

Hence, in Russia it is not communism.

I call it state capitalism.

The state became the only monopoly--capitalist. In America there are many capitalists; in Russia there is only one capitalist. And certainly to have many is better. *ignor27*

Only when people become enlightened, when there is nothing but a pure consciousness, is communism possible; otherwise that day is just a utopia.

The word ùtopia' is very beautiful. It means `that which never comes'. Only in enlightenment is there a possibility of equality, and to the enlightened person all beings--they may not be enlightened now--are going to be enlightened someday. So intrinsically, every being--every living being, the trees are included--wherever there is life in any form, they are all on the way, moving, evolving, going higher. And the goal is the same: to become awakened, to become absolute purity, consciousness, blissfulness, ecstasy.. .

I am a communist as far as man's intrinsic potential is concerned, and I am not a communist as far as man's actuality is concerned. He should be given every support, every opportunity to grow in his own way. A forced equality is destructive, destructive of all that is valuable. There should be big trees, tall trees reaching to the stars, and there should be small bushes; they both enrich existence. There should be lotuses and there should be roses and there should be marigolds. The variety, the difference, the inequality makes life richer, makes life more livable, lovable.. .

Inequality in humanity is a psychological truth.

Equality is a spiritual truth.

One should not get mixed up. *tahui14*

When I said, twenty years ago, that men are not equal, the Communist party of India passed a resolution against me, condemning me. And the president of the Communist party of India, S.A. Dange, declared that soon his son-in-law, who is a professor, is going to write a book to confute my idea that men are not equal. He has written a book against me; although there is no argument except anger, abuse and lies--but not a single argument to prove that men are equal. *zara203*

He has written a thesis against me because I am confusing people's minds. It is difficult to figure out whether I am atheist or theist, whether I am a religious man or an anti-religious man. Through the whole of his thesis he tries to figure who I am--

and finds that it is impossible, and that I am simply a confuser.

Amrit Dange, the president of the Indian communist party and one of the oldest communists in the world, was part of the international communist party at the time

of the Russian revolution, he was one of the members along with Lenin and Trotsky.

Just by chance we were in the same compartment, traveling.

He said to me, "Have you seen?--my son-in-law has written a book about you. For three years he has been studying you. You have created so much literature that it is going to be impossible to do research on you. He was going mad, day and night. And you seem to be impossible: it is not only that you contradict yourself one time, you contradict again, and you contradict again. Finally it became impossible to find what you mean, because.. . And that's the conclusion that he reached."

I said, "You throw the book out of the train. He is a fool, tell him. Why did he waste three years? Life is so short and you are a communist: *Rinam kritva ghritam pivet--*

borrow ghee, drink ghee. Why waste time with a madman like me?"--and I

took the book from his hand and threw it out of the window.

He said, "This is too much!"

I said, "You can pull the emergency cord. What purpose has the red cord always hanging there? Pull the cord." But by that time we were miles away from the book, and it was midnight.

Amrit Dange said, "There is no point in pulling the cord--and even if I pull the cord, we have come miles, and it is midnight--where are we going to find the book? And there is no need to be worried: my son-in-law has all the books. They are not being sold because people say that either. . " There was a clear-cut division in India--either somebody was for me, or somebody was against me. Those who were for me were reading my books; they wouldn't waste their time with his thesis. And those who were against me did not want even to hear my name--what to say about the book.

So he said, "We have all the books. Perhaps you are right; he is a fool. Three years he has wasted, and he has published it with his own money. No publisher was ready to publish it, 'Because,' they said, 'the country is clearly divided; there are no neutral people available, so who is going to purchase the book?' He published it with his own money and now he is sitting on the whole lot."

I said, "You can go on distributing this way, the way you distributed it to me.

Distribute it. Let people read it even if they cannot get any substance out of it--

because *he* has not been able in three years to find out what I mean. Nobody is going to find out, because I am not stating logical, philosophical maxims. I am a whole presence.". .

Authentic religion will not be theistic or atheistic.

Authentic religion will not be materialistic or spiritualistic.

Authentic religion will be wholistic. It will not divide life into compartments, it will destroy all the compartments of sinners and saints, heaven and hell.

person22

I have asked many communists, very old communists.. .

I asked Dange, "Have you ever meditated?"

He said, "Meditated--for what? Why should I meditate?"

I said, "If you have never meditated, then you don't have the authority to say that there is no soul, no God, no consciousness. Without going inside yourself, how can you say that there is nobody? And see the absurdity of it: *who* is saying that there is nobody? Even to deny you will have to accept that there is somebody. Even to say that there is nobody, somebody has to be assumed." *dless24*

One of my friends, Rahul Sankritayana, a scholar of Sanskrit, Pali and Prakrit, was a Buddhist monk. But he also became interested in communism because of the simple similarity that Buddha has no God and Marx also has no God. So he started becoming interested in Marxism, and finally he became a communist. And the Soviet Union asked him to go to Moscow University to teach Sanskrit there. So he went to Moscow.

Out of India, in Moscow, things were different. Here it would have been impossible for him to remain a Buddhist monk and yet fall in love. In the Soviet Union there was no difficulty. He fell in love with a beautiful woman, Lola--she was also a professor in the same university, and she had two children.

But the Soviet government did not allow him to take the wife or children out of the Soviet Union. He could live there, but he wanted to come back to his own country.

And he was also afraid. In a way the government was fulfilling his innermost desire--

how could he go to India with a wife and two children? He would be condemned by everybody, particularly the Buddhists: "You are a monk!" So he was happy in a way, that the government itself did not allow it, so there was no question.

He came back. He told me, "When I first went to the Soviet Union, I asked a small boy, `Do you believe in God?' He said, `God? People used to believe in that in the dark ages. If you want to see the statue of God, you can go into the museum.'"

But this is also programming. It is not that these small boys know there is no God, or that even Karl Marx knew there was no God. Only a man of immense meditation can know whether God is or is not.

So you are programmed, and so deeply ingrained is the program that you think it is your nature. Your fictions, your hopes, your future.. nothing is natural.

Nature knows nothing except this moment. Nature knows nothing about hopes and desires and wants. Nature simply enjoys whatever is available this moment, now and here. *celebr05*

Rahul Sankritayana told me, "The first thing that was shocking to the Russians was my hands."

I said, "Your hands?"

He said, "Yes. Whenever I shook hands with them, they immediately shrank back.

They said, 'You must be a bourgeois. Your hands don't show that you have ever worked.'"

I told the Buddhist monk, "You touch my hand. Then you will know that you are a proletarian and I am a bourgeois! That will give you great consolation." *last129*

I had one communist friend--he was really a great intellectual. He had written many, nearabout a hundred, books, all on the communist theme but in a very indirect way: they were novels. But through the novel he was preaching the communist theme, so indirectly that you would be influenced by the novel. The novels that he has written are first rate--he was a first-rate creative writer--but the result ultimately will be that he will be pulling you

towards communism.

His name was Yashpal. I told him, "Yashpal, you are against all religions"--and communism is against all religions, it is an atheist philosophy. "But the way you behave and other communists behave simply proves that communism is another religion."

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "I simply mean that you are as fanatic as any Mohammedan, as any Christian.

You have your trinity: Marx, Engels, Lenin. You have your Mecca--Moscow; you have your kaaba--the Kremlin; you have your holy book-- *Das Kapital.* And although *Das Kapital* is now a hundred years old you are not ready to change a single word in it.

In a hundred years economics has changed totally-- *Das Kapital* is absolutely out of date."

He was ready to fight. I said, "It is not a question of fight. Even if you kill me that will not prove that you were right. That will simply prove that I was right and you could not tolerate my existence. You give me arguments."

Communism has no argument.

I said to him, "Your whole philosophy is based on the idea that the whole of humanity is equal. This is psychologically wrong. The whole of psychological science says that each individual is unique. How can unique individuals be equal?"

But communism is fanatic. He stopped speaking with me, he stopped writing letters to me. I used to pass through his city, Lucknow. He always used to come to the station to see me--he stopped coming to see me.

When many of my letters were not answered I wrote a letter to his wife. She was a very loving woman. She wrote to me saying, "You can understand--there is no need for me to tell you that he *is* a fanatic. And you touched his weakest point. Even I keep myself alert not to say anything against

communism. I can do anything, I can say anything against him, but I should not say anything against communism because he cannot conceive that anybody can be against communism."

He told me once, "We *are* going to take over the whole world."

I said, "Your project is a very small one, this earth is very small. Why don't you join in my project?"

He said, "What is your project?"

I said, "My project is very simple. I am a man of very simple taste and very easily satisfied. I am just going to take over the universe. Why bother about a small earth which will be included in the universe? No need to be worried about it." But communism believes it is going to take over the whole earth, and almost half of the earth they have already taken.

Their fanatic attitude will create the reaction in America to become fanatically Christian. That seems to be the only alternative for Americans, but they don't know... You can survive communism, but you cannot survive fanatic Christianity.

Just trying to save yourself from one danger your are falling into a greater danger.

I can show you the way to survive communism--not only for you to survive communism, but for you to help the whole world to get rid of communism. it is very simple: just make people more rich. Let poverty disappear, and there will be no communism left. *dark29*

Osho's New Dynamic Meditation Technique

In April 1970 Osho introduces a revolutionary cathartic meditation technique, which he calls Dynamic Meditation. In May at Nargol Meditation Camp, Osho leads

experiments in this new meditation to awaken kundalini energy. This becomes a source of controversy. Osho continues fine-tuning this technique until 1973 (see p.).

Dynamic Meditation becomes his world-famous meditation technique.

There are two ways: either relax directly as Tao implies, or relax indirectly as the Upanishads say. Create the tension to its ultimate, and then there will be relaxation.

And I think the Upanishads are more helpful, because we are tense and we understand the meaning, the language, the ways of tension. Tell someone suddenly to relax and he cannot. .

I was working for ten years continuously with Taoist methods, so I was continuously teaching direct relaxation. It was simple for me so I thought it would be simple for everyone. Then, by and by, I became aware that it is impossible. I was in a fallacy: it was not possible. I would say, "Relax!" to those I was teaching. They would appear to understand the meaning of the word, but they could not relax. Then I had to devise new methods for meditation which create tension first--more tension. They create such tension that you become just mad. And *then* I say, "Relax."

When you have come up to the climax, your whole body, your whole mind, becomes hungry for relaxation. With so much tension, you want to stop, and I go on pushing you to continue, continue to the very end. Do whatsoever you can do to create tensions, and then, when you stop you just fall down from the peak into a deep abyss. The abyss is the end, the effortlessness is the end, but the Upanishads use tension as the means. *ultas107*

Osho leads the new meditation technique:

Please sit or stand apart. Keep a little distance from one an other so that those of you who want to lie down may do so comfortably. No one will talk, there will be no chit chatting at all.

You will sit quietly and no one will sit close to another. There is plenty of space here, so don't be miserly. It would unnecessarily spoil everything if someone falls on you in the midst of meditation. Keep apart. Sit or lie down.. Take your position as is convenient for you... Close your eyes.. And do as I ask you to do.

First Stage: Ten minutes deep breathing

Close your eyes and begin breathing deeply. Inhale as much as you can, and exhale as much as you can. Put all your energy into inhaling and exhaling deeply, breathing in and breathing out. Breathe in deeply and breathe out deeply. Become breathing itself. And exert yourself fully. The deeper the breathing in and out, the greater the possibility for the latent energy to awaken. Breathe in a deep breath and breathe out a deep breath. Breathe in and breathe out.. Take a deep breath in and take a deep breath out and continue the process for a full ten minutes. You become a breathing machine, and nothing more. You are only breathing in and breathing out for ten minutes. Then I will give you the second *sutra,* the second stage. It will form the second stage of today's meditation. So for the first ten minutes work hard with deep breathing. .

Take a deep breath in and throw it out deeply. .Exert yourselves fully. Just become a breathing machine, a bellows that pulls the air in and throws it out vigorously and continuously. .Let every fiber of your body vibrate with breathing. Breathe in deeply and breathe out deeply. Deeply and very deeply. Be come a breathing instrument.

Concentrate all of your attention and all of your energy on breathing and on

breathing alone. Take deep breath in and take deep breath out. And watch that now a deep breath is coming in and now a deep breath is going out. Breathe and also observe that you are breathing and breathing deeply. Remain a witness. Keep witnessing that breath is going in and going out. Bring all your attention to deep breathing; bring all your energy to deep breathing. Now I am going to be silent for ten minutes. In the meantime you continue taking deep breaths in and throwing deep breaths out. And watch from inside that breaths are going in and going out regularly and constantly and vigorously. .

Second Stage: Ten minutes' catharsis

In this stage you have to let go of your body completely. Breathe in and breathe out deeply and leave the body free. Let it cry if it feels like crying. If tears well up let them well up. Let your eyes shed tears.. If your hands and

feet tremble, let them do so. If the body shakes and moves and whirls, let it do so freely. If it stands up and begins to dance, leave it free to stand up and dance. Take deep breaths and let go of your body. Whatever happens to the body let it happen; don't come in its way.. Deep breathing, deep breathing, deep breathing. For ten minutes continue deep breathing and relax the body. If the body takes certain postures and gestures-- *asanas* and *mudras*-- allow it to take them. If it rolls on the ground, allow it to do so. Leave the body free and just remain a witness, a watcher. Don't hinder the body in any way..

Continue deep breathing; bring your full energy to breathing, and leave the body to itself. Whatsoever happens to the body, let it. Don't hesitate; don't shirk, and don't shrink at all. Don't resist the body in any way. And don't think of others. And let go of the body. Many things will happen when the energy will awaken and ascend.

Tears will well up and fill your eyes, the body will shake, the limbs will move and *mudras* will be formed. The body may even rise up. Let everything happen. You are alone here; there is nobody but you. Let go. Breathe deeply, breathe deeply, breathe deeply. Work hard for one to two minutes, before we enter the third stage. Bring it to its climax before we enter the third stage.. .

Third Stage: Ask: "Who am I?"

Deep breathing will continue. Bodily movement will continue, and to them add the third *sutra.* Ask within yourselves: "Who am I? Who am I? Who am I?" Ask inside you, "Who am I?" Let your every breath be filled with this one question, "Who am I?

Who am I?" Let breathing, deep and fast breathing continue, and ask inside you,

"Who am I?" Let the body continue to move and sway and ask from within "Who am I?"

Keep asking this question without any interruption, let no gaps occur in between.

And pour all your energy into asking: "Who am I?" For ten minutes squeeze all your strength into asking it: "Who am I? Who am I? Who am I? Who am I? Who am I? Who am I?" Madly ask the question, "Who am I? Who am I? Who am I? Who am I? Who am I?" Ask it with all your being, let the question reverberate through your whole being, "Who am I?" Continue deep breathing, and let go of the body. Whatever happens to it, allow it. And ask, "Who am I? Who am I?" Exert your utmost for ten minutes; and then we will rest. So apply your full strength..."Who am I? Who am I?

Who am I?..

Use your total energy, don't spare yourselves, don't withhold yourselves in the least.

Exert yourselves totally. Breathe deeply, breathe deeply, breathe deeply, breathe deeply, breathe deeply, breathe deeply.

And now drop all efforts and enter the fourth stage, the stage of relaxation and rest.

Fourth Stage: 10 minutes' total rest

Now no questions and no deep breathing. Drop everything, abandon every effort.

For these ten minutes keep lying as if you are dead, as if you are not. Give up everything. For these ten minutes drop all efforts and lie in waiting for him. Cease to do anything; neither ask "Who am I?" nor breathe deeply. Just keep lying--relaxed, restful. Listen to the roar of the sea. Listen to the wind passing through the pines. If a bird calls, listen to its sound. For ten minutes feel as if you are dead, as if you don't exist.

And now open your eyes slowly, slowly. If your eyes don't open, then cover them with your palms. Those who have fallen down and who find it difficult to get up should first take deep but slow breaths and then rise up. Don't be in a hurry, don't rise abruptly. Get up slowly, very slowly. And if someone cannot rise even after breathing, then he should stay lying a little longer and breathe deeply but slowly.

Then he should first sit up and then rise very slowly. Open your eyes.. One who cannot get up should further breathe deeply but slowly, and then rise very gently. *mirac103*

Another friend has asked: *You have talked of four stages of meditation. Would you please explain them fully?*

Firstly, you should know that the first three of them are merely steps to meditation, not meditation itself. The fourth one is meditation. The fourth is the door, while the other three are doorsteps. Steps don't make for the door, they only lead to the door.

The fourth stage is the door to meditation which is relaxation and rest, emptiness and void, surrender and cessation, dissolution and death, or whatsoever you call it.

That is the door, and the first three steps take us to it.

And the fundamental principle behind the first three stages is one. If one is to relax, he will have to pass through a state of absolute tension; it is then that passage to relaxation becomes easy enough. If a man works throughout the daytime, he can sleep well in the night. The harder one works the deeper he sleeps. One can argue that since sleep is the opposite of work, how can he sleep who works hard? He should not be able to sleep, because labor and rest are so opposed to each other.

Logically sleep should be available to one who rests the whole day in bed. But the truth is that he will not be able to sleep at night if he rests in the daytime.

That is why, as man's life is becoming increasingly comfortable, his sleep has been disappearing from the world in the same measure. The more comforts and leisure we have, the less sleep we will have. And the irony is that we go on adding to our comforts in the hope that they will help us sleep undisturbed. But the contrary is the case. With the growth of civilization and leisure sleep will disappear, because hard work is a prerequisite of sleep. As one works so he sleeps. Similarly as one's tension mounts and reaches its climax he easily slips into deep relaxation.

The first three steps seem to be completely contradictory to the fourth, which is meditation. One may ask, how can anyone relax after exerting so hard, after passing through peaks of tension and turmoil touching on madness? I say, only then he can

relax. The truth is that relaxation follows tension as night follows day, as the valley follows the peak. The higher the peak the deeper the valley. The higher the hill you fall from, the deeper the canyon you enter. Don't forget that every mountain has its valley. In fact there cannot be a mountain without a valley. As the mountain grows up it creates deep valleys all around it. That is how when your tension grows, side by side you are gathering energy to relax and rest. The higher the summit of tension the deeper the valley of rest. That is the reason I ask you to bring all your energy into it, to exert your best, to stake your all and not to withhold yourself even a little bit. That is how you will reach the height of tension and then descend into the bottomless pit of relaxation and rest. And it is in that moment of absolute rest that meditation happens.

The basic thing is that you should reach the peak of tension and then drop tension altogether. *mirac106*

You ask: *In your earlier teaching of meditation you always asked us to be relaxed, still, silent and aware. And now in the course of intense breathing and asking 'Who am I?"*

you exhort us to bring all our efforts into it. So which of the two techniques would be good?

There is no question of good and bad here. I understand your point; it is not a question of good and bad. You have only to find out which of the techniques gives you more peace and adds to the momentum of your meditation. It cannot be the same for everybody; they will experience it differently. There are people who attain to relaxation only after they have run themselves into the ground. And there are others who can go into relaxation instantly; but they are few and far between. It is rather difficult to move straight into silence; only a handful of people can do so. For the majority of people it is necessary to go through a lot of exertion and tension before they can relax. But the purpose in both cases is the same--the final

objective is the same. It is relaxation. *mirac109*

All of us have suppressed much. We have not allowed ourselves to cry and laugh; we have not allowed ourselves to run and play and dance either. We have suppressed everything. We have closed all our doors from inside, and we have become our own prisoners and guards. We will have to open all our doors and windows if we want to go out and meet God. But then fear will assail us, because all that we have suppressed will surface. If you have suppressed tears they will surface, and if you have suppressed laughter, it will come up. Let them come out, and let them be washed away.

We are here, in this solitary place, so that fear of people will not affect us. And these pine trees will not be offended, they will not say a thing. Rather they will be pleased with you. And the waves of the ocean too will not take any offense. They are not afraid of anything. They roar when they feel like roaring and they go to sleep when they want to sleep. And so also these sands here will have no objection whatsoever.

Let go of yourselves completely and let whatsoever happens inside you happen.

Don't resist. Dance if you feel like dancing, and shout if you feel like shouting. If you feel like running, then run. And even fall down if you feel like falling. Let go of yourself in every way. And if you do so you will suddenly find that some energy inside you has begun ascending in a spiral form, some force has begun to wake up.

And you will also find that all the closed doors have begun to give way. Do not let

any fears assail you in that moment. Be totally one with that inner movement, with the dance of that circular energy; lose yourself into them completely. Then the thing may happen. *mirac102*

My understanding is that sooner or later, this meditation that I am giving you is going to be a therapy of great significance, and it will unavoidably become a way of treating the mentally ill and restoring them to health. And if it be possible that every child in the school goes through this meditation,

he will be saved from insanity for the whole of his life. He will never be mad; he will be immune from this disease, because then he will be his own master, master of his body mind. *mirac111*

In the same way the body has its own ways in different states of meditation.

Try to understand it in this way. If you disturb a particular position of the body, the corresponding state of the mind will soon be disturbed accordingly. Or if somebody asks you to be angry without the fists clenching, without the teeth gnashing and eyes reddening, can you be angry? You simply cannot be angry. How can you express anger without the cooperation of its corresponding bodily organs? You cannot be angry if you are asked to do so without letting it affect your body in any way. Similarly, if someone asks you to love without letting your eyes be filled with love's elixir, without letting its waves pass through your hands, without your heartbeat quickening, without your breath being any different--in short, without your body expressing your love in any manner, you will say, "Excuse me, it is very difficult; I simply can not do it."

So if during meditation your body begins to turn and twist in a particular way and if you try to prevent it, you will damage the inner state of meditation and then it cannot make any headway.

All the yogic *asanas,* bodily postures, have been made available to men through different states of meditation. In the same way the yogic *mudras,* or what we call gestures, were developed through meditation. You must have come across many kinds of Buddha statues wearing different yogic mudras. These mudras also came into being through some particular state of the mind. And subsequently a whole science of mudras was developed. Now it can be said from your exterior, from your bodily mudras--provided you are not acting and you are allowing yourself to be taken over by meditation. It is happening to you internally.

Therefore please see that you don't come in their way or try to stop them.

My understanding is that dance, in the beginning, was born out of meditation. And I think all that is significant in life has had its origin in meditation. Meera* did not have to go anywhere to learn dancing. People

are mistaken if they think that Meera found God through dancing. Meera burst into dancing when she found God. The fact is otherwise: no one finds God through dancing, but one can dance if he finds God.

What can a drop do but dance when a whole ocean enters into it? What can a beggar do but dance when he suddenly comes upon a treasure of infinite wealth?

But man has been so much crushed and crippled by civilization that he cannot dance. My understanding is that if we have to make the world once again religious, it would be necessary to regain the natural state of man's life--his spontaneity, his ease.

So when meditative energy rises and your whole being begins to dance, don't obstruct your body, don't suppress your bodily movements. Otherwise all progress

will be arrested, and that which was going to happen will not happen. And we are a fear stricken people. We say, "If I begin to dance what will my wife say who is here?

What will my son say who is sitting next to me?" We say, "If I dance what will my husband think of me? He will say that I have gone mad." If this fear is there, no progress in the inner journey is possible.

Apart from bodily postures and gestures--asanas and mudras--many other things happen. *mirac102*

*Note: Meera, enlightened devotee of the god Krishna, noted for her dancing and singing

The experience of the awakening of the kundalini*, the primordial energy, is a new experience greater than the child's, because while the childbirth happens only at the level of the body, the awakening of the kundalini happens at the level of the soul. It is therefore, a totally new birth. It is for this reason that we call him a *brahmin* who goes through this experience. Brahmin is he who is twice born. He is also called *dwij*-- one who is twice born. **Note: After Nargol Meditation Camp, Osho answered many esoteric*

questions about kundalini, chakras, psychic experiences, the occult, etc.

It is not possible to give many excerpts because they need to be read in full, see: In Search of the Miraculous, The Psychology of the Esoteric, Hidden Mysteries *mirac101*

And it is at the junction of the soul and the body, at their meeting point, where the energy known as kundalini resides. Kundalini, or whatever name you give it, is the same energy, and it resides at the junction of the body and soul.

Therefore this energy has two forms. When this energy flows towards the body, it becomes sex; and when it flows towards the soul, it becomes kundalini or whatsoever you call it. And this energy is descendent while moving to the body and it is ascendent while moving to the soul. So while kundalini is an ascending energy, sex is a descending one. But the seat of kundalini, the place of its location, is hammered and moved by breathing, deep and fast breathing. You will be surprised to know that you cannot keep your breath tranquil while making love. Love-making brings about an immediate change in the movement of the breath. No sooner is one excited sexually, than breathing is stepped up. Because unless breathing hits this center, sex energy cannot get moving without being hit and stimulated by breathing, sexual intercourse is impossible. The same way, *samadhi* or ecstasy is impossible unless this kundalini is hit and stimulated by breathing.

Samadhi is the apex, the highest point of the ascending energy, and the sex act is the nadir, the lowest point of the descending energy. But the breathing works equally in both directions.

Deep breathing has a profound effect on the kundalini. *Pranayama,* the science of yogic breathing, was not discovered unnecessarily. Through long experiments and investigations and through enduring experiences it was known that a great deal can be accomplished with the help of breathing and its hammering on the kundalini.

Really a lot can be done through deep and fast breathing. And the more intense and strong the hammering, the swifter the movement of energy.

And so far as we ordinary people are concerned, whose kundalini has been asleep for countless lives, the need for intense and hard hammering, hammering with all our strength is much greater.

Breathing hits the kundalini, the basic center of energy. And as your experience will deepen you will clearly see even with closed eyes the exact spot where it is hit by breathing. So it often happens that with the hammering through deep breathing one gets aroused sexually. It so happens because your body is acquainted only with this experience, the experience of sex being aroused through deep breathing. So as a matter of habit the body begins to move in the familiar direction of sex whenever you breathe deep and fast. And that is the reason why many seekers--both men and women--have the feeling that deep breathing stimulates their sex center immediately.

Quite a number of people had similar experiences in the presence of Gurdjieff, and it was just natural. Many women thought that as soon as they went up to him, their sex centers were hit and stimulated. This was only natural. But because of it Gurdjieff was much misunderstood and maligned; although he was not at all at fault. The blame should not lie at his door. The fact is that the vibes around a person whose kundalini is awakened, are such that they begin to affect your kundalini as soon as you go near him. And since your own kundalini is asleep near your sex center, the vibes of the awakened one hit you at your sex center. That is how it happens at the first contact.

Deep and fast breathing is bound to have a profound effect on the kundalini. And all the centers, which you call *chakras,* are nothing but halting places for the kundalini on its journey's way. These are the centers through which the kundalini passes.

Ordinarily there are any number of such centers, and there are different estimates of them. But broadly speaking there are seven important centers where the kundalini, while moving up and down, is likely to halt and rest for awhile. And it will have its effect when it comes in contact with them.

And its first effects will be felt on the center which is your most active center as such. For instance, if a person constantly works with his brain, then with

deep breathing his head will become very heavy. It will be so because his brain center happens to be his most active center. The first impact of breathing will be felt on his head, his active center, and it will become heavy. And if a person is sexual, his sex center will be stimulated in the first instant. Similarly a loving man will find his love stimulated, enhanced and flowing. And if one is emotional, his emotions will be heightened.

So the most active center will be hit and stimulated first by deep and fast breathing.

But very soon it will begin to affect other centers too. And accordingly a change, a transformation of the personality begins simultaneously. You will begin to know that you are changing; you are not the same person that you were up to now.

We don't know that there are very many possibilities within each one of us. We are familiar with only that center of ours which is active and dominant and where we exist. So when another center opens up it seems that our old personality is gone and a new man has appeared in its place. Or it seems we are now not the same as we were before. It is like this: I am aware of only one room in a house where I live, and I carry the imprint of this room in my mind. And suddenly one day a door opens and another room appears before me. Then my whole mental map of the house will undergo a change. Now the house that I had thought to be mine will be a very different house, and I will need to arrange it anew.

So as the various centers will be hit and activated, new dimensions of your life will begin to unfold and manifest themselves. And when all the centers will be active together--that is, when energy will flow through them all uniformly--then for the first time we will live a whole life; we will live totally.

Ordinarily no one lives wholly, totally; we all live fragmentary lives. All our upper centers remain untouched. So deep breathing is going to hammer and activate them all.

And the question "Who am I?" does the same thing; but it hammers the centers from another direction. So try to understand it, as you now understand the functions of deep and fast breathing. How does the chant of

"Who am I?" work on the kundalini?..

"Who am I?" is a very fundamental question and a very existential question at that.

"Who am I?" is a question which involves the totality of our existence in all its depth and heights. This question will take me where I was before I was ever born, behind all my past lives. This question can take me where I was in the primeval beginning.

The profoundness of this question is infinite. And so is its journey equally profound.

Therefore, this question will immediately strike the basic center, the deepest one--

the kundalini.

Deep breathing strikes the center physiologically, and the question "Who am I?"

does the same job mentally, psychologically. This question hammers the kundalini with mind energy and deep breathing hammers it with body energy. And if both the hammer strokes are strong enough.. Ordinarily there are only two ways of hammering the center--one through breathing and the other through asking "Who am I?" There are other ways as well, but they are a little complicated.

Another person can also be helpful in this matter. If you do it in my presence the effect will be quicker and greater, because then there will be hammering from a third direction of which you have no idea. That is the astral direction whose hammering is subtler than the physical and mental ones. When you breathe intensely it hammers the center physically. When you ask "Who am I?" it does the same thing mentally. And when you do it in the presence of an other through whom your astral body is hammered, then a third journey begins. So if fifty people meditate here together, it will be much more intensive than if only one person meditated. Because of the longings of fifty persons combined with the vibrations of their intense

breathing, an astral atmosphere will pervade this room, and a new kind of electrical light waves will begin to circulate all around, which will hit you from another direction.. .

With the hammer-strokes of these two things--deep breathing and "Who am I?"--the kundalini will awaken. And with its awakening extraordinary experiences will begin to happen; because all the experiences of all your past lives are associated with the kundalini--in a way they are deposited there. Your experiences of infinite lives, including your lives as a tree, as a fish, as a bird, the experiences that you went through in the entire course of your evolution are lying strewn on your journey's path. And this serpentine power known as kundalini has absorbed them all.

Therefore many kinds of things can happen and you can identify yourself with these experiences. Any kinds of things, unthinkable things, can happen. You have no idea of the many subtle experiences with which the kundalini is associated. .

And after we have entered the path of the kundalini, after we have joined its pilgrimage, our story as the story of an individual comes to an end, and the story of consciousness, the whole consciousness begins. Aurobindo used to speak in these terms, and it is difficult, the thing could not be very clear. Then it is not the story of an individual, it is the story of consciousness itself...

So a vast world of subtle feelings and experiences is linked with the kundalini. All of it will become alive and awake and confront you from every direction. That is why, in such a situation, one often looks like a madman. Because when we are quietly sitting, he suddenly breaks into laughter for he comes to see something that we don't see. And he might suddenly begin to scream at a time when we are all laughing, because something may have happened to him which will not happen to the rest of us.

So ordinarily there are only two ways of hammering the kundalini.

And the third way is an extraordinary way: the way of *shaktipat,* or transmission of energy. This is an astral way, and it needs a medium, a vehicle. You can achieve intensity in meditation only if another person helps

you. The other person does not have to do anything; just his presence is enough. He becomes a vehicle, a catalytic agent.

Infinite energy permeates the world all over. It is just a question of tapping it. Now we fix an iron rod on our rooftops so that when lightning strikes the house it passes through the rod and sinks into the earth, and the house remains unharmed.

Lightning can strike the house even in the absence of the iron rod, but then it will destroy the whole house. But the iron rod is a recent discovery, and lightning has been there from time immemorial. The shaktipat of lightning has been there for long, but we thought of the rod only recently.

Man is surrounded all over by infinite energy which can be used for his spiritual growth. Infinite energy is there and all of it can be utilized for man's spiritual upliftment. To do it, however, a medium, a vehicle is needed. You can be your own medium, but initially it can be dangerous. The shaktipat, the fallout of energy, can be so powerful that you may not with stand it. It is just possible that some delicate senses of your body are jammed or they break down. Every energy has a measure, a voltage which has to be in the right proportion to your capacity to withstand it. The medium of another person serves as an instrument regulating the energy in its relation with your capacity to withstand it.

To act as a vehicle for shaktipat it is essential that divine energy has already descended on the other person. Then only can he plan and manage the *shaktipat* according to your capacity. And he is not required to do anything in this regard; his mere presence does everything that is needed. Presence is all that is needed. His presence acts as a catalytic agent; the medium himself does nothing. So if someone claims that he can do anything, he is utterly wrong. No one can do shaktipat, but someone's presence can catalyze it, cause it to happen.

Now I think that when seekers attain some depth in meditation, shaktipat will begin to happen here with full force. There is no difficulty about it; there is no difficulty at all. Nobody need do anything; it will happen on its own. You will suddenly find that quite a different kind of energy has entered you from without; it does not come from within you. Whenever you will

experience the rise of kundalini, it will seem to be

rising from within you; and whenever you will experience shaktipat, it will appear to be coming from the outside, from above. It will be so. It will be felt as clearly as one feels water falling on him from above and water rising about him from below.

The experience of kundalini is like drowning, as if you are standing in the bed of a river and the level of the water is rising from below and you are being drowned in it.

The experience of kundalini is always like this--one of getting drowned in a river.

You will feel that something from some depth is rising up and you are being engulfed in it, drowned in it. But the experience of *shaktipat* is quite different; it is like rains falling from the skies, falling from above. That is what Kabir speaks about when he says, "O monks, nectar is raining," and his monks ask where. It falls from above and makes you soaking wet.

Now if both these processes take place together, it will at once step up your progress. Then, simultaneously the rains will be falling from above and the water of the river rising from below. Then the events of rainfall and the river being in flood are taking place simultaneously, and you are being drowned, you are being destroyed from both ends. Both processes can happen together; there is no difficulty involved in it. *mirac109*

There is another way which I have left out so far. I have so far explained to you what has been done generally to awaken the kundalini; but the kundalini is not the whole of the kunda or the pool (at the source of kundalini). There is an other way which I may have to talk to you about separately. Very few persons in the world have taken this way. It is not one of awakening the kundalini, with which we are familiar, but of getting immersed in the kunda itself. It is not like awakening a small part of the energy and using it for growth; it is a matter of merging our entire consciousness in the kunda or the pool of primeval energy. In that event no new senses will be awakened; in that case no extrasensory experiences will be availed, and even the experience of the soul will be missed

completely. In that event, one will directly encounter and experience God, the supreme.. .

If someone wants the plunge directly into the *kunda,* the kundalini does not come in his way. That is why some of the spiritual paths did not talk about the kundalini; because it was not necessary. Those who taught direct merger with the *kunda* did not think it necessary to talk about the technique of kundalini awakening. But my own experience says that the direct paths could not work. They may have worked with one or two rare individuals, but that does not matter much. One flower does not make a spring. Therefore, one has to go through the longer route.. . *mirac110*

So in spiritual discipline there are a thousand things belonging to a thousand levels.

And then there are a few things that are very personal and secret and esoteric. The meditation that I am teaching you now is such that it can be talked about publicly; but there are things that I cannot discuss in large groups; I will not. I will talk about them with only a few chosen individuals who are deserving.

So although Buddha had said a lot, all of it was not recorded. The same way, not everything that I will say will be recorded. All of it cannot be reduced to writing.

Firstly I will say only that much publicly which can be recorded without any risk.

Publicly I will say only that much. And that which needs to be treated and preserved as secret teachings will never be disclosed to the public. I will transmit them to deserving individuals who will save them in their memory. .

My difficulty is that there is a gap of twenty five hundred years between Buddha and our times, and it has made a great difference; over this period man's consciousness has grown. I now think there are many things that Buddha thought should remain hidden that can now very well be made public. Twenty five centuries have made a basic difference. So I say that a great many of the things that Buddha thought to be secrets can now be

taught openly. Similarly a great many of the things that I consider to be secret can be revealed twenty-five hundred years after me, provided man's consciousness continues to evolve the way it should.

Do you follow what I am saying? Even if Buddha were to come back, he would like to reveal many things he had held back from his own times. *mirac109*

In the afternoon between three and four we will sit here in silence. I will be sitting here at the same place. You all should arrive here five minutes before three. And I will be here exactly at three. There will be no conversations, no chit chats whatsoever. Not even a word will be uttered. Everybody will sit here in complete silence. I will be sitting here silently for an hour. In the meantime if somebody feels like it he will come and sit silently near me for two minutes and then retire to his place. He will not stay here longer than two minutes so other friends may have their turn. For a whole hour just sit in waiting.

Try to spend these three days constantly in meditation. Even when you go out for a walk by the seashore or anywhere, go alone and sit there in meditation. *mirac103*

A few pieces of rock from an unknown quarter fall on the meeting ground, but Osho continues to speak in his calm and serene voice.

What is the matter? Is it rocks coming? It does not matter. Keep the rocks with you with care. Someone must have pelted them out of love.. . Those who are talking in the rear should stop at once. If they wish to stay here they should quietly sit down or else they may leave the place. No one should be here as a spectator, and even if one wants to remain here as a spectator he should observe complete silence. No one will disturb another in any way.

It seems someone has pelted rocks and he has done it more than a couple of times. If he thinks it is necessary for him to do so, he should direct them to me and to no one else. *mirac105*

A little while ago a friend met me on the road and said, "Please ask these

people here not to get so much excited, ask them to play it on a lower key, otherwise an explosive situation may be created. Two persons while meditating, went all naked."

He said it rather lovingly: that some people were upset because two persons had shed their clothes, and so I should restrain them.

Every one is naked behind his clothes and no one gets upset about it. Inside our clothes all of us are naked and no one is disturbed. But everyone is disturbed because two persons shed their clothes during meditation. It is a great irony. It would be understandable if someone had disrobed you and you got upset. But why are you upset about someone shedding his own clothes? It was okay to be upset if someone had robbed you of your clothes, although that too would be meaningless.

Jesus has said, "If someone deprives you of your coat, give him your shirt too.

Maybe, he could not take more because of his shyness." His protest was justified if someone had removed his coat. But why should he lose his head if someone takes off

his own coat? It seems that he was just waiting for an opportunity when someone took off his coat and he slackened his efforts and put all the blame on him.

It is amazing how somebody going naked should disturb your meditation, unless you are closely watching him doing so. Were you meditating or what? In fact, you should not know who sheds his clothes and what is happening around you. You have to do your meditation and remain confined to yourself. Or should you be interested in what others do? Are you a washerman or a tailor that you take so much interest in others' clothes? Your worries are baseless and meaningless.

And one who sheds his clothes.. just think of it. You will know it if you are asked to strip yourself of your clothes. Then you will know that one had some great reasons for shedding his clothes; something must have happened to him to do so. Perhaps you will not do it even if one offers you a

hundred thousand rupees in reward. And this person has shed his clothes without any such offer, and you are unnecessarily upset. Some strong reason must have arisen which prompted him to do so. We have not yet learned to see and understand life with sympathy and care.. .

It is amazing that merely discarding of clothes on the part of one should. .What can be the reason? What is the fear behind it? The fear is really terrible. We are so naked inside, we are so utterly degraded and poor in our beings, that the sight of a naked man--nakedness is closely associated with poverty and squalor--reminds us of our own inner degradation and poverty. There is no other reason than this.

And remember, nudity is one thing and nakedness quite another. Looking at Mahavira no one can say that he is naked, he looks so beautiful. And so far as we are concerned we look naked and ugly even in the best of our garments.

Did you watch carefully those persons who shed their clothes during meditation?

You dared not, although you must have stolen a glance at them now and then, otherwise you would not have been upset about it and thought of an explosive situation arising out of it. The same friend wrote to me that women are especially disturbed about this matter. What does it mean? Are they here just to watch if someone sheds his clothes? They were here to meditate; instead they were stealthily observing others. They gave up self remembering, they ceased to observe themselves and instead they busied themselves with prying and snooping on the naked persons. Then the situation is bound to be explosive. Who asked you to keep an eye on them? You had your eyes closed. How did it matter if someone was naked?

So far as the naked person was concerned,he did not watch you at all. If a naked one had come to me and complained that the presence of women was very embarrassing to him, it could be understandable. It is strange that women found themselves in an explosive state because of him. Your mind would have been gladdened if only you had seen him carefully. Then you would have known how simple and innocent it was. There was so much to gain; your mind would have felt light and unburdened. It would have made a

great difference for you. But it seems we are determined to shun all that is really gainful. And perhaps we long to court a disaster. And there is no end to our mad beliefs and concepts.

A time comes in the course of meditation, and it comes irresistibly to some, when they must shed their clothes. And they shed their clothes with my permission. So if you want to explode, you had better explode on me. Everyone who bared their bodies here had obtained my permission. I had okayed their action. They came to

me and said that in the course of meditation they felt that if they did not shed their clothes something within them would be blocked. And I asked them to go ahead without clothes. And it is a thing that should concern them, not you. So why are you worried about it? And if anyone has berated them for this, he has done a very wrong thing. You have no right to do so.

You should understand that there comes a moment of innocence when many things become hindrances for the innocent mind. Clothes comprise one of the strongest inhibitions of man; they make for the deepest of taboos. They represent one of man's oldest and deeply ingrained customs. And a moment comes in our social life when our garments become the symbol of our whole civilization. But it is equally true that a moment comes for some, not for all, when they feel like unnecessary weight on the mind. .

I don't ask you to shed your clothes, but if some one does it there is no reason whatsoever to prohibit him. If even in a meditation camp we cannot allow this much freedom--that one can be free to this extent, if he wills so, then it will be impossible to find this freedom anywhere else in the world. And a meditation camp is meant for seekers, not for spectators. Here as long as one does not come in the way of another, he is entitled to his absolute freedom. If someone trespasses on your freedom, trouble begins, and you have a cause for complaint. If someone becomes naked and knocks you, if he hurts you, there is every reason to restrain him. But so long as he is doing something with himself, doing his own thing, you are nobody to meddle in his affairs and you have no right to raise any objections.

What we treat as disturbances for meditation is very amusing. If someone

is naked, meditation of many others is spoiled. It is no good trying to save a lame meditation, a weak and feeble meditation like this. What is its worth? This much, that if one had not shed his clothes you would have done it. But it is not possible. No, you have to get rid of such petty matters, exceedingly petty matters. *Sadhana* or spiritual pursuits is a matter of greatest courage. Here we have to uncover ourselves layer by layer, as we peel an onion. In its deepest sense *sadhana* is encountering one's innermost nudity. It is not necessary to shed clothes, but for some, a situation can arise sometimes when it will be necessary to do so. And remember that you cannot think of this situation from outside; neither you have a right to judge if it is right or not right, nor to speculate about it. Who are you to do so? How do you come into this matter? And how can you know it? Do you think people who drove Mahavira out of their villages were wicked people? No, they were as civilized and cultured as you are and, like you, they thought that since he was naked he had no place amongst them.

But it is unfortunate that every time we repeat the same mistakes. The friend who met me in the street said with love and sympathy that I should restrain these people from going naked, otherwise attendance at our meditation in Bombay will sharply fall. Let it fall; let not a single person come! There is no need at all for wrong people to come to meditation. For me it will not make a difference if only one person turns up. The same friend also said that women would wholly keep away; not one of them will attend the camp. Let them keep away. Who tells them to attend the camp? It is for them to decide, and decide for themselves. And if they choose to attend, they can do so on my conditions. The camp cannot be held on their conditions. And the day I

will hold the camp on your terms, it would be well if you don't attend it at all. Then I will have no use whatsoever for you.

The meditation camp will be run on my terms. I do not come for you, nor can I conduct myself according to your wishes. You cannot dictate and direct me. Gurus, Masters who are no more, become popular after they are dead and gone for the very reason that you can manage and manipulate them as you like, they cannot do a thing. But if the Master is alive, he is bound to be difficult for you. That is why an alive Mahavira is beaten and a dead Mahavira is worshipped all the world over. The living Master is

troublesome, because you cannot shackle him, you cannot control him.

In my eyes no other reasons for your coming have any validity except one. And who comes and who does not come is of no consequence to me. I want that whosoever comes should come with full understanding as to why he comes and for what. *mirac108*

Osho concludes this historic Meditation Camp:

The last thing I want to say is that what has happened here in these three days has great significance. Some friends have had unique experiences and some others had glimpses of them, while a few others made efforts, but could not make it, although they did make some progress no doubt. But everybody did his good bit except a few who have the illusion that they are intellectuals and who in reality have less of intelligence and more of book knowledge. Except these few, everybody participated in meditation, and in spite of many difficulties a special kind of energy was created here and quite a lot has happened that is significant.

But this is only the beginning.

If you devote one out of your twenty four hours every day to this meditation, a door can open onto your life. Shut yourself in a room for one full hour and tell your family not to worry about what may happen inside for that hour. Then shed your clothes and be completely naked and do the meditation in a standing position. Spread a mattress on the floor of the room so that you are not hurt in case you ever fall down.

Stand up and meditate, but before it inform your family members that many things can happen inside the room--you may shout and scream, anything can happen--but they should not disturb you. And carry the experiment daily for one full hour till we meet together again at the next camp. If the friends who have taken part in the camp here continue with this practice in their places then I will take up a separate camp for them where great progress will be possible.

There is great possibility; the possibility is really infinite. But you will have to make some efforts.. If you take one step forward, God will take a hundred

steps towards you. He is always ready to come to you. But if you don't take a single step, then there is no way to help you. So take this meditation home and continue to do it regularly and enthusiastically.

I know many things will inhibit you. Your children will say, "What has happened to father? He was never like this; he was always grave and serious. And now he is dancing and jumping and shouting. Whenever we made a racket in the house, invariably he took us to task. What is it all about?" Children will certainly laugh at you. You should ask their forgiveness for trying to control them in the past, acknowledge your mistakes openly and tell them to play and dance freely to keep

alive their natural propensities for dance and play. It will be of great benefit to them in the future. We force old age on our children much too prematurely. So tell your family not to be curious and inquisitive about what you do inside the room for an hour, and not to argue with you on this score. If you once make it clear, there will be no trouble in the future. In a few days they will get used to your affairs, they will leave you to yourself.

And then you will see that meditation has its effects not only on you but on the whole family.

If possible, have a separate room for meditation, and use it exclusively for meditation. Don t use that room for any other purpose. It may be a small room, but keep it under lock and key. If any members of your family want to join you, allow them on the condition that they meditate with you and not do anything else. It is different if a separate room is not available, but a separate room for meditation will have many advantages. If it is used exclusively for meditation, it will be charged with meditative energy. And when you will enter it you will find that it is not an ordinary space.

We radiate our energy all the time all around us; we send out rays of our mental energy all around us. And the space around us, even inside a room, absorbs this energy. That is the reason why a few places remain holy for thousands of years. If a man like Mahavira, Buddha or Krishna sits in a particular place, it takes on his extraordinary vibe, his unearthly impact, which can last for thousands of years.

From such a place one's entry into the other world, the spiritual world, becomes much easier.

Every well to do person--and I have a single criterion to judge a well to do person and it is that he has a temple in his house, otherwise he is a pauper--should have a temple in a part of his house. At least one room in every house should be reserved and used as a temple, as a door to the other world. Don't use that room for anything else. Enter it in silence and use it only for meditation. The other members of the family will by and by begin to be interested in meditation, because then changes that it will make for you will begin to show.

Now people have started going to those few people here who have experienced changes in themselves, changes that are very significant, and they ask them, "What is it that has happened to you?" These few people in their turn come to me to ask how they should answer the inquisitive people. The same way your children, your parents and others will ask you; they will get so interested in meditation. And if you persevere long enough with your sadhana, then the day will not be far away when the greatest of events will happen in your life--for which we have to pass through infinite numbers of lives and which we can miss for infinite numbers of lives.

The coming few years are going to be very significant years in man's history. Now a handful of people will be of no help in matters spiritual. Unless a mighty spirituality is born, unless a mighty and massive spiritual movement sweeps the earth, making its impact on millions of people, it will be impossible to save the world from the mire of materialism. It will be a very, very momentous moment in man's life; the coming fifty years are going to be fateful and decisive. Either religion will live, or stark irreligion, all that is against religion, will live. These fifty years will also decide about Buddha, Mahavira, Krishna, Jesus, Mohammed, Rama and the rest of them. All

these luminaries will be on one side of the scales while on the other side will be the large crowd of insane politicians, materialists and other ignorant people bent on deluding themselves and others too. They are in huge numbers, while only a handful of people will be on one side of the arraignment. And in fifty years' time the decision will be made.

The struggle that has been going on from time immemorial has reached its moment of decision. And looking at the situation as it obtains at present, there is not much hope. But I am not disappointed because it seems to me that very soon a simple and natural and easy way can be found which will revolutionize the lives of millions of people spiritually.

A few individuals can be of no help in the present times. In olden times it was enough if only one person became enlightened. Now this won't do. In view of the tremendous explosion of population taking place in the world, a few individuals cannot do a thing. Now something tangible can be possible only if, commensurate with the huge population, hundreds of thousands of people are influenced and involved in spiritualism. And it is possible as I see it. If a few people form a nucleus and begin the work, then India can play a significant role in that momentous fight.

No matter how poor and miserable, how degraded and slavish, how misled and misguided this country has been, yet this land has some well preserved treasures with it. Down the centuries such people have walked this land that their light, their fragrance, their longings have left their vibes in the air, have left their imprint on every blade of grass here. Man has of course gone wrong, but the dust of this land still remembers Buddha's feet walking it. Man of this country has gone wrong, but the trees still cherish the memory that Mahavira had once stood in their shade. Man has really gone wrong, but the seas surrounding this country still know a different voice they had heard in the past. Man has no doubt gone astray, but the skies of this country are still full of hopes. Everything is there, only man has to come back home.

Of late, I have been constantly praying with the hope that collective explosion in the lives of millions of people may be possible. And you can be of great help in this endeavor. Such explosion in your own life will have immense value not only for you, but for all mankind. With this hope and prayer that you will not only light your own lamps, but that your light will help other extinguished lamps to be lighted, I bid you farewell.

I am grateful to you for having listened to me in peace and with such love, and I bow down to God sitting within each one of you. Please accept my salutation. *mirac108*

Osho attracts controversy Controversy

This is one of the greatest problems for the mystics: "Who can I tell about this, who will understand?"

I was travelling in this country for fifteen years, day in, day out, year in, year out, talking to thousands of people. Slowly, slowly I became aware that I was talking to walls. These people could not understand what I was saying. They could hear, but they could not listen. The words reached them but the meaning was left behind. I tried in every way, but it was impossible. Then I had to decide to stay in one place

and only to talk to those few who really wanted to understand--and not only to understand, but who were ready to be transformed. *guest01*

Once I was talking on Krishna in a meeting, and people were sitting with their backs towards me, talking with each other, gossiping--their backs towards me! That was the last day, the last straw on the camel. In the middle I left. The president of the meeting said, "Where are you going?" I said, "I am going forever! I am finished with these stupid people. I am talking about Krishna, they have invited me to talk to them, and nobody seems to listen." *wisdom06*

If I see people silently sitting, attentive, drinking in every single word, focused, meditative, I can say far higher things; far more complicated things can be explained to them.

But if no friends are sitting in front of me, I always have to begin from abc. Then the plane can never take off; then the plane has to function like a bus. You can use a plane like a bus. It can take off only when it gains speed; a certain situation is needed for it to gain speed.

I used to talk to millions of people in this country; then I had to stop. I was talking to thousands--in a single meeting, fifty thousand people. I traveled around this country for fifteen years, from one corner to another corner. I simply became tired of the whole thing, because each day I would have to start from abc. It was always abc, abc, abc, and it became absolutely clear that I would never be able to reach xyz. I had to stop traveling. *wisdom06*

I have been moving in the masses for years. I have not decided in a hurried way to drop out of the mob--I saw that it was absolutely absurd: you go on talking to people who are not ready to listen; you go on talking to people who are not seekers, who are not in any search; you go on talking to people who have come just for entertainment. Why should I waste my energy and time? I tried in every way to be available to bigger crowds, but then I found it was impossible. They come here as an entertainment, and they hear through one ear and from the other it is lost.. .

I looked into thousands of people, and I found that only a very few are there who will take the seed to the heart, who will become soil to it, who will absorb it. And others are just curiosity-mongers, just entertaining themselves. Maybe the entertainment is religious, but it is meaningless. *trans410*

I am not interested in the masses, because if you are interested in the masses you have to be manipulated by the masses. I am not in any way a mass man, because I am very individual. I have my own way, my own life, my own style, and I don't allow anybody to interfere with it. If you want to become a man of the masses, the whole mass interferes with you. They teach you how you should sit and how you should stand and what you should say and what you should not say and what you should eat and what you should not eat and when you should go to bed and when you should get up. They teach you everything. This is very ironical that the people who think they are leaders of the masses and gurus of the masses in fact are the slaves of the masses. The masses teach them how to be. They don't have any freedom. And the masses go on looking from everywhere: "Are you really following what the mass wants to be followed? Are you really following the idea of the mass, what a saint should be like?" Or if you are not following, then you become a fallen saint; then you are a sinner.

I don't allow anybody to dictate my life. I don't allow anybody's life to be dictated by me. That's why I don't give any discipline to my people. I simply confer freedom on them and a responsibility to be free. Never interfere with anybody's life, and don't allow anybody to interfere with your life. Be individualistic. I am not a socialist, I am not a communist. I believe in the individual. I am absolutely an unashamed individualist.

I was moving around the country, I was moving among the masses for many years, but I was surprised to see the fact that the masses try to manipulate you. Rather than learning anything from you, rather than taking anything from you, they try to manipulate you. *ecstas06*

People try. .hundreds of people have tried even with me, with all good intentions: what I should say, what I should not say. Their ignorance is such that they don't understand that if they are wiser than me, then why are they following me? They are my followers, advising me--what I should say and what I should not say, what I should do and what I should not do. They have come to me to be transformed and they are trying in every way to transform me! *razor15*

When you come near a master you have to decide, because it is no ordinary affair. It is a great risk, your whole life is at risk. So if you move around in India you will find either my friends or my enemies, those who are madly in love with me or those who are madly in hate with me. That is bound to happen. The reason is simple. Those who are madly in love with me and those who are madly in hate with me--they both had to decide. *justlt02*

I have experienced it my whole life. Thousands of people have come to me and disappeared. If they find that some of their superstitions are fulfilled by my statements they remain with me, but the moment they see that they were not right--

I am not in support of their superstitions, on the contrary, I am against them--they immediately become my enemies. When I was supporting their death they were with me, they were paying great respect and reverence to me. And when I started to be really a friend to them, a health, a wholeness, they turned into enemies. *zara201*

In India it happened, one man wrote a book against me and he sent me the proof copy. I looked into it--it was all rubbish, lies, fictitious stories with no evidence. Still, I sent him my blessings and told him to print it on the first page of the book. He could not believe it; he was so disturbed: what kind of man is this?

He lived in Baroda, a thousand miles away from me, but he came to see me--he had never seen me. He was just collecting third-rate yellow newspapers and cuttings and gossips, rumors.. and he managed to make a book. And he asked me "Have you seen inside or have you simply sent blessings?"

I said, "I have gone through it word for word; it is all bullshit, but you have done so much work collecting bullshit, you need blessings."

He said, "But this looks strange--with your blessings. I know this book: even while I was collecting and writing. . My purpose is to earn money--this book is going to become a bestseller--but now seeing you and your response, I feel perhaps I should not have done this."

I said, "No, you continue. Let this book go into the market. Collect more, because while I am alive more and more lies will be there, more and more gossips, rumors--

you can always earn money; this is a good way. It is not doing any harm to me. And the picture you have chosen for the cover is really beautiful."

He said, "My God! I was thinking you would be angry, ferocious."

I said, "Why should I be angry, why should I be ferocious? Life is too short to be angry, to be ferocious. Even if we can manage to be blissful, that's enough; if we can manage to bless, that's enough. What you do is your business, but you have done it well. Your writing is good; what you have written is nonsense, but the way you have put it and presented it is really good. And you devoted almost one year to my service. I cannot pay you, but I can give you my blessing."

And the book was published with my blessings and *every* criticism that appeared in newspapers about the book mentioned it: "It is strange that Osho blesses it." And just that simple blessing cancels the whole book. *psycho29*

In India, one radio station was reading my statements every day, for ten minutes in the morning, without mentioning my name--but passages from

books, stories.

Hundreds of letters came to me saying, "These people are stealing from your books."

I said, "Don't be worried. My name is not significant, my message is. They are cowards, or perhaps they love me but they are government servants."

In India radio is owned by the government, television is owned by the government.

If they use my name, they may lose their jobs. And certainly during that series, which was continuing for six months, even ministers, cabinet ministers and the prime minister, were quoting from those statements, thinking that they have nothing to do with me. But the people who were listening knew that those statements were not coming from Indira Gandhi--they could not be, they had no relevance with the person--they were stolen. And they started searching for the place from where the statements had been stolen.

Finally I met the person, the director of that radio station. He was a lover of me, and he said, "I have been condemned. Hundreds of letters are coming to me, saying, `You are stealing. You are not mentioning Osho's name. But if I mention your name then the series will be stopped that very day. I will continue as long as they don't discover.. .'"

And the moment it was discovered, immediately the series was stopped and the man was removed. He told me, "It happened because of that series. People started writing letters to the prime minister saying, `This man is stealing passages from Osho.'"

The prime minister herself had been stealing. Her lectures have been sent to me, and word for word, long passages have been stolen from me. But I have always taken the standpoint: let the truth reach to people by any means, by anyone. *psycho03*

It used to happen: thousands of people were listening to me; I was traveling around the country. A gathering of fifty thousand people would be there in

the cities. And on one side people who were against me shouting, and people who were for me would also be shouting--and I was speaking! And the police standing there continuously, so that those people who were for and against didn't start clashing.

It was almost impossible to work; that's why I stopped traveling. Now I don't go anywhere. Those who are really interested in truth will have to come to me. *unio204*

For many years I traveled alone all over India talking to all kinds of people. And slowly, slowly, troubles started arising. Politicians started becoming afraid. They cannot tolerate anybody who has power over millions of people. It was difficult for politicians to collect a few people to listen to them, and I was speaking before a hundred thousand people or two hundred thousand people. This became a great problem for them, that if this man turns towards politics he can prove a great danger.

They started disturbing my meetings. They started creating chaos in the meetings, blocking the roads so I could not reach to the place in time, even trying to prevent me from stopping at a station. They would collect their people and they wouldn't let me step down from the train to the platform. This was the terminus--the train could not go ahead--but they were insisting that I should be taken back, that I cannot stop here in their city. *mystic27*

I would be speaking in an Indian city, and the electricity would be cut off. And this was happening so often, again and again, that it could not be just accidental. The fifty thousand people would be sitting in darkness for half an hour, one hour, and the electricity wouldn't come on. And finally I would have to inform them, "Now it is pointless--you please go home. I will stay a little longer in the city so you will not miss any lecture of the series." And as the people were leaving, as I was leaving, the electricity would come on. *psycho23*

Shoes have been thrown at me, stones have been thrown at me. I am speaking, and in the crowd a band is playing so nobody can hear what I am saying. Poison has been given me twice, to kill me. And the last thing before I left was an attempt on my life. *last128*

The awakened man understands humanity so deeply. By understanding himself he has understood the miserable state of all human beings. He feels sorry for people; he is compassionate. He does not return evil for evil for the simple reason that he does not feel offended in the first place. Secondly, he feels sorry for you; he does not feel antagonistic towards you.

Once it happened in Baroda:

I was talking to a big crowd. Somebody sitting just in the front row became so disturbed by what I was saying, he became so disturbed by it he went out of control, he lost his senses. He threw one of his shoes at me. At that moment I remembered that I used to play volleyball when I was a student, so I caught hold of his shoe in the middle and asked him for the other one. He was at a loss.

I said, "You throw the other one too! What am I going to do with one? If you want to present something...." He waited. I said, "Why are you waiting? Throw the other one too, because this way neither will I be able to use the shoe nor will you be able to use it. And I am not going to return it, because evil should not be returned for evil!

So you please give the other one too."

He was so shocked because he could not believe it. .first, what he had done he could not believe--he was a very good man, a scholar, a well-known Sanskrit scholar, a pundit. He was not expected to behave like that, but it had happened--people are so unconscious. If I had acted the way he was unconsciously expecting, then everything would have been okay. But I asked for the other shoe, and that shocked him very much. He was dazed.

I told somebody who was sitting by his side, "You pull off his other shoe. I am not letting him off, I want both the shoes. In fact, I was thinking of purchasing some shoes, and this man seems to be so generous!" And the shoe was really new.

The man came in the night, fell at my feet, and asked to be forgiven. I said, "You forget all about it, there is no question.. I was not angry, so why should I forgive you?

To forgive, one first has to be angry. I was not angry, I enjoyed the scene. In fact, it was something so beautiful that many people who had fallen asleep were suddenly awakened! I was thinking on the way that it is a good idea, that I should plant a few of my followers, so once in a while they can throw a shoe so all the sleepers wake up. At least for a few moments they will remain alert because something is happening! I am thankful to you."

For years he went on writing to me, "Please forgive me! Unless you forgive me I will go on writing."

But I told him, "First I have to be angry. Forgiving you simply means that I accept that I was angry. How can I forgive you? You forgive me, because I am unable to be angry with you, unable to forgive you--you forgive me!"

I don't know whether he has forgiven me or not, but he has forgotten me. Now he writes no more. *dh1109*

Everyone is afraid of danger. There is no need to be afraid. In danger there is no thought, only thoughtlessness. Many times I have moved into danger. I love danger.

Thousands of times I have been in real danger.

Once I was traveling in Rajasthan. I was in a first class compartment. In the middle of the night a man attacked me with a dagger as I was sleeping. I opened my eyes and looked at the man. He looked into my eyes, my childlike eyes. You can understand the whole story if you just look into my eyes. He looked into my eyes, saw the child, and stopped. He dropped the idea.

I said to him, "What is the matter? Why are you not doing your thing? I am doing my thing so you can do yours. I dare you!"

He said, "You are the only man ever to dare me. Excuse me, I cannot stab you. I want to be your disciple." He is now one of my disciples. *notes01*

Many attempts have been made on my life, but I have never felt insecure. There is no insecurity for me.

When I was a professor in the university, insurance people used to come to me saying that I should get insured. I said, "That is stupid, because I never feel any insecurity. Why should I get insured?" "No," they would say, "for your children." I would say, "I am unmarried. Do you want me to produce children the way Jesus was produced? Just for your insurance policy, I have to produce children?". .

There was a time for thirty years when I was traveling alone around India, not even a single person with me, facing hostile crowds of thousands of people. But I have never felt insecure for the simple reason that if I am saying the truth, how long can you remain hostile? *last207*

So I immensely enjoy people's negativity and I take it as a challenge--a challenge to my love. If I can still love them, only then do I know what love is. If I can love only people who love me, then it is business, a bargain. If I can even love people who don't love me, who certainly are hateful towards me, who would like to destroy me, then it is true love, it is unconditional love--it makes no demands on them.

I have experienced as much negativity as one can ever experience, and from my very childhood because my attitude has been that of a rebel. I have been disobedient, rebellious. I have annoyed almost everybody: my relatives, the people of my village, my teachers, my professors. I have annoyed everybody--I enjoyed it!--but I have never hated anybody. Even the people I annoyed, the people who took every kind of revenge on me.. I have been expelled from colleges, from universities, but I have never hated anybody. Even the people who were the cause of my expulsion, my love for them has remained the same.

And they were puzzled by it, they were very much at a loss, because they were expecting that I would be angry. But I was never angry--rebellious certainly, but angry never; disobedient certainly, but disrespectful never. With all my respects I disobeyed! I remained always 'humbly yours'--rebelling, fighting, annoying them, doing every kind of thing that they would not like, but always 'sincerely yours'.

About that even *they* were certain--that I was sincerely respectful.

I have experienced all kinds of negative reactions from others; that has not destroyed my love. In fact, on the contrary, it has made my love more integrated; it has made my love so centered and grounded that now I can say nothing can shake it, nothing can change it. Even if somebody kills me I will die loving him. *ultas10*

There are friends who hurl insults at me and then go away. My heart is genuinely grateful to them for through the abuses I can feel my love flowing towards them, and it spreads a peace that is not of this world throughout my entire being. *long06*

Just think of me for thirty years continuously wandering in India, and in return getting stones, shoes and knives thrown at me. And you don't know Indian railways, waiting rooms, you don't know the way Indians live. It is unhygienic, ugly, but they are accustomed to it. I had suffered for those thirty years as much--perhaps more--

than Jesus suffered on the cross. To be on the cross is a question only of a few hours.

To be assassinated is even quicker. But to be a wandering master in India is no joke.

I was the healthiest person you could find. Before I started these journeys, knowing perfectly well my health was going to be destroyed. . I had to eat all kinds of food, and in India the food pattern changes just within a few miles. I had to live with dirt, uncleanliness, and I had to be ready for all these rewards--stones, shoes, knives being thrown at me. And India is a vast country, almost a continent--I was always on the train.

There are places which take forty-eight hours to reach by the train. And aeroplanes reach only to a few capital cities. If you want to reach the people you have to go in a train. And if you want to enter the very central parts of the country, you have to use even worse trains. Of course, I went on and on destroying my health, knowing perfectly well what I was doing.

But what I had found I wanted at any cost--at the cost of my life--to share with a few people, to make them afire. My body may die in the effort, but I

have made a few other bodies lighted with the same flame, and they will go on spreading the fire around the earth.

People used to say to me, "Your body is like a marble statue." It was. My weight was one hundred and ninety pounds, and it was not fatness--I have never been fat. It was immensely solid, like a rock. I was never sick, I was unaware what it means to be sick. But as my body went on deteriorating, I became aware what headache is, what

migraine is, what stomach upset is, what finally became my diabetes and my asthma.

Now I am only one hundred and thirty-one pounds, down from one hundred and ninety. *false24*

When I used to travel in India, for twenty years continuously, I came across many things. In India people have the idea, particularly the villagers--and eighty percent of India consists of villages--that if you serve a saint you earn tremendous virtue, *punya,* merit, and you will be rewarded greatly in heaven, so you have to serve a saint. Now whether the saint wants to be served or not, that is not the point at all! So many times I had to force people to go out of my room because they wanted to serve me. And "service" in India means they will massage your feet.. I would say, "But I want to sleep!"

And they would say, "You can sleep, but you cannot prevent us from serving you.

Otherwise how are we going to earn merit?"

They would force themselves upon me.

It is out of those twenty years of experience that in my ashram there were guards because the people have served me so much, I am tired of it! They would start massaging my body and I would say, "I don't like massage at all!" But that is not the point, that is irrelevant, whether you like it or not. In the middle of the night, somebody would enter the train at a station and start serving me. I would be fast asleep--he would wake me up. He would

say, "You can rest, but the train is going to stay here for one hour, so I did not want to lose this opportunity." And for one hour I had to suffer! They would go on doing whatsoever they wanted to do. *theolo04*

It has happened so many times, in different ways. I was traveling from Calcutta to Varanasi. I had a fever; I was utterly tired--seven days camp in Calcutta. I simply wanted to take some medicine and go to sleep, and a man entered. I asked, "What do you want?"

He said, "I don't want anything. I will just sit on the floor; I always wanted to sit by your feet, and now I have got the chance."

I said, "Listen, I am having fever and I want to go to sleep, and your presence will be a disturbance to me." But he wouldn't listen.

In India, the idea is that spiritual people don't suffer from fever, they don't need to sleep, they don't need to rest. They should be available twenty-four hours a day, to all kinds of idiots. And this is not only uneducated people. One afternoon, when I was sleeping in Jaipur, suddenly I saw that somebody is walking on the roof. And then he pulled out a tile and looked at me. I said, "What are you doing there?"

He said, "Nothing.. I have never seen you from very close. There are always fifty thousand people in your meetings, and I'm so far away that I cannot see your face.

You can rest, you can go to sleep--but I will wait here."

But the gardener of the bungalow had seen the man, so he came rushing in, forcing him to get down. I inquired of the gardener, "Do you know this man?"

He said, "I know him. He is a government official, well-educated."

But in India, it is thought to be that just *darshan,* seeing the saint, is earning great virtue. What happens to the saint is not the question--that is his problem. Now how can you rest and sleep if somebody is sitting just on your head, looking at you? *rebel25*

I was surrounded by thousands of people for twenty-four hours each day. There was no possibility of any intimacy, mm?--I might be talking to you and somebody would come and jump on my feet, and hold me and I would have to stop talking to you.. .

It was impossible even for me to sleep. .because people were there. It was impossible for me even to eat--people were there--and they were taking prasad from my food. . It was impossible to eat! They would have killed me! They almost killed me; they destroyed my health utterly. *door12*

I lived for twenty years without any organization, but then it was so impossible to work. Even in the night when I was asleep there were fifty people sitting in my room; everywhere there was a crowd. Even to talk to me was impossible; one could not ask anything. It became so impossible to give attention to individuals, to help them to grow, to share my joy with them. And the crowd was absolutely useless, because I am not a person who can have anything to do with a crowd.

My work is basically concerned with the individual because only the individual has the capacity to grow. The crowd never grows; it remains always the same. It was the same when it crucified Jesus, it was the same when it poisoned Socrates. it was the same when it killed Mansoor*, it is the same with me. The crowd is absolutely useless; the crowd belongs to the lowest stratum of intelligence.

And what I am saying can be understood only by very highly intelligent people; that is the possibility of only a few individuals, a few chosen individuals. Just to make it possible for chosen individuals to be with me I had to create a formal organization. *zzzz11*

*Note: Mansoor was an enlightened master killed by orthodox Mohammedans

Osho stops travelling

You ask me: *Why did You stop traveling?*

Traveling, I was trying to find people who are ready to go with me to any

end. The moment I became aware that I had enough people in India, that I need not bother to go on traveling, I could now settle in one place and let people come to me. As I became settled, Indians came, and soon people from around the world slowly, slowly started coming. *last113*

In 1970 Osho writes to a friend:

This was my assurance given to many friends in the previous life that when truth is attained, I will inform them.

That I have done.

Hence, my travels in India are almost over.

Certainly some friends are outside India also--I am creating the bridge to contact them.

Although friends have no memory of the promise taken,. .

But what is known to me must be done.

Now, generally I will stay at one place.

This way I will also be able to concentrate more on the seekers.

And I will be more available to those who really need me.

Whether I travel or not, whether I speak or not, it will make no difference for those who are ready to move along with me.

For them, even not travelling my travels will be continuing,

And even in my silence I will be speaking.

If my body disappears in the formless, even then they will go on receiving the support of my hands.

And not only today but ever--I will show them the path through the eternal flow of time.

Because, not I am *not*-- only God is singing the song through my flute.

May those who have eyes see it.

May those who have ears hear it.

May those who have wisdom recognize it. *letter03*

PART VI

1970-1974 Bombay

1. 1970 Osho moves to CCI Chambers, Bombay

2. Osho begins Sannyas Initiations

3. Osho's Neo-Sannyas International Movement

4. Death of Nani, Osho's grandmother

5. Osho's discourse series: Geeta Darshan

6. Osho moves to Woodlands Apartment

7. Osho initiates Vivek, his long time attendant

8. Old and new friends

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13. Early search for a New Commune

14. Osho continues to lead Meditation Camps

15. Dynamic Meditation
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23. 1972 Osho’s discourse series: Vigyan Bhairava Tantra
24. 1973 Yoga: The Alpha and the Omega
25. Osho answers Questions:
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27. Questions about Religion
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31. Osho makes Predictions
32. 1974 Osho Leaves Bombay for Poona

PART VI

BOMBAY

1970-1974

Osho moves to CCI Chambers, Bombay

On 27 June 1970, a send-off celebration is held for Osho in Jabalpur. On 1 July, Osho moves to Bombay, and stays in the residential part of CCI Chambers, a centre for businessmen. Osho gives regular evening discourses to about 50 people, on spiritual and esoteric matters, sometimes concluding with a meditation or kirtan and shaktipat. He gives interviews, including to Western seekers and press reporters. Osho travels only to fulfill outstanding speaking engagements, and by December these are completed.

I will slowly confine myself to a room: I will stop coming and going. Now I will work on those who are in my mind. I will prepare them and send them out. The moving from place to place, which I cannot do myself, I will be able to do by sending out ten thousand people.

For me, religion is also a scientific process, so I have in my mind a complete scientific technique for it. As people become ready, the scientific technique will be passed on to them. With the help of that technique, they will work upon thousands of people. My presence is not needed for that. I was required only to find such people who could carry out that purpose. Now I shall be able to give work to them.

It was necessary to evolve certain principles; that has been done by me.

The work of the scientist is over. Now the work is for the technicians. A scientist completes the work, like Edison discovering electricity and inventing an electric lamp. Thereafter, it is the work of the electrician to fix the bulb. There is no difficulty in that.

Now I have an almost complete picture of the work to be done. Now, after giving people the concept and getting them to do the technique, I will send them out as soon as they become ready. All this is in my mind, but the potentialities are not seen by all. Most people see only the actualities.

Seeing the potentialities is a different task, but I can see them.

The conditions that were existing in one small area of Bihar during the time of Mahavira and Buddha can come about very smoothly within the next few years on a global scale. But an absolutely new type of religious person will have to be prepared, a new type of sannyasin will have to be born, a new type of yoga and meditation system will have to be devised.

All this is ready in my mind.

As I come across people they will be given these things, and they will further pass along the same to others. There is a grave risk, however, because if the opportunity is lost it will cause great harm. The opportunity must be utilized because such a valuable time as exists today can hardly come again. From every angle, the era is at its climax or peak....

I have a complete plan and a blueprint in my mind for this. In one sense, my work of finding the people I wanted is nearabout complete. Also, they

do not know that I have found them. Now I have to give work to them by preparing them and sending them out to spread the message.

As long as it was my work, I knew what I had to do and I was doing it with comparative ease. But now I have to give work to others; now I cannot remain in that ease. I have to hurry up. This is another reason for my hurry. I therefore want to make it clear to all friends that I am in a hurry, so they should also hurry up. If they keep on at the speed with which they are walking, they will not reach anywhere. If they see me in a hurry, then perhaps they will also pick up speed; otherwise not....

People become transformed only during emergencies. If one knows that one can transform tomorrow or even the day after, he will not do anything today; he will postpone it for tomorrow or the day after. But if he knows that

there is no tomorrow, then that capacity for transformation comes into being.

In a way, when civilizations are on the verge of disintegration tomorrow becomes uncertain. One is not sure of the next day. Then the today has to be so compact that it can complete all that has to be done. If one has to enjoy, he has to do it today. If he has to surrender and renounce, that too he has to do today. Even if one has to destroy the ego or transform, that also must be done today.

So in Europe and America, a positive, decisive mentality has come into being that whatever one wants to do must be done today: "Forget the worries of tomorrow. If you want to drink, drink; if you want to enjoy, enjoy; if you want to steal, steal. Whatever you want to do, do it today."

On the material plane, this has happened.

I want this to happen also on the spiritual plane. This can run parallel to what is happening on the material plane. I am in a great hurry for this idea to dawn. It is definite that this idea will come from the East. Only Eastern winds could carry it to the West, and the West will jump into it with full vigor....

With religion also, America can outshine and surpass the East. Once the seed of religion reaches there, America will outdo the East in its growth.

But all the same, this will be imitation. The initiative, the first step in this matter, lies in the hands of the East.

That is why I am in a great hurry in planning to prepare people in the East who could be sent to the West. The spark will catch like wildfire in the West, but it has to come from the East. *known04*

Osho begins Sannyas Initiations

September 26th to October 5th, 1970, Osho holds a Meditation Camp in Manali, in the Himalayas. On September 26th He initiates His first group of disciples, now called neo-sannyasins.

I started initiating people into sannyas.

Sannyas was simply that they are now ready to listen me without any device. They are willing to open their heart. That much trust has grown in them. *last404*

On the day of the first initiations, Osho explains:

To me, sannyas does not mean renunciation; it means a journey to joy bliss. To me, sannyas is not any kind of negation; it is a positive attainment. But up to now, the world over, sannyas has been seen in a very negative sense, in the sense of giving up, of renouncing. I, for one, see sannyas as something positive and affirmative, something to be achieved, to be treasured.

It is true that when someone carrying base stones as his treasure comes upon a set of precious stones, he immediately drops the baser ones from his hands. He drops the baser stones only to make room for the newfound precious stones. It is not renunciation. It is just as you throw away the sweepings from your house to keep it neat and clean. And you don't call it renunciation, do you? You call it renunciation when you give up something you value, and you maintain an account of your renunciations. So far, sannyas has been seen in terms of such a reckoning of all that you give up--be it family or money or whatever.

I look at sannyas from an entirely different angle, the angle of positive achievement. Undoubtedly there is a fundamental difference between the two viewpoints. If sannyas, as I see it, is an acquisition, an achievement, then it cannot mean opposition to life, breaking away from life. In fact, sannyas is an attainment of the highest in life; it is life's finest fulfillment.

And if sannyas is a fulfillment, it cannot be sad and somber, it should be a thing of festivity and joy. Then sannyas cannot be a shrinking of life; rather, it should mean a life that is ever expanding and deepening, a life abundant. Up to now we have called him a sannyasin who withdraws from the world, from everything, who breaks away from life and encloses himself in a cocoon.

I, however, call him a sannyasin who does not run away from the world, who is not shrunken and enclosed, who relates with everything, who is open and expansive.

Sannyas has other implications too. A sannyas that withdraws from life turns into a bondage, into a prison; it cannot be freedom. And a sannyas that negates freedom is really not sannyas. Freedom, ultimate freedom is the very soul of sannyas.

For me, sannyas has no limitations, no inhibitions, no rules and regulations.

For me, sannyas does not accept any imposition, any regimentation, any discipline. For me, sannyas is the flowering of man's ultimate freedom, rooted in his intelligence, his wisdom.

I call him a sannyasin who has the courage to live in utter freedom, and who accepts no bondage, no organization, no discipline whatsoever.

This freedom, however, does not mean license; it does not mean that a sannyasin becomes licentious. The truth is that it is always a man in bondage, a slave, who turns licentious. One who is independent and free can never be licentious; there is no way for him to be so.

That is how I am going to separate the sannyas of the future from the sannyas of the past. And I think that the institution of sannyas, as it has been up to now, is on its deathbed; it is as good as dead. It has no future whatsoever. But sannyas in its essence, has to be preserved. It is such a precious attainment of mankind that we cannot afford to lose it. Sannyas is that rarest of flowers that blooms once in a great while. But it is likely that it will wither away for want of proper caring. And it will certainly die if it remains tied to its old patterns.

Therefore, sannyas has to be invested with a new meaning, a new concept. Sannyas has to live; it is the most profound, the most precious treasure that mankind has. But how to save it, preserve it, is the question.

I would like to share with you my vision on this score.

Firstly, it is a long time that sannyas has remained isolated from the world,

and consequently it has been doubly harmed. A sannyasin living completely cut off from the world, living in utter isolation from the world, becomes poor, and his poverty is very deep and subtle, because the wealth of all our life's experiences lies in the world, not outside. All our experiences of pain and pleasure, attachment and detachment, hate and

love, enmity and friendship, war and peace, come from the world itself.

So when a man breaks away from the world, he becomes a hothouse plant, he ceases to be a flower that blooms under the sun and the open sky. By now, sannyas has become a hothouse plant. And such a sannyas cannot live any longer.

Sannyas cannot be grown in hothouses. To grow and blossom, the plant of sannyas needs an open sky. It needs the light of day and the darkness of night; it needs rains, winds and storms. It needs everything there is between the earth and the sky. A sannyasin needs to go through the whole gamut of challenges and dangers. By isolating him from the world we have harmed the sannyasin enormously, because his inner richness has diminished so much.

It is amusing that those who are ordinarily called good people don't have that richness of life their opposites have; they lack the richness of experience. For this reason, novelists think it is difficult to write a story around the life of a good person, that his life is flat and almost eventless.

Curiously enough, a bad person makes a good story; he is a must for a story, even for history. What more can we say of a good man than this, that he has been good from the cradle to the grave?

Isolating him from the world, we deprive the sannyasin of experience; he remains very poor in experience. Of course, isolation gives him a sort of security, but it makes him poor and lackluster.

I want to unite the sannyasin with the world. I want sannyasins who work on farms and in factories, in offices and shops right in the marketplace. I don't want sannyasins who escape from the world; I don't want them to be renegades from life. I want them to live as sannyasins in the very thick of

the world, to live with the crowd amid its din and bustle.

Sannyas will have verve and vitality if the sannyasin remains a sannyasin in the very thick of the world.

In the past, if a woman wanted to be a sannyasin, she had to leave her husband, her children, her family; she had to run away from the life of the world. If a man wanted to take sannyas he had to leave his wife, his children, his family, his whole world, and escape to a monastery or a cave in the mountains.

For me, such a sannyas has no meaning whatsoever. I hold that after taking sannyas, a man or woman should not run away from the world, but should remain where he or she is and let sannyas flower right there.

You can ask how someone will manage his sannyas living in the world.

What will he do as a husband, as a father, as a shopkeeper, as a master,

as a servant? As a sannyasin how will he manage his thousand and one relationships in the world?--because life is a web of relationships. In the past he just ran away from the world, where he was called upon to shoulder any number of responsibilities, and this escape made everything so easy and convenient for him. Sitting in a cave or a monastery, he had no responsibilities. no worries; he led a secluded and shrunken life.

What kind of a sannyas will it be which is not required to renounce anything? Will sannyas without renunciation mean anything?

Recently an actor came to visit me. He is a new entrant into the film world. He asked for my autograph with a message for him. So I wrote in his book: "Act as if it is real life and live as if it is acting."

To me, the sannyasin is one who lives life like an actor. If someone wants to blossom in sannyas living in the thick of the world, he should cease to be a doer and become an actor, become a witness. He should live in the thick of life, play his role, and at the same time be a witness to it, but in no way should he be deeply involved in his role, be attached to it. He should cross the river in a way that his feet remain untouched by the water. It is,

however, difficult to cross a river without letting the water touch your feet, but it is quite possible to live in the world without getting involved in it, without being tied to it.

In this connection it is necessary to understand what play acting is. The miracle is that the more your life becomes play acting, the more orderly, natural and carefree it becomes. If a woman, as a mother, learns a small truth, that although the child she is bringing up has been borne by her, yet he does not belong to her alone, that she has been no more than a passage for him to come into this world, that he really belongs to that unknown source from which he came, which will sustain him through his life and to which he will return in the end, then that mother will cease to be a doer; she will really become a play actor and a witness.

Conduct an experiment sometime. Decide that for twenty four hours you are going to do everything as acting. If someone insults you, you will not really be angry, you will only act as if you are angry, And likewise, if someone praises you, you will not really be flattered, you will only act as though you are flattered. An experiment like this, just for twenty-four hours, will bring astonishing results for you; it will open new doors to life and living for you. You will then realize to your surprise that you have gone through any amount of unnecessary pain and misery in life by being a doer; they could have easily been avoided if you had been an actor instead. When you go to bed after this experiment in play acting, you will have a deep sleep such as you have never known. Once you

cease to be a doer, all your tensions and anxieties will disappear. Your miseries will just evaporate, because all your miseries and agonies come from your being a doer in life.

I want to take sannyas to every hamlet and every home. Only then can sannyas survive. We need millions of sannyasins; just a handful won't do. And millions can take sannyas only if sannyas is positive and life affirmative. We cannot have many sannyasins if you cut sannyas off from the world. Who will feed them? Who will provide them with clothes and shelter? Sannyas of the old kind, which was a haven for idlers and recluses, cannot produce the millions of sannyasins that we need. Those days are gone when society bore the brunt of a vast army of recluses.

Moreover, sannyasins of the old kind have to be dependent on society, and as a result they became extremely poor physically and spiritually.

Consequently, they cannot be as effective and influential as they should be. Sannyas on a massive scale is not possible if we cling to its old ways.

If sannyas has to be effective on a large scale throughout the world--

which is so very necessary--and if sannyas has to be meaningful and blissful, then there is no choice but to allow a sannyas that will not be required to break away from society and grow in isolation. Now a sannyasin should remain wherever he is, acting his role in society and being a witness to it.

So I want to unite sannyas with the family, with the workshop and with the market. It will be a unique and beautiful world, if we can make one where a shopkeeper will be a sannyasin. Naturally, such a shopkeeper will find it difficult to resort to dishonest means in business. A shopkeeper who is just acting his role as shopkeeper, and who is also a witness to it, cannot afford to be dishonest. We will change the world radically if we have sannyasins as doctors, lawyers, clerks and office assistants.

A sannyasin living segregated from society is a poor sannyasin, and the society is poorer for him too, because he is one of its best products.

When such a person leaves the society to become a sannyasin the society becomes lusterless.

A worldwide campaign for positive sannyas has therefore become urgent.

It is very necessary to have sannyasins in every home, in every field and factory across the earth. A sannyasin should be a father or a mother, a wife or a husband; he will remain where he is as a sannyasin. Only his outlook on life will change; now life for him will be no more than a drama, a play. Life for him will be a celebration and not a task, a duty, a drag. And with celebration everything will change.

I have yet another kind of sannyas in my vision which I would like to share with you. It is the vision of short-term sannyas.

I don't want a person to take a vow of lifelong sannyas. In fact, any kind of vow or commitment for the future is dangerous, because we are not the masters of the future. It is utterly wrong to think we are. We have to allow the future to take its course, and we should be ready to accept whatever it brings to us. One who has become a witness cannot decide for the future; only a doer does so. One who thinks that he is a doer can vow that he will remain a sannyasin for his whole life, but a real witness will say, "I don't know what tomorrow is going to be. I will accept it as it comes and be a witness to it too. I cannot decide for tomorrow."

In the past, sannyas was much handicapped by the concept of lifelong sannyas: once a sannyasin, always a sannyasin. We closed the gate of society forever once one entered sannyas. Maybe a person takes sannyas in a particular state of mind, and after some time, when he finds himself in a different state of mind, wants to return to the world--but he cannot do so because the house of sannyas has only an entrance, it has no exit at all. You can enter sannyas, but once in it you cannot leave. And this single rule has turned sannyas into a prison. Even heaven will turn into hell if there is no exit.

You can say that sannyas has no hard and fast rule like this. That is true, but the fact that society looks down upon one who leaves sannyas is a stronger prohibition than any rule. We have an ingenious device to prevent a sannyasin from going back to the world again. When someone takes sannyas we make a big event of it, give him a farewell with great fanfare, with a band and flowers and eulogies. The poor sannyasin does not know that this is a clever way to say goodbye to him forever. He is not aware that if ever he returns to society he will be received by the same people with sticks instead of flowers.

This is a very dangerous convention. Because of it, any number of people are prevented from participating in the great bliss that sannyas can bring them. It becomes too difficult for them to make a decision for lifelong sannyas, which is indeed a very hard decision. Besides, we don't have the right to commit ourselves to anything for our whole lives.

In my vision, short-term sannyas is the right way. You can leave it any time

you like, because it is you who take it. It is your decision, no one else can decide for you. Sannyas is entirely a personal, individual choice, others don't matter in any way. I am free to take sannyas today and leave it tomorrow, provided I don't expect any reward for it from others in the form of their praise and acclamation.

We have made sannyas a very serious affair, and that is why only serious people--who are really sick people--take to it. It is now necessary to turn sannyas into a non-serious thing, a play. It should be entirely for your joy that you enter sannyas for a while and then leave it or remain in it forever. Others should have no say in the matter. If the vision of short-term sannyas becomes prevalent, if people are allowed to enter sannyas even for a few months from time to time, millions of people can enjoy this blessing. It will really be a great thing....

It would be a great experience if someone takes sannyas for a month or two every year and then returns to his householder's world. This experience will enrich his life in a great way; it will go with him for the rest of his life. And if a person, in his sixty or seventy years' life, takes short-term sannyas--say twenty times--he will not need to be a sannyasin again; he will be a sannyasin as he is. Therefore I think that every man and woman should have the opportunity of sannyas in his or her life.

A few things more and then you can put your questions.

Up to now every kind of sannyasin in the world has belonged to some religion, to this or that religion. And this has done immense harm to both sannyas and religion. It is utterly absurd that a sannyasin should belong to some sectarian religion; a sannyasin at least should belong to religion alone, and not to this or that religion. He should not be a Christian, or a Hindu, or a Jaina; he should be a sannyasin of "religion", with no adjective attached to it. He should be the one who, in the words of Krishna, gives up all religions and takes shelter in the only religion there is. Religion, like truth, is one; it cannot be many. And it will be great if we can give birth to a sannyas that belongs to religion and not to religions, not to communal and sectarian religions. The sannyasin of true religion can be a guest everywhere, whether it is in a temple or a church or a mosque, none will be alien to him.

Another thing to bear in mind is the role of the Master, the guru, in sannyas. Up to now sannyas has been tethered to a Master who initiates someone into it. But sannyas is not something which anyone can give you as a gift; it has to be received directly from the divine. Who else but God can initiate you into sannyas? When someone comes and asks me to initiate him into sannyas, I tell him, "How can I initiate you into sannyas? Only God can initiate you. I can only be a witness to your being initiated. Get initiated by the divine, the supreme being, and I will bear witness that I was present when you were initiated into sannyas. My function is confined to being a witness, nothing more." A sannyas tied to the Master is bound to become sectarian. It cannot liberate you; instead it will put you in bondage. Such a sannyas is worthless.

There are going to be three categories of sannyasins. One of them will consist of those who will take short-term sannyas, say tor two or three months. They will meditate and go through some kind of spiritual discipline at some secluded place and then return to their old lives.

The second category will be of those who will take sannyas, but remain wherever they are. They will continue to be in their occupations as before, but they will now be actors and not doers, and they will also be witnesses to life and living.

And the third category will consist of sannyasins who will go deep into the bliss and ecstasy of sannyas that the question of their return to their old world will not arise. They will bear no such responsibilities as will make it necessary for them to be tied to their families; nobody will depend on them and no one will be hurt by their withdrawal from society. The last category of sannyasins will live in meditation and carry the message of meditation to those who are thirsty for it.

It seems to me that never before was the world in such dire need of meditation as it is today. And if we fail to make a large portion of mankind deeply involved in meditation, there is little hope for man's survival on this earth any longer; he will simply disappear from the earth. There is already so much neurosis and insanity in the world, there is so much political madness all around, that the hope for mankind remaining alive grows dimmer and dimmer with the passing of each day.

And the sands of time are running out fast. So it is urgent for millions of men and women all over the world to become meditative in the short time that we have; otherwise man, with all his civilization, is going to perish.

Even if he survives physically, all that is good and great in him will perish.

Therefore a very large band of young men and young women who have yet no responsibilities on their shoulders is needed. And we will include in this band those old people who have laid down their responsibilities and are free. This band of young and old together will first learn meditation, and then they will carry the torch of meditation to every nook and corner of the earth.

The meditation that I teach is so simple, so scientific, that if a hundred people take to it, seventy of them are going to make it. There is no condition that you are qualified to do it; that you do it is all that is needed. Besides, you are not required to owe allegiance to any religion, any scripture, or to have faith and belief as a pre-condition to meditation.

As you are right now, you can join it and do it and go deeply into it. It is such a simple and scientific technique that you are not required to have faith in it. All that is required of you is that you take it as a hypothetical

experiment, as you do a scientific experiment, to see how it works. And I assure you it works; you will make it.

I feel that meditation can he spread throughout the world as a chain-reaction. If a person decides to learn meditation himself and then, within a week of his learning it, initiates another person into it, we will cover the whole earth with meditation within ten years. No greater effort is needed.

Then all the lofty things of life that man is heir to, but has lost, call be restored to him in ten years. And then there is no reason why Krishna should not play his flute amongst us once again, why Christ should not come again and again, why Buddha should not get enlightened under the bo-tree over and over again. Not that the same old Krishna or Buddha will he born again, but that in us we have the potentialities of that meditation which can flower into a Krishna, a Buddha, a Christ over and over again.

It is for this reason that I have decided to be a witness to your being initiated into sannyas. I will be a witness for friends who are ready to join one of the three categories of sannyasins that I have mentioned. I will not be their Master, but only a witness to their initiation into sannyas. In fact, sannyas will be a matter of a direct relationship between them and God.

There is going to be no ritual for initiation into sannyas, so that one does not have any difficulty in leaving it when he feels like it. And sannyas will not be a serious affair; so you need not be worried on this score. It should be such a simple and natural thing that if, one morning getting out of bed, a person feels like taking sannyas, he should not have to face any difficulty in the matter. There will be no difficulty, because it is not going to be a lifelong commitment. If the following morning he feels like quitting it, he can do so as easily. He is his sole judge and master; others have nothing to do with it.

I have explained to you how I envisage this neo-sannyas. Now you can ask a few questions that arise in your minds. *krishn22*

You ask: *What would be the daily routine, the discipline of your sannyasin?*

You ask what the daily routine of my sannyasin would be. It is not a question of my sannyasin. How can anyone be my sannyasin? He or she will be just a sannyasin. And what would be his routine, his schedule of daily life, his discipline?

If we try to impose a fixed daily routine on a sannyasin, it is bound to harm him instead of doing any good. Someone asked a Zen sage, "What is your everyday routine?"

The sage said, "When I am sleepy I sleep, and when I wake up I am awake. When I am hungry I eat and I don't eat when I am not hungry."

And the sage is right. A sannyasin is one who does not impose something on himself, who takes life as it is and lives it very naturally, spontaneously, moment to moment.

We are a strange people. When we feel like sleeping we resist it, and when we cannot sleep we chant mantras and try to get to sleep somehow.

We eat when we are not hungry, and we don't eat when we are hungry, because we have a fixed schedule of eating according to the clock. That is how we destroy the inner harmony of our body, and that is why we are in a mess.

A sannyasin will live in accord with the wisdom of the body. He will sleep when he feels sleepy, and he will wake up when his sleep is over. He will not wake up in what the Hindus call the *brahmamuhurta,* the divine hour, the hour before dawn. Whenever he wakes up will be his *brahmamuhurta.* He will say, "When God brings me out of sleep, I call it my *brahmamuhurta."* He will live naturally, easily, spontaneously.

That is why I cannot give you a routine, a discipline of living. You will be in trouble, you will suffer if I impose any discipline on you, because I will determine it the way it suits me, and my way of life can never be yours. If I tell you to wake up every morning at three o'clock, maybe waking up at three is blissful for me, but it will ruin your health.

Everybody's physical organism is unique and different, but we are not aware of it....

There can be no hard and fast rule for things like this. We cannot have set laws about what to wear, about what to eat and how much to eat, about when to sleep and how long to sleep. We can discuss these things in a general manner, but It would not be proper to set rules about them.

Everyone should find his own discipline, his own way of living; it should be entirely an individual decision. And this much freedom you must have, that you decide your own way of living. Others don't do it, but a sannyasin should. He should insist on this freedom to be the way he is, and to live in the way that is joyful and blissful for him. In this respect he has also to bear in mind that he does not live in a way that impinges on the freedom and happiness of others. And this is enough.

I repeat that we can broadly discuss the question of a daily routine and a discipline for a sannyasin, but we cannot lay down strict rules about them.

There is a person who is addicted to smoking. The whole world is against

him, and yet he goes on smoking. Physicians tell him that smoking will ruin his health, and he says he knows it, yet he cannot quit. What is the matter with this person? Is it that he lacks something necessary for him and smoking provides it? An investigation on smoking done recently in Mexico came to a very strange finding. It says that people who are mad about smoking are those whose bodies lack nicotine. These people are seeking nicotine through tobacco, tea and coffee. But smoking is being condemned as something immoral. But what is immoral in taking some smoke in and out? It is of course senseless, but it is never immoral. He is not harming anyone except himself. It is an innocent stupidity and nothing more. Maybe it is his need; maybe he lacks something which he is fulfilling through smoking. He would be better to discover and know his problem.

Our knowledge of the human body is very poor. It is poor in spite of so much development in medical science. We have yet to understand the body fully, its needs. its problems. And because of this the body has to tackle its problems on its own. If it lacks nicotine it makes you smoke.

And once you take to smoking you are in the clutches of habit and you become helpless. It is not that everyone smokes for lack of nicotine, nine out of ten smokers simply take to smoking out of imitation, And then it becomes a mechanical habit, they become prisoners of a habit.

However, no routine, no discipline can be imposed from the outside. It is not possible, nor is it desirable to prescribe a general code for the daily life of sannyasins, as to when they should leave their beds and what they should eat. Of course, some broad guidelines can be given. What is essential is that whatever a sannyasin does, he does it with awareness; whatever he does, he does it keeping his own good and the good of others in view. And whatever he does is right if it promotes his health, his peace and his happiness. And if, on the other hand, it harms his health and happiness, he should shun it.

In the matter of food, he should take care that his food is fresh, light and health giving. He should avoid unnecessary violence in eating; he should not eat anything that is obtained by killing and maiming living beings. In brief, health should be your prime consideration in the selection of food.

Another important thing in respect to food is to learn and develop a sense of taste in eating. And it depends more on the art of eating than on

the food itself. On the basis of such broad hints about food one should draw up his menu in accord with his own individuality.

Others can't give you a discipline; it is just absurd. In fact, everybody is the architect of his own destiny. Being initiated into sannyas means that a man chooses to be his own master, that he will make his own decisions, that it is his right to conduct himself in his own way. You can say that a sannyasin is liable to err if he makes his own decisions. Let him err; he will suffer for his mistakes. Why should you worry about it? If he does things rightly he will be happy, and if he does them wrongly he will suffer. It is wrong to take undue interest in what others do and how they do it. It is really immoral to interfere in another's life. Who are you to come in his way? One should come in another's way only if his mistakes begin to harm others; otherwise, he should not be interfered with. He can make mistakes and learn from his mistakes.

A sannyasin is one who lives with discrimination, with wisdom, who is always investigating what it is that brings happiness and what it is that causes pain, and who, through his own experiences, learns what is good for him. He is on a journey to his bliss; you need not worry about him.

Sometimes I am amazed to see that others become more worried than a sannyasin himself that he does not err. It is just silly. These self-appointed judges are always prying into the lives of sannyasins--whether they wake up in *brahmamuhurta* or not, whether they sleep in the daytime or not. But who are they? Why should they be after others?

But it is not without reason they do so. These are the ways to persecute and torture others; it is so pleasurable to them. They often say that they respect the unerring sannyasin, which is another way of dominating him.

If the sannyasin wants to have their respect, he will have to obey their rules and live in the way they would like him to live. There is yet another danger to the sannyasin from these self appointed judges. To earn their respect he will turn into a hypocrite; he will publicly show that he follows their rules of

conduct while privately he will go on living outside those rules.

I am not going to allow a sannyasin to be a hypocrite. I hold hypocrisy as the worst sin ever. And the only way to save him from turning into a hypocrite is to abstain from imposing any discipline on him and to leave him free to live in the way that comes naturally to him; otherwise he is bound to be a hypocrite. This is how we have made hypocrites of all the old sannyasins the world over. And so they are in a mess. There is a class of monks in India who cannot take a bath, because people around them are always watching to see if they bathe themselves. They have thus forced them to remain covered with dirt and filth. In return they

give them respect. So these monks have sacrificed cleanliness for the sake of respectability. But whenever they find an opportunity, whenever they are away from the watchful eyes of their followers, they hurriedly dip their towels in water and sponge their bodies. And then they suffer guilt and self-condemnation.

Recently a gentleman came to me and said, "I have heard that a certain Jaina nun, who often visits you, uses toothpaste. Is it not deplorable?"

I told him, "Have you gone mad? Whether a nun uses toothpaste or not is none of your concern. Do you sell toothpaste? What have you to do with it?"

In reply he said, "The use of the toothbrush is prohibited in our community."

"Then don't use it if your community does not permit it," I told him. This gentleman himself uses a toothbrush and toothpaste with impunity, but a nun of his community cannot. This is the price she has to pay for the respect she receives from the community.

I will ask my sannyasin, who I think is a true sannyasin, not to expect respectability from the society, because this expectation will create bondage for him. There are dishonest people all around and they will immediately entrap you and make you their prisoner. They will say,

"Since we respect you, since we touch your feet, you will have to fulfill certain conditions of ours, you will have to obey our laws."

In fact, a sannyasin is one who says, "I don't care for your society, for your laws, for your conditions. Now I have started caring for myself, so you need not be concerned about me."

A sannyasin's own wisdom sheds light on his path. *krishn22*

You ask: *Don't you think that initiation into sannyas will lead to the formation of a sect around you?*

You think it will lead to the formation of a sect. No, it will not. To form a sect certain things are essential. To form a sect one needs a Master, a scripture, a doctrine and an adjective for the sect. Besides these, one also needs a blind, dogmatic belief that one's doctrine alone is right and everything else is utterly wrong. None of these things are here.

The sannyasin of my vision is not going to have any adjective like the rest of the sannyasins, who are either Hindus, Christians or Buddhists. And a sect cannot be formed without such an adjective; it is extremely

difficult. I call a man a sannyasin who does not have a religion, who does not belong to any religion. And you cannot organize a sect without a religion. I call a man a sannyasin who has no scripture like the Geeta or the Bible, and who does not belong to a temple, church or gurudwara.

And without them a sect becomes impossible,

It should be our great endeavor to see that no sect is born, because nothing has harmed religion as much as these sects have. Sects have done more harm to religion than irreligion itself. In fact, a genuine coin is always harmed by its counterfeits; nothing else can harm it so much.

Similarly, if ever true religion is harmed, it is harmed only by pseudo religions. And a tremendous awareness is needed to avoid this danger.

A sect is not going to emerge in the wake of our efforts, because no one is my disciple and I am no one's guru or Master. And if I am offering to be a witness to some people taking sannyas, it is because, right now, they cannot connect with God directly. And I ask them to be on their own and not to disturb me any longer when they become directly connected with the

supreme. I don't want unnecessary troubles, I have no axe to grind. It is great if you can relate with existence on your own; nothing is greater than this. Then the question of someone being a witness does not arise.

And it is of the highest. *krishn22*

You ask: *What is the meaning of wearing orange clothes as a sannyasin?*

It is true that wearing a particular kind of clothes does not make one a sannyasin, but it is also true that sannyasins do wear some particular kind of clothes. Clothes don't make for sannyas, but that does not mean that a sannyasin cannot have his own clothes. He can. Clothes are not that important, but they are not that unimportant either.

What clothes you wear has meaning. And why you wear clothes has meaning too. Someone wears loose clothes and someone else prefers tight ones. There is not much of a difference between loose and tight clothes, but it does say something about the mental makeup of the people who wear them. Why does someone choose loose garments for himself while another chooses tight ones? If a person is quiet and peaceful he will go in for loose clothing, he won't like tight ones. On the other hand, tight clothing is preferred by one who is disturbed, hot-tempered and sexual. Loose clothes are not good for fighting. That is why soldiers all over the world have tight-fitting outfits; they cannot be given loose uniforms. The job of a soldier is such that he needs to be tight and smart. His clothes really should be so tight that he is always ready for action, that he feels he can jump out of his body whenever he is required to do so. But a monk, a meditator, a sannyasin, needs loose and light clothes.

Orange clothes have their own utility. Not that one cannot be a sannyasin without being in an ochre robe, but the ochre robe does have its due place in sannyas.

And those who discovered it, after long search and experiment, had a good many reasons to commend the ochre color for sannyas.

We will come to know the significance of different colors if we make some small experiments with them. Our difficulty is that we never make such

experiments. Take seven glass bottles of different colors--there are seven colors in all--and fill them with water from the same river and leave them for a while under the sun. You will be amazed to find that the colors of the glass have affected the quality of the water, each in its own way.

There are now seven kinds of water in those bottles. The water in the yellow bottle will deteriorate in no time, while the water in the red bottle will remain pure for a long time.

You can ask, "What does the color of a bottle do?" The color of the glass affects the rays of the sun in its own particular manner when they pass through it. While the yellow color accepts a particular kind of ray, the red one accepts another kind, and the water inside the bottles is affected by those rays in a big way. The rays of the sun serve as food and nourishment for the water....

Ochre is the color of the sunrise. When the sun is just emerging on the eastern horizon, when the first light of dawn begins to show itself, its color is exactly ochre. When you enter meditation, the first light that you see is ochre, and the ultimate light of meditation is blue. Meditation begins with ochre and ends with blue; it reaches its peak with blue.

Ochre is the index of the beginning of meditation; a sannyasin encounters this color on entering meditation. So in the course of the whole day the color of his own clothes reminds him of meditation again and again. An association is established between the two, clothes and meditation. Ochre helps him in going into meditation, which is an integral part of the life of a sannyasin....

If, while he is walking, eating or taking a bath, his clothes repeatedly remind a sannyasin of the first color of the meditative experience, then the ochre color has served a great purpose. It is a kind of conditioning, a knot to remind him over and over again that meditation is his way. But this does not mean that one cannot be a sannyasin without the ochre robe. Sannyas is such a lofty thing that it cannot be confined to garments. But garments are not altogether useless; they are very meaningful.

I would like millions of people to be seen in ochre all over the world.

krishn22

You ask: *Is there a special significance in wearing a mala given by you?*

You want to know about the mala and its meaning. Nothing in this universe is meaningless. It is different if something loses its meaning through long usage. Everything wears out and becomes dirty after being in currency for a long time. The same has happened with the mala. But it is meaningful.

There are one hundred and eight beads in a mala. Do you know what this number stands for? There are one hundred and eight techniques of meditation, ways of meditation, and this mala will be with you to remind you of the hundred and eight possible paths to meditation. And if you and I continue to be related I am going to acquaint you with all the different techniques of meditation. The hundred and eight beads of the mala represent all the techniques of meditation there are.

And when a witness like me gives this mala to an initiate into sannyas, he only tells him through this symbol that while he has explained only one path to the unknown to him, there are really many others, as many as one hundred and seven. So don't be in a hurry to say that people who are on paths other than yours are wrong. And always remember that there are countless paths, all of which lead to the divine.

At the bottom of the mala hangs a large bead* which says that whatever path you follow you will reach, because all paths lead to the one, to the ultimate one. So all the beads, including the large one, are symbolic and meaningful....

Whether it is a mala or a new name--there are many such things--they are very meaningful for the journey of sannyas. *krishn22*

*Note: The following year this large bead is replaced by a locket with Osho's photo.

You ask: *Does the mala have healing powers?*

No. For the sannyasins it can have thousands of meanings. For a non-sannyasin, no meaning, because it is a question of your love, your trust.

Then anything can have healing power. If you trust me, then just a glass of water from my hand will have the healing power. It is not in the water, it is not in my hand. It is in your trust.

So to a sannyasin the mala is certainly of many meanings. In sickness he can have healing through it, just holding it. In fear, just holding it and he

will feel courage. In a moment of loneliness, just holding it and he will not feel lonely, he will feel he is with me. But it all depends on his trust, it has nothing to do with the mala itself. The mala is only an excuse. *last224*

You ask: *Is there a special significance in changing one's name?*

Yes, it has significance, great significance. The change of name has great significance for a sannyasin. It is an index, a symbol. Everything in our life is symbolic. You have a name; you are identified with this name. This name has become your symbol; it is identified with your individuality.

Your name has an association with everything that you have been before yesterday. Changing the name of a sannyasin means we disconnect him from his old identity, from his old associations. We say to him, now you are not the same as you were before yesterday. Now you are starting on a new journey with a new name, a new identity....

The change of name is helpful in breaking your old identity. With the changed name you suddenly come to know that you are not the same person now. Every time, while you are on the road, somebody calls you by your new name, not by the old one, you will be startled to learn that vou have ceased to have your old identity. Every day your identification with your old life will wither; every day a new man will come into being in his place. You will be reminded again and again that you are now on a new journey. The change of name is useful for this purpose. *krishn22*

You ask: *Why do you call your male sannyasins 'Swami', and the women sannyasins 'Ma'?*

The path of the masculine is that of awareness, and awareness brings you to a point where you become master of your own being. That is the

meaning of *swami.* The feminine path is that of love, and love brings you to an ultimate point where you can mother the whole existence. And that is the meaning of *ma.*

A woman in her ultimate flowering becomes a mothering energy...she can mother the whole existence. She feels blessed, and she can bless the whole existence. When a man arrives at the ultimate point he does not become a father, he does not become a mother, he simply becomes a master: master of his own being.

Love and awareness--these are two paths. And when I say masculine I don't mean that all males are masculine, and when I say feminine I don't mean that all females are feminine. There are women who will have to pass through the path of awareness--I would like to call them swamis too, but that would be a little more confusing. As it is, it is already too

crazy...so I resist that temptation. But sometimes it comes to me that I see a woman taking sannyas and I feel like calling her swami not ma.

And then sometimes a man comes, very effeminate, and looks more feminine than any woman. *melo06*

Later in 1985 Osho commented:

Slowly slowly I started sorting out my people, and just to sort them out I started initiating them into sannyas so that I could recognize them and know who my people are. I started giving them names so I could remember, because it is difficult for me to remember all kinds of strange names from around the world. The real reason was simply to have names that I could remember; otherwise it would be impossible for me. Now, there are people from almost all the countries, of all languages: it is impossible to remember their names.

But when I give you a name it is a totally different matter. When I give you a name, I give you a name for certain reasons, for certain qualities that I see in you, for certain possibilities that I see in you, for certain characteristics that are already there--and all these become associated.

The name that I give is known to me, its meaning is known to me. Its meaning and your lifestyle, pattern, potentiality, all become associated. It becomes easier for me to remember you; otherwise it is very difficult, almost impossible.

I have given you the red clothes for the simple reason so that I can recognize you; all other excuses are just hogwash. Just to give you good reasons--because people will be asking you and you will have to give good reasons to them--I have been trying to make a philosophy out of nothing. But the truth is simply this, nothing more than this. *misery21*

The day I started initiating, my only fear was, "Will I be able to someday change my followers into my friends?" The night before, I could not sleep.

Again and again I thought, "How am I going to manage it? A follower is not supposed to be a friend." I said to myself that night in Kulu Manali in the Himalayas, "Don't be serious. You can manage anything, although you don't know the abc of managerial science."

I recall a book by Bern, *The Managerial Revolution.* I read it, not because the title contained the word 'revolution', but because the title contained the word 'managerial'. Although I loved the book, naturally I was disappointed because it was not what I was looking for. I was never able to manage anything. So that night in Kulu Manali I laughed. *glimps23*

My effort here is not to create disciples--that is just the preface--but to create masters, as many masters as possible. The world needs immensely, urgently, many people of awareness, of love, of freedom, of sincerity. Only these people can create a certain spiritual atmosphere that can prevent this world from being destroyed by the suicidal forces--

which are very powerful, but not more powerful than love. *books07*

If you have a Master things are simple. He can hold your hand when you are losing all track of your being. He can become your support. If you love your Master that love will be the last link. Every link disappears but that link remains. It disappears only when you have attained your own perspective, your own clarity. It is just like an umbilical cord. The child lives through the

mother in the womb for nine months and if you cut the umbilical cord he will die He lives through it. That is the only link.

In exactly the same way, if you love the Master, a subtle silver cord arises between you and the Master--a very invisible phenomenon to others but very visible to the disciple. He can almost touch it. You become joined together with your Master from your navel. The Master is your mother, the Master is your womb. And this umbilical cord, this invisible silver cord, remains nursing you until you are ready and the pregnancy is ripe, until you are ready to be reborn and you can breathe on your own.

The Master is a must. If you can find one you are fortunate. Then he will interpret to you and the darkness will look like light, the illness will look like a new well-being; the curse he will transform into a blessing. In fact, it is a blessing but you interpret it as a curse. He is not doing anything, he is simply showing you what the case is. *tao209*

Old scriptures say that the master or the guru--the outer guru--can be helpful only in finding the inner guru. That is all. Once the outer guru has helped you to find the inner guru, the function of the outer guru is no more.

You cannot reach to the truth through a master; you can reach only to the inner master through a master--and then this inner master will lead you to the truth. The outer master is just a representative, a substitute.

He has his inner guide and he can feel your inner guide also, because they both exist on the same wavelength--they both exist in the same tuning and the same dimension. If I have found my inner guide, I can look into you and feel your inner guide. And if I am really a guide to you, all my guidance will be to lead you to your inner guide.

Once you are in contact with the inner guide, I am no longer needed.

Now you can move alone. So all that a guru can do is to push you down from your head to your navel, from your reasoning to your intuitive force,

from your argumentative mind to your trusting guide. And it is not like this only with human beings, it is so with animals, with birds, with trees, with

everything. The inner guide exists, and many new phenomena have been discovered which are mysteries. *vbt77*

A great deal of research has been conducted in the fields of telepathy and clairvoyance, and they have yielded good results. Without the help of any technical aids, I can communicate with a person who is thousands of miles away from here, which means that astral communication, communication without the help of any physical instruments is possible. *krishn15*

The name of my first sannyasin is Ma Anand Madhu--a woman of course, because that's what I wanted. Nobody has initiated women into sannyas like me. Not only that, I wanted to initiate a woman as my first sannyasin, just to put things in balance and in order.

Buddha hesitated before giving sannyas to women...even Buddha! Only that thing in his life hurts me like a thorn, and nothing else. Buddha hesitating...why? He was afraid that women sannyasins would distract his followers. What nonsense! A buddha and afraid of business! Let those fools be distracted if they want to be!

Mahavira said that nobody in a woman's body could attain to nirvana, the ultimate liberation. I have to repent for all these men. Mohammed never allowed any woman into the mosque. Even now women are not allowed into the mosque; even in the synagogue women sit in the gallery, not with the men....

I have to apologize for Mohammed, for Moses, for Mahavira, for Buddha, and for Jesus too, because he didn't choose a single woman as one of his twelve apostles. Yet when he died on the cross the twelve fools were not there at all. Only three women stayed--Magdalena, Mary and Magdalena's sister. But even these three women had not been chosen by Jesus; they were not among the chosen few. The chosen few had escaped. Great! They were trying to save their own lives. In the hour when there was danger, only women came.

I have to apologize to the future for all these people; and my first apology was to give sannyas to a woman. You will be amused to know the full story....

The husband of Anand Madhu, of course, wanted to be initiated first. It happened in the Himalayas; I was having a camp in Manali. I refused the husband saying, "You can only be second, not the first." He was so angry

that he left the camp at that very moment. Not only that, he became my enemy and joined Morarji Desai.

Later on, when Morarji Desai was prime minister, this man tried in every way to persuade him to imprison me. Of course Morarji Desai does not have that kind of courage; one can't have if one drinks one's own urine.

He is an utter idiot!

Anand Madhu is still a sannyasin. She lives in the Himalayas, silently, without speaking. Since then my effort has always been to bring women to the front as much as possible. Sometimes I may even look unfair to men. I'm not, I am just putting things in order. After centuries of man's exploitation of women, it is not an easy task. *glimps03*

When my mother came to be initiated by me, I touched her feet because she proved to be a rare mother. To bow down to your own son is really arduous and hard. It is almost impossible to touch the feet of your own son--it needs great courage. It needs great risk to drop all your ego. I touched her feet not because she is my mother, I touched her feet because she dared! I touched her feet for the reason...I was immensely happy. It is rare, happens only once in a while. And I touched her feet also for another thing: because after that she would not be my mother and I would not be her son. The account has to be closed as beautifully as possible.

It was a drastic step. She had always thought about me as her son. Now, no more. Now she would be my disciple and I would be her Master. Up to then she had been giving advice to me, she had been directing me--"Do this and don't do that." Now all that is not possible. Now I will be directing her, I will be giving advice to her, I will be ordering her to do this or that. The whole situation is going to be radically changed.

She risked.

I respected her courage, I respected her egolessness. And the account has to be closed beautifully: this was the last time I would be a son to her; it will remain in her consciousness forever. Since that moment all the ties have been broken. It was the beginning of a new relationship. I touched her feet not only because she is my mother. I touched her feet because she dared, she dared a lot. She dropped her ego. *sands08*

To be a mother is nothing special. Every woman is doing it and all the animals are doing it. But to be a mother and yet to have courage enough to listen to one's own son is something special and rare and in that way my family is rare. My father was a disciple, my mother, my all brothers, my uncles--my whole family.

It needs guts. They have taken a great step. *last502*

But as I left the university and I initiated the movement of sannyas, a tremendous change happened. My initiation of the movement of sannyas created trouble. None of my colleagues--teachers who had been with me for years--would even come to see me. Some were Hindus, some were Mohammedans, some were Jainas--and I was a rebellious spirit. I belonged to nobody.

And the people who used to come to me--I was still teaching the same meditation--started spreading opposition to me, because now it was a question of their religion, their tradition, their church. They did not even come to understand that I am doing the same thing. Just because my people have started wearing red clothes does not mean that my teaching has changed. I just wanted to give an identity to my people so that they could be known all over the world and they could be recognized everywhere.

But they stopped coming--not only teachers but even students who had loved me. And then I saw that all our love and all our respect, all our friendship is so shallow that if our tradition, our convention, our old, ancient beliefs are in some way attacked, all our love, all our friendship disappears.

You will be surprised: even the friend who had given me his bungalow and had the marble temple made especially for me sent a message--he could

not face me himself--he sent a message from his manager that because I did not belong to any ancient path, I should not use his place for my meditation school...as if anything old is bound to be gold. Most probably the older it is, the more rotten it is.

I sent him a message, "I will leave your house and the temple, and you can do whatsoever you want with it. But I am with the sunrise; I am not with the sunset. And I want the whole world to be with the new and not with the old."

Truth always moves with the fresh and the young and the innocent. It dies with the knowledgeable, the scholarly, the clever, the so-called wise-

-who are really *otherwise. transm07*

Sannyas is a decision, a resolution which brings results. It is beneficial.

People ask me what is going to happen by switching to orange clothes. I say, "If you think nothing is going to happen, then wear them for three months."

They say, "People will laugh at us."

I say, "Certainly that will happen. And if you can tolerate their laughter for three months with a cool mind, much will happen to you. Don't bother about the laughing of others...and it triggers the beginning of many things."

People ask me, "What is going to happen by these external changes?

Please show us how inner transformation can happen."

I tell them, "You do not have the courage for even transformation of the outer, and you dare to talk about inner transformation? You begin to die, as it were, when only your clothes have to be changed; it will be very difficult if I begin to change your skin. And you talk of the inner?" But we are clever at deceiving ourselves. And one who is deceiving himself can never become religious.

Remember, a person who deceives others may become religious, but one who deceives himself can never become religious because then there

remains no way for transformation. *finger15*

Now in India particularly, where other religions have their sannyasins in the same color, in the same robe, they are finding it difficult. My sannyasins are moving hand in hand with their girlfriends, and Indians are shocked. *Sannyasins?*

One of my sannyasins who lives near Bombay and commutes every day to Bombay and back, took sannyas. After the second day or third day he came and told me, "You will have to give sannyas to my wife too."

I said, "Why?"

He said, "Why? People will kill me! Yesterday they caught hold of me on the railway station and a crowd gathered. And they said, `Whose wife is this? This sannyasin seems to be escaping with somebody else's wife'--

because sannyasins are not supposed to have wives. I tried hard to explain to them that this is not the old sannyas. They said, `There is only one sannyas, there are not many sannyases. Don't try to deceive us. You have to come with us to the police station.'"

He said, "I had to go to the police station. Fortunately the inspector knew me, and he said, `She is his wife, and this sannyas is absolutely nonserious. Don't be bothered about it.'"

So he said, "It would be good if you give her sannyas also so no problem arises, because anywhere we can be caught. It was good that I was caught at the station where I live, so the inspector knew me."

I gave sannyas to his wife. Two, three days afterwards, he was again there with his wife. He said, "Now give sannyas to my son, because yesterday in the train it became a trouble."

It is a well-known fact in India, and a certainty, that many people go on stealing children from other people. Then they cripple them, blind them, and make them beggars, and whatsoever they earn comes to the man who is doing this business. Beggary in India is now a very strange phenomenon. The blind man to whom you are giving money will not get it--he will get only

food enough to live. All the money will go to the boss who is running the whole factory where he creates crippled people.

"So the crowd," he said, "caught us both and they said, `They are stealing somebody's child!' We tried hard to convince them that it is our own child.

"They said, `*Your* child? Sannyasins have to be celibate. We cannot believe it. In the first place, this is wrong, that you are moving with a woman sannyasin. Woman sannyasins have to move separately from man sannyasins. And not only are you moving with a woman, you are moving with a child. This child is not yours.'"

He said, "It was so difficult. Just because the child was not too small he said, `They are *my* father and mother and they are not stealing anybody!'

Because he spoke we were saved. But please, give sannyas to him also, so there will be no problem left."

I wanted the old idea of seriousness, which has dominated sannyas for thousands of years, to be completely eradicated. And the meaning that has been given to sannyas has to be completely changed--from renouncing, it has to become rejoicing. *dless25*

A professor used to come to me--he was a professor in the same university as I was, and he said, "I would like to be a sannyasin"--he was immensely impressed--"but the only fear is that after becoming a sannyasin I cannot go to the pub, and you know that I am addicted to alcohol. Wearing the robe of the sannyasin it will look very weird and other drunks will start laughing."

I said, "There is no harm. Drink anyway. Become a sannyasin and give it a try."

He became a sannyasin and the second day he came--"You have put me in trouble. I was thinking there is only one trouble, the pub; there are many. My wife now touches my feet! She says, `You are so spiritual!' Now

I cannot relate with her in any other way, except by giving her a blessing."

He was very angry, he said, "You! You must have known and still you did it

to me--and I have been your friend for so long. Last night in the dark I sneaked towards the pub, hoping that everybody must have left by this time, but the bartender was there. He immediately fell on the ground, touched my feet and he said, `What a great transformation!' Now I feel like killing you!"

I said, "It is strange...You asked for sannyas. It certainly brings troubles, but if you can be a little patient it will also bring blessings, ecstasies, which are far more important than the wife or the pub or your friends."

He said, "I *have* to be patient because I cannot go backward; that would be very humiliating." *livzen10*

It happened once that a great political leader came to attend one of my camps in Mahabaleshwar. He was known in India as the father of the Indian parliament because he remained an MP for fifty years. The first day he watched. By the evening he came to me and he said "Everything is okay, but a few things offend me--I have seen four of your sannyasins playing cards. How can a sannyasin play cards? What kind of sannyas is this?"

He was really offended, and I can understand his discomfort, his uneasiness. Sannyasins are not expected to be playful; they have to be serious, they have to be long-faces. They are not expected to laugh, they are certainly not expected to play cards. And when I said, "But what is wrong in it? If they are enjoying playing cards, it is perfectly right, it is meditative", he immediately left the camp. He became so angry; he could not conceive of card-playing as meditation. And all meditation is nothing but card-playing. Meditation means playfulness, meditation is not a serious phenomenon. But he had come seriously--he was getting very old, he was seventy-five and death was coming near, and he wanted to have some security beyond death. He had lived a very very successful life here, now he wanted to succeed in the other life; he could not afford to be playful. Time is short, and time is money; time is fleeting fast. He had come there to learn some way how to have a successful life in the other world. He could not understand that the other world is not a separate world; the other world is intrinsic in this world. It becomes available to non-serious minds. *sunris07*

With me Krishnamurti is really cross, particularly because of my sannyasins. Wherever he goes, anywhere in the world, they are sitting in the front row. And the moment he sees their red clothes and the mala, he

freaks out. Then he forgets on what subject he was going to speak. Then he starts speaking against me, against sannyas, against the rosary, against disciplehood and against Masters.

In Bombay I have many sannyasins and they used to ask me what to do.

I said, "Just go and sit in front. There is nothing you have to do, just smile and enjoy it." And the more they enjoyed it, the more he would beat his head; he would just go out of his senses. He would forget all awareness. He would act just like a bull does when you wave a red handkerchief or a red umbrella or a red flag: the bull becomes mad. I think Krishnamurti must have been a bull in his last life. *ignor27*

Neo-Sannyas International Movement

Neo-Sannyas International is set up as world movement. Osho appoints presidents, vice presidents and secretaries for continents, countries, and for provinces in India.*

*Note: (see *Sannyas* Magazine January-February 1972, and a lecture given in August 1971 to NSI organisers *(early11.doc),* which are complex and too long to include here.) A sannyasin is not a member of a group--it is not a Rotary Club! A sannyasin is directly in tune with me. It is a love affair--not even a marriage, just a love affair, very delicate. The organization that you see is just arbitrary, to make things easier for you. *zzzz11*

You ask: *What you talk about can mean so much to so many people. Your message has to spread, it has to bring about a spiritual explosion. That seems to be the only hope there is for us today. How do you intend to let your ideas grow and spread and blossom, flower, into something more universal, more accepted, more usual?*

That is a very difficult question. Difficult because, as I see it, the moment you begin to organize a thing, it begins to die. The moment you begin to

propagate a thing, it becomes a dead dogma. The moment you say that everyone should try to live according to this principle or that, you become an enemy, despite your good intentions.

So as far as I am concerned, I just go on living the way I feel is right. I go on saying what I feel is right without any intention of turning the whole world on to my way. I have no plans to try to influence the whole world.

In that respect, I am an anarchist. No religious person can be otherwise.

The moment a religious person is followed by a group to whom he can tell what to do and how to live, the whole thing becomes not only nonreligious but, ultimately, antireligious. This has always happened.

Every religion has done this, but no religious person has ever intended it to happen. It is a necessary evil. Whenever there is someone who has something to say, something to show, this comes to our minds very easily: how people can be benefitted by it. And this is good; it is done with compassion. But the very nature of things is such that the moment you begin to organize, it becomes a mission. The thing that you were trying to do dies in the process. But this is the very nature of things. You cannot do anything about it.

As I see it, religious people will be needed in the future, not religious organizations. Unless we discard organizations altogether, the spiritual explosion that you are talking about will never come. It cannot be brought, it can only come by itself. But we can help it to come by not organizing according to ideologies. Every ideology is good when it begins, but by and by it has to compromise. To compromise for the sake of the organization.

Sooner or later, the means always become the end. You begin to organize for the sake of the ideology, but ultimately the ideology begins to exist just for the sake of the organization. The organization becomes more important. You have to compromise for the good of the organization.

Ultimately, the idea dies and only a church remains.

There are so many churches that no new church is needed. I am against

churches. Really, I am against the very spirit of a missionary. As I see it, if I begin to be too concerned with you changing, I have begun to be violent. If I am too concerned with making someone else good then I have begun to be violent. And the violence that happens with good intentions is more dangerous than ordinary violence. All your so-called mahatmas are very violent people. They will not allow you to be yourself.

So what am I to do? It is a problem. I feel that something can be done, I feel that much is needed to be done, but it must be done in such a way that, in doing it, the quality of the thing is not going to change. If the quality changes, then I am for the quality not for the doing.

So I will go on talking. My talking is more or less directed to the individual. If something has to be done, the organization to do it will just be functional, utilitarian. I have to behave not like a missionary but like a poet. A missionary is more concerned with you, with your changes. A poet is more concerned with himself, with his own expression. If something happens to you through it, that is not the point. I can only say what is right as I see it. If something happens to you through my words,

it is okay. If nothing happens, it is also okay. I have said what I had to say as best as it was possible for me to say it. It is enough; I should not be concerned with the result.

To be too concerned with the result is what is known as a worldly mind.

Why should I be concerned with the result? I have said what I felt, I have lived what I felt. If you feel I am saying is worth trying, you can choose to do it. the choice must be yours. It must not be enforced in any way; it must not be manipulated in any way. Even you yourself should not be convinced about it. No conviction is good.

You can choose. This choice will remain alive because, in choosing it, you remain yourself. It becomes part of your greater unity. It is bound to undergo a deep change in you, it will be a different flowering. If I force it upon you then it will just be an imitation. Then you will be a follower, not an authentic being. And followers are not good, not good at all. They are dangerous people!

So what can I do? I can do only one thing: I can communicate my knowing to you. If I am not concerned at all with converting you to my way, communication is easy communication is heart to heart. But if at any moment you feel that I am concerned with changing you, you will become defensive. Then I will have to fight. It is a fight, not a communion.

So I will not organize. The only spiritual explosion that can happen in the world will be through individuals, not through organizations. All organizations have failed: political religious, social. The world is the most ill it has ever been because of these organizations. Every organization was created around a very good idea, a very good, alive thing. It may have been around a Buddha or a Zarathustra or a Jesus--a very alive person with something revolutionary, something essential to give....

Whenever we organize, the whole mechanism of organization is such that a church results, not a religion. And once a church is there, it is always against religion. Any church is against religion, it cannot be otherwise, because religion means rebellion; religion means individuality; religion means freedom. The church cannot mean these things. The church means something else: a deep slavery, a spiritual slavery, a following; a dead dogma, a creed, a routine of ritual. The church can never mean freedom because it cannot survive freedom. But this has always been so.

Now I think, the human mind, human consciousness, has come to a point where we can begin to be individually religious. There is no need to be a Jew, no need to be a Hindu or a Christian. Being religious must be

enough. That means, religion must be freed from all social phenomenon.

It must become an individual existence.

If this is what I think, then what can I do? I can only go on communicating--not waiting for any results, not waiting for any continuity of my thoughts, not hoping, that what I'm saying will be preserved for centuries. It should not be; this is a very wrong conception.

A flower has flowered. By the evening, it must die. Just like this, any idea that has flowered must die. It must not try to be permanent. It must allow

other flowers to flower; it must die so that the next day something else can flower. If I create an organization, then I am creating a hindrance of my own that will prevent something new from arising.

So I am not intending to create an organization at all. I have no plans for the future. This moment is enough. If I am able to communicate something to even one single individual, it will be worth everything, in the world. A mass movement may happen around me, but it will have to happen as a chain reaction. We will have to be patient. A missionary is never patient, he can't be. Otherwise, he would never be a missionary. *quest05*

You ask: *When I go back to my own country, what plan should I follow in trying to teach your methods to others?*

Do not plan anything. Just go on digging within yourself. Things will take their own course.

Planning always presupposes frustration. When you plan, you create the seeds of frustration. Do not plan, just go on working. Let it come. It is always beautiful when it comes by itself. It is always fulfilling, never frustrating, because there has been no expectation. And when there is no expectation, you are never disappointed. The less you are disheartened, the more you can do. The more you are disheartened, the less you do.

So I say again: do not plan. Just go on. Let it come by itself. When we plan, we hinder the way of its coming. Because of the plans we make, life cannot work. Our plans come in the way.

I lead my life with no plans and I have never been frustrated. There is no question of frustration so I am always successful. I cannot be a failure because there is no plan against which I calculate.

No failure, no success is a success--only our conceptions and predetermined plans make them so. If you fail in your plan, you feel disappointed; the ego is hurt. If you succeed, the ego is strengthened and

it will plan more, ceaselessly, causing perpetual strain and burden on the mind. The ego is always afraid of life. In life we never know what is going to

happen so we make plans for our security. But life continually disturbs our plans because we are not the whole and sole of life. We are only a negligibly small part of the infinite existence.

The moment you start planning, you begin to compare and contrast.

Doubts and fears catch hold of you: will I succeed? Is it possible? What will happen, what will people say? The moment you plan, the seeds of frustration take root. Now anxiety will follow. We make plans in order to be free from anxiety, but the plan itself creates anxiety. We become anxious because of our plans, our expectations

So do not plan. Just go on. You do not plan your breathing, you just go on breathing. Let it come to you easily. All that comes easily becomes divine and nothing that comes with effort can be divine. The divine comes effortless! It is, in fact, coming all the time. Let it come! Just let go of yourself and see. Things will begin to move. You will find yourself in the midst of movement, but there will be no anxiety. Then there will not be any trouble created for the mind. If something happens, it is all right.

If nothing happens, then too it is all right. Everything is all right when a mind that does not plan, that accepts life as it is.

Only then can meditation happen, otherwise not. Meditation is not a business, it should not be made a business. If it is, you will not be able to help others toward meditation much less yourself Rather, you will be suicidal to your own meditation because it will be a burden to you.

If meditation has come to you, if something has flowered in you, the perfume will spread. It will work in its own way. Something *has* happened to you. You are calm and at ease, tranquility has been achieved. That will do the work; you will not have to work. What has happened to you will draw people to you. They will come by themselves; they will ask about what has happened to you.

Let others plan, and you just go and meditate. Things will begin to happen, they must happen. Only then do they have a beauty of their own, otherwise not.

Business is always tiring. It has no beauty, no joy. Meditation is not a business, but it has been converted into a business in India, a flourishing business. There are shops and there are factories. Do not take meditation in this way. You have experienced meditation, you have come to the door. You have seen something, you have felt something. Let it go on--let God work.

When you leave here, go completely without planning. Do not even plan not to plan or it will be the same thing. Don't think at all about what you are going to do when you return home. Just *be* there. Your very presence will begin to work. Only then will it be my work. If you plan, then it will not be my work at all. You will merely be distracting yourself and others.

You cannot help others to meditate if you yourself are tense. You cannot help! You will be helpful only if you proceed without plans.

Just go. Sit there, meditate and see what happens. Things are bound to take their own course. *quest05*

Death of Nani, Osho's grandmother

October 7th 1970 Osho rushes to his Nani's deathbed. It is his last visit to Gadarwara*. Osho arranges to move his library from Jabalpur to Bombay.

*Note: Osho relates several stories about old village friends he met on this last visit to Gadarwara, some of which have been included elsewhere

My grandmother was right in saying I would not have friends...only to the point when I started initiating people into sannyas. She was alive for just a few days after I initiated the first group of sannyasins in the Himalayas.

I had particularly chosen the most beautiful part of the Himalayas, Kulu Manali--"the valley of the gods" as it is called. And certainly it is a valley of gods. It is so beautiful that one cannot believe it, even when one is standing in the valley itself. It is unbelievably true. I had chosen Kulu Manali for the first initiation of twenty-one sannyasins.

That was just a few days before my mother...my grandmother died.

Excuse me again, because I go on again and again calling her "mother"

and then correcting it. What can I do? I had known her as my mother.

My whole life I have tried to correct it and not been able to....

I would have liked to initiate my grandmother, but she was in the village of Gadarwara. I even tried to contact her, but Kulu Manali is nearly two thousand miles from Gadarwara. *glimps23*

My grandmother lived till eighty and she was fully healthy. Even then nobody thought she was going to die. I promised her one thing, that when she died I would come, and that would be my last visit to the family. She died in 1970. I had to fulfill my promise. *glimps02*

This is the first time I have told anybody. My Nani was my first disciple. I taught her the way. My way is simple: to be silent, to experience in one's self that which is always the observer, and never the observed; to know the knower, and forget the known.

My way is simple, as simple as Lao Tzu's, Chuang Tzu's, Krishna's, Christ's, Moses', Zarathustra's...because only the names differ, the way is the same. Only pilgrims are different; the pilgrimage is the same. And the truth, the process, is very simple.

I was fortunate to have had my own grandmother as my first disciple, because I have never found anybody else to be so simple. I have found many very simple people, very close to her simplicity, but the profoundness of her simplicity was such that nobody has ever been able to transcend it, not even my father. He was simple, utterly simple, and very profound, but not in comparison to her. I am sorry to say, he was far away, and my mother is very very far away; she is not even close to my father's simplicity.

You will be surprised to know--and I am declaring it for the first time--

my Nani was not only my first disciple, she was my first enlightened disciple too, and she became enlightened long before I started initiating people into sannyas. She was never a sannyasin.

She died in 1970, the year when I started initiating people into sannyas.

She was on her deathbed when she heard about my movement. Although I did not hear it myself, one of my brothers reported to me that these were her last words.... "It was as if she were talking to you," my brother told me. "She said, 'Raja, now you have started a movement of sannyas, but it is too late. I cannot be your sannyasin because by the time you reach here I will not be in this body, but let it be reported to you that I wanted to be your sannyasin.'"

She died before I reached her, exactly twelve hours before. It was a long journey from Bombay to that small village, but she had insisted that nobody should touch her body until I arrived; then whatever I decided should be done. If I wanted her body to be buried, then it would be okay.

If I wanted her body to be burned, that too would be okay. If I wanted something else to happen, then that too would be okay.

When I reached home I could not believe my eyes: she was eighty years of age and yet looked so young. She had died twelve hours before, but still there was no sign of deterioration. I said to her, "Nani, I have come. I know you will not be able to answer me this time. I'm just telling you so that you can hear. There is no need to answer." Suddenly, almost a miracle! Not only I was present, but my father too, and the whole family,

were there. In fact the whole neighborhood had gathered. They all saw one thing: a tear rolled down from her left eye--after twelve hours!

Doctors had declared her dead. Now, dead men don't weep; even real men rarely do, what to say about dead men! But there was a tear rolling from her eye. I took it as an answer, and what more could be expected? I gave fire to her funeral, as was her wish. I did not do that even to my father's body.

In India it is almost an absolute law that the eldest son should begin the fire for his father's funeral pyre. I did not do it. As far as my father's body was concerned, I did not even go to his funeral. The last funeral I attended was my Nani's.

That day I told my father, "Listen, Dada, I will not be able to come to your funeral."

He said, "What nonsense are you saying? I am still alive."

I said, "I know you are still alive, but for how long? Just the other day Nani was alive; tomorrow you may not be. I don't want to take any chances. I want to say right now that I have decided I will not attend any other funeral after my Nani's. So please forgive me, I will not be coming to your funeral. Of course you will not be there so I am asking your forgiveness today."

He understood and was a little shocked of course, but he said, "Okay, if this is your decision, but who then is going to give fire at my funeral?"

This is a very significant question in India. In that context it would normally be the eldest son. I said to him, "You already know I am a hobo, I don't possess anything."...

I could not go to my father's funeral, but I had asked his permission beforehand, a long time before, at my Nani's funeral. My Nani was not a sannyasin, but she was a sannyasin in other ways, in every other way except that I had not given her a name. She died in orange. Although I had not asked her to wear orange, but on the day she became enlightened she stopped wearing her white dress.

In India a widow has to wear white. And why only a widow? So that she does not look beautiful--a natural logic. And she has to shave her head!

Look...what to call these bastards! Just to make a woman ugly they cut off her hair and don't allow her to use any other color than white. They take all the colorfulness from her life. She cannot attend any celebration,

not even the marriage of her own son or daughter! Celebration as such is prohibited for her.

The day my Nani became enlightened, I remember--I have noted it down, it will be somewhere--it was the sixteenth of January, 1967. I say without hesitation that she was my first sannyasin; and not only that, she was my first enlightened sannyasin. *glimps16*

I never saw a more beautiful woman than my Nani. I myself was in love with her, and loved her throughout her whole life. When she died at the age of eighty, I rushed home and found her lying there, dead. They were all just waiting for me because she had told them that they should not put her body on the funeral pyre until I arrived. She had insisted that I set light to her funeral pyre, so they were waiting for me. I went in, uncovered her face...and she was still beautiful! In fact, more beautiful than ever, because all was quiet; even the turmoil of her breathing, the turmoil of living was not there. She was just a presence.

To put the fire to her body was the most difficult task I have ever done in my life. It was as if I was putting fire to one of the most beautiful paintings of Leonardo or Vincent van Gogh. Of course to me she was more valuable than the Mona Lisa, more beautiful to me than Cleopatra.

It is not an exaggeration.

All that is beautiful in my vision somehow comes through her. She helped me in every way to be the way I am. *glimps06*

Even in her death she was beautiful. I could not believe that she was dead. And suddenly all the statues of Khajuraho became alive to me. In her dead body I saw the whole philosophy of Khajuraho. The first thing I did after seeing her was to again go to Khajuraho. It was the only way to pay homage to her. Now Khajuraho was even more beautiful than before because I could see her everywhere, in each statue....

Khajuraho--the very name rings bells of joy in me, as if it had descended from heaven to earth. On a full-moon night, to see Khajuraho is to have seen all that is worth seeing. My grandmother was born there; no wonder she was a beautiful woman, courageous and dangerous too. Beauty is always so, courageous and dangerous. She dared. My mother does not resemble her, and I am sorry about that. You cannot find any proof of my grandmother in my mother. Nani was such a courageous woman, and she helped me to dare everything--I mean *everything. Glimps04*

Osho's discourse series: Gita Darshan

For the first time Osho gives a series of commentaries on religious sutras, and which he wil continue to do for the rest of his life. On November 29th 1971, in Ahmedabad, Osho begins his 34-part series of commentaries on the most popular Hindu scripture *Shrimad Bhagvadgita,* which are published under the title: *Gita Darshan,* and are much loved throughout India*

*Note: earlier Osho had given single lectures on the teachings of certain mystics. Then in September 1969, in Kashmir, Osho gave a series of talks *Mahavir: The Man and His Philosophy,* and in September 1970, in Manali, He gave a series *Krishna: The Man and His Philosophy,* without commenting on their scriptures.

In India a person is called an *acharya,* a master, only if he has written a commentary on three things: first, the one hundred and eight *Upanishads;* second, *Shrimad Bhagavadgita,* Krishna's celestial songs; third, the most important of all, Badrayana's *Brahman Sutras.* I have never spoken about him. I was called acharya for many years, and people used to ask me if I had written all the commentaries--the *Gita,* the *Upanishads* and the *Brahman Sutras.* I laughed and said, "I only tell jokes, I don't write any commentaries whatsoever. My being called an acharya is a joke, don't take it seriously." *books05*

Sutras are very small maxims, aphoristic. The reason why sutras were used in the past was that until writing came into existence, everything had to be memorized. You cannot memorize a big book, but you can memorize small sutras in the seed.

So all the ancient awakened ones have spoken in sutras, so that those sutras would reach the coming centuries just by memory. There was no other way of conveying to the future generations. Hence all old languages are very poetic, for the simple reason that poetry can be memorized more easily than prose. You can sing it....

When there was no way of writing, sutras came into existence; very small, aphoristic, two lines at the most--and that too written in a poetic form, so you can hum, recite, sing, and let them settle in your memory.

So there are sutra priests, and when writing came into existence, *shastras,* scriptures, were written. Now there was no need to write aphoristically, because in an aphoristic style there is the possibility of misinterpretation....

You will find in India a strange phenomenon which has not happened in any place outside India. Every sutra book has been interpreted in thousands of ways, because the sutra is so small, so condensed, so full of meaning, that you can take any viewpoint. It opens in all dimensions; you can interpret it in such a way that nobody has ever thought of.

So there are interpretations of sutras, but these interpretations are also sutras. So then there are interpretations of the interpretations....

Sometimes it goes on until one sutra has been interpreted, then the interpretation has been interpreted--twelve times, fifteen times, thirty times. I have come across one thousand interpretations of *Shrimad Bhagavadgita.*

Such a thing has never happened anywhere else in the world, because never were such condensed sutras given. Seeing the difficulty of sutras, that they can be interpreted in millions of ways contradictory to each other and create many schools of thought.... This was not the purpose.

There was a single meaning, but who knows which is the right meaning?

When there are a thousand meanings available, how are you going to choose which was the original meaning?

Hence, shastras came into existence. `Shastras' mean prose scriptures.

You don't have to interpret. Every detail is given; not just a condensed aphoristic form, but everything that the person wanted to say has been explained by himself. You don't need any interpreter....

The sutra priests exist for sutras; they are just biological computers carrying sutras. You ask them for sutras, they will give you sutras. And there are shastra priests; they don't know anything on their own authority, but they can give you the whole shastra with all the interpretations possible. But it is all games, gymnastics of intellect and language. *yaku02*

Those who knew me for years, who knew that I had always been against God, were really puzzled, absolutely puzzled.

One of my teachers, whom I had tortured for three years continually in my high school because he was a very pious type of man: praying morning and evening, and continually keeping on his forehead the symbol of his religion.... I was continually harassing him about everything; he was incapable of answering any question....

This teacher met me almost twenty years afterwards in a discourse in Bombay. I was speaking on the most popular Hindu scripture, the *Shrimad Bhagavad Gita.* He could not believe it: thousands of people...and I was speaking on *Bhagavad Gita!* And not only thousands of people but hundreds of sannyasins too. He came to the back and waited there for when I came out.

He said, "What has happened? You are transformed!"--and he touched my feet.

I said, "Don't touch them. I am not transformed, I am the same man. And I am very stubborn: I am going to remain the same man to the last breath. Don't touch my feet"--but he had already touched them.

He said, "You must be joking! If so many sannyasins...." That's why I had chosen the orange robe, just to sabotage the whole idea of ancient sannyas. There was now no difference between my sannyasins and their sannyasins: it was difficult to figure out who was who. And my sannyasins were increasing every day, in every place all over the country.

And when he said that so many sages were also sitting there, I said,

"None of them is a sage! Keep your eyes open and close your ears. You should not come here--you are a simple person, this is not for you."

But he said, "I have heard you, the whole lecture, and I have been reading the *Gita* my whole life, and nobody has ever interpreted Krishna's words the way you have. I have read many commentaries, but listening to you I found that all those were third rate." *person14*

Osho moves to Woodlands Apartment

December 8th 1970, Osho moves to Woodlands Apartment, where he lives until March 1974.

Now that Osho is settled he is able to work more closely with disciples. He gives private interviews, and discourses which are often followed by ten minutes' kirtan and meditations.

In those days, at Woodlands in Bombay, I used to give sannyas to people alone in my room. *glimps10*

You say: *My first meeting with you at Woodlands, ended with my getting up from sitting at your feet and walking, not out of the door, but into your closet!*

It was not only you, it happened with many people, because in Woodlands, where I used to live, the door to my room and the door to my closet were exactly the same. For anybody who entered for the first time, it was natural--the chances were fifty-fifty, so almost fifty percent of the people used to go into the closet--and I enjoyed it very much! I used to have an electric remote control lock by my side for both doors. Once a person entered my closet, I would lock it....

It was really fun, because people would come out of the closet so embarrassed, so upset.... The closet was big enough, so they would move around inside, and there were so many robes...so they would go around

the robes, and finally they would come out, very shocked. What had happened?--they had entered by the same door, or so they thought.

Then as they came out, they became aware that there was another door just beside it, exactly the same, painted the same color.

There was also a third door, which led to my bathroom. Once in a while...somebody would come out of the closet door in a hurry, and--as the mind is, it goes to extremes--he would miss the middle one and go to the third door, which would take him into the bathroom. Those who entered the bathroom would take longer to come out, because from my bathroom

opened another door, which led to my sauna.

Coming out of all those doors, they would feel so embarrassed that they would ask, "What happened to the door by which I came in?" And I would say, "Always remember the golden mean, the middle one."

And it is not only true about those doors: in your life also, never go to the extremes. Always find the middle one, the golden mean. At the extremes, truth is always a half-truth; only in the middle is it complete, is it whole. *spirit17*

Whatsoever you do, if you love it, it will never be repetitive. If you love your doings, your acts, there will be no boredom. But you don't love.

I go on talking to you every day. I can go on ad infinitum. I love it. It is not repetitive for me. From eternity to eternity I can go on talking with you. Communication, to communicate with your heart, is love to me. It is not a repetitive act, otherwise I would get bored....

People come to me; sometimes very sympathetically some friends ask me,

"The whole day you are sitting in one room, not even looking out of the window. Don't you get bored?" I am with myself, why should I get bored?

They say, "Just sitting alone, don't you get bored?"

If I hate myself I will get bored, because you cannot live with a person you hate. You get bored with yourself; you cannot be alone. Even if you are alone for a few moments you get fidgety, you get uncomfortable, an uneasiness comes into your being. You long to meet someone, because you cannot remain with yourself. The company is so boring--your own company. You cannot look at your own face. You cannot touch your hand lovingly; no--impossible.

They ask me--and their asking is relevant to their own reference, because they will get bored if they are alone--they ask me, "Don't you go out

sometimes?" There is no need. Sometimes they ask me, "People come to you with the same problem again and again. Don't you get bored?"

Because everyone has the same problem.... You are so unoriginal you cannot even create an original problem. Everyone has the same problem.

Some are related with your love, with your sex, with your peace of mind, with your confusion, or something else--some psychology, some pathology, something--but man can be easily divided into seven categories, and there are the same questions, the seven basic questions, and people go on asking them. So friends ask me, "Don't you get bored?"

I never get bored, because each individual is unique to me, and because of the individual, the problem he brings is not a repetition because the context is different, the individual is different. You come with your love problem, another comes with his love problem: both look similar but they are not, because two individuals are so different--their difference changes the quality of the problem.

So if you categorize, you can categorize into seven categories--but I never categorize. Each individual is so unique that he cannot be put with anyone else. No category can be made. But then you have to have a very keen awareness to penetrate to the very root where the individual is unique. Otherwise, on the surface everyone is alike.

Just on the surface everyone is alike, with the same problems, but if you penetrate deep, if you are alert and ready to move with the person to the deeper core of his being, the deeper you go, the more original, individual and unique a phenomenon comes into being. If you can see to the very center, this person before you is unrepeatable. He has never been before, he will never be again. He is just unique. And the mystery then overfills you--the mystery of the unique person.

Nothing is a repetition if you know how to penetrate, how to be loving and alert. Otherwise everything is repetitive. You are bored because you have a consciousness which creates boredom. Change the

consciousness, and there will be no boredom. But you go on changing objects--that will not make any difference. *vbt64*

I have been talking to many types of gatherings. I have talked to crowds

where each person is listening to me but there is no inter-relationship between the people. So it is as if I am talking to one person. There may be ten thousand people sitting there but I am talking to one person, because each person is one; there is no interlink. That gave me the idea that this wouldn't do.

Then I started creating a family. Now, when I talk to you, it is not that I am talking to one person; I am talking to a family. And I can see--it is so visible--that one person starts feeling high and suddenly the whole group feels the vibrations. One person starts smiling and suddenly the smile spreads; its ripples reach everybody. I can see that if there is someone sitting there who is not a sannyasin he becomes like an obstacle; the flow stops there. He is not part of the whole.

So this is going to be totally different. And these are the implications of sannyas, but one only becomes aware by and by. *hammer11*

Osho initiates Vivek, his long-time attendant

Vivek takes sannyas in April 1971, and is Osho's caretaker from 1973 onwards I had a girlfriend when I was young. Then she died. But on her deathbed she promised me she would came back. And she has come back. The name of the girlfriend was Shashi. She died in '47. She was the daughter of a certain doctor in my village, Dr. Sharma. He is also dead now. And now she has come as Vivek to take care of me. Vivek cannot remember it.

I used to call Shashi Gudiya, and I started calling Vivek Gudiya also, just to give a continuity.

Life is a great drama, a great play--it goes on from one life to another to another. *plove02*

Yesterday, someone came to me in the morning, and I told her to take sannyas. She was bewildered. She said to give her time to think and decide, at least two days. I said to her, "Who knows about two days? So much you require...take it today, this moment." But she was not decisive, so I gave her two days. The next morning she came and took it. She has not

taken two days, only one day. I asked her, "Why? You have been given two days, why have you come so soon?" She said, "At three o'clock at night, suddenly I was awake, and something went deep within me telling me, 'Go take sannyas.'"

It is not a decision that she has made, but a decision that has been made by her very deep-rooted mind. But the moment she came in the room I knew her, I knew that mind which she came to know twenty hours later.

So when I say take sannyas, there are so many reasons with every person to whom I tell it. Either he has been a sannyasin in the last life, or somewhere in the long journey he has been a sannyasin.

I had given her another name yesterday, but today I had to change it because I gave her that name in her indecision. Now I am giving her a different name that will be a help to her. When she came this morning, she herself was decided. That other name was not needed at all. And I have given her the name Ma Yoga Vivek, because now the decision has come through her *vivek*-- her awareness, her consciousness. *gate02 (16 April 1971)*

In 1986 Osho was to say:

Vivek has been for sixteen years with me. When she came she was only twenty years old; now she is thirty-six, almost twice the age. And all these sixteen years, day in, day out, she has been taking care of me with as much love as possible, with a deep devotion. *psycho24*

Old and new friends

You ask: *You address certain sannyasins by our original name, never using our sannyas name. Not only this, but you affix to our name "ji,"*

"Babu," "Bhai"--a sign of respect shown to elders!--and I feel embarrassed.

Govind Siddharth, this is true. There are a few people who I have known long before the initiation into sannyas started. Even before sannyas they were sannyasins by their attitude, by their gratefulness. So when they took sannyas, as far as I was concerned, there was no change. They were

already sannyasins to me. They were unaware of it, but to me there was no change. This was the reason that I continued their old names.

For example, I am addressing Govind Siddharth for the first time; otherwise I have always called him Lashkariji. Kakubhai...Falibhai...

Jayantibhai...I have known them for so many years before sannyas, and there has been no drastic change. They smoothly moved into sannyas, so smoothly that I don't remember a few of their sannyas names. I don't know what is the name of Falibhai, and there is no need. Falibhai will become enlightened as Falibhai. He must know his sannyas name, but I have forgotten because I have never used it. And that was the case with Lashkariji. Today I have used Govind Siddharth before you all, but from tomorrow--again Lashkariji!

Names don't matter.

I can understand your embarrassment that I am calling everybody else by the sannyas name and not calling you by the sannyas name--"Is there something missing?" No, there is not anything missing. Even before you became a sannyasin there was nothing missing. Your sannyas has not been a revolution but an evolution. You have simply grown; you have not taken any jump, there has not been any need.

And you should understand my trouble also: when I see you, I don't remember Govind Siddharth, I remember Lashkariji. So you should be compassionate towards me too; I have my troubles. Now when Kakubhai comes to see me, I don't know his sannyas name. But the important thing is sannyas, not the name. And it is something inner, not something outer. So don't feel that way.

I can see the point, that you respect me. And this has been the human tradition all over the world: that if you respect me then I cannot respect you--and that is absolutely wrong.

If you go to a Jaina monk and you put both your hands together with deep respect and bow down to him, he cannot do the same to you--

because you are respecting him, you are putting him on a higher pedestal; now from that pedestal he can only bless you. Jaina scriptures, Hindu scriptures, Buddhist scriptures all prohibit it: sannyasins should not be respectful towards non-sannyasins. They should be

compassionate--compassion keeps you above them.

But about everything, my approach is different. I respect all those who respect me. I love all those who love me.

The more you respect me, the more I respect you; it is a mutual phenomenon. There is no question of somebody being superior and somebody being inferior....

So as far as I am concerned, I am not one of your so-called holier-than-thou saints.

I love you. I respect you. I am grateful, as you cannot conceive.

I am immensely thankful to every person who has come to me to share my joy, to share my being, to be part of my celebration. *upan14*

In 1985 Osho was to say:

One of my oldest sannyasins, Ma Yoga Laxmi, was the president of the Indian section of my sannyasins for almost ten years, and has been with me almost for twenty years.... *false04*

Mukta...as far as I am concerned, you are the only sannyasin amongst millions who has loved me from the very first day you entered into my room some twenty years ago.

Mukta is one of those unwavering people that have become very rare in the world. She had not come for me; she had come just to accompany another sannyasin. That other sannyasin has disappeared long ago....

But Mukta is made of a different metal. She had come with that sannyasin just to see India; she had no conscious intention even to meet me. She came to see me just accidentally because that woman was coming to see

me. And miracles happen in the world: that woman is lost, and Mukta has never left me for a single moment--here, in America, going around the world. She has left her home, she has left her husband, she has left her children, she has left all the heritage that her old father has left for her. She never went there to get that heritage; her other sister has swallowed the whole thing.

She has never complained about anything. She has never differed in her mind for a single moment; she has passed from disciplehood to the state of devotee long ago.

So it may have been, Mukta, that "the other morning you looked so young in my eyes. I love you"--but I have been loving you for twenty years. I can remember the first day you entered into my room in Bombay.

Sitting on the sofa, I had a very clear perception that you had not come with Pratima, that sannyasin, but that Pratima had come with you, my future sannyasin.

And the same day Mukta became a sannyasin.

Such unwavering trust and love is the only miracle worth calling a miracle. Jesus walking on water is not miracle.... *satyam27*

Osho writes a letter to Mukta (1971):

Dear Mukta.

Love.

Yes, you were related to Yoga Vivek in one of your past lives.

Now many things will be remembered by you soon

because the key is in your hands.

But do not think about them at all

otherwise your imagination will get mixed up with the memories

and then it will be difficult to know

what is real and what is not.

So be always aware from now

that you are not to think about past lives:

let the memories come up by themselves.

No conscious effort on your part is needed;

on the contrary it will be a great hindrance.

Let the unconscious do the work,

you be just a witness,

and as the meditation will go deeper

many locked doors will be opened to you.

But always remember to wait for the mysteries to reveal themselves.

The seed is broken--and much is to follow.

You need only wait and be a witness. *teacup06*

Here is Haridas. He is one of my oldest sannyasins. He is German and he heard Adolf Hitler's name for the first time from me! Can you believe it?

But he was born after the second world war. *fire03*

In my childhood days I used to play the flute, and one of my friends--not really a friend, but an acquaintance--used to play on the tabla. We both came to know each other because we both loved swimming....

This boy, Hari was his name too. Hari is a very common name in India; it means "god." But it is a very strange name. I don't think any language has a name for God like Hari because it really means "the thief"--God the thief!

Why should God be called a thief? Because sooner or later he steals your heart...and the sooner the better. The boy's name was Hari.

We were both trying to cross the river in full flood. It must have been almost a mile wide. He did not survive; he drowned somewhere on the way across. I searched and looked, but it was impossible: the river was flooding too fast. *glimps27*

When Haridas came to me I gave him the name Haridas in remembrance of him, because he looked almost like Haridas. And whenever I look at Haridas I always smile--I remember him. He simply got lost into the river.

We tried hard for two, three days; we could not find even his corpse. *spcial02*

I love the Italians. Just one thing I hesitate about, which is that they look a little greasy--but I can tolerate that. And the second thing is their spaghetti. I don't know that it is something bad....

Just by coincidence an Italian woman who was one of my first sannyasins...She is a professor, but I don't think she has ever taken a bath. On her face you can see layers and layers of powder. She stinks...and this was a bad fate for spaghetti. She prepared spaghetti and brought it for me--and the spaghetti was also smelling and stinking the same! Since then I have become so afraid of spaghetti that I have never tried it. That one experience...I did not even taste it. I somehow managed that that woman should go away. I said, "I will eat it"--and the moment she was gone I flushed it. Even after flushing it my whole bathroom was stinking! *socrat24*

Sheela had come first to me because her husband was suffering from cancer, and the doctors in America had said that he cannot live more than two years. She was desperately in search of someone who could help.

Her husband, Chinmaya, was a beautiful man. He remained with me, and it almost always happens, when you are facing death meditation is easy. You cannot postpone it, because tomorrow you may not be here to meditate.

So Chinmaya tried hard to meditate, and that helped him to live. All the

medical experts were agreed. They could not believe what had happened to him, because two years was the maximum limit for his disease.

But he lived almost ten years, and lived happily in spite of cancer, and died happily. Just a few years more and he would have been enlightened.

But he reached to the point that in the next life the remaining small part can be done. His next life will be the last life.

Sheela had to remain with him, so it was just accidental, her coming to me, her remaining with me. *bond05*

Osho's writing and Mulla Nasruddin

Osho continues to write many letters to friends until the end of 1971, when this ceases. Between 1970 and 1974 he writes a few series of jokes about Mulla Nasruddin, which are published as books. Thus Spake Mulla Nasruddin, dedicated to Vivek, is published in a facsimile of Osho's handwriting*

*Note: the quarterly magazine Jyoti Shikar (Awakening Light) continues in Hindi, along with new magazines dedicated to Osho's vision. Magazines and translations of Osho's books appear in Gujarati and Maharathi languages. In English a glossy magazine, Sannyas, is published every two months from January 1972 to 1979. Many new booklets and books of Osho's discourses are published; by 1973, 36 are advertised in English. Later, many of the booklets are compiled into full length books. Jivan Jagruti Kendra is the sole copyright holder and main publisher for Osho's words in Hindi and English.

The mother told her little boy, Nasrudin, that if he stayed home and behaved himself, she would bring him something from the store.

When she returned home, she asked him: "Well, were you a good little boy, Nasrudin?"

"Oh," said Nasrudin, "I was gooder than good. Why, I was so good I could hardly stand myself." *thus*

"I don't know why your father does not like me," she said to Mulla Nasrudin at their wedding reception.

"Neither do I," replied Nasrudin. *"After all, money, brains and looks are not everything." mulla01*

Mulla Nasrudin went to the psychiatrist and asked if the good doctor couldn't split his personality.

"Split your personality?" asked the doctor. "Why in heaven's name do you want me to do a thing like that?"

"Because," said Nasrudin, *"I am so lonesome." jokes202*

Mulla Nasruddin! He is not a fictitious figure, he was a Sufi and his grave still exists. But he was such a man that he could not resist even to joke

from his grave. He made a will that his gravestone will be nothing but a door, locked, and the keys thrown away into the ocean.

Now this is strange! People go to see his grave: they can go round and round the door because there are no walls, there is just a door standing there, no walls at all!--and the door is locked. The man Mulla Nasruddin must be laughing in his grave.

I have loved no one as I have loved Nasruddin. He is one of the men who has brought religion and laughter together; otherwise they have always stood back to back. Nasruddin forced them to drop their old enmity and become friends, and when religion and laughter meet, when meditation laughs, and when laughter meditates, the miracle happens...the miracle of all miracles. *books08*

People behave differently, because they have been conditioned differently.

I have been searching for a joke that is purely Indian, but I have not been able to find one, all jokes are imported. It is good that there is no taxation on imported jokes; otherwise, in India there would be no jokes at all.

The Indians have been too serious about things, about God, about the

ultimate. You cannot conceive of Gautam Buddha laughing, or Shankaracharya laughing, or Mahavira laughing--that is impossible. I have always wondered about it.... *spirit10*

So if you know life, you know that life is not serious at all. Religious people have made it serious because they are anti-life. But to me, that is not religion at all. That is just a metaphysics for suicide. To me, religion means a very non-serious attitude: very childlike, very innocent....

If I tell a joke, I create tension in you, expectation. curiosity. What is going to happen? How will it turn out? You become tense with expectation. You become serious, your mind begins to work. How is the joke going to end? if it ends just as you expected it to, you will not laugh because then there is no release. But if the end turns out to be completely unimagined, if it is a complete turnabout; if you never expected that this could be the end, then the tension that has been brought to a climax is released. You laugh. But the laughter is not innocent because it is just a release of tension. Every joke has to create a tension in you. Then, when you laugh, you feel released.

Innocent laughter is something very different. It is not a release mechanism, it is a way of living. It is just a way of living!

Take laughing as a way of living. Exist as laughter You will be absolutely nonserious. It may be that you will not be able to achieve anything, but what is the meaning of achievement? Even one who achieves--what does he achieve? Even when achieving, nothing is achieved....

This I call a religious mind: nonserious, playful, innocent--without any struggle. *quest07*

Osho's Library

Osho's extensive library is brought from Jabalpur to Woodlands Apartment. Friends continue sending books for him, and now he receives the latest publications from the West on religion, mysticism, sciences, sociology, psychiatry, therapy, humour, etc. During discourses Osho often comments on books he is reading:

When you look, you are throwing a certain amount of energy. Wait, be silent, allow that energy to come back. And you will be surprised. If you can allow the energy to come back, you will never feel exhausted. Do it.

Tomorrow morning, try it. Be silent, look at a thing. Be silent, don't think about it, and wait patiently for a single moment--the energy will come back; in fact, you may be revitalized.

People continuously ask me.... I go on reading continuously so they ask me, "Why are your eyes still okay? You must have needed specs long ago."

You can read, but if you are reading silently with no thought, the energy comes back. It is never wasted. You never feel tired. My whole life I have been reading twelve hours a day, sometimes even eighteen hours a day, but I have never felt any tiredness. In my eyes I have never felt anything, never any tiredness. Without thought the energy comes back; there is no barrier.

And if you are there you reabsorb it, and this reabsorption is rejuvenating. Rather than your eyes being tired they feel more relaxed, more vital, filled with more energy. *vbt51*

Just now, a few days ago, I was reading a book. The book is written by a psychoanalyst... *doctrn12*

I have been reading the memoirs of Wilhelm Reich's wife.... *doctrn15*

I was reading about some of the experiments that A. S. Neill tried at his school, Summerhill. He experimented with a new type of school where there was total freedom. He was the headmaster, but there was no discipline. *eso05*

I was recently reading the life-story of a Sufi fakir--a wonderful Sufi.... *way115*

I was reading one Sufi mystic.... *vbt49*

I was reading about a Hassid, a Jewish Master, Baal Shem.... *yoga102*

I was reading Bertrand Russell. He says, "Intellectually, I conceive of Buddha as being greater than Jesus. But deep down in my heart, that is impossible: Jesus is greater than Buddha.... *vbt24*

I was reading a very funny book. The title is *Three Christs.... vbt75*

I was reading Castaneda's book. His master, Don Juan, gives him a beautiful experiment to do. It is one of the oldest experiments.... *vbt77*

I was reading a viceroy's journal, Lord Wavell's journal.... *vbt80*

I was reading a memoir written by Popov. Popov was a seeker, and an ardent seeker. She was practicing spiritual disciplines with Piotr Dimitrovich Ouspensky.... *finger01*

Just a few days before I was reading Jean-Jacques Rousseau's *Confessions.* This is a rare book. It is really the first book in world literature in which someone bares himself, totally naked.... *vbt15*

I was reading Voltaire's life.... *vedant14*

I was reading about one poet, a German poet, and he relates one incident of his childhood. *vbt25*

I was just looking at a Peanuts joke-book. Charlie Brown says there, "I love mankind; it is people that I can't stand." "I love mankind; it is people that I can't stand."... *vedant03*

Osho takes the controversial name Bhagwan

In May 1971 Osho*1 changes his name from Acharya Shree Rajneesh to Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, and for the first time publicly acknowledges the fact that he is enlightened*2.

*1Note: In 1989 Osho changed his name to Osho, and asked that he be known by this name thereafter.

*2Note: On 22 November 1972, for the first time Osho confirms details of his enlightenment.

Osho's cousin Ma Yoga Kranti, with whom he lived when he became enlightened, asks him about this event. Osho suggests she remember it for herself, which she does: that it happened on 21

March 1953 at 2am under the Maulashree tree in Bhanvartal Garden. See *Sannyas* Magazine Jan-Feb 1973

Many people have asked me why I kept silent about the fact I became enlightened in 1953. For almost twenty years I never said anything about it to anybody, unless somebody suspected it himself, unless somebody said to me on his own, "We feel that something has happened to you. We don't know what it is, but one thing is certain: that something has happened and you are no more the same as we are--and you are hiding it."

In those twenty years not more than ten people asked me, and even then I avoided them as much as I could unless I felt that their desire was genuine. And I told them only when they had promised to keep it a secret. And they all fulfilled it. Now they are all sannyasins, but they all fulfilled it, they kept it a secret. I said, "You wait. Wait for the right moment. Only then will I declare it."

I have learned much from the past buddhas. If Jesus had kept a little quieter about being the Son of God it would have been far more beneficial to humanity. I had made it a point that until I stopped traveling in the country I was not going to declare it; otherwise I would have been killed--

you would not be here.

Once I had finished with traveling, mixing with the masses, moving from one town to another.... For twenty years continuously I was moving, and there was not a single bodyguard....

If I had declared it I would have been killed very easily. There would have been no problem in it; it would have been so simple. But for twenty years I kept absolutely silent about it. I declared it only when I saw that now I had gathered enough people who could understand it. I had gathered enough people who were mine, who belonged to me. I declared it only when I knew that now I could create my own small world and I was no more concerned

with the crowds and the masses and the stupid mob. *dh1102*

In Christianity you cannot be a saint on your own account. The word saint comes from sanction. You have to be sanctioned by the church that you are a saint; it is a certificate. It is such an ugly idea that the church can give you a certificate that you are a saint. Even a man like Francis of Assisi, a beautiful man, was summoned by the pope: "People have started worshipping you like a saint, and you don't have any certificate."

And that's where I feel Francis missed the point. He should have refused, but he knelt just like a Christian and asked the pope, "Give me the certificate." Otherwise he was a nice man, a beautiful man, but I don't mention his name because he acted in a very stupid way. This is not the way of a saint.

I don't need anybody's certificate for my enlightenment or for my buddhahood. I declare it! I don't need anybody's certificate. Who can give me the certificate? Even Gautam Buddha cannot give me the certificate.

Who gave *him* a certificate?

But the idea of `saint' in English is very wrong. It comes from *sanctus,* sanctioned. *gdead02*

You ask me: *Why do you call yourself Bhagwan? Why do you call yourself God?*

Because I am--and because you are. And because only god is. There is no other way, there is no other way to be. You may know it, you may not know it. The only choice is between ignorance and knowledge. The choice is not between whether to be a god or not to be a god; the choice is whether to recognize it or not. You can choose not to call, but you cannot choose not to be. But it has to be understood, because it is one of the most radical standpoints about life.

Life is made of one stuff. Call it god, call it matter, call it electricity. One thing is certain--that life consists of only one stuff. At the deepest, life is one unity. You can call it whatsoever you like. Scientists used to call it matter,

now they have decided to call it electricity. Religious people decided to call it god, non-religious people decided to call it the world.

But one thing is certain--that there exists only one thing....

There are only two ways to give a label to life. One is the way of the realist--he calls it matter. The other is the way of the poet, the dreamer--

he calls it god.

I am an unashamed poet. I'm not a realist. I call myself god, I call you god, I call rocks god, I call trees god, and the clouds god.... The whole consists of only one stuff and I have chosen to call it god, because with

god you can grow, with god you can ride on great tidal waves; you can go to the other shore. God is just a glimpse of your destiny. You give personality to existence.

Then between you and the tree it is not emptiness. Then between you and your beloved it is not emptiness--god is bridging everything. He surrounds you, he is your surround. He is within and he is without.

When I call myself god, I mean to provoke you, to challenge you. I am simply calling myself god so that you can also gather courage to recognize it. If you can recognize it in me, you have taken the first step to recognizing it in yourself.

It will be very difficult for you to recognize it in yourself, because you have always been taught to condemn yourself. You have always been taught that you are a sinner. Here I am to take all that nonsense away.

My insistence is that it is only one thing that is missing in you--the courage to recognize who you are.

I call myself god to help you, to give you courage. If this man can be a god, why not you? I'm just like you. By calling myself god, I am not bringing god down, I am bringing you up. I am taking you for a high journey. I'm simply opening a door towards the Himalayan peaks....

The Indian term for god, Bhagwan, is even better than god. That word is tremendously meaningful. It simply means 'the blessed one' nothing else.

Bhagwan means 'the blessed one'--one who is fortunate enough to recognize his own being.

It has no Christian associations. When you say 'god', it seems as if I have created the world. I deny all responsibility! I have not created this world.

I am not that much a fool. The Christian idea of god is one who has created the world. Bhagwan is totally different. It has nothing to do with creating the world. It simply says one who has recognized himself as divine. In that recognition is benediction. In that recognition is blessing.

He has become the blessed one.

You can also become. If I can become, why not you? Nothing is lacking--

just a courage to penetrate your own soul, just a courage to enter yourself. You have been taught to be sinners--condemned crushed, crawling on the earth. Your wings have been cut and destroyed.

Calling myself Bhagwan, I would like simply to say to you to gather courage, reclaim your wings...the whole sky is yours. But without wings it is not yours. Reclaim your wings and don't allow anybody to condemn

you. Respect yourself! If you cannot respect yourself, you cannot respect anybody else.

When you respect yourself, a great respect arises. Then you respect the tree, the rock, the man, the woman, the sky, the sun, the moon, the stars. But those ripples of respect arise only when you have started respecting yourself.

I call myself Bhagwan because I respect myself. I am tremendously fulfilled as I am. I am the blessed one. I have no discontent. That is the meaning of Bhagwan--when you have no discontent, when each moment of your life is a fulfillment...when you don't desire anything in the future; your present is so full, overflowing...when there is no hankering.

That's why we call Buddha Bhagwan. He has denied god in his cosmology. He says there is no god, no creator. Christians become very puzzled when Buddha says there is no god, no creator. Then why do Buddhists call him Bhagwan?

Our meaning of Bhagwan is totally different. We call him Buddha, Bhagwan, because he has now no more desires. He is contented. He is happy and at home. He has come home--that is his blessedness. Now there is no conflict between him and existence. He has fallen in accord, in harmonia. Now he and the whole are not two separate things. They vibrate in the same way. He has become part of the orchestra of the whole. And by becoming a part of this great orchestra of stars and trees and flowers and winds and clouds and seas and sands, he has become blessed--we call him Bhagwan....

If you exist without a god, you are a tree without flowers, a rosebush without roses. And what is a rosebush without roses? Just thorns....

When I call myself Bhagwan, I am simply saying to you, 'Look at me--the roses have bloomed. And what has happened to me can happen to you.

So don't feel desperate and don't feel depressed. Look at me and your hope will come back, and you will not feel hopeless.

'Allow me to enter you. At least allow my fragrance to enter your nostrils.

Let me get to your heart. Let me stir your heart a little so that your own flowers start growing, your own buds start opening their petals.'

Calling myself Bhagwan is just a device. I can drop it any day. The moment I see it has started working, the chain has started. The moment I see that now it is no more needed...a few people have become a flame; then they will be enough proof. There will be no need to call myself Bhagwan. They will be enough proof. If a few of my sannyasins start

blooming, I will drop calling myself Bhagwan. The device will have worked.

A few years back, one day I called Yoga Chinmaya and told him to find a new word for me because I was going to function in a new way. I was

known all over the country as the acharya. The acharya means a master, a teacher, and I was a teacher, and I was teaching and travelling. That was just the introductory part of my work; that was to invite people.

Once the invitation reached, I stopped travelling. Now those who want, they should come to me. I have gone to their home, knocked on their doors. I have told them that I am here and any day the desire arises in them, they can come. I will wait. I have shown them the path towards me. And then one day I called Yoga Chinmaya and I told him, 'Now find a new word for me because the word "teacher" will not be enough.'

He brought many names for the new function that I was going to take.

He said, 'Maharishi, great seer.' I said, 'That is comparative--seer and great seer, rishi and maharishi. No, that is not good. And everybody cannot be a seer. It is a talent. A few people can become seers, everybody cannot become a seer.'

Then he said, 'Paramahansa, the great swan?' Again it is comparative.

And it is a symbol of hierarchy. In certain old sannyasin orders, Paramahansa is the last stage. Just as in buddhist terminology, Arhat is the peak, one has arrived. In Hindu terminology, Paramahansa is the peak--but it shows graduation, step by step. It is mathematical, calculative.

He said, 'Then what about Avadhuta? That too is another comparative term, belonging to another sect of sannyasins. It is again parallel to Arhat and Paramahansa, and belongs to the Tantrikas. Avadhuta is their last stage. But it shows achievement.

I said, 'Find something which is universal. Find something which is not relative.' And then he found 'Bhagwan'.

It is a non-comparative term. You cannot be godlier than god; godder than god you cannot be. It is a non-comparative term. And it does not show any achievement; it simply shows your nature. Not that one has to become god; one is god, one has simply to recognize

It does not show any talent. There is somebody who is a great poet,

somebody who is a great seer, a great visionary; somebody a great painter, somebody a great musician, somebody a great dancer--these are all talents. All cannot be great dancers; you cannot all be Nijinskys. And

all cannot be great painters; you cannot all be Van Goghs. And you all cannot be great poets; you cannot all be Tagores and Pablo Nerudas.

But Bhagwan you all are. It does not show an achievement; it simply shows your universality, your very nature. Already you are god.

I loved the term. I said, 'That will do. At least for a few years it will do; then we can drop it.'

I have chosen it for a specific purpose and it has been serving well, because people who used to come to me to gather knowledge, they stopped. The day I called myself Bhagwan, they stopped. It was too much for them, it was too much for their egos. Somebody calling himself Bhagwan?...it hurts the ego.

They stopped. They were coming to me to gather knowledge. Now I've changed my function absolutely. I started working on a different level, in a different dimension. Now I give you being, not knowledge. I was an acharya and they were students; they were learning. Now I am no more a teacher and you are not here as students.

If you are here as students, sooner or later you will have to leave, because you will find yourself in a wrong place; you will not fit here. Only if you are a disciple, then you can fit with me. Because now I am to give something more. If you are here for knowledge, then sooner or later you will see--you have to go somewhere else.

I am here to impart being. I am here to make you awake. I am not going to give you knowledge, I am going to give you knowing--and that is a totally different dimension.

Calling myself Bhagwan was simply symbolic--that now I have taken a different dimension to work. And it has been tremendously useful. All wrong people automatically disappeared and a totally different quality of people

started arriving.

It worked well. Chinmaya's choice was good. It sorted out well. Only those who are ready to dissolve with me remained, all others escaped.

They created space around me. Otherwise they were crowding too much, and it was very difficult for the real seekers to come closer to me. The crowds disappeared. The word 'Bhagwan' functioned like an atomic explosion. It did well. I am happy that I chose it.

Now people who come to me are no more argumentative. Now people who come to me come to drink me, to eat me, to digest me. Now people who

come to me are great adventurers of the soul. And they are ready to risk-

-to risk any and everything.

Calling myself Bhagwan is a device. Sooner or later, when you have grown up and you have understood the point, and when your presence here has created a different quality of vibrations, I will stop calling myself Bhagwan. Then there will be no need. Then the whole atmosphere will be throbbing with godliness. Then people who will come, it will shower on them. It will penetrate into their hearts. There will be no need to call me anything--you will know. But in the beginning it was needed, and it has been of tremendous help.

The last thing about it. I am not a philosopher. Always remember me as a poet. My approach towards life is that of poetry, is that of romance. It is romantic, it is imaginative. I would like you all to be gods and goddesses.

I would like you to reveal your true being.

Calling myself god is a challenge. It is a subtle challenge. There are only two ways to settle with it. One is, you say, 'This man is not god', and go away, because then what are you doing here? If this man is not god, then why waste your time? You go away. Or, you accept that this man is god, and then you start being with me, and your own godliness starts flowering.

One day you will also be a god, a goddess. Accepting me as god is in fact

deep down accepting the possibility that you can also be a god, that's all.

The very acceptance that this man can be a god, stirs something that has been fast asleep within you. Then you cannot remain as you are; something has to be done. Something has to be transformed, something has to be known....

If you decide to go with me, you will become more and more watchful.

And the more watchful you will become, the more you will be able to understand me, the more you will be able to understand what has happened, what has transpired within my soul. You will become more and more a participant in this happening, in this dance, in this singing.

And by and by you will see--the master is coming. And it is not coming from the outside, it is coming from your innermost core, it is arising from your depths...

I looked in and I found him there. My message is simple--that I have found the god within me. My whole effort is to persuade you--look within...

The only question is of becoming a watcher on the hills. Become a witness--alert, observing--and you will be fulfilled. *trans204*

The journalists are always playing a vicious game. They started calling me godman, I have never called myself godman. And then they ask me,

"Why do you call yourself godman?"

There is no species in the world which can be called godman. Just to be man is enough--there is no God. At least I cannot call myself a 'godman', because I don't accept any existence of a god who created the world....

The hypothesis of God does not help. I don't have any hypothesis of God.

To me life is divine. To me existence is godliness, not God. To use the word `godman' for me is simply stupid. But journalists started calling me that, and then started asking me, "Why do you call yourself godman?"

Strange! They started calling me the guru of the rich and then they started asking me, "Why do you call yourself the guru of the rich?" They started calling me the sex guru, and then they started asking me, "Why do you call yourself the sex guru?"

I have never called myself godman. Yes, the people who love me have called me Bhagwan, but Bhagwan does not mean God. We have called Gautam Buddha 'Bhagwan'--and he does not believe in any god. We have called Mahavira 'Bhagwan'--and he does not believe in any God.

So 'Bhagwan' cannot be synonymous with God. 'Bhagwan' simply means the blessed one,--one who has attained the ultimate bliss, the peace, the joy of his own being. And I say unto you that I am the blessed one, but I am not the godman. I am simply a man fulfilled. *last612*

Kirtan Mandali

In October 1971 Osho starts the Kirtan Mandali groups of Indian and Western sannyasins, who travel around India giving talks on His teachings, leading meditations, playing music, singing and dancing.

You want to know what kirtan...can do to enhance devotion. It can do a lot if we do it rightly. The way we are doing the second stage of Dynamic Meditation can be used for singing or dancing as well. It has been used in the past by those who knew its real meaning. Those who don't know the real meaning just dance and shout--which is a waste of time. If

kirtan can be done in the way of the second stage of the Dynamic Meditation, it can be of tremendous help.

If you can dance with abandon, you will begin to see yourself and your body as separate from each other. Soon you will cease to be a dancer; instead you will become a watcher, a witness. When your body will be dancing totally, a moment will come when you will suddenly find that you are completely separate from the dance.

In the past many devices were designed to bring about this separation between a seeker and his body, and singing and dancing was one such

device. You can dance in such a way and with such abandon that a moment comes when you break away from dancing and clearly see yourself standing separate from the dance. Although your body will continue to dance, you will be quite separate from it as a spectator watching the dance. It will seem as if the axle has separated itself from the wheel which continues to keep moving--as if the axle has come to know that it is an axle and that which is moving is the wheel, although separate from it.

Dancing can be seen in the same way as a wheel. If the wheel moves with speed, a moment comes when it is seen distinctly separate from the axle.

It is interesting that when the wheel is unmoving you cannot see it as separate from the axle, but when it moves you can clearly see them as two separate entities. You can know by contrast which is moving and which is not.

Let someone dance and let him bring all his energy to it, and soon he will find there is someone inside him who is not dancing, who is utterly steady and still. That is his axle, his center. That which is dancing is his circumference, his body, and he himself is the center. If one can be a witness in this great moment then kirtan has great significance. But if he continues to dance without witnessing it, he will only waste his time and energy.

Techniques and devices come into being and then they are lost. And they are lost for the simple reason that man as he is tends to forget the essential and hold on to the non-essential, the shadow. The truth is that while the essential remains hidden and invisible like the roots of a tree, the non-essential, the trunk of the tree is visible. The non-essential is like our clothes, and the essential is like our soul. And we are liable to forget that which is subtle and invisible and remember the gross, the visible. It is for this reason when someone comes to me to know if kirtan can be useful, I emphatically deny it and ask him not to indulge in it. I know that now it is a dead tradition, a corpse without soul, as if the axle has disappeared and only the wheel remains....

There are two ways to come to the axle, the center, the supreme. One of

the ways lies in your being so steady and still--just at a standstill--that there is not a trace of trembling in you and you arrive at the center. The other way is just the contrary: you get into such terrific motion that the wheel runs at top speed and the axle becomes visible and knowable. And this second way is easier than the first.

It is easy to know the axle if the wheel is in motion. While Mahavira comes to know it through stillness, through meditation, Krishna knows it through dancing. And Chaitanya surpasses even Krishna in dancing; his dance is magnificent, incomparable. Perhaps no other person on this earth danced as much as Chaitanya. In this connection it is good to bear in mind that man has both a circumference and a center, and while his circumference--the body--is always moving and changing, his center--his soul--is still and quiet, it is eternal. And the question of questions is how to come to this unchanging, eternal center. *krishn13*

Early search for a New Commune

When Osho lives in Bombay there are four experimental Communes, while a search continues for a property where thousands of people can meditate and live together. Overseas, several new meditation centres are set up, some of which are residential ashrams.

The ashram is an Eastern concept, there is no word to express it in English. "Monastery" is not a good word; ashram is totally different. You have to understand the concept. A monastery is where monks live. There are Christian monasteries--there is no need for an enlightened person to be there; abbots are there, administrators are there. The monastery is like a training school. The abbot need not be enlightened, but he will train you, because they have a curriculum, a course. Christian priests are prepared that way....

A monastery is a training school; an ashram is not a school, an ashram is a family. And an ashram doesn't exist as an institution, cannot exist as an institution. The ashram exists around an enlightened person, that is a basic must. If the enlightened person is not there the ashram disappears; it is the person around whom the ashram can come into being. When the person is dead the ashram has to disappear. If you continue the ashram it becomes a

monastery....

The person is important, not the institute--institutions are dead. So remember this: a live phenomenon, a master, just by his presence creates a milieu--that milieu is the ashram. And when you move in that milieu you are moving in a family, not in an institute. The master will take care of you in every way, and you will be there in intimate, close proximity.

Eastern ashrams are disappearing, they are becoming monasteries, institutes. The Western mind is so obsessed with institutes that everything is turned into an institute. I was just reading a book on marriage. It begins by saying that marriage is the greatest institute, the greatest institution--but who wants to live in an institute? The ashram is more intimate, more personal.

So every ashram will differ from others, every ashram is going to be unique, because it will depend on the person around whom it has been created. All monasteries will be similar but no two ashrams can be similar, because every ashram has to be individual, unique; it depends on the personality of the master. If you go to a Sufi ashram it will be totally different--much dancing and singing will be there; if you go to a Buddhist ashram, no dancing, no singing, much sitting silently will be there. And both are doing the same, they are leading towards the same goal.

The first thing to remember: an ashram exists with a master; it is his personal influence, his person, the atmosphere, the milieu that he creates through his being. An ashram is his being, and when you enter into an ashram you are not entering into an institution, you are entering a live person, you are becoming part of the soul of the master. Now you will exist as part of the master, he will exist through you. So no forced discipline, but spontaneous happenings will be there. *vedant08*

In October 1971 Vishwaneed Neo-Sannyas Commune is set up by Ma Anand Madhu in Ajol, Gujarat. Facilities are provided for experiments in 21-days' silence and seclusion It is helpful to practice breath awareness for twenty-one days in total seclusion and silence. Then, much will happen.

During the twenty-one-day experiment, practice Dynamic Meditation once a

day and constant awareness of breathing for twenty-four hours a day. Do not read, do not write, do not think, because all these acts are of the mental body; they are not concerned with the etheric body.

You can go for a walk. This helps because walking is part of the etheric body; all manual actions are concerned with the *prana sharira,* the etheric body. The physical body does these things, but it is for the etheric

body. Everything concerned with the etheric body should be done, and everything concerned with another body must not be done. You can also have a bath once or twice a day; it is concerned with the etheric body.

When you go for a walk, just walk. Do not do anything else; just be concerned with your walking. And while walking, keep your eyes half-closed. Half-closed eyes cannot see anything other than the path, and the path itself is so monotonous that it will not give you something new to think about.

You must remain in a monotonous world, just in one room, seeing the same floor. It must be so monotonous that you cannot think about it.

Thinking needs stimuli; thinking needs new sensations. If your sensory system is constantly bored, there will be nothing outside of you to think about.

During the first week you may feel less need of sleep. Do not be concerned about it. Because you are not thinking, because you are not doing many of the things that you ordinarily do, you will need less sleep.

And if you are constantly aware of your breathing, so much energy will be generated in you, you will become so vital, that you will not feel sleepy. So if sleep comes it is alright; if it doesn't come it is alright. If you do not sleep it will not be harmful....

So much will come to you: things that are absurd, illogical, unimaginable, inconceivable, fantastic, nightmarish. You must go on watching your breath. Let these things come and go; just be indifferent to them. It is as if you are going for a walk. The street is full of people. They pass by, but you

are indifferent to them; you are not concerned with them. Then these images and fantasies will be released and, by the end of the first week, a new silence will come to you. The moment the unconscious is unburdened, there will be no more inner noise. Silence will come to you, a deep inner silence.

You may experience moments of depression. If a deep-rooted feeling of depression has been suppressed in the unconscious, it will come and overwhelm you. It will not be a thought, it will be a mood. Not only thoughts will be coming to you, but moods, too, will be coming.

Sometimes you will feel exhilarated, sometimes you will feel depressed or bored, but be as indifferent to these moods as you are indifferent to thoughts. Let them come and go. They will go by themselves so do not be concerned with them. Moods, too, have been suppressed in the unconscious. During the twenty-one days of the experiment they will be released, and then you will experience something that you have never experienced before--something new, something unknown.

Each individual will experience something different. There are many possibilities, but whatever happens, don't be afraid; there is no need to be. Even if you feel that you are dying, no matter how strong that feeling is, no matter how sure you are of it, accept it. Thoughts, feelings, moods, will be so acute, so real. Just accept them. If you feel that death is coming, then welcome it--and go on watching your breath....

After the first week you will begin to have some psychic experiences. The body may become very big or very small. Sometimes it will disappear, it will evaporate, and you will be bodiless. Do not be afraid. There will be moments when you cannot find where your body is--it is not--and moments when you will see your body lying or sitting at a distance away from you. Again, do not be afraid.

You may feel electrical shocks. Every time a new chakra is penetrated, there will be shocks and tremblings; the whole body will be in a turmoil.

Do not resist; cooperate with these reactions. If you resist, you will be fighting against yourself. Shocks, trembling, a feeling of electricity, heat,

cold--anything felt on your chakras you must cooperate with. You yourself have invited it, so do not resist it. If you resist it, your energies will be in conflict, so cooperate with any psychic experiences that you may have.

Sometimes you may not feel that you are breathing. It is not that breath has stopped, but that it has become so natural, so silent, so rhythmic, that it is not felt....

Just be aware of this situation. You were aware of breathing; now be aware of a situation where no breath is felt. Whatever happens, be aware of it. Awareness *must* be there. If nothing is felt, then you must be aware of your no-feeling. Nothing is being felt, but awareness must be there....

Do not stop the experiment before the twenty-one days are over. After the first week you may want to stop it. Your mind may say, "This is nonsense. Leave." Do not listen to it. Just tell yourself once and for all that for twenty-one days there is nowhere else to go.

After the third week you may not want to leave. If your mind is so blissful that you do not want to disturb it, if only nothingness, blissfulness is there--if you are just a vacuum--then you can prolong the experiment for two or three or four more days. But do not break it before the twenty-one days are over....

So go and begin it as soon as you can. *artof18*

In 1972 Samarpan Rajneesh Sadhana Ashram, New York state, is the first residential ashram overseas

You ask me: *Can you guide us as to some specific ways that Rajneesh Sadhana Ashrams in the West and elsewhere should be structured which makes them different from other Ashrams? How are they unique?*

Remember three words: love, discipline, an independence. These three have to be combine. Love should be the main thing. So whatsoever you do, you must remember that it must be loving. It is very easy to be authoritative. It is every easy to restrict others, because the mind wants to dominate. Then the guru becomes the dominator and the dictator.

Then love is lost. So love is the base of whatsoever you are doing.

For example, smoking: it is innocent, but you can create much fuss about it, an you can make it so significant that it seems as if the whole *moksha* (liberation) is dependent on whether you smoke or not. It is not so.

For example, sex: All those who want to dominate will always be against sex. You cannot dominate a person if you give freedom about sex. You cannot dominate because man has two basic things: food and sex. He cannot survive without these two things. These are survival bases: food and sex. So all the religions who want to dominate others, they will always be concerned with food and sex--always! They will control your food completely and then they will control your sex completely. Then you are just a slave without knowing that you have become a slave. But food cannot be completely controlled, because you will have to eat something-

-because for an individual to survive, food is necessary. So they create many taboos around food. Unscientific, nonsensical taboos are created.

The basic thing is that if one controls your food, he controls your life. So, really, you have become a slave. But food cannot be completely controlled, and one has to eat some time because an individual's life depends on it. But sex can be completely controlled, because individual existence is *not* dependent on sex. You are already born, so sex can be completely cut out. That is why religions are totally against sex.

Every religion creates taboos around food, but allows something to eat, whatsoever it is. But they try to control sex completely. And once someone controls your sex, he controls you.

So the first thing is we are not to control anybody. We are just to help.

Our Ashrams are not dominating fields for someone to play God and then create a slavery around him. Love, I say, is the basic thing to remember.

Whenever you are thinking to prohibit anything, remember, it is not

going to be your domination. It must be something to help the other person, and that is the basic difference.

If I say take vegetarian food, it is just to help you. You will be more patient with vegetarian food, more silent, and it will be easy for you to move in meditation. You can move with non-vegetarian food also, but then you are doing two contradictory things. So it is just a love act when we say that a vegetarian diet will be helpful. So be a vegetarian.

But we are not food addicts and maniacs and faddists. So this is not going to be a principle. We are not saying to anyone that he *must* be, for his whole life, a vegetarian. We are not saying that! You have come to the Ashram to experiment for deeper meditation. So if you have come for deeper meditation, it is good to be vegetarian. Later on, if you feel it is good for your whole life, that is up to you. We are not for vegetarian *ism.*

It is not an " *ism".* It is up to you. If you feel that it is good for you and later on also you want to continue, it is up to you.

So do not create any "ism" around anything. We just want utilitarian devices. The same for sex, because it is very easy to inhibit any person about sex and create guilt feelings. And once someone feels guilty, you can dominate him....

Our approach is with love. We do not want to create any guilt in anyone, because we are not to dominate---just to help. So if we say anything about sex, it is not against sex. If we say that it should not be displayed while others are present, that is only not to trespass others' freedom. So remember this: whatsoever you do, first make it judged by the criterion of love. This must be the first touchstone. Whatsoever you decide, always remember, love must be the reason for the decision....

So discipline is just utilitarian, just for outward behaviour so that a group can live easily, peacefully, with each other. Remember this: the discipline is not for the inner individual. It is only for his outer behaviour, because he is not alone. There are others. That is the difference from a disciplinarian. For a disciplinarian, discipline is the absolute end, the ideal. For me, it is just a technique, and the technique is to help the individual to be independent. And we want discipline so that he becomes more responsible toward others--so that no one is disturbed by him. When no one is disturbed by

him, he will not be disturbed by anyone.

There should be no conflict in behaviour among Ashram residents, and everyone can grow inwardly without any conflict with the outside. Just to get rid of conflict, we have to create discipline. It is not against the individual. It is against the possibility of conflict. When many persons are

living together, there are bound to be many conflicts. So no trespassing, and this is to help the individual to be independent, not to be a slave.

Love should not become possession. Discipline should not become a dead end. And we must continuously remember that everyone remains independent, even following discipline. So make it clear to everyone who comes to the Ashram that this is your choice. You have come to the Ashram. You have entered the Ashram for a few days, for a certain period. You choose discipline. This is with your independence; you choose it! If you do not want to choose it, do not come. This is your choice. Once you choose it, it is your responsibility to follow it.

Even then there will be many problems. Even if you make all the rules, problems will be there, because you cannot know what can happen in any moment. Whenever something occurs and you feel that the rules and the discipline are not fixed about it, remember love and independence, and then decide the discipline. Your mind must be loving, and the person must get a maximum of independence. And then decide the discipline between these two.

It is going to be a delicate thing, and that is the responsibility of the Vice Chancellor and the Chancellor: to decide so delicately! Think it over. Do not be hasty. And always decide within the framework of love and independence. From you, love must be the base. For the other, love must be the end. And between these two there is discipline just because of communal living. If everyone is alone, then there is no question of discipline. Because the other is there, the question of discipline comes.

So this is going to be the difference: for us *moksha* is not the ideal. The individual himself is the ideal. How he becomes totally independent: that is *moksha,* that is liberation. So we have to help him, because in other

ashrams, for them, their emphasis is on moksha, God Realization or something vague, something very very far away. Because of that ideal, that goal, they will force the individual to become a slave. They say that unless you become a slave completely, you cannot achieve moksha. And in order to gain the ideal, individuals become slaves.

For us, the individual himself is the end. There is no future ideal for him.

So owe are to help him to attain this very moment, and we cannot cause that individual to be a slave in any name.

There are only two ways to make slaves: one is physical force, another is mental force. They both work the same. Dictators use physical force.

Religious organizations, churches, they use mental force. But the end result is slavery. You can force someone physically or mentally, and the

second is more tricky, more cunning. So we are not going to cause anyone to be a slave in any sense *. sannyas magazine Jan-Feb73*

In 1972 two farming communes are set up: 'Kailash' in Chanda, donated by Ma Anandmayi, Osho's past-life mother, where a group of 30 Western sannyasins participate in a 6-month residential program; and 'Samarpan', Baroda, Gujarat, donated by Swami Swarupanand (Sheela's father), for a group of Western and Indian sannyasins. Some experiments developed by Gurdjieff are used.

Kailash was a great group. It was a different kind of group, but it was good; it helped the people tremendously! *shore07*

Gurdjieff was experimenting with his disciples. He and his thirty disciples lived in a big house, and he told them to live there in such a way as if the other twenty-nine did not exist. They were not to speak with anyone, not to make any signs, not to make any gestures which might create any communication. Even if one passed by someone else, he had to remember that he was all alone there, nobody else was there in the house. Knowingly or unknowingly, nothing was to be done by anyone that might indicate the presence of the other. If someone stepped on somebody else's toes he was

not to make any apology, for there was no one else present there. Even if because of somebody's mistake an ember from the fire was to fall on someone's hand, no one was to ask for any forgiveness--for there was no one else present there. No one was even to express through their eyes, "I am sorry."

Gurdjieff asked these thirty disciples to stay like that for three months.

Twenty-seven disciples ran away after some time; only three remained to the very end, but those three were transformed into totally different persons.

What was the purpose of this experiment? Let us understand it. It is very easy not to pay any attention to others, or not to apologize, even if you kick someone! This is very easy, there is no difficulty in it. This is how we always want it to be. But this is not the significant point. So what meaning does this experiment carry?

Remember, its meaning is deep and hidden. Gurdjieff had asked you not to pay any attention to the fact that there is someone else present, but then also to understand well that others also will not pay any attention to you. That is where the catch is. You will not pay attention to others, you are alone; others will not pay attention to you, they are twenty-nine.

You will not receive twenty-nine other people's attention, for three months, at all!

All transactions are mutual. I give you attention, you give me attention. It is a business. I am fulfilling your ego, you are fulfilling mine. But in this experiment the exchange will cease at both the ends. What was the reason for those twenty-seven disciples running away? Many of them said later, "We felt as if we were suffocating, that we would die, that we were choking."

Actually their throats were not choking, it was their ego's throats that were choking. They were thinking, "Three months! And there will be no food for our egos! By the time we are out of this place we will be empty."

Those three courageous disciples who stayed, came out after three months as different persons altogether. What had changed in them?

Ouspensky was one of those three disciples who had stayed through the experiment. Later he said, "This man Gurdjieff was amazing, because in three months.... And we had no idea that this was a device to kill our egos. We had thought that the experiment was being carried out to bring peace and silence to our minds. We were not even told that our egos will be killed. After three months we became as though we did not exist; only our being remained. There was no tune of 'I' arising anywhere in us."

The day no 'I' arises within you, that day you are standing at your real 'I'.

That real 'I' is called the soul. And naturally then your individuality becomes spotlessly clean like the full moon--ever blissful and self-luminous. *finger05*

In 1972 an island at Ambernath near Bombay is donated and inaugurated as 'Ananda-Shila', with the Meditation Camp in February 1973. However the land is found to be unsuitable, damp, infested with mosquitoes, and the water salty. The structure Osho recommends is reported in Sannyas Magazine:

Ananda-Shila will work as a World Centre for Meditation and the Science of Religion by promoting a series of activities connected to the following: 1.

A Yoga-Therapy Centre*

2.

A Naturopath and Acupuncture Research Centre as

helpful grounds for scientific investigations and collateral to

Meditation

3.

A University for Meditation, inclusive of departments

such as: (a) A

Training centre for esoteric sciences; (b) A

Training College for Yoga and meditation; (c) An East and West Meeting Centre for Psychologies and Philosophies

4.

A Library of Universal Knowledge

5.

A Publication Centre

6.

A Temple of Understanding: The Temple will represent

all religions of the world, visibly manifested as sixteen gates

opened to a central, void space to represent the Divine

7.

A Hostel for resident sannyasins

8.

A Guesthouse for visitors and students under training

9.

A Hall for mass meditation and international

conferences

10. Fifty Underground Cells for deep meditation

11. A Bungalow for the private residence of Osho

12. Residential Cottages for friends

Ananda-Shila, according to Osho's inspiration, will be an absolutely nonpolitical and non-sectarian Foundation which will work for the rising of awareness among human beings with a basis of love and

understanding . *sannyas magazine Jan-Feb 1973*

*Note: As early as September 1970 Osho talks to an American woman working with mentally disturbed patients, about group therapy and the need for a commune, so people can become aware of suppressed emotions which have caused their madness, followed by creativity, and relaxation *(early04.doc)*. This topic is covered later, see Part VII.

Osho writes to a friend in India:

The news of the commune delights me. The tree's seed is sprouting, soon innumerable souls will shelter under its branches. Soon the people for whom I have come will gather--and you are going to be their hostess! So prepare yourself; that is, empty yourself completely because only emptiness can be the host. You are already on your way singing, dancing, blissful like a river flowing to the sea. I am delighted, and I am always with you. The ocean is close--just run, run, run! *teacup03*

Osho continues to lead Meditation Camps

Osho continues to lead several meditation camps each year, many of which are held in the hill resort of Mt Abu in Rajasthan. Osho introduces new meditation techniques, with music, and

shaktipat experiments. Discourses include commentaries on *the Upanishads, The Seven Portals of Samadhi* by Madame Blavatsky, and *Light on the Path* by Mabel Collins, as wel as instructions for the camp, and for meditations.

Here, Osho concludes his commentary on Nirvana Upanishad:

We have reviewed the Upanishad and have noted certain statements in which the sage has warned us not to repeat his words except to those who

are intimate with us. The words should be told only to those who will not misunderstand. Tell them to one who is ready to learn and who will not add meanings of his own. He should understand only that which is told. Tell these words to one who can bow down at your feet, who seeks not only answers but convictions born out of action, one who wants to reach the highest stage of spiritual knowledge.

The sage gives this last advice: that before repeating this Upanishad, first be sure the person is responsible. And this ends the Nirvana Upanishad.

The Upanishad ends here, but through this you will not achieve nirvana.

Where this Upanishad ends, the journey to nirvana begins.

I am completing this discourse in the hope that you will begin your own journey to nirvana, and you will continue to flow toward it. I have told you so many things during these discourses, trusting fully that you have come here ready to listen and understand. If some of you have not come here in the attitude of a disciple, I shall have to ask the sage to forgive me, because in that case I have said these things contrary to the warning he gave. If someone has heard these things from a place of continuing mental objection or opposition, I would request that he forget that I have spoken at all.

To whatever I have said, if you have any thought of adding anything of your own, remember that it will be an injustice--not only to me, but also to the sage who has written the Upanishad. I have presumed that all those who have gathered together here are my intimates, and communication is possible between us. Precisely for this reason, I have not only given these discourses but I have also simultaneously taught you how to meditate. Those who listen to words as an entertainment also might attend discourses, but they are not eager to meditate; therefore, those who were interested only in these discussions would have run away, seeing that they would have to enter into doing the meditation three times daily, tirelessly and in full sincerity. Meditation has been set at the end of each discourse so that such people would escape. I do not concern myself about you when you are just listening to me, but when I see you go deeply into meditation, then I take care of you.

Your efforts in meditation have assured me that those to whom I have told these things have truly deserved to be told. *thousd15*

I am more more emphatically interested in meditation than in discussions. These discussions are just to give you a push, to satisfy you in an intellectual way; just to give you a feeling that whatsoever you are doing is very intellectual, rational. It is not.

So whatsoever I have been saying is in a way quite the opposite of what I have been trying to pull you into. My approach, as far as these discussions were concerned, was rational, just to satisfy you--just to give you some toys to play with, so that you can be persuaded into something else. That something else is not rational; that is irrational.

Someone came to me and said...he is new here, he has come just two days ago, and he is not acquainted with the Eastern mind at all; he is from the West. So he came to me and said, "I am bewildered, because whatsoever you are saying, and whatsoever is being done in meditation...there seems to be no connection at all."

I said to him, "Of course there is no connection; but still there is. But it is very indirect." I try to pacify your mind just to help you take a jump out of it. I go on rationalizing things, talking logically, arguing about, only in order that your argumentative mind is just exhausted, and you can take a jump out of all the nonsense that is called rationality.

So our meditation has been just a jump into irrational existence. And existence *is* irrational--it is mystic, it is a mystery. So please don't cling to what I have said to you; rather, cling to whatsoever I have persuaded you to do. Do it, and someday you will realize that whatsoever I have said is meaningful. But if you go on clinging to what I have said, it may give you knowledge, it may make you more knowledgeable, but you will not attain to knowing. And even whatsoever I have said may become a hindrance.

I don't know. I may have helped you to create a hindrance--I don't know.

It depends on you.

Now our last meditation. Because it is going to be the last, do not withhold yourself at all. Just be in it as totally as possible. *thou17*

In January 1972, for the first time, Osho leads a Meditation Camp in English as wel as Hindi.

After July 1973 the camps are alternately all English or Hindi. Osho continues this pattern until 1981, after which his discourses are in English.

When I am speaking in Hindi--many people do not understand Hindi but they can also utilize this occasion. Those who do not understand Hindi should close their eyes and listen just to the sound. They should sit in silence as if in meditation. And many times the truth that one does not understand through the words one comes to understand merely by listening to the sound.

When I am speaking in English, friends who do not understand English should not think that this is of no use to them. They should close their eyes and meditate on the sound of my words without attempting to understand the language. There is no need to try to understand a language which you do not know. Sit silently, become like an ignorant person, and meditate upon the impact of the sound. Just listen. That listening will become meditation and it will be beneficial.

The real question is not the understanding, but to become silent. Hearing is not the point, becoming silent is the point. So many times what happens is that what you have understood becomes a barrier, and it is good to listen to something that you do not understand at all; then thinking cannot interfere. When something is not understood there is no way for thoughts to move; they simply stop.

Therefore, listening sometimes to the wind passing through the trees, to the birds singing, to the sound of running water, is better than listening to the seers and sages. The real Upanishads are flowing there, but you will not understand them. And if you do and you can just listen, your intellect will soon quiet down because it is not needed. And when your intellect quiets, you are transported to the place you are in search of. *finger02*

Our individual consciousness is not really individual; deep down it is collective. We look like islands, but all the islands deep down are connected to the earth. We look like islands, different--I am conscious, you are conscious--but your consciousness and my consciousness somewhere deep down are one. It is connected to the earth, the basic ground.

That's why many things happen which look inexplicable. If you meditate alone it will be more difficult to enter into it, but if you meditate with a group it is very easy, because the whole group works as a unit. In meditation camps I have felt and observed that after two or three days your individuality is no more; you become part of a greater consciousness. And very subtle waves are being felt, very subtle waves start moving, and the group consciousness evolves.

So when you dance, you are not really dancing, but the group consciousness is dancing; you are just a part of it. The rhythm is not only within you, the rhythm is also without you. The rhythm is all around you. In a group you are not. The superficial phenomenon of being islands is forgotten and the deeper phenomenon of being one is realized.

In a group you are nearer to the divine; alone you are further away, because again you become concentrated on the ego, on the superficial difference, on the superficial separation. This technique helps, because really you are one with the universe. It is only a question of how to dig it or how to fall into it and realize it.

Being with a friendly group always gives you energy. Being with someone who is antagonistic, you always feel that your energy has been drained out. Why? If you are with a friendly group, in a family, and you are sitting, relaxing, just being together, you feel energized, vitalized. Meeting a friend, you feel more alive than you were before. Just passing an enemy, you feel that you have lost some energy, you feel tired. What happens?

When you are meeting a friendly sympathetic group, you forget your individuality; you drop down to the basic level where you can meet.

When someone is antagonistic, you become more individual, egoistic; you cling to your ego. Because of that clinging you feel tired. All energy comes from the roots; all energy comes with the feeling of a collective being.

In the beginning, doing this meditation you will feel a collective being arising, and then ultimately a cosmic consciousness arises. When all differences are lost, all boundaries disappear and existence remains as one piece, one unit, one whole; then everything is included. This effort to include everything starts from your own individual existence.

Include. *vbt61*

Dynamic Meditation evolves

(There are 112 basic techniques of meditation.) I have developed my own techniques other than the 112, because I saw that for the modern man there are a few problems which are not covered in those 112 techniques.

They were written perhaps ten thousand years ago for a totally different kind of mankind, a different kind of culture, different kind of people. The modern man, the contemporary man, has some differences--over ten thousand years it is absolutely unavoidable.

For example, the Dynamic Meditation is not amongst those 112. It is absolutely necessary for the modern man, although it may not have been at that time. If people are innocent there is no need for Dynamic Meditation. But if people are repressed, psychologically are carrying a lot of burden, then they need catharsis. So Dynamic Meditation is just to help them clean the place. And then they can use any method from the 112. It will not be difficult. If they, right now, directly try, they will fail.

I have seen many people trying directly--reaching nowhere, because they are so full of garbage that first it has to be emptied out.

Dynamic Meditation is of immense help. All the techniques that I have developed are for the contemporary man, and doing these techniques he will be clean, unburdened, simple, innocent. Perhaps there will be no need to try those techniques. But just for curiosity's sake you can try one of the

techniques, and you will be surprised how quickly you enter into its very innermost core.

So first thing is something cathartic, which is absolutely necessary for the contemporary man. And then those silent methods can be used. *last319*

In the September 1971 Meditation Camp, Osho changes the third stage of dynamic meditation from 'Who am I?" to shouting 'Hoo Hoo Hoo'

Now we will get ready for the meditation. Take note of a few things which I could not pass on to you last night. There are two or three hints to be given to you and then we will sit for the meditation.

Last night I said to you about sense-conservance for seven days. The least you use your senses the better. If you do not use them at all, the best. Keep your eyes closed for most of the time; keep your mouth shut for most of the time; keep you ears closed for most of the time. Devote these seven days completely to meditation. Do not keep any other options for this period. Do not go even for a walk; do not go even for sight seeing....

Pay full attention to sense-conservance. Do not let even an iota of energy be wasted, then so much energy will be accumulated in seven days that we will use it. Seating you on that very energy we will send you on the inner journey.

Take minimum food, because most of our energy is spent in digesting the food. Take minimum of it, take only that much that you do not even notice that you have taken food in. Take this as the guideline that after eating you do not feel that you have taken food in--eat only that much.

So, not too much of your energy to go into digesting food. Remember, whenever food is being digested, all your energy from the head moves to the stomach. This is why one feels sleepy after eating. Here we are going to do meditation, wherein all the energies have to be taken towards the head, because it is there where the door has to open. So, minimum amount of food--keep this in mind.

The third point. Do not be miserly to hold even an iota of your energy from

pulling it into the meditation experiment. Many times it happens that you applied all your energy but withheld just a fraction of it, then all that you applied goes waste because of that little fraction that you withheld. The question is not that of how much energy you applied, the question is whether you applied all of it or not....

So, the third thing is: Put your total energy.

The meditation that will be done have in the mornings has three stages of doing to it and the fourth stage is of relaxation.

You will blindfold yourself, put earplugs into your ears and for the first ten minutes you will breath so deeply and intensely that the energy in your whole body is awakened through the hit of this breathing. The breathing is to be used like a hammer to hit within. No system to it, just inhaling fast and deep and exhaling fast and deep. For ten minutes, to ride fast with the breathing: In, out, in, out.... In ten minutes, this breathing will awaken the body electricity in every cell of your body.

When the body electricity will awaken, then in the second stage all kind of movements will begin in your body. Somebody will begin to dance, somebody` will jump, somebody will shout, weep, somebody will laugh.

Let all this happen totally for ten minutes. Dance, sing, weep, shout--

forget the whole world. If for ten minutes you did all this with full intensity, you will suddenly find that you are separate from your body.

The Paramhansa that is sitting within you will start watching that it's the body that is dancing, laughing, jumping.

In the third stage, last time we were repeating the phrase 'Who am I',

'Who am I', this time we will be saying only: 'Hoo', 'Hoo',.... A deep sound of 'Hoo'--a fast and deep hit. In the phrase 'Who am I', the mind begins to think, hence drop it. There is no possibility of thinking in 'Hoo', 'Hoo'. It is not a word, it is only a sound. It is a sound just as 'Om' is a sound.

The hit of the sound 'Hoo' will go deep within you reaching up to below your

navel. If you will make the right hit, it will reach up to down below your navel, and from there will arise currents of energy running towards the head. So, in the third stage, 'Hoo', 'Hoo' for ten minutes.

In all the three stages you have to go completely mad.

In the fourth stage, the moment I say 'Be quiet', you have to go absolutely quiet. Do not wait even for a moment then. Then even if your mind says, even if you are enjoying the action, yet you have to stop. Then you have to stop completely and for ten minutes lie down on the earth like a corpse. Simply lie down like a corpse, be dead for ten minutes.

During these ten minutes, if death could come to you even for a moment, through that very door will the divine enter you.

This is the experiment we are going to do now.

In the afternoon, we will come here and do kirtan for half an hour and then for thirty minutes we will go into complete silence.

About our night meditation, I will give information at the night time itself. *thousd02*

By October 1972 Osho has changed the fourth stage of Dynamic Meditation to a 'Stop' or 'freeze', in whatever position one is in, and remaining in it for 10 minutes.

This fourth step is the meditation; the first three steps are just preparations. The fourth step is just like Zen. You are not doing anything. No effort. Just waiting silently.

But it takes time. At least three weeks are needed to get the feel of the technique, and three months are needed before you can begin to move in a different world. But the time it will take is not fixed. It differs from individual to individual. If your intensity is very great, then even in three days it can happen. *quest03*

You ask: *Will You please indicate something about the fifth stage in active meditation.*

Nothing can be said about it; that is why I never talk about it. The fourth is the last--the fifth will happen but nothing can be said about it. There is no need either. The fifth is not a state, it is your being. The first four are states, steps, but the fifth is not a state, it is not a step. It is your own being, it is your nature. But nothing can be said about it. If you come to the fourth the fifth will happen to you, that much is certain. If you can come to a total silence in the fourth, then the fifth will happen. It is a growth of your silence.

But nothing can be said about it--or whatsoever can be said will be misunderstood....

Once you know how to make this energy flow upward and withinward, you will reach to higher orgasms, to higher peaks of ecstasy, than you can ever reach with any woman or any man. An inner meeting will have started.

The first step is to change your prana, your breathing pattern. The second stage is to throw your emotions, the suppressed part of your mind--a catharsis. And the third is to hit your life energy to move upward. And when the energy starts moving upward, then you are not to do anything, you are simply to lie down as if dead.

There is to be no diversion there. The energy simply moves upward and you are not to do anything. That is why I go on emphasizing not to move.

After the third step when I say "Stop!" stop completely. Do not do anything at all because anything can become a diversion and you miss the point. Anything, just a cough or a sneeze, and you may miss the whole thing because the mind has become diverted. Then the flow will stop immediately because your attention has moved.

Do not do anything. You are not going to die! Even if the sneeze is coming and you do not sneeze for ten minutes, you will not die. If you feel like coughing, if you feel an irritation in the throat and you do not do anything, you are not going to die. Do not be afraid: no one has ever died. Remain dead as far as the body is concerned so that the energy can move in one flow.

When the energy moves upward you become more and more silent.

Silence is the by-product of energy moving upward and tension is the byproduct of energy moving downward. You will be more and more in anxiety when energy moves down; you will be more and more silent, quiet, calm and cool as energy moves upward and inward. And these words downward and outward are synonymous, and inward and upward are synonymous. And when you have become silent, that energy is moving like a flood, it is passing through all the chakras, all the centers.

And when it passes through all the chakras, it cleanses them, it purifies them, it makes them dynamic, alive, and the flood goes upward, upward to the last chakra.

Sex is the first chakra, the first center, the lowest--and we exist at the lowest. That is why we know life only at its minimum. When the energy flows upward and reaches to the last chakra, to the *sahasrar,* energy is at its maximum, life is at its maximum. Then you feel as if the whole cosmos has become silent: not even a single sound is there. Everything becomes absolutely silent when the energy comes to the last chakra.

You know the first chakra; it will be easy to understand through that.

When the energy comes to the sex center, you become absolutely tense.

The whole body is feverish, your every cell is in a fever. Your temperature goes high, your blood pressure goes high, your breathing becomes mad.

Your whole body is in a temporary delirium--at the lowest.

Quite the opposite is the case at the last chakra. Your whole body becomes so cool, so silent, as if it has disappeared. You cannot feel it.

You have become bodiless. And when you are silent the whole existence is silent because the existence is nothing but a mirror: it reflects you. In thousands and thousands of mirrors, it reflects you. When you are silent the whole existence has become silent.

This is the fourth step and I will not say anything about the fifth. This is the door--absolute silence. Then you can enter the temple and you can know it but I cannot say it. And if you come to know it, you will also not be able to

say anything about it. It is inexpressible. *doctrn05*

Osho brings a 5-piece conga-drum band to the July 1973 meditation camp. Later Osho has a musical accompaniment recorded for his meditations.

You ask: *In reference to the meditation techniques based on sounds, please explain the difference between the chaotic music played in Your Dynamic Meditation and the rock music of the West.*

Your mind is in chaos. That chaos has to be brought out, acted out.

Chaotic music can be helpful, so if you are meditating and chaotic music is played or chaotic dancing is there around you, it will help to bring out your chaos. You will flow in it, you will become unafraid of expression.

And this chaotic music will hit your chaotic mind within and will bring it out. It helps.

Rock, jazz, or other music which is chaotic in a way also helps something to come out, and that something is repressed sexuality. I am concerned with all your repressions. Modern music is more concerned just with your repressed sex, but there is a similarity. However, I am not concerned only with your repressed sex, I am concerned with all your repressions--sexual or not sexual...

This state of mind is neurotic. The whole society is ill. That is why I so much insist on chaotic meditation. Relieve yourself, act out whatsoever society has forced on you, whatsoever situations have forced on you. Act them out, relieve yourself of them, go through a catharsis. The music helps. *vbt28*

Osho adds a fifth stage of five minutes celebration at the end of the Dynamic Meditation

You have reaped. You have reaped bliss, you have reaped ecstasy. Now sow it for others. In the world, you sow first and then you reap. In the spiritual dimension, everything is just the reverse. First you reap, and then you sow.

You have reaped what Buddha has sown, what Jesus, Krishna and

Mohammed have sown. They have sown seeds and you have reaped them. Now, sow seeds for others. And remember well that sowing is just exhaling. It is part of the whole process. You will remain half, incomplete, imperfect, unless bliss has started flowing from you toward everything.

This is a very necessary law. When you become silent, you hear it. No one else is saying it to you. Your own heart, your own innermost being, tells you this. This indication, this teaching, this message is not from without. It is from your own innermost self...There's no possibility of not obeying it; it is your own. But if you know it well, it will be easy.

It will be easy if you know that it is part of the process: that bliss should be distributed and shared; only then will it grow more. If you don't know this law, your miserliness, your old selfcenteredness may delay the completion of the process.

It can only be delayed; it cannot be disobeyed forever. But why delay it?

So remember this: whenever you feel any moment of bliss happening, share it.

That's why my insistence, so much insistence, that after meditation you must express your bliss; you must celebrate it. You must make it a point that whatsoever happens to you--allow it to be shared. Dance and sing.

These are just symbolic; they are just to serve as a continuous remembrance.

When you have gone from here, many things will happen to you if you continue meditation. But whenever something happens to you, don't keep it to yourself. Share it. Even if you cannot do anything else, just smiling, smiling to some stranger, may be enough. Just taking the hand of some stranger in your hand and feeling the friend within him will do it.

Or sharing anything, just as a token. Or if there is no one there and you are sitting under a tree, then dance and feel that you are dancing with the tree. Sing, and feel that you are singing with the birds. And sooner or later you will come to understand that when you share, even a tree is ready to share

back with you....

And if a tree can share, why not birds? They are more alive. Why not animals? They are still more alive. And why not the whole existence?

Sooner or later we will find that even stones share. Their soul may be

hidden very deep, but it is there; and one day we are going to find out instruments which will give us indications that even a stone, a rock, has emotions.

So wherever you are, whenever you feel that some ecstatic emotion has happened to you, dance to its tune, sing to its tune, and share your happiness in whatsoever way it happens to you, in whatsoever way you feel to share it. But share it! It will grow more. With sharing, it grows.

With miserliness--with not sharing--it dies down, it shrinks. Death is a shrinkage. Shrinkage is death.

Life is expansion; allow it to expand. And once you know the feeling of expansion you will allow it to happen, because it is your own innermost self dictating. *alchem09*

This will look strange--that I say don't make meditation a practice, rather make it a play, a fun. Enjoy it while doing it, not for any result.

But our minds are very serious, deadly serious. Even if we play, we make it a serious thing. We make it a work, a duty. Play just like small children. Play with meditation techniques, and then much more is possible through them. Don't be serious about them; take them as fun.

But we make everything serious. Even if we are playing, we make it serious. And with religion we have always been very serious. Religion has never been fun, that's why the earth has remained irreligious. Religion must become a fun and a festivity, a celebration--a celebration of the moment, enjoying whatsoever you are doing; enjoying so much and so deeply that mind ceases. *vbt52*

Osho writes to a friend:

The temple of God is open only to a dancing, singing, happy heart. A sad heart cannot enter there so avoid sadness; fill your heart with colour as vivid as a peacock--and for no reason. He who has reason to be happy is not really happy. Dance and sing--not for others, not for a reason, just for dancing's sake; sing for singing's sake; then the whole life becomes divine and only then becomes prayer. To live so is to be free. *teacup03*

The final form of Dynamic Meditation is as follows:

First Stage: Ten minutes of deep, fast breathing through the nose. Let the body be as relaxed as possible; then begin with deep, fast, chaotic breathing--as deep and as fast as possible. Go on breathing intensely for ten minutes. Don't stop; be total in it. If the body wants to move while you are breathing, let it; cooperate with it completely.

Second Stage: Ten minutes of catharsis, of total cooperation with any energy that breathing has created. Let the emphasis be on catharsis and total letting go. Just let whatever is happening happen: do not suppress anything. If you feel like weeping, weep; if you feel like dancing, dance.

Laugh, shout, scream, jump, shake--whatever you feel to do, do it! Just be a witness to whatever is happening within you.

Third Stage: Ten minutes of shouting hoo-hoo-hoo. Raise your arms above your head and jump up and down as you continue to shout hoo-hoo. As you jump, land hard on the soles of your feet so that the sound is forced deep into the sex center. Exhaust yourself completely.

Fourth Stage: Fifteen minutes of stopping dead, as you are. Freeze!

Whatever position you are in, stop completely.

Fifth Stage: Fifteen minutes of dancing, of celebration, of thanksgiving for the deep bliss you have experienced. *medfre*

Kirtan: devotional dance and song

In the afternoon session from four to five, there will be half an hour of kirtan, devotional singing and dancing. Everyone has to participate in it.

The kirtan will go on for half an hour, and during that period you should sing and dance totally and madly. This will be followed by half an hour of silence. After the kirtan, you should blindfold your eyes, plug your ears and sit down in silence.

During that half an hour of silence, there should be no expression, no catharsis of any kind. No sounds, no weeping, no shouting, no laughing, nothing, you are simply like a corpse. All that laughing, shouting, singing and weeping has to be exhausted completely in the half an hour of kirtan. Only he who will be able to empty himself completely of all these will be able to be silent for half an hour. If you withheld anything, that will try to erupt in the half an hour of silence period and only you will be responsible for that. In the kirtan, jumping, dancing, you cathart completely and throw out all the rubbish. Then for half an hour, you either lie down or just sit completely still, like a corpse. As you like--

sitting or lying down, but no catharsis of any kind in that half an hour.

No sounds, no movements, no action of the body. Everything has to be made silent-body mind and speech, everything has to be made silent... *thousd01*

Dancing is not passive, it is very active. In the end you become movement; the body is forgotten, only movement remains. Really, dancing is a most unearthly thing, a most unearthly art, because it is just rhythm in movement. It is absolutely immaterial so you cannot hold on to it. You can hold on to the dancer, but never to the dancing. It just withers in the cosmos. It is there, and then it is not there; it is not here, and then suddenly it is here--it comes out of nothing and it is here--it comes out of nothing and then, again, goes into nothing.

A dancer is sitting here; there is no dancing in him. But if a poet is sitting here, poetry may be in him; poetry can exist in the poet. A painter is here: in a very subtle way, painting is present. Before he paints, painting is there. But with a dancer nothing is present, and if it is present, then he is simply a technician and not a dancer. The movement is a new phenomenon coming in. The dancer becomes just a vehicle: the movement takes over....

Take any activity and go to the limit where there is either madness or meditation. Lukewarm search will not do. *artof02*

Laughing Meditation

Laughter needs a great learning, and laughter is a great medicine. It can cure many of your tensions, anxieties, worries; the whole energy can flow into laughter. And there is no need that there should be some occasion, some cause.

In my meditation camps I used to have a laughing meditation: for no reason, people would sit and just start laughing. At first they would feel a little awkward that there was no reason--but when everybody is doing it...they would also start. Soon, everybody was in such a great laughter, people were rolling on the ground. They were laughing at the very fact that so many people were laughing for no reason at all; there was nothing, not even a joke had been told. And it went on like waves.

So there is no harm...even just sitting in your room, close the doors and have one hour of simple laughter. Laugh at yourself.

But learn to laugh.

Seriousness is a sin, and it is a disease.

Laughter has tremendous beauty, a lightness. It will bring lightness to you, and it will give you wings to fly.

And life is so full of opportunities. You just need the sensitivity. And create chances for other people to laugh. Laughter should be one of the most valued, cherished qualities of human beings--because only man can laugh, no animals are capable of it.

Because it is human, it must be of the highest order. To repress it is to destroy a human quality. *enligh27*

Tratak Meditation

In the night we will have a third meditation, a group meditation. You have to

stare at me--it is a *tratak.* I will be standing here; you have to stare at me without blinking. The eyes will get tired, tears will start rolling down--let them. Go on staring at me so that I can meet you, you can meet me. Just by talking meeting cannot take place. I talk only to persuade you into something else which cannot be given through talk. So talk is just a seduction for something else, for something else which cannot be communicated through words.

That's why this meditation is the last in the night. The whole day I prepare you. I prepare you to go more and more mad, so by the time night comes you are already insane and you can do something which the mind would not have allowed you to do--stare at me with nonblinking eyes. Why nonblinking eyes? When you blink, mind changes. You may not be aware that your blinking depends on the mind. When you are really interested in something blinking stops. That's why your eyes get tired in a film.

Watching a film, the film is not destructive to the eyes, but your eyes stop blinking. You are so interested you forget blinking. You go on staring, that's why your eyes get tired. And staring at a film is dangerous because you are staring at something which belongs to the lowest of the centers. So if you go to see a movie, if at all you go, continuously blink.

Be less concerned with seeing and more concerned with blinking, so you are not hypnotized and the film cannot provoke your lowest center. All films are hitting at the sex center, that's their appeal.

In this third method in the night, you have to stare at me. I want to hit at your sahasrar, the peak, the last, the highest center. Unblinking will be

needed as it is needed for the lowest center. Unblinking you look at me: the mind stops. Then a flow starts; then you and I are not two, a bridge is there. I can move in you, you can move in me--a deep communion is possible.

You will be standing while doing this, and you have to go on jumping with your hands raised so that you forget the feeling of the body and you become energy--jumping, moving, dynamic. As you are, your body has become static. With static energy communication is not possible; only with a moving energy, a jumping energy, is contact possible. When energy is

static it becomes like ice--dead, frozen. When energy is moving the ice melts, it becomes a river, flowing. And if you go on moving, a moment comes when your energy is not even like water; it becomes like vapor--invisible, rising upwards.

Remember, ice is static, cannot move; water is moving, dynamic, but can only move downwards; vapor is invisible, moving, but can only move upwards. These are the three states of your energy also. Every energy can have three states: the solid, the liquid, the vaporous.

You have to go on jumping with raised hands so you become a movement. Everybody will be jumping, and soon static energies will mingle with each other, they will become a dance. And you will be constantly, simultaneously, using the mantra hoo, so you are hitting your energy deep. Your energy starts moving upwards; your body has become flexible, liquid, vaporous, jumping, a dance; and constantly your eyes are static towards me, staring towards me, fixed towards me, and I can work on your highest center.

The whole situation is created: your energy moving, hoo constantly hitting at the source--the lowest source of energy--forcing it to move upwards, you jumping, your eyes staring, mind in a stop, and me constantly working on your sahasrar.

I will be moving my hands just to give you hints. When I move my hands like this you have to go completely mad and become dynamic; just a dance, the dancer is lost. And sometimes, as I move my hands upwards, you have to bring more and more energy to movement. You don't know how much energy you have got; you are holding it. Don't be a miser, allow it. Let it flow, let your totality come into it.

Then there will be some moments when I will put my palms downwards.

When I put my palms downwards that shows that now you are in such a vaporous state that a contact can be made. Now I can come to you, now I can touch your sahasrar. So when I put my palms downwards you have to bring all energy, whatsoever there is, to become the dance, the jump,

the hoo. Bring your total energy in that moment, because in that moment a contact is possible, a *shaktipat* is possible.

And you will feel...if you really move with me you will feel the lotus in the head flowering. You will feel the silence that comes through it, the bliss that comes through it. You will feel the perfume that happens within through its flowering. Once this flower starts flowering you can never be the same again. Now you are on the path, now nothing can stop you.

Now you can move alone, no master is needed.

A master is needed only up to that point when your budlike sahasrar opens. Once the master has helped you to open it, once the petals have started opening, you can be alone. Now no one is needed, now you have gone beyond all possibilities of falling. You can rise and only rise now, there is no possibility of any fall. You have come to the point which is called by Buddha the point of no return. Only up to that point is a master needed.

These will be the meditations that we will follow. I thought it would be good if I told you about everything so there would be no need again to talk about them. *vedant01*

Eyes are your doors for going out. Through eyes you are moving, through eyes the desire, through eyes the illusion, through eyes the projection--

through eyes moves the whole world. But the innermost cannot be approached through the eyes. You will have to become blind. Not that you have to throw away your eyes but that your eyes must become vacant, objectless, without dreams. Your eyes must become empty--

empty of things, empty of pictures, empty of reflections.

If you can look into the eyes of an enlightened one, you will see they are totally different. A buddha looks at you and still he is not looking at you.

You do not become a part of his eyes. His look is vacant. Sometimes you may get scared because you will feel that he is indifferent to you. He is looking at you so vacantly, not paying any attention to you.

Really, he cannot pay any attention to you. The attention is lost now; he has only awareness. He cannot be attentive to anything exclusively because that exclusiveness is created by desire. He looks at you as if not looking. You never become a part of his eyes. If you can become a part of his eyes, then you will become a part of his mind--because eyes are just the door for the mind; they go on collecting the outer world into the inner. Eyes must become blind. Only then can you see your self. *doctrn04*

Surrendering to a master* is a minor surrender, but you begin to feel it because the master begins to flow into you immediately. If you surrender

to a master, suddenly you feel his energy flowing into you. If you cannot feel energy flowing into you, then know well you have not surrendered even in a minor way....

Even in a minor surrender with a master, energy begins to flow.

Suddenly, immediately, you become a vehicle of a great force.

There are thousands and thousands of stories...just by a touch, just by a look, someone became enlightened. They do not appear rational to us.

How is this possible? This is possible! Even a look from the master into your eyes will change your total being, but it can change only if your eyes are just vacant, valleylike. If you can absorb the look of the master, immediately you will be different.

So these are minor surrenders that happen before you surrender totally.

And these minor surrenders prepare you for the total surrender. Once you have known that through surrender you receive something unknown, unbelievable, unexpected, never even dreamed of, then you are ready for a major surrender. And that is the work of the master--to help you in minor surrenders so that you can gather courage for a major surrender, for a total surrender. *vbt02*

*Note: a banner over the podium announces: "I have come not to teach but to awaken.

Surrender, and I wil transform you. This is my promise" this concept is developed later, see Part VII.

Gibberish Meditation

In India we used to have camps where, in the afternoon, for one hour there would be a gibberish period, everybody saying whatsoever he wants to say--one thousand people together. It is not a conversation, because you are not talking to anybody, you are simply talking.

It was a rare experience--because I was the only listener and because of what people were saying! One day a man in front of me was phoning, actually talking on the phone. And I heard, "Hello, hello." Everyone looked: "What are you doing?" He was talking on a long-distance call with no phone, nothing. He was a businessman and just the habit...But it was a tremendously relaxing experience for people. After one hour talking nonsense...

One of my very intimate sannyasins...what happened to him was that just talking and shouting, he went and started pushing the car in which I had come. It was standing there on a slope. He was a very sane man but he was pushing the car and he was talking all the time against Jayantibhai, whose car it was that he was going to throw into the ditch.

And they were friends--but something must have been incomplete in his mind. Somehow a few people stood up and prevented him. Because he was prevented, he climbed up a tree...and he is not mad! He started waving the branch of a tree so strongly that it seemed that it would break and he would come down on the whole group who was sitting underneath. And all the time he was shouting at Jayantibhai.

With difficulty he was brought down. And nobody had ever thought that this man would do such a thing.

After the hour was over he was so silent--more silent than anybody.

I asked him, "How are you feeling?"

He said, "I am feeling more relaxed then I have ever felt in my life. Even

though I have been doing stupid things...but you allowed us to do everything that we wanted to do, and I am feeling very relieved. A lot of burden is thrown away, and I am feeling so much love for Jayantibhai.

All anger is gone."

The camp used to be for five days or seven days and that man on the phone continued for seven days, "Hello," and he was very serious. As the meditation would begin he would start phoning and he was certainly listening to something, and answering, and deciding about business.

"Put this money there, and do this, and purchase that. This is the time to purchase it. Prices are going up." And so serious that finally the last day I asked him, "How are you feeling?"

He said, "I also wonder...this meditation is strange. I am not mad, and I know that there is no phone but that is the only idea that comes to me.

And you have said, `You have to allow it.' And afterwards I feel for hours absolutely silent, joyous. A great burden..." It must have been his daily routine and he was missing it.

It has never been used by groups, but the very word `gibberish' comes from the name of a Sufi mystic, Jabbar. He used to talk nonsense. You would ask about the moon, and he would talk about the sun; he never answered the question he was asked. He would make up his own words.

It is because of his name, Jabbar, that the word gibberish came into being; it is the language of Jabbar. He is one of the enlightened Sufi

masters. He used gibberish for others; otherwise he was silent. For days, if nobody came, he would be silent. If anybody came and said anything to him, then that person triggered him. Then he would say anything--

sentences without meaning, words without meaning. You could not make any sense out of what he was saying.

Jabbar was asked again and again by his disciples, "Why do you do such things?--otherwise you are so silent. Not only do people laugh at you, we all

feel embarrassed that we are your disciples. And they think that we are idiots: what can we learn with this man?"

Only to his disciples would he say, "You know that these people are unnecessarily coming with questions. They don't intend to understand or to change, and my gibberish stops them from coming so I can work in silence with you. And it is good for my mind too, because most of the time I am silent. It is good, just as an exercise for the mind: if it is needed, I can use it. So just to check that it is still working, I use all this gibberish." *mystic15*

But this is a strange world. The government of Rajasthan passed a resolution in their assembly that I cannot have camps in Mount Abu, because they had heard all these things were happening there--people who are perfectly alright become almost mad, start doing all kinds of things. Now these politicians in the assembly don't have any idea of human mind, its inhibitions and how to exhaust them, how to burn them. I had to stop that meditation because otherwise they were not going to allow me to have camps in Mount Abu. *tahui20*

Response to Meditations

It happens many times. It has been my own experience that people come to me and they say, "Now meditation is going deep but we are scared." An ultimate feeling is bound to come when you feel a "dying" fear, as if death is approaching near. When meditation comes to its peak it is deathlike. I tell them, "Don't worry, I am with you." Then they feel okay. I cannot be there--impossible! No one can be there. This is untrue. No one can be there, you will be alone. That point is one of total aloneness. But when I say, "I will be there, you don't worry, you go ahead," they feel okay and they move. If I say, "You will be alone and no one is going to be there,"

they will step back. The point has come where fear is bound to be there.

The abyss is there and they are going to fall--I must help them to fall. So I say that I am there, you just take the jump. And they take the jump!

After the jump they will come to know that no one was there, but now, now the whole thing is finished. They cannot come back. This is a device.

All systems are devices to help: to help people who are full of doubts, to help people who have no trust, to help people who have no confidence. To help people to move into the unknown without fear, systems are created.

In those systems everything is just like a myth, that is why there are so many systems. Mahavira creates his own--that system is created according to the needs of his followers. So he creates a system. It is a myth, but very helpful, because many moved through it and reached to the truth. And when they reached they knew that the system was false--

but it worked. *vbt76*

If I tell you to run just now, you will say, "I am feeling sleepy, I cannot run." And then someone comes and says, "Your house is on fire."

Suddenly the sleepiness has gone. There is no tiredness, you feel fresh; you start running. What has happened so suddenly? You were tired, and the emergency has made you connected with the second layer of energy, so you are fresh again. This is the second layer. In this (active) technique, the second layer has to be exhausted. The first layer is exhausted very easily. Continue. You will feel tired, but continue. And within a few moments a new surge of energy will come, and you will feel again renewed and there will be no tiredness.

So many people come to me and they say, "When we are in a meditation camp, it seems miraculous that we can do this much. In the morning, for one hour meditating actively, chaotically, going completely mad. And then in the afternoon we do an hour, and then in the night also. Three times a day we can go on meditating chaotically." Many have said that they feel that this is impossible, that they cannot continue and they will be dead tired, and the next day it will be impossible to move any limb of the body. But no one gets tired. Three sessions every day, doing such exertions, and no one is tired. Why? Because they are in contact with the second layer of energy.

But if you are doing it alone--go to a hill and do it alone--you will become tired. When the first layer is finished you will feel, "Now I am tired." But in a big group of five hundred people doing meditation, you feel, "No one is tired, so I should continue a little more." And everyone is thinking the same:

"No one is tired, so I should continue a little more. If everyone is fresh and doing, why should I feel tired?"

That group feeling gives you an impetus, and soon you reach the second layer. And the second layer is very big--an emergency layer. When the emergency layer is also tired, finished, only then are you in contact with the cosmic, the source, the infinite.

That is why much exertion is needed--so much that you feel, "Now it is going beyond me." The first moment you feel it is going beyond you, it is not going beyond you--it is just going beyond the first layer. And when the first layer is finished, you will feel tired. When the second layer is finished, you will feel, "If I do anything now, I will be dead." So many come to me, and they say that whenever they reach deep in meditation, a moment comes when they become afraid and scared and they say, "Now I am afraid. It seems as if I am going to die. Now I cannot penetrate any further. A fear grips me, as if I am going to die, now I will not be able to come out of meditation."

That is the right moment--the moment when you need courage. A little courage, and you will penetrate the third, the deepest, infinite layer. *vbt17*

I often see small trivialities become hindrances. A man is trying to save his clothes, save his body. While meditating, someone is pushed and jostled. He saves himself by coming out of the group. He sits outside, away from the other meditators. How long will he save his body? He is trying to save it from a small push, but what will happen at the time of the final push? It will be better if one becomes accustomed to small pushes, so that when the last push comes, he won't get frightened. The last push cannot be avoided.

If the sun is hot, the meditator gives up. What difference does it make?

He will perspire a little more, his skin will get tanned. If not today then tomorrow, that skin is going to burn to black coal and ash. What today you are saving from the hot sun, tomorrow your own relatives will burn.

But we are so busy saving these layers that can never be saved; and what is saved for us forever, we do not even care to know. We become

entangled and lost in trivialities and waste our precious lives.

The sage says it is imperishable. He advises us to go in search for that which is imperishable. Whoever the immortal and the imperishable is rich; all others are poor. He has gained that which cannot be stolen by thieves, cannot be burnt by fire or destroyed by weapons, and cannot be killed or obliterated. Now there remains no form. And whenever someone jumps deep into the flow of the immortal, he finds that everything there is unchangeable. *thousd03*

I have come across many intelligent people who go on saying very unintelligent things about meditation. One man came from Delhi; he is a big government official. He came only for the purpose of learning meditation here. He had come from Delhi, and he stayed seven days here. I told him to go to the morning meditation class on Chowpatty beach in Bombay*, but he said, "But that is difficult. I cannot get up so early." And he will never think over what his mind has told him. Is this

so difficult? Now you will know: the exercise can be simple, but your mind is not so simple. The mind says, "How can I get up in the morning at six o'clock?" *vbt02*

*Note: Dynamic Meditation took place every morning at 6am on Chowpatty Beach near Woodlands Apartment, which Osho did not attend

Only two or three days before, one old lady was here. Her husband is doing meditation deeply. Now she has become worried because he has become more silent. She came to tell me, "My husband has become more silent, and I fear that if this goes on he may become a sannyasin. He may leave us, he may renounce us. So stop my husband from meditation." So I asked her if he had become more of a bad man than he was before. She said, "No, he has become more good. He is not angry now as he was before. He is more loving, more compassionate. But the whole family has become disturbed. There is a fear that he may leave us."

This fear was not only the fear of the wife. I asked her husband also. He said, "I myself have become uneasy--because the silence is going in, and as the silence is going in everything begins to look different. My family

doesn't look to be at all mine. It is as if it is someone else's family. I feel more compassion for the children, but now they are not 'mine'. I am doing everything for them and I will go on doing it, but it is as if I am doing it in a play, in a drama. 'I' am not involved, so I myself have become afraid. If this goes on, then anything can happen. Any day I may leave them."

This fear was of the unknown. A fixed pattern had been there; now a new factor entered it. And that new factor is so alive, it will change everything. So he asked me, "If you tell me to stop, I will stop meditation.

And then, in my family, everyone will be happy."

You are afraid of your freedom and everyone else is also afraid of your freedom, so we have a society of slaves. And in our families we have such a deep investment. That is why we do not move toward freedom.

Every moment you are free to choose. You can choose spirituality every moment, or you can choose old habits. To be with old habits is easy. You know them; you have lived them. Nothing is new. With the new you are in the unknown, in the dark. You have to learn again. So a person who is moving in freedom has to be a learner every moment. And he cannot rely on the past. The past will not help. *ult206*

Mind is the difficulty, the problem. Our minds are trained scientifically.

Our minds are trained analytically. And the method of analysis has some basic qualities: one quality is always to be the outsider.

For example, someone came to me last night, and he said...he was here for the first time; he observed your meditation, he came to me and he said, "This looks absolutely foolish." He is right in a way; it *looks* foolish whether it is or not. But when he says it looks foolish, he is saying something about himself, not about the meditation. It looks foolish to him. But how could he judge? He was not a participant; he was not in it, he was not doing it--he was observing.

Science observes from the outside; religion goes deep. Religion means involvement, looking at things from inside. A religious person will never say,

"It looks foolish." He will say, "It looks strange." He will say, "It looks mysterious." This judgment shows much about the person. He can judge a thing without knowing it; he can judge a thing without experiencing it.

So I told the man, "Rethink the whole thing--whether your judgment is foolish or the persons who were doing it were foolish. Rethink it, because to judge a thing from outside is not good; it is not good, it is fallacious.

To judge so immediately is not even scientific. And to judge according to one's own fixed mind and attitude, according to one's prejudices is not just."

But science goes on, logic goes on, mind goes on in this way: judging everything from the outside. From the outside you can be aware only of parts. You can see my hands, you can see my eyes, you can see my face, you can see my legs, but you cannot see me. I am something else existing inside. Parts exist as my outside. I am the inside of my parts, and that inside is the whole. Someone jumping, crying, weeping or laughing in meditation, may look foolish--but from the outside. You don't know what is happening inside him.

What is happening inside him? How can you know from the outside? If he is weeping, what is going on inside him? What is happening to the whole inside? This weeping, if you take it as a part then it is foolish, it is meaningless. If you take it as a whole, deep down something must be happening there which is being released by the tears. Deep down something must be exploding which is being thrown out by his cries and screams. Deep down something must have been moving which is shown by his mad movements. Deep down something so new is happening, something exploding, some inner energy moving through new centers.

But that is something inside, and you cannot observe it. You have to go through it.

You can be a participant but not an observer in religion. *thou31*

In the last Abu Shivir, there was one person, very learned and holding a government job. For two days he watched. He came to me and said, "I

shall not be able to do this that the others are doing." I said, "How can you say you will not be able to do it? Have you tried or without trying you say this? Or is it because you are afraid that what is within will come out. What is the reason?" Our friend looked a little frightened. He glanced hesitantly at his wife who was sitting by his side.

I told his wife to leave us alone for perhaps he was not prepared to give up his intellectualism before her. Then he said, "This is my fear that if I begin to jump and dance, perhaps I shall cause a lot of confusion".

I told him, "Go ahead and cause as much confusion as you like. Try it out once. You will then get acquainted with a completely new part of yourself. That is your authentic face which comes up in your unguarded moment and over which you have no control. It comes up for a moment and is hidden again."

Psychologists say that anger is temporary madness. It is madness in its complete form, only temporary. It lasts a short while and hence you are not aware of it. If it becomes permanent, you will go mad. That which is temporary, can become permanent any time.

I advised him to try, "Shall I try? Shall I dare?" I told him it is no question of trying or daring. You will have tied a band on your eyes and when you feel the madness coming, forget that you are a big official, that you are an educated and intelligent man."

The third day I saw him jumping. He was a different person altogether.

He came to me and said, "I feel so free and light! So much so, I feel I shall fly away. God knows how many maladies have left me. Now I feel, whatever you say, will come within my understanding."

The guard of intellectualism that stands watch on our mind has to be removed. Then only can understanding penetrate within you. So first do something to break this so-called understanding. *way115*

You ask: *We can practice right behavior, and behavior according to duty, but then we will be wearing false faces, as we are inwardly, as You say, a*

madhouse. So should we act as we feel, or act as we ought?

The first thing to be understood: you have to be authentic to yourself--

sincere, honest. But that doesn't mean that you have to hurt others through your honesty and sincerity, that doesn't mean that you have to disturb others, that doesn't mean that you have to disturb the rules of the game. All relationships are just rules of the game, and many times you will have to act and wear masks, false faces. The only thing to remember is: don't become the mask. Use it if it is good, and keep the

rules, but don't become the mask, don't get identified. Act it, don't get identified with it.

This is a great problem, particularly in the West for the new generation.

They have heard too much; they have already been seduced by this idea: be sincere and be honest. This is good, but you don't know how cunning and destructive the mind is. Your mind can find excuses. You can say a truth, not because you love truth so much but just to hurt somebody; you can use it as a weapon. And if you are using it as a weapon it is not truth, it is worse than a lie.

Sometimes you can help somebody through a lie, and sometimes relationship becomes more easy through a lie. Then use it--but don't get identified with it. What I am saying is: Be a good player, learn the rules of the game; don't be too adamant about anything....

Everything helps you to grow in its own way.

The one thing to remember is: life is a great complexity. You are not alone here, there are many others related to you. Be sincere unto yourself, never be false there. Know well what you want, and for yourself remain that. But there are others also; don't unnecessarily hurt them.

And if you need to wear masks, wear them and enjoy them, but remember, they are not your original face, and be capable of taking them off any moment. Remain the master, don't become the slave; otherwise you can be violent through your sincerity, unnecessarily you can be violent.

I have seen persons who are cruel, violent, aggressive, sadistic--but sincere, very true, authentic. But they are using their authenticity just for their sadism. They want to make others suffer, and their trick is such that you cannot escape them. They are true, so you cannot say, "You are bad." They are good people, they are never bad, so no one can say to them, "You are bad." They are always good, and they do the bad through their good.

Don't do that, and don't take life too seriously. Nothing is wrong in masks also, faces also. Just as in the drama on the stage they use faces and enjoy and the audience also enjoys, why not enjoy them in real life also? It is not more than a drama. But I am not saying for you to be dishonest. Be sincere with yourself, don't get identified. But life is great; there are many around you related in many invisible nets. Don't hurt anybody....

Others are there, consider them, and don't try to be violent through so-called good things. So when it is said, "right conduct," it means right

relationship with others. You need not be false. When you can be true without hurting anybody, be true. But if you feel that your truth is going to hurt many and is unnecessary, it can be avoided, then avoid it, because it is not only going to hurt others, it will create patterns of cause, and those causes will return as effects on you, they will become your karmas. Then you will get entangled, and the more entangled you are the more you will have to behave in wrong ways.

Just stop. Just see the situation. If you can be true without hurting anybody, be true. To me, love is greater than truth. Be loving. And if you feel that your truth will be hurtful and violent, it is better to lie than to be true. Wait for the right moment when you can be true, and help the other person to come to such a state where your truth will not hurt him.

Don't be in a hurry.

And life is a big drama; don't take it too seriously--because seriousness is also a disease of the mind, seriousness is part of the ego. Be playful, don't be too serious. So sometimes you will have to use masks, because there are children around you and they like masks, they like false faces, and they

enjoy. Help them to grow so they can face the real face, they can encounter it. But before they can encounter it, don't create any trouble. Right conduct is just consideration for others.

And look: there is a great difference. You may misunderstand what I am saying. When you lie, you lie for yourself. And I am saying: if you need, and if you feel the need to lie, only lie for the consideration of others.

Never lie for yourself, don't use any mask for yourself. But if you feel it is going to help others, it will be good for them, use the mask. And inside remain alert that this is just a game you are acting, this is not real....

To me, and to the Upanishads also, right conduct means just the right rules of behavior with others. You are not going to be here forever. You cannot change the whole world, you cannot change everybody; you can at the most change yourself. So it is better to change yourself inwardly, and don't try to be in a continuous fight with everybody. Avoid fight--and faces can be helpful. Avoid unnecessary struggle, because that dissipates energy. Preserve your energy to be used for the inner work. And that work is so significant and it needs all your energy that you can give to it, so don't waste it in unnecessary things.

For the outside world remain an actor, and don't think that you are deceiving anybody. If they like deception, that's what they need, that's what should be given to them. If children like toys to play with, you are not deceiving them. Don't give them a real gun; let them play with the toy gun, because they like the toy. And don't think that the toy gun is false; don't think, "I must be true, I must give a real gun to the child. If he

needs a gun, then I must give the true thing. How can I give the toy? This is a deception."

But the child needs the toy, there is no deception; he doesn't need the real gun. So just look at the other, at what he needs, and give him that which he needs. Don't give out of your own consideration, give out of consideration for him. Look at him, study and observe him, and behave in such a way that will be helpful to him and will not be unnecessary trouble for you. This is all that is meant by right conduct. *vedant07*

Only love can become an antidote. Otherwise when the energy comes to you and you are overfilled with it, you will start dominating. This happens every day. I have come across many, many people.... I start helping them, they will grow a little, and the moment they feel that a certain energy is coming to them they will start dominating others, they will try now to use it.

Remember, never use spiritual energy to dominate. You are wasting your efforts. Sooner or later you will be empty again, and you will fall down suddenly. And this is pure wastage, but it is very difficult to control it because you become aware that now you can do certain things. If you touch someone who was ill and he becomes okay, how can you resist touching others now? How can you resist?

If you cannot resist, you will waste your energy. Something has happened to you, but soon you will throw it away unnecessarily. And really, the mind is so cunning that you may be thinking that you are helping others by healing them. That may be just a cunning trick of the mind, because if you have no love, how can you be so concerned with others' diseases, their illnesses, their health? You are not concerned.

Really, now this is a power. If you can heal, you can dominate them.

You may say, "I am just helping them," but even in your help you are simply trying to dominate them. Your ego will be fulfilled. This will become a food for your ego. So all the old treatises say beware. They say beware because when the energy comes to you, you are at a dangerous point. You can waste it, you can throw it away. When you feel any energy, make it a secret; do not allow anyone to know about it. *vbt22*

Remember this, don't guide anyone unless you have a certain knowledge, a certain experience. And even then, tell others that "this is my experience. It may not be so for you. It is how I have come to it. Your way may differ; it may not prove true for you. So don't take my advice blindly.

You can experiment with it. It is an open experiment."

Then you can be of some help. Otherwise, you can create disturbances.

Don't get tempted. Don't advise unless you really know. Don't guide.

First be a disciple; don't try to be a master. Mastership will come. When your discipleship has become complete and total, the master will emerge within you. But not before that moment, not before that time. Wait for it.

It happens. *alchem14*

Now, in India you cannot prevent anybody from any kind of meditation.

That word is enough! When I started teaching people dynamic meditation, there was trouble everywhere, even in my own house. My uncle started doing it, and the neighbor filed a case against him in the court. My uncle told me, "This is a difficult meditation. That neighbor was my friend, and he would not normally do such a thing, but he is so angry that he says, 'unless you stop this meditation I am going to fight the case, because you disturb me early in the morning; when one really feels like falling into a deep sleep, that is the time of your dynamic!'"

But I told my uncle--and he is our sannyasin; he was here just a few days ago--"Don't be worried. You just say that this is our religion, and this is our meditation." Once you say "meditation" in India, there is no problem.

When he came here, I asked, "What happened to the case?"

He said, "We have won the case, because I said, 'This is our meditation,'

and I produced the book.

"The judge read the description and he said, 'If it is a meditation, then...the court has no power over religion.' So he told the neighbor,'You have to accept it, there is no other way. This is his meditation. If you want to do it, you can also do it. Why get unnecessarily boiled up and angry in your bed?--better you also start.'"

And the neighbor was very irritated with the court.

He said, "This is strange--the court suggesting, 'You also start, why waste time? And if it is meditation, we have no jurisdiction over religion.'" *ignor21*

It happened at a camp in Matheran. I was staying very far away from the campus ground. The first evening, when I was going to my bungalow, a dog followed--really a rare dog. Then the dog remained continuously.

Three times I would go to conduct the camp, and three times I would return. It was half an hour's journey. Three times I was asleep, and he would sit just on the veranda. Even when he went to eat something he never left me. For the whole camp this was his routine. He would follow

me to the camp, and when others were meditating he would sit more silently, more deeply, than those who were attending the camp. And then he would go back with me.

The last day, when I left Matheran by train, he followed the train. He was running by the side of the train, and the guard took compassion on him and he took him in. Up to Neral he came. This train was a slow train, a toy train, coming from Matheran to Neral, traveling just seven miles in two hours, and the dog could follow. But from Neral it is a fast train, when I took the train from Neral to Bombay others were standing there on the platform weeping and crying, and the dog was also standing there in tears. *wing09*

Osho's Discourses

Throughout his four years in Bombay Osho gives discourses and recorded interviews in Woodlands Apartment. He gives many series of lectures in city auditoriums, and holds regular talks in the Cross Maidan attended by up to 70,000 people. These are followed by meditations or kirtan and shaktipat.

The world-famous journalist and writer, Aubrey Menon, has written a book, *The New Mystics.* He has written about me in that book that when he encountered me in Bombay in a Cross Maidan meeting of almost fifty thousand people, he could not believe his eyes. He writes that he had been sitting in the front row when President Kennedy was speaking, but he could not feel anything. The speech was written by his secretary, it was not spontaneous. "It was ordinary, it did not touch anybody's heart.

I came away utterly frustrated."

He had been in the rallies of Adolf Hitler, who was thought to be one of the greatest orators. But, he says, when he heard me, he heard a totally different kind of being.

Adolf Hitler was simply shouting slogans without any meaning, even nonsensical. He was telling the Germans, "All our miseries are because of the Jews." The fact was that the Jews were the richest people in Germany, and his eye was on their riches. "Kill the Jews and take all their money and all their factories and all their businesses!" And he convinced the so-called intellectuals of Germany--even Martin Heidegger, one of the most famous philosophers of this century--that Jews were the problem. "Because of the Jews, Germany is not able to conquer the whole world, so first finish the Jews."

Absolutely absurd.

Aubrey Menon writes, "I could not feel any conviction in what he was saying."

And when he heard me... I am absolutely spontaneous, simple. I don't know what word is going to come next, I don't know what I am going to say to you. I just face you and allow my being to be poured into your hearts. He felt it, and he could not believe that fifty thousand people were sitting so silently as if there was no one--pindrop silence. He says, "I understood the meaning of the phrase for the first time."

You can experience it here. *1seed04*

When I am speaking to you, it is in fact the universe using me. My words are not my words; they belong to the universal truth. That is their power, that is their charisma, that is their magic. *satyam07*

I cannot give you my understanding. I can talk about it, but I cannot give it to you. You will have to find it. You will have to go into life. You will have to err; you will have to fail; you will have to pass through many frustrations. But only through failures, errors, frustrations, only through the encounter of real living, will you come to meditation. That is why I say it is a growth....

Nothing more can come from someone else, nothing more can be delivered. But intellectual understanding can be enough. If you can understand what I am saying intellectually, you can also understand what has not been said. You can also understand the gaps: what I am not saying, what I cannot say. The first understanding is bound to be intellectual, because the intellect is the door. It can never be spiritual.

Spirituality is the inner shrine.

I can only communicate to you intellectually. If you can really understand it, then what has not been said can be felt. I cannot communicate without words, but when I am using words I am also using silences. You will have to be aware of both. If only words are being understood then it is a communication; but if you can be aware of the gaps also, then it is a communion. *eso02*

If you tie down both my hands I cannot speak. I simply cannot speak. I will simply be at a loss for what to do, because my hands are so deeply connected with my expressions.

And you must know that each hand is connected to one hemisphere of the mind, the left hand with the right hemisphere, the right hand with

the left hemisphere. They are extensions of your mind. So whenever I speak, I am speaking through two mediums: through words and through hands. Each gesture of the hand helps me to give expression to a certain idea. If my hands are tied down, it is impossible for me to say anything. I have tried it, and I suddenly find speaking absolutely difficult. I want to say something, and I say something else. The whole thing is that the rhythm with my hands is disturbed. *mystic17*

Shaktipat Experiments

Shaktipat is the energy of a Master which may trigger energy in people, producing involuntary physical and emotional responses like crying, laughing, chaotic breathing, shaking, trembling, and celebrating.

The instructions are: 20 minutes instrumental music, followed by 20

minutes silence, followed by 20 minutes music. During the music people are to express whatever comes. People are requested to bring a flower with them.

"You have nothing to do; you are not the doer. Only be empty, so that I can enter you and work. On your part only surrender is required. Then I will do the rest. But once I enter you, then let any reactions happen and cooperate completely with them." *Sannyas magazine March-Apr 1973*

A friend asks: *What is shaktipat or energy transmission? And is it possible that someone can transmit divine energy?*

No one can do shaktipat, no one can transmit energy; but someone can be a vehicle for such transmission. It is true that no one can do it. And if somebody claims that he can do it, he is indulging in sheer deception. No one can do it, and yet in some moment transmission of energy can happen through someone. If that someone is totally empty and surrendered, shaktipat can happen in his presence. He can work as a conductor, as a catalytic agent, but not knowingly. Through him God's infinite energy can enter into another person.

No one can be a catalytic agent knowingly, because the first condition to act as conductor is that you should not know it, that you have no ego.

Ego disqualifies a person for being a medium for shaktipat. With ego one becomes a non conductor of energy; divine energy cannot flow through him. So if there is a person whose ego is completely wiped out, who is absolutely empty inside and is a total void, who is doing nothing for you, really who does not do a thing--then through his emptiness, through his void, which acts as a passage, God's energy can certainly reach you. And

its speed can be very fast. Remember this when you come here for tomorrow's meditation.

With this I should also give you a couple of informations for tomorrow.

Shaktipat means that God's energy has descended on you. It: can be possible in two ways. Either it arises from you and joins God's energy or it

flows from God and joins you. It is the same thing viewed from two sides; or these are two ways of seeing the same thing. For example, there is a tumbler half filled with water. Someone can say that it is half filled and another can say that it is half empty. And if they are philosophers they can argue it endlessly and come to no conclusion, because both statements are correct. Energy descends from above and it can ascend from below, too. And when the two energies meet, when your latent energy meets with the energy of infinity--the explosion happens.

This explosion is unpredictable; nor can it be said what this explosion does. And what happens after this explosion, this too cannot be said.

Through out history, those who have been blessed with this explosion of energy have been shouting from rooftops: "Come one, come all, and pass through this explosion and see for yourself what it is. Something has happened here which is simply inexpressible, utterly indescribable."

Shaktipat means the descent of energy from beyond. It can descend. In fact it descends every day. And this energy chooses for its vehicle a person who is empty in every way, who is utterly egoless. He alone turns into its catalytic agent, just a vehicle and nothing else. But even if a little trace of ego is there, even if he thinks that he can do it, he ceases to be the conduit. Then energy cannot flow from him. *mirac106*

Osho's discourse series:

Vigyan Bhairav Tantra

From October 1972 to November 1973 Osho gives his well-known series of 80 commentaries in English on *Vigyan Bhairav Tantra,* the 112 meditation techniques given by Shiva to his consort Devi.

Perhaps I am the only one who has spoken on 112 methods of meditation. There is no other literature on those 112 meditations, and I have developed many new meditations which are not included among those. There is great need for literature on meditation from different angles, because there are meditations which you can do while doing

anything. It is just an inner process. There are meditations which need specific times. There are meditations which you can do only while making love. There are meditations which need a certain kind of a structure. So much possibility is there for writing theses on meditations. *last323*

Paul Reps is still alive somewhere in California (1981). He has in this small book not only collected Zen anecdotes but also *Vigyan Bhairav Tantra*-- the one hundred and twelve sutras of Shiva to Parvati, his beloved, in which Shiva talks about all the keys possible. I cannot conceive that there can be anything more to meditation than *Vigyan Bhairav Tantra.* One hundred and twelve keys are enough--they seem to be enough; one hundred and thirteen will not look like a right number.

One hundred and twelve looks really esoteric, beautiful.

This book is very small, you can carry it in your pocket; it is a pocketbook. But you can also carry the Kohinoor in your pocket...although the Kohinoor is studded in the British crown, and you cannot carry that in your pocket. But the most beautiful thing about Paul Reps is that he has not added a single word of his own--which is incredible. He has simply translated, just translated... *books15*

Some introductory points. First, the world of *Vigyan Bhairav Tantra* is not intellectual, it is not philosophical. Doctrine is meaningless to it. It is concerned with method, with technique--not with principles at all. The word 'tantra' means technique, the method, the path. So it is not philosophical--note this. It is not concerned with intellectual problems and inquiries. It is not concerned with the "why" of things, it is concerned with "how"; not with what is truth, but how the truth can be attained.

Tantra means technique. So this treatise is a scientific one. Science is not concerned with why, science is concerned with how. That is the basic difference between philosophy and science....

The second thing: this is a different type of language. You must know something about it before we enter into it. All the tantra treatises are dialogues between Shiva and Devi. Devi questions and Shiva answers. All the tantra treatises start that way. Why? Why this method? It is very

significant. It is not a dialogue between a teacher and a disciple, it is a dialogue between two lovers. And tantra signifies through it a very meaningful thing: that the deeper teachings cannot be given unless there is love between the two--the disciple and the master. The disciple and master must become deep lovers. Only then can the higher, the beyond, be expressed.

So it is a language of love; the disciple must be in an attitude of love. But not only this, because friends can be lovers. Tantra says a disciple moves as receptivity, so the disciple must be in a feminine receptivity; only then is something possible. You need not be a woman to be a disciple, but you need to be in a feminine attitude of receptivity....

Thirdly, the very words *Vigyan Bhairav Tantra* mean the technique of going beyond consciousness. *Vigyan* means consciousness, *bhairav* means the state which is beyond consciousness, and *tantra* means the method: the method of going beyond consciousness. This is the supreme doctrine--without any doctrine....

Shiva will answer. His answers are techniques--the oldest, most ancient techniques. But you can call them the latest also because nothing can be added to them. They are complete--one hundred and twelve techniques.

They have taken in all the possibilities, all the ways of cleaning the mind, transcending the mind. Not a single method could be added to Shiva's one hundred and twelve methods. And this book, *Vigyan Bhairav Tantra,* is five thousand years old. Nothing can be added; there is no possibility to add anything. It is exhaustive, complete. It is the most ancient and yet the latest, yet the newest. Old like old hills--the methods seem eternal--

and they are new like a dewdrop before the sun, because they are so fresh.

These one hundred and twelve methods of meditation constitute the whole science of transforming mind. We will enter them one by one. We will try to comprehend first intellectually. But use your intellect only as an instrument, not as a master. Use it as an instrument to understand something, but do not go on creating barriers with it. When we will be talking about these techniques, just put aside your past knowledge, your knowing, whatsoever

information you have collected. Put them aside--

they are just dust gathered on the road.

Encounter these methods with a fresh mind--with alertness, of course, but not with argumentation. And do not create the fallacy that an argumentative mind is an alert mind. It is not, because the moment you move into arguments you have lost the awareness, you have lost the alertness. Then you are not here.

These methods do not belong to any religion. Remember, they are not Hindu, just as the theory of relativity is not Jewish because Einstein conceived it....

Choose a technique which fits you, put your total energy into it, and you will not be the same again. Real, authentic techniques always will be like that....

We will try to understand each method and how to choose for yourself one method which can change you and your mind. This understanding, this intellectual understanding will be a basic necessity, but this is not the end. Whatsoever I talk about here, try it.

Really, when you try the right method it clicks immediately. So I will go on talking about methods here every day. You try them. Just play with them--go home and try. The right method, whenever you happen upon it, just clicks. Something explodes in you, and you know that "This is the right method for me." But effort is needed, and you may be surprised that suddenly one day one method has gripped you.

So while I am talking here, parallel to it go on playing with these methods. I say playing because you should not be too serious. Just play!

Something may fit you. If it fits you, then be serious, and then go deep into it--intensely, honestly, with all your energy, with all your mind. But before that just play.

I have found that while you are playing your mind is more open. While you are serious your mind is not so open; it is closed. So just play. Do not be too serious, just play. And these methods are simple, you can just play with

them.

Take one method and play with it for at least three days. If it gives you a certain feeling of affinity, if it gives you a certain feeling of well-being, if it gives you a certain feeling that this is for you, then be serious about it.

Then forget the others, do not play with other methods. Stick to it--at least for three months. Miracles are possible. The only thing is that the technique must be for you. If the technique is not for you, then nothing happens. Then you may go on with it for lives together, but nothing will happen. If the method is for you then even three minutes are enough.

So these one hundred and twelve methods can be a miraculous experience for you, or they may just be a listening--it depends on you. I will go on describing each method from as many angles as possible. If you feel any affinity with it, play with it for three days. If you feel that it fits, that something clicks in you, continue it for three months.

Life is a miracle. If you have not known its mystery, that only shows that you do not know the technique for how to approach it.

Shiva proposes one hundred and twelve methods. These are all the methods possible. If nothing clicks and nothing gives you the feeling that this is for you, then there is no method left for you--remember this. Then forget spirituality and be happy. Then it is not for you.

But these one hundred and twelve methods are for the whole humanity--

for all the ages that have passed and for all the ages that have yet to come. In no time has there ever been a single man, and there will never be one, who can say, "These one hundred and twelve methods are all useless for me." Impossible! This is impossible!

Every type of mind has been taken into account. Every possible type of mind has been given a technique in tantra. There are many techniques for which no man exists yet; they are for the future. There are many techniques for which no man exists now; they are for the past. But do not be afraid. There are many methods which are for you.

So we will start this journey from tomorrow. *vbt01*

I will be talking here about these one hundred and twelve methods not to feed your mind, not to make you more knowledgeable, not to make you more informed. I am not trying to make you a pundit. I am talking here in order to give you a certain technique which can change your life. *vbt04*

I claim to have the first and the last religion, for the simple reason that except meditation I have nothing else. So I have found the very essential core; no garbage around it, nothing non-essential, just a simple methodology. And I have looked into all the methods of meditation--there are one hundred and twelve methods.

I have spoken on the one hundred and twelve methods of meditation, and out of one hundred and twelve methods that have been practiced in the East by these three religions, I have chosen one essential point that connects all those one hundred and twelve methods. They differ only in small details, but their basic foundation is witnessing. *last202*

For example, in this series Osho comments on a meditation technique for lovers: The second sutra: *When in such embrace your senses are shaken as leaves, enter this shaking.*

When in such embrace, in such deep communion with the beloved or the lover, *your senses are shaken as leaves, enter this shaking.* We have even become afraid: while making love you do not allow your bodies to move much, because if your bodies are allowed much movement the sex act spreads all over your body. You can control it when it is localized at the sex center. The mind can remain in control. When it spreads all over your body, you cannot control it. You may start shaking, you may start screaming, and you will not be able to control your body once the body takes over.

We suppress movements. Particularly, all over the world, we suppress all movements, all shaking for women. They remain just like dead bodies.

You are doing something to them; they are not doing anything to you.

They are just passive partners. Why is this happening? Why all over the

world do men suppress women in such a way? There is fear--because once a woman's body becomes possessed, it is very difficult for a man to satisfy her: because a woman can have chain orgasms; a man cannot have. A man can have only one orgasm; a woman can have chain orgasms. There are cases of multiple orgasms reported. Any woman can have at least three orgasms in a chain, but man can have only one. And with man's orgasm, the woman is aroused and is ready for further orgasms. Then it is difficult. Then how to manage it?...

Shake! Vibrate! Allow every cell of your body to dance, and this should be for both. The beloved is also dancing, every cell vibrating. Only then can you both meet, and then that meeting is not mental. It is a meeting of your bioenergies.

Enter this shaking, and while shaking don't remain aloof. Don't be a spectator, because mind is the spectator. Don't stand aloof! Be the shaking, become the shaking. Forget everything and become the shaking.

It is not that your body is shaking: it is *you,* your whole being. You become the shaking itself. Then there are not two bodies, two minds. In the beginning, there are two shaking energies, and in the end just a circle--not two.

What will happen in this circle? One, you will be part of an existential force--not a societal mind, but an existential force. You will be part of the whole cosmos. In that shaking you will be part of the whole cosmos. That moment is of great creation. You are dissolved as solid bodies. You have become liquid--flowing into each other. The mind is lost, the division is lost. You have a oneness.

This is *advaita,* this is nonduality. And if you cannot feel this nonduality, then all the philosophies of nonduality are useless. They are just words.

Once you know this nondual existential moment, then only can you understand the Upanishads. Then only you can understand the mystics-

-what they are talking about when they talk of a cosmic oneness, a wholeness. Then you are not separate from the world, not alien to it.

Then the existence becomes your home. And with that feeling that "Now I am at home in the existence," all worries are lost. Then there is no anguish, no struggle, no conflict. This is what Lao Tzu calls Tao, what Shankara calls advaita. You can choose your own word for it, but through a deep love embrace it is easy to feel it. But be alive, shaking, and become the shaking itself. *vbt33*

Tantra is not to help your indulgence, it is to transform it. So do not deceive yourself. Through tantra you can deceive yourself very easily, and because of this possibility of deception Mahavira would not describe tantra. This possibility is always there. And man is so deceptive that he can show one thing when he really means another, he can rationalize. *vbt32*

Osho's discourse series:

Yoga: The Alpha and the Omega

In December 1973 Osho begins the 10-part series in English on Patanjali's *Yoga Sutras,* about the science of meditation.

Before we talk about the first sutra of Patanjali, a few other things have to be understood. First, yoga is not a religion--remember that. Yoga is not Hindu, it is not Mohammedan. Yoga is a pure science just like mathematics, physics or chemistry. Physics is not Christian, physics is not Buddhist. If Christians have discovered the laws of physics, then too physics is not Christian. It is just accidental that Christians have come to discover the laws of physics. But physics remains just a science. Yoga is a science--it is just an accident that Hindus discovered it. It is not Hindu. It is a pure mathematics of the inner being. So a Mohammedan can be a yogi, a Christian can be a yogi, a Jaina, a Buddhist can be a yogi.

Yoga is pure science, and Patanjali is the greatest name as far as the world of yoga is concerned. This man is rare. There is no other name comparable to Patanjali. For the first time in the history of humanity, this man brought religion to the state of a science: he made religion a science, bare laws; no belief is needed....

Yoga is concerned with your total being, with your roots. It is not

philosophical. So with Patanjali we will not be thinking, speculating.

With Patanjali we will be trying to know the ultimate laws of being: the laws of its transformation, the laws of how to die and how to be reborn again, the laws of a new order of being. That is why I call it a science.

Patanjali is rare. He is an enlightened person like Buddha, like Krishna, like Christ, like Mahavira, Mohammed, Zarathustra, but he is different in one way. Buddha, Krishna, Mahavira, Zarathustra, Mohammed, no one has a scientific attitude. They are great founders of religions. They have

changed the whole pattern of human mind and its structure, but their approach is not scientific.

Patanjali is like an Einstein in the world of Buddhas. He is a phenomenon. He could have easily been a Nobel Prize winner like an Einstein or Bohr or Max Planck, Heisenberg. He has the same attitude, the same approach of a rigorous scientific mind. He is not a poet; Krishna is a poet. He is not a moralist; Mahavira is a moralist. He is basically a scientist, thinking in terms of laws. And he has come to deduce absolute laws of human being, the ultimate working structure of human mind and reality.

And if you follow Patanjali, you will come to know that he is as exact as any mathematical formula. Simply do what he says and the result will happen. The result is bound to happen; it is just like two plus two, they become four. It is just like you heat water up to one hundred degrees and it evaporates. No belief is needed: you simply do it and know. It is something to be done and known. That's why I say there is no comparison. On this earth, never a man has existed like Patanjali.

You can find in Buddha's utterances, poetry--bound to be there. Many times while Buddha is expressing himself, he becomes poetic. The realm of ecstasy, the realm of ultimate knowing, is so beautiful, the temptation is so much to become poetic, the beauty is such, the benediction is such, the bliss is such, one starts talking in poetic language.

But Patanjali resists that. It is very difficult. No one has been able to resist. Jesus, Krishna, Buddha they all become poetic. The splendor, the beauty,

when it explodes within you, you will start dancing, you will start singing. In that state you are just like a lover who has fallen in love with the whole universe.

Patanjali resists that. He will not use poetry; he will not use a single poetic symbol even. He will not do anything with poetry; he will not talk in terms of beauty. He will talk in terms of mathematics. He will be exact, and he will give you maxims. Those maxims are just indications what is to be done. He will not explode into ecstasy; he will not say things that cannot be said; he will not try the impossible. He will just put down the foundation, and if you follow the foundation you will reach the peak which is beyond. He is a rigorous mathematician--remember this. *yoga101*

Osho answers Questions

My work is with individuals--I am not concerned with the society and the world. That is how it feels good to me, mm? I'm not saying that this has to be your life also, no. This is how I feel good, this is how I work. This is how it has happened when I came to my own being...this was the way I started functioning.

One never knows.... When you come to your being, what you do will be decided by that moment. *stars22*

In the old days there was always a one-to-one relationship between a teacher and a disciple. It was a personal relationship and a personal communication.

Today it is always impersonal. One has to talk to a crowd, so one has to generalize. But generalized truths become false. Something is meaningful only to a particular person.

I face this difficulty daily. If you come to me and ask me something, I answer you and no one else. Another time someone else asks me something, and I answer him and no one else. These two answers may even be contradictory, because the two persons who have asked may be contradictory. So if I am to help you, I must speak particularly to you.

And if I speak particularly to each individual, I will have to say many conflicting things.

Any person who has been talking in general can be consistent, but then the truth becomes false, because every statement that is true is bound to be addressed to a particular person. Of course, the truth is eternal--it is never new, never old--but truth is the realization, the end. The means are always relevant or irrelevant to a particular person, to a particular mind, to a particular attitude. *eso04*

If you can ask a foundational question, from the very heart of your being, the answer will come to you even if there is no one to answer you. The vacuum will create the answer, existence itself will give you the answer.

But with false questioning, nothing is possible and nothing can be done.

So try to formulate a right question. Even if you fail in your effort it is good. Try to formulate some problem that comes from you: not from the society, not from your teachers, not from your upbringing--just from you.

This is a meditation. This finding out is the meditation. So--find some question! *quest12*

You say: *I would suggest that you should devote mornings to answering our questions and evenings to your independent discourses*

No, it would not be proper. I will say what I have to say; you need not worry about it. Whatever questions you ask, I will say only that which I have to say. Questions don't make any difference. *krishn12*

My simple concern here is meditation. And this is very strange--rarely do you ask questions about meditation. That does not seem to be your main concern. To me, it is my ultimate concern, the *only* concern, and to you it seems not a priority--it is not the first item on your mind. Perhaps it may be the last thing on your laundry list, but certainly it is not the first; the first things are stupid things, trivia. You waste your time, you waste my time.

And I am ready even to help you to solve those problems just so that you can get rid of all this nonsense and have simple, loving relationships. But

that will be possible only when meditation becomes your priority. Out of meditation, everything else will become graceful; you will be able to see deeply into your own acts, into your own behavior, and you will be able to have some compassion for the other person--his human frailty, the possibility of his committing mistakes. *dawn12*

Questions about Meditation and Enlightenment

People come to me and say, "There was a great light during the meditation, but I lost it again. Infinite light was there, but it disappeared again. There was immense bliss, but where has it gone now?" Now they are searching for it again and cannot find it.

A glimpse means you had come close. But glimpses are bound to be lost.

Meditation can, at the most, give only a glimpse. But do not stop there; do not get stuck looking for that same glimpse again and again. The only purpose of meditation is that one gets a glimpse. Then one has to go ahead, into *samadhi,* into enlightenment, so that one becomes the very flower.

In meditation is a glimpse; samadhi is being it. *finger01*

So whatsoever you want to play you can play, but forget the ends. If there are ends you have also turned meditation into a work. Just play it,

enjoy it, love it. It is beautiful in itself. There is no need for any other end to beautify it.

People come to me and they say, "We are enjoying meditation, but tell us what is going to happen. What will be the end result?"

I tell them, "This *is* the end result--that you are enjoying. Enjoy it more!"

But they go on insisting, "Tell us something about it. What will be the end result? Where will we reach to?" They are not concerned at all where they are; they are always concerned with where they will reach to. The mind cannot exist in the present so it goes on giving you excuses to move into the future. Those excuses are the desires. So if you desire to be a god, to

be a buddha, your meditation will be a sort of desire, and then it is not meditation. If you don't desire anything, you just enjoy being here, you just celebrate being alive, you enjoy the inner energy playing in imagination, in visions, in emptiness, whatsoever you choose, and you are totally one with this moment of enjoyment, then it is meditation.

Then there is no desire, and, with no desire, the world drops. With a nondesiring, playful mind you have entered. You are already in it.

But this has to be hammered into your mind again and again because your mind is a transformer. It transforms anything into a desire--

anything; it can transform even nondesire into a desire. People come to me and they say, "How does one achieve the state of nondesire? How to achieve the state of nondesire?" Now this has become the desire. Your mind has a transforming mechanism: whatsoever you put in will come out as a desire.

Be alert of this and enjoy moments so much that no energy is left to move into the future. Then, any day, any moment, it will happen to you that suddenly all the darkness falls; suddenly all that is a burden disappears; suddenly you are freed. But the emphasis should be more and more on play, the present, here and now--and less and less on the future. *vbt68*

You ask: *"Does this enlightenment happening occur suddenly and unexpectedly?"*

Both things can be said. It cannot be predicted, so it happens suddenly.

Nobody can say when it will happen. My own disciples go on asking me,

"When? Give the date, the day, the month, the year!" And I have to go on lying to them. I go on saying, "Soon!" Soon doesn't mean anything. And soon is a beautiful word, because I need never change it. Whenever you ask I will say, "Soon!"

The happening is unpredictable because it is so vast a phenomenon. And it is not mechanical, it is not mathematical, so you cannot conclude about it. And it is very mysterious; when it has happened, only then you know that it

has happened. So in a sense, because it is unpredictable it is always sudden. Even you don't know when it will happen. Suddenly one day when it has happened you become aware that it has happened.

Not even a single moment before will you be aware that this is going to happen. You will become aware only when it has happened already. Then you will feel that you are no more the same, the man who was there has disappeared and a new man is there in his place--somebody new. You are unacquainted, you cannot recognize yourself. There has been a gap, the old continuity has been broken and something new has come into its place.

Even your master cannot predict it. He may become aware that something is going to happen, but he cannot predict it. There are problems--because even the prediction will change the whole situation.

This is the problem, even the prediction will change it. If I become aware that something is going to happen to you tomorrow morning, I cannot say it because that will change the whole situation. If I say, "Tomorrow morning this is going to happen," you will become tense and you will start expecting and you will start waiting. You will not be able to sleep in the night. Then the whole thing is finished, then it is not going to happen tomorrow morning.

Even if your master becomes aware...because there are signs that show that something is going to happen. Your master can see that you are pregnant, he can feel, but it is not such a fixed affair that within nine months the child will be born. You may take nine years, you may take nine lives, you may not take even nine days; even nine moments may be enough. It depends, and it depends on such multidimensional things that nothing can be said. And if something is said, the very assertion will change the whole situation. So the master has to wait, just watch and not say anything.

In this sense it is sudden, but in another sense it is not sudden, because you have to make efforts for it, you have to prepare. You have to prepare the ground, you have to open the doors. The guest may come suddenly, but if your doors are closed he may come and go back. So you have to open the doors, you have to clean the house, you have to prepare food for the guest--you have to be ready. You have to watch and wait at the door-

-any moment the guest can come. *vedant09*

Two days ago a lady came to me and said, "I am well advanced in years and am nearing death. When will I attain enlightenment? Please hurry

and do something lest I die." I told her to come for meditation for a few days; then we would see what is to be done.

She said, "I do not want to be bothered with meditation. Do something so that I may attain enlightenment."

Now this lady is searching to get something without paying for it. Such a search is dangerous. You gain nothing by it; on the contrary you lose.

The meditator should not harbor any such expectations. One receives what one is ready for. You should trust that this is so. *mirac206*

Many people come to me and ask, "How to know that such and such a person is really enlightened?" Where is the necessity for you to know whether a person is really enlightened or not? If you can stay aware of whether you are enlightened or not, that is enough. Even if the other has become enlightened, this in itself does not make *you* enlightened. If the other has not become enlightened, this does not bring any hindrance to your enlightenment.

But why do we think in this manner? There are reasons for it. We want to make sure that nobody has attained to nonattachment. That gives us a sort of relief. Then there is no harm...if I have not attained to nonattachment then there is no harm, nobody else has attained it either!

This gives a consolation to the mind, a support to the mind, that I am fine as I am because nobody has ever attained, and neither have I.

This is why our mind is never willing to accept that anybody has attained to nonattachment. We try to find all kinds of loopholes to show that the person has not yet attained. If somebody has attained to nonattachment it creates an inner discomfort within us. That discomfort is that if somebody else has attained, it only means that I can also attain but am unable to do so--and this creates anxiety and guilt. Hence nobody in this world accepts the other

as right. It has nothing to do with the other, but in not accepting anybody as right it becomes easier to accept one's own evils. *finger12*

Meditation means dehypnotization. The process looks just the same.

Many people come to me and they say, "Whatsoever is being done here, is it not hypnosis?" It is *de* hypnosis. The process is the same, but the dimension is reversed. You can hypnotize yourself--that is going further from yourself towards the object. You can dehypnotize yourself--that is going back from the object towards oneself. When you are centered in some object, you are hypnotized. When you are centered in yourself, you are dehypnotized. When you are yourself, you are beyond

hypnosis. *thou27*

In the old days, particularly in the East, hypnosis was used in every ashram. The master used it in every way to help you, because consciously you may take years to do a particular thing but in hypnosis, through hypnosis, within seconds it can be done. Unnecessary effort can be saved. But only masters were allowed to hypnotize. Hypnosis remained a secret science in the East; it was not used publicly because there are possibilities of misusing it. *vedant09*

Questions about Religion

Thousands of times I had to tell people, "Are you really interested in God? What will you do if he exists? Is it going to make any difference in your life whether God exists or not? Is it a life and death problem for you?"

They would say, "No, but we are curious whether God is or not." And sooner or later, when they became a little more acquainted with me, their real problems would come up: anger, jealousy, possessiveness. They are real problems, but they hurt the ego. To ask, "Why am I jealous?" is to recognize your jealousy, is to declare that you are jealous. Nobody wants that. Everybody is jealous, everybody is possessive, but everybody thinks it is not so. "It is not so with me--it may be so with others." *guida10*

You ask: *Does God exist? How can there be so much evil and corruption*

in the world if God exists?

God is a mythical word, a mumbo-jumbo word that is the invention of the priesthood. Actually, to ask whether God exists is absurd. For those who know, God is existence, or existence is God.

Things exist, not God. A chair exists because a chair can go into nonexistence. To say that the chair exists is meaningful because its nonexistence is possible.

God *is* existence, the very isness. When we say God exists we create something out of the word God, then God becomes a thing. But God is not a thing, nor is God a person. That is why you cannot make him responsible for anything. Responsibility only comes when there is a personality, when there is someone who can be responsible.

God is not a person, he is pure existence. The word is misleading because the word personifies. It is better to use the word existence. The totality of existence is God.

So it cannot be asked whether God exists. That is like asking whether existence exists. Put this way--whether existence exists--the question becomes absurd. Obviously existence exists; there is no question about it. The question cannot even exist if there is no existence, nor can the questioner.

I would like to make it clear that when I say God, I mean existence as such. God is not a thing among other things, God is total thingness. To say that the table exists is the same as saying that the table is God. To say that you exist is the same as saying that you are God. God is the existence. God is isness, the quality of isness, the quality of existence.... *gchall08*

A Muslim friend came to visit me. This was his question too. He said,

"The biggest question I feel is that if God is, then why is the world so evil?" He is right, because there can be no relationship between God and evil. How can there be?

I told him, "Let us remove all evil from the world for a moment. Can you

visualize what the world will be like then?" The moment you remove evil, the good also disappears from the scene. Good cannot exist on its own. It is because of evil that good exists. Remove darkness and light disappears together with it. Light exists because of darkness. Remove the cold, and the heat is automatically lost. Heat and cold are different variations of the same thing. If we try to remove death, life too will be lost. If there is no death, how can life be? Or, if there is no life, how can death be?

The universe exists with the help of polar opposites. The world's existence is brought about by the music between opposites. If the opposite is removed, both are removed. Remove the male, and the female is lost. Remove old age, and youth is lost. The young person always wishes to prolong his youth because he does not know that youth and old age are so closely combined that if one is removed, the other is lost.

We all wish ugliness to be removed from the world; but if ugliness is lost, beauty will also disappear. If you wish for a world without ugliness, be prepared to face a world where nothing is beautiful.

I told my friend, "If you wish for a world where evil is banned, good will flee from such a place immediately. Then this world will be a big prison house; because where there is no freedom to do evil, there can be no freedom at all.

In fact, the word "freedom" contains the freedom to do evil also. If a man is told that he is free only to be good, what meaning does such a freedom convey? This freedom has no meaning. Rather, it implies bondage. It would be proper to say; you are condemned to be good--not free to be

good. When we tell a person he is free to be good, the freedom to be evil enters along with the freedom to be good. God is the totality and yet he does not control anything. This means that God creates, but He creates freedom.

A man is free to be good and free to be bad--as bad as he wishes--when God is the Lord of everything. This is because true freedom exists only if there is freedom to do what one wishes, be it good or bad. When no such freedom exists, man is not man but a machine which does whatever it is

made to do because it is insentient.

Man is sentient; he possesses consciousness. Consciousness is not possible without freedom. *way204*

For tantra, everything is holy.

One Christian missionary was with me a few days ago and he said, "God created the world."

So I asked him, "Who created sin?"

He said, "The devil."

Then I asked him, "Who created the devil?"

Then he was at a loss. He said, "Of course, God created the devil."

The devil creates sin and God creates the devil. Then who is the real sinner--the devil or God? But the dualist conception always leads to such absurdities. For tantra God and the devil are not two. Really, for tantra there is nothing that can be called "devil", everything is divine, everything is holy. And this seems to be the right standpoint, the deepest. If anything is unholy in this world, from where does it come and how can it be? *vbt02*

People come and ask me whether their fate is determined. They are asking whether they are so important, so significant for this universe that their fate must be determined beforehand. "What is my purpose?"

they ask. "Why was I created?" This childhood nonsense that you are the center creates these questions like, "For what purpose am I created?"

You are not created for any purpose. And it is good that you are not created for any purpose; otherwise you would be a machine. A machine is created for some purpose. Man is not created for some purpose, for something--no! Man is just the outflowing, overflowing creation.

Everything simply is. Flowers are there and stars are there and you are

there. Everything is just an overflowing, a joy, a celebration of existence without any purpose....

Try to understand it. Because our minds are fixed, we take things as theories, not as devices. So many times people come to me and say, "One day you said this is right, and another day you said that is right, and both cannot be right." Of course both cannot be right, but no one is saying that both are right. I am not concerned at all with which is right and which is wrong. I am only concerned with which device works. *vbt06*

People come to me and say that they are seeking God, that they are seeking their soul. Their faces give no indication of their search. Their search is misnamed; they seek something very different under the cover of God and soul.

A friend approached me--he was an old man--and said he has been seeking God for the last thirty years. "That is a long time!" I exclaimed.

"You should have found him by now. It seems that God is avoiding you. If that is so, then even thirty births will not be sufficient. Or it could be that you are not seeking in the right direction, you have not taken the path to his house. Either he is avoiding you or you are avoiding him. Tell me exactly what it is that you seek."

"I told you. I am seeking God," he said. "I do my practices and my meditation regularly, but I have no results to show."

"What results are you trying to achieve?" I asked.

"I want to attain some occult powers."

Now this man is not seeking God; he is seeking power in the name of God. It is not only in the bazaar that we find one name on the label and something quite different inside the package. It happens in the temples too. *shiva08*

Osho writes to a friend:

Love. You ask for my *ten commandments.* This is very difficult because I

am against any sort of commandment. Yet just for the fun of it I set down what follows:

1. Obey no orders except those from within.

2. The only God is life itself.

3. Truth is within, do not look for it elsewhere.

4. Love is prayer.

5. Emptiness is the door to truth, it is the means, the end and the achievement.

6. Life is here and now.

7. Live *fully awake.*

8. Do not swim, float.

9. Die each moment so that you are renewed each moment.

10. Stop seeking. That which is, is: *stop and see. teacup03*

Questions about Esoterica

From 1970-1974 Osho gives many discourses on esoteric and occult subjects, published under the titles: *In Search of the Miraculous, The Psychology of the Esoteric, I Am The Gate, Hidden Mysteries.* These are complex and need to be read in full. After 1974, Osho does not often speak on these subjects.

You ask me how I am connected with any esoteric group. If you can be in contact with one, you can be in contact with all. It is just a matter of tuning. If your radio can work with one station, there is no difficulty in its working with another. If the mechanism is working rightly, you can catch any station around the world. If you can be in contact with one esoteric group, you can be in contact with all. You may not want to be in contact, you may want it, but once you know the tuning you can be in contact. And many times you

come across a secret school but you lose the opportunity, you lose the track.

Whatsoever I am saying is in many ways esoteric. That is why many times I become very confusing to you. Any exoteric teaching is never confusing, it is clearcut. It is just like two plus two equals four, it is always a simple thing. But the esoteric, the inner, the secret, is difficult to understand, because your understanding becomes disturbed with any new knowledge which has to be absorbed.

Any knowledge that you know, you can absorb easily. It can become a part of you; you can easily digest it. Anything which is new to you is hard to digest. And no esoteric knowledge can be delivered in mathematical

terms. It has to be delivered mystically, it has to be delivered poetically.

Then it becomes living. It means many things simultaneously.

I have been in contact with many esoteric groups. I have known many persons who are still alive who belong to some group. I have known many keys which were delivered by authentic teachers. But no key of the old tradition is enough, so I am devising new keys. Because I am devising new keys, I am not directly concerned with any esoteric group, as each esoteric group is interested in and is entrusted with a particular key to preserve. I am not interested in a particular key. I am interested in devising new methods, new techniques, new keys, because all the old keys have become in many ways irrelevant.

One thing has to be understood, that all these keys were developed in a world which was local, always local. For the first time, we are in a world which is absolutely nonlocal, universal. Really, for the first time we are in a world. Before, we were always confined to a particular part of the world. All those keys were developed for particular local conditions and cultures. Now, for the first time the world is, in a way, a mixed-up mess.

There is no particular culture, there is no particular conditioning.

Everything is mixed up. And soon this is going to be more and more the

case. Soon there will be a world citizen with no local background at all but with a universal background. Before this century ends, we will need-

-we are already in need of--keys which are universal....

All local keys developed in a world which was divided. There was no universal mind--there never has been as far as our so-called knowledge of history is concerned. Sometimes this phenomenon of a universal mind has happened, but that is beyond our civilization, that is beyond our memory. This phenomenon of a universal mind has happened previously but that has been completely forgotten.

I have known so many esoteric groups--in this life and before. I have been in contact with many esoteric groups, but I cannot tell you their whereabouts. I cannot tell you their names, because that is not permitted. And it is of no use really. But I can tell you that they still exist, they still try to help....

You can also be in contact with some esoteric group. There are techniques and methods. But then you will have to do much work upon yourself. As you are, you can never be in contact. You will just pass by an esoteric circle but you will not even be able to detect it. You will have to change yourself, tune yourself for new dimensions, for new vibrations to be felt; you will have to be sensitive.

Then you will not ask me, "Have you been in contact with an esoteric group?" You will know just by sitting near me, you will know just by looking into my eyes. You will feel just by hearing my words, or even by hearing my silence. You will understand. But that will come only if you change yourself, attune yourself for the new reality--if you open yourself for new dimensions.

Esoteric groups are and always have been there. Only you are closed--

closed in thought, closed in thinking, closed within yourself, with no opening, no window, no door. The sky is there--just open the window, and you will know the sky and the stars. Howsoever far off they may be, just by opening your window, which is so near, you come in contact with far-away stars. In a way, it is illogical: by opening such a near window, how can you

come in contact with far-away stars? If I tell you, "Open this window behind you and then you will come in contact with the whole universe," you will say, "It is absurd. Just by opening this window, which is so near, how can I be in contact with what is so far?" But it is so. Open a window in your mind, make a meditative window, and you will be in contact with so many far-away lights, with so many happenings which are always around.

Just around the corner, just around you, everything is happening. But you are blind or asleep or just unaware. I am here; you cannot conceive of what is happening here. You cannot conceive of it!...

Buddha passes through a village...and no one recognizes him. His own father does not recognize him; even with his own wife there is no recognition.

I am here! You cannot recognize what is inside, only the outside is known. You only become acquainted with the outside. That is how it should be. You are not in contact with your own innerness, so how can you be in contact with mine? That is an impossibility. It becomes easy if you are in contact with your own innerness. Then you can be in contact with my innerness, or innerness as such. Otherwise, you will just go on asking me, and I will continue answering you. Then everything just misses the point.

But I answer you not in order that you should get the answer from my answer. No, I never hope against hope, I never hope that my answer can become your answer. I know very well that my answer is of no use to you. But then why do I go on answering your questions?

I go on answering not in order that my answer will become your answer, but because if you can listen to me silently, totally, in that silent listening you will come directly upon your own innerness. Suddenly it

can explode in you, suddenly you can be in another world that is completely different from any in which you have been living. And if that happens, then you have come into a new existence.

That new existence is your own. It is an esoteric, inner secret. That inner existence has all these things. *gate08*

In any inner feeling, any inner realization, if you become doubtful whether it is true or imaginary, then it is certainly imaginary--because the Truth is so self-evident that you cannot doubt it. The doubting mind just disappears.

So sometimes someone comes to me and says, "Tell me whether my kundalini has risen or not. My teacher says my kundalini has risen, so tell me." So I tell them that unless it becomes self-evident to you, do not believe anyone. When that phenomenon happens, you will not go to ask anyone whether it has happened or not. If someone comes and asks you,

"Tell me whether I am alive or not," what will you say to him? Certainly he is dead! Even if this has to be asked, then certainly he is dead.

Life is a self-evident fact; no proof is needed. How do you feel your life?

Do you have any proof of it? Is there any proof? How do you feel your life? How do you know you are alive? Is there ever a doubt whether "I am alive or not"? *ultal110*

The lines traced on the body are a very superficial phenomenon. Deep within is the mind. The mind with which you are familiar, however, does not exist deep down; it is superficial. Deep down there is a mind which you do not know at all. The centers that exist deep within this body alone, which Yoga calls chakras, are the accumulated forms of many lives. One who knows can, by placing his hand on a particular chakra, discover how active it is. By touching your seven chakras, it can be known whether you have ever experienced them or not.

I have experimented with the chakras of hundreds of people, and I have been surprised to find that at the most one or two--and only rarely three-

-chakras have begun to be activated; generally, they remain dormant.

You have never used them, but they are your past. If a man who has experienced them comes to me and I can see that all his seven chakras are in motion, then it can be said that this is his last birth. Then there will be no next birth, because if all seven chakras are in motion, then there is no possibility of a next life. This life will be nirvana, this life will be liberation.

hidden05

You ask: *Is reincarnation a part of your teachings?*

I don't talk much about doctrines. I am not very interested in intellectual gymnastics. Reincarnation is a fact, but I don't talk much about it. I may help you to remember your past lives, but I don't make a doctrine out of it. If you can remember them than it is okay. If you don't remember them, that too is okay. But I don't talk about it. It is useless. *quest09*

Someone was here to meet me a few days before. He said, "I am very much advanced, so don't start with me from ABC." This is the mad type of man.

So I asked, "First relate to me how much you have advanced. What have you gained?"

So he said, "I see visions of Krishna. Sometimes I dance with him in my visions. I have visions of very beautiful places--lakes, hills."

Whatsoever he said was just dreaming, so I said, "If this is what you mean when you say that you have advanced very much, then it is very difficult to even proceed because you are simply dreaming. You have not even taken the first step."

The first is the most difficult: to recognize this, let this fact penetrate deep. Howsoever painful, welcome it--only then can something be done.

If you recognize it you will become humble, if you recognize it you will become simple, if you recognize it you will become childlike--then there is much possibility, then much opens. *ultas117*

One man came to me in Bombay. He brought a very big suitcase with him; he received messages from god every day. He said, "Nobody listens to me and people think I am mad. My wife takes me to the psychiatrist. I heard about you and I thought you are the right person; you will understand. Now look!"

He opened his suitcase. There were thousands of pieces of paper. I looked

at them--all kinds of nonsense--and he said they were 'special information'. Two plus two is four--that is special information that has come to him. And anything, whatsoever comes to his mind, he writes, and he thinks it is special information.

Forget all this! It is time to get out of it otherwise you will be wasting your life. *shore05*

A friend came yesterday. He is an intelligent person and has great regard for me. He told me, "Why do you not perform some miracle like Sai Baba?

Thousands will flock to you." What use are these thousands of people?

What shall I do with them? They come not because of Sai Baba but

because of the miracles. If even one came for the sake of Sai Baba it would be more fruitful.

One who comes for miracles is not a theist. A theist is one who says,

"Everything in this world is a miracle. There is nothing that is not a miracle A seed turns into a tree; clouds move in the sky; the sun comes out, there are stars; there are birds and animals; there is man--

everything is a miracle!" He who sees no miracle in all this is impressed by the ash that comes out of the hands of a miracle-man. That the sun comes out is no miracle to this blind man, but a little ash drops from this man's hand and he is impressed!

The intelligence that believes in this ash is not the intelligence that can go God-ward. Lakhs of people are bound to gather, but this crowd will be the crowd that gathers to watch a magic show. It has nothing to do with religion.

The stories woven around Mahavira, Christ or Rama are downright false but the devotee, out of sheer frustration invents them. Otherwise his God does not look distinctive from the rest of mankind. So he says, "When Mohammed walked, even on the sunniest day a cloud moved along with him. The devotee has to say all this because his logic is the same as the

atheist's; he has the same intelligence.

One who sets out to look for miracles does not have the heart of a devotee. Is there anything in this world that is not a miracle? Show me a single thing that is not a miracle! This whole world is a miracle!

Is it not a miracle that you are? There is no reason why you should be.

The world would have no complaint if you were not. But you are--a complete living entity. It never occurs to us that there is no reason why we should exist. The world would have got on just as well without us. Yet we are! We do not know who creates us; we do not know who destroys us, who brings us into existence, who takes us out of it. We do not know.

Is this not a great miracle that is taking place every moment of our existence? And here are we flocking to see a man who takes a little ash out of his hands! Lack of intelligence makes such things appear like miracles. If man is intelligent, the whole world appears to be a miracle.

Otherwise, we have to invent devices to prove that Rama is God, Krishna is God. I do not say they are not. What I mean to say is that everything on this earth is God. Everything here is divine. There is nothing on this earth which is not God. *way204*

Fools are always searching for something esoteric--only nonsense appeals to them. And sometimes I talk nonsense, because I am not here

only to help those who are not fools. I am also throwing my net wider and wider; some fools have to be caught by me too. They are good people!...

There is a deep urge in man to know things which are worthless, to know things which make you feel special--because only *you* know those things and nobody else does. Man wants to be special, and nothing makes you more special than so-called esoteric knowledge. That is why esoteric knowledge remains important. All kinds of rubbish go on in the name of esoteric knowledge--that the earth is hollow, that inside the earth there are great civilizations. And there are people who still believe in it, and in many more such stories.

Man lives such a dull and drab life that he wants some sensation. Those who are a little wiser, they read scientific fiction or detective stories.

Those who are not so wise, they read spiritual fiction.

And these things were said by me when I was surrounded by a certain group of fools. They were not interested in anything else. And I have to respond to you; as you grow, my responses will be higher and higher.

The day you have understood the whole stupidity of the human mind I will not need to talk to you; just sitting silently will be more than enough.

These things were told by me to a certain group of people who were only interested in those things. It would have been absolutely pointless to talk about anything else with those people. Now that they have almost disappeared, and now that a totally different quality has come here, I can go more into the world of the truth. But still I have to use words, and words distort.

Only silence communicates the truth as it is. *wisdom10*

People's problems

Those who are awakened find it difficult to even think that there is or there can be a world.

Just this morning I was talking to a sannyasin. She had come and she was asking when she would get rid of all this misery and anxiety:

"Sometimes it appears that it has happened, but then again I revert to the same misery."

I told her that I am also in a difficulty. Slowly, slowly it has become very difficult for me to even understand how misery becomes possible, how it becomes possible for misery to occur. It is not that I was never in misery.

I was, but now I find it difficult to understand.

It is as if somewhere far away in the past one might have seen a snake in a

rope and now, on remembering, one finds it difficult to grasp how it was even possible to see a snake when it was a rope. And if somebody is still seeing the snake, it becomes a very difficult situation for me. The difficulty is that what is appearing to you like a great question is no longer a question at all to me, and it feels that you are carrying all kinds of meaningless things with you. But to say so also feels wrong, because that person is suffering, running fast; he is still seeing the snake. If you say to a person who is running fast in fear, whose heart is shaking and sinking, "Why are you running and talking all this nonsense, it is a rope and not a snake," he will become very angry.

Remember, you have no idea of the difficulties of a Buddha, a Mahavira, a Krishna and a Christ in teaching you, because they have to give you treatment for a sickness which really does not exist at all. The sickness is simply not there, but the patient is trembling; the patient is complaining that he is dying....

The mind of man creates illusions. These illusions are self-imposed. All of these illusions merge in the ultimate truth. The moment the witness is experienced, the whole world, the whole panorama of our projections, shrink and merge in the witness--in the endless, boundless ocean. *finger07*

I have been meeting hundreds and hundreds of persons deeply, intimately, closely. When they start talking about their sadness I have to be serious--otherwise they will not feel that I am sympathetic, they will not feel good about it. Then they will never turn to me again. I have to be sad with their sadness and serious with their seriousness to help bring them out of it...and this is their own creation, and they are making every effort to create it. And if I try to bring them out, they create every type of barrier--not knowingly of course, because no one will do it knowingly. *vbt67*

People come to me and I look at them, and I see that they are fast asleep, dreaming. Their problems are out of their dreams, and they want to solve them. They cannot be solved because they are not real. How can you solve an unreal problem? If it exists, it can be solved--but it is nowhere; it cannot be solved. An unreal problem--how can it be solved? It can be solved only by an unreal answer. But that unreal answer will create

other problems which again will be unreal. And then you fall ad nauseam; there is no end to it. *vbt55*

You will be surprised, but this is my experience of thousands of people: that they cling to their misery for the simple reason that they have grown a certain kind of friendship with misery. They have lived with it so long that now to leave it will be almost like a divorce. *misery09*

People talk about misery--I have listened to many people about their misery--but the way they talk about their misery it seems they are feeling very happy. Their misery is something like a piece of art. They exaggerate it; they go on making it bigger and bigger--and they enjoy it. *mystic43*

I have lived with thousands of people; I have never judged anybody. I have simply loved everybody who has been with me, and I have seen tremendous changes happening in them without any effort on my part.

Just my love has made them different. *upan02*

One lady was here just two or three days ago. She said, "My mind is sexual, so what can I do?" Someone else came and said, "I feel very inferior; an inferiority complex is there. What can I do?" So I told that man, "You feel inferior, so feel inferior; know that you feel like that. What to do? There is nothing to do. One feels sexual, so feel sexual. Know that you are sexual." But the moment I say such things to someone, he feels shocked. He had come for a technique to change himself.

No one accepts himself; you are such enemies to yourself. You have never had any love for yourself; you have never been at ease with yourself. And this is surprising: you expect everyone to love you, and you yourself cannot even love yourself. You are so against yourself, you would like to shatter yourself in every way and create another. If you were allowed you would create another man. And you would not be satisfied with that either because you would still remain behind it.

Love yourself, accept yourself, and don't create unnecessary problems.

And all problems are unnecessary; there are no necessary problems. I have

not come across any. Remain with your facticity, and transformation will happen. But it is not a result, you cannot force it to happen. It is a consequence, not a result. If you accept yourself and remain alert, it comes. You cannot force it, you cannot say that "I will force it to come." And if you force, a false thing will happen to you, and then that false thing can be disturbed by anyone-- *by anyone. vbt38*

One man came to me and he said, "I am very much afraid of death." He had cancer, and death was very near; any day it could happen. And he

could not postpone it. He knew it was going to happen. Within months it would be there, or even within weeks.

He was really physically, literally, trembling, and he said, "Just give me one thing: how can I get rid of this fear of death? Give me some mantra, or something which can protect me and give me courage to face death. I don't want to die trembling in fear." The man said, "I have been to many saints. Many things they have given--they were very kind. Someone has given me a mantra, someone has given me some sacred ashes, someone has given me his picture, someone has given something else, but nothing helps. Everything is in vain. Now I have come to you as the last resort.

Now I will not go to anyone anymore. Give me something."

So I told him, "Still you are not aware. Why are you asking for something?--just to get rid of fear? Nothing will help. I cannot give you anything; otherwise, as others have proved failures, I will also prove a failure. And they gave you something because they don't know what they are doing. I can say only one thing to you: Accept it. Tremble if trembling is there--what to do? Death is there, and you feel a trembling, so tremble.

Don't reject it, don't suppress it. Don't try to be brave. There is no need.

Death is there. It is natural. Be afraid totally."

He said, "What are you saying? You have not given me anything. Rather, on the contrary, you say to accept."

I said, "Yes, you accept. You just go and die peacefully with total

acceptance."

After three or four days he came again, and said, "It works. I couldn't sleep for so many days, but for these four days I slept deeply, because it is right, you are right." He said to me, "You are right. Fear is there, death is there, nothing can be done. All the mantras are just hocus-pocus; nothing can be done."

No doctor can help, no saint can help. Death is there, a fact, and you are trembling. It is just natural. A storm comes and the whole tree trembles.

It never goes to any saint to ask how not to tremble when a storm is passing by. It never goes for a mantra to change it, to protect it. It trembles. It is natural; it is so.

And the man said, "But a miracle has happened. Now I am not so afraid."

If you accept, fear starts disappearing. If you reject, resist, fight, you give energy to fear. That man died peacefully, unafraid, fearless, because he could accept fear. Accept fear and it disappears. *vbt60*

A woman came to me the day before yesterday. It was very crowded and in that crowd she abruptly said, "Bless me!"

I said, "Fine."

The next day she came back again and asked, "Will the blessings come true?--because the blessings of good saints *do* come true, and you have blessed me."

I said, "This seems to be difficult. It appears you will drag me to a court of law if they don't come true! At least let me have some idea in what connection you want my blessings to come true."

She said, "But you should know that whenever a good saint blesses someone, the blessing does come true."

I said to her, "There is one escape for me in it, that at least you cannot drag me into the courts. If the blessings do not make what you want come true

you may understand that I am neither good nor a saint--and the matter is over. This way you created one escape route for me. Now I don't even want to know what it is that you wanted my blessings for. If it does not come true you can understand that neither was I good nor a saint, and the matter is over."

We call this being religious! The woman believes she is religious. *finger15*

One woman was here just a few days ago. Her husband had died just during the past month. She was disturbed. She came to me and she said, "Only assure me that he is reborn in a good place and then everything will be okay. Just give me a certainty that he has not gone to hell or he has not become an animal, that he is in heaven or he has become a god or some such thing. If you can just assure me of this, then everything is okay. Then I can bear it; otherwise I am miserable."

The priest would say, "Okay! Your husband is born as a god in the seventh heaven, and he is very happy. And he is waiting for you."

These prayers, they make you adjusted to the pattern...you feel better.

Meditation is a science. It is not going to help you in adjustment, it is going to help you in transformation. That is why I say these three signs will be there as indications. Silence will come, but not as an adjustment.

Silence will come as an inner flowering. Then silence will not be an adjustment with the society, with the family, the world, the business--no!

Then silence will be a real harmony with the universe. *vbt02*

People ask how they can live happily? I tell them to live this very moment happily, and don't ask how. If you breathe do it joyfully, if you raise your hands do it joyfully, if you walk, sit, do it joyfully. What ever you do, do it with a happy frame of mind so that all your actions become a waterfall of happiness. Don't stop for happiness, and don't even ask how? What ever you may be doing, the meanest of the mean jobs--if you are sweeping your house outside, that too do it happily, enjoy it too.

Whatever you have to do, wherever you may be placed, don't do anything

unhappily. Because then even if you get salvation, there also you will enter unhappily. There too you will manage to search out unhappiness.

Your sight and attitude for searching unhappiness will be there with you, and there too you will generate darkness. Even if God was present, you will find out some fault or the other, so that you can remain unhappy.

What ever you may be doing, do it happily, but don't ask for happiness. *sadhan02*

Paradox of Total Action: When the action is total, energy does not diminish. When I said so, I meant that action is not total when we are split, divided and in conflict. When I am split within, my action is incomplete--not total. As for example, you met me and I embraced you. If at the time of embracing, one portion of my mind tells me, "Why are you doing this? This is not proper, don't do it," and at the same time, the other portion tells me, "I will do it, it is very good"; then I am quarrelling with two parts. I shall embrace you with one half, and I shall be trying to push you away with the other half. I am doing two contrary actions at the same time. In doing these two opposite actions, my mental energy within will be diminished, but had I embraced somebody with all my heart without any tinge of opposition in it, there is no cause for the energy to diminish. On the contrary, this total embrace will fill me with more energy, will fill me with extra joy.

Energy is diminished in conflict. Inner conflict, inner duality causes the loss of energy. Howsoever noble the work may be, if there is conflict within, energy is bound to diminish, as you are fighting with yourself within. It is like my building a house, in which I put a brick with one hand and remove it with the other hand. Thus my energy will be lost and the building will never be constructed. All of us are thus split up in self-contradictory parts. Whatever we do is confronted with an opposition outside. If we love someone we hate him also. If we make friends with someone, we make an enemy of him also. If we flatter someone, we also arrange to disrespect him from another side. Thus we are double minded all the time. Therefore, every person becomes bankrupt slowly, his inner energy diminishes. The person dies fighting against himself.

If you examine the truth in this. you will understand this fact. When you start

to do any work and If you are fully engrossed in it, you will always come out more fresh and energetic. And, on the contrary, if you do that work halfheartedly, you will come out tired and shattered from that work.

So, those who are able to do their work whole heartedly, like a painter totally engrossed in his painting, in preparing his picture, never gets tired. They return from their work completely refreshed and pleased. But if you employ this same painter, on a fixed salary to make pictures, then he returns home completely tired because his mind is not there in the job totally. So no sooner does a part of our mind stand against us that our energy begins to diminish.

What I mean by a total act is not intended for one particular work, but it applies to all jobs you are doing. Do even routine jobs--duties like eating and bathing totally. While taking a bath, only that act of bathing should be with you; your mind, at the moment, should not think or do anything else. If you are totally engaged in bathing, not only the body but your soul too will take a bath. After the bath you will realise that you have gained something. But it is possible when you are taking a bath, your legs are on the road and your mind is there in the office, and you are on the run, then the bath has no interest and joy in it. That bath will be split up--divided activity. You simply throw water on your body and run for another activity. In finishing a job thus, you waste your energy, this happens from moment to moment, it *is* happening for twenty-four hours.

You are lying on the bed but you haven't slept. You can get rest only if the action of sleeping is total. You are simply lying and dreaming. You are lying and thinking. You are lying and changing sides. Thousands of thoughts enter your head. You are thinking of what you did today and also of what you will do tomorrow. When this is the condition, you get up from your bed completely exhausted and weary. Even sleep will not be able to give you rest, because you are not total in that sleep....

When a person is totally one with himself he becomes integrated. Then there is no division within. When such a person makes love, he only makes love, when he is angry, he is totally angry, when there is an enemy in front, he thinks of him only as an enemy. When a person is busy totally in any work, he does not lose his energy. And it is very interesting to note that

when a person is totally engrossed in any activity, gradually it becomes impossible for him to be angry, as the anger burns up completely, and is completely scorched out and then it is difficult for hatred to remain within.

We have anger in us as long as we do all our activities halfheartedly.

When our actions become total, power of love blooms in our life. When our actions are total, prayers become our longing of life, the day on which the mission of our entire life is over. God alone remains a sacred

hymn, a truth for us. When that integration--that oneness--is produced within, we also see integration, oneness, outside. As long as there is duality within, there is duality outside too. *ppath06*

Western seekers come to Osho

Each year an increasing number of Westerners are coming to Osho, as centres are being set up around the world. Many of the hippies coming to Osho have had spiritual experiences with lsd and other drugs which led them to meditation. Several are in the helping professions: social workers, therapists, psychiatrists. Osho experiments with new therapy techniques There are stories that a disciple would come to the master and wait for thirty years, would not ask anything but just wait for the master to ask,

"For what have you come?" Thirty years is too much--one life completely wasted--but waiting for thirty years will do the work.

People from the West come to me and they say, "This very evening we are leaving, so give us some key. How can we become silent? But we don't have any time to stay--we must go." They are thinking in terms with which they have become acquainted--instant coffee--so they think there must be some instant meditation, a key I can hand over to them and it is finished. No, there is no key. It is a long effort, it is a deep patience. And the more you are in a hurry, the longer it will take. So remember this: if you are not in any hurry it may happen this very moment. When you are not in a hurry the quality of mind is there, silence is there. *vedant05*

Just a few days before one seeker was here from California. He traveled

long. He had come to meet me. And then he said, "Before I meditate or before you tell me to meditate, I have heard that whosoever comes to you you push into meditation, so before you push me in, I have got questions." He had at least a list of hundred questions. I think he has not left any that is possible--about God, about soul, about truth, about heaven, hell and everything--a sheet full of questions. He said, "Unless you solve these questions first, I am not going to meditate."

He is logical in a way because he says, "Unless my questions are answered how can I meditate? Unless I feel confident that you are right, you have answered my doubts, how I can go in some direction you show and indicate? You may be wrong. So you can prove your rightness only if my doubts disappear."

And his doubts are such they cannot disappear. This is the dilemma: if he meditates they can disappear, but he says he will meditate only when these doubts are not there. What to do? He says, "First prove there is God." No one has ever proved, no one can ever. That doesn't mean that God is not there, but he cannot be proved. He is not a small thing which can be proved or disproved. It is such a vital thing, you have to live it to know it. No proof can help.

But he is right logically. He says, "Unless you prove how I can start? If there is no soul, who is going to meditate? So first prove that there is a self, then I can meditate."

This man is committing suicide. No one will be ever able to answer him.

He has created all the barriers, and through these barriers he will not be able to grow. But he is logical. What should I do with such a person? If I start answering his questions, a person who can create a hundred doubts can create millions, because doubting is a way, a style of mind.

You can answer one question through your answer he will create ten because the mind remains the same.

He looks for doubts, and if I answer logically I am helping his logical mind to be fed, to be more strengthened. I am feeding. That will not help.

He has to be brought out of his logicalness.

So I told him that, "Have you ever been in love?"

He said, "But why? You are changing the subject."

I said, "I will come to your points, but suddenly it has become very meaningful to me to ask have you ever loved."

He said, "Yes!" His face changed.

I asked, "But you loved before or before falling in love you doubted the whole phenomenon?"

Then he was disturbed. He was uncomfortable. He said, "No, I never thought about it. I simply had fallen in love, and then only I became aware."

So I said, "You do the opposite. First think about love, whether love is possible, whether love exists, whether love can exist. And first let it be proved, and make it a condition unless it is proved you will not love anybody."

He said, "What you are saying? You will destroy my life. If I make this a condition, then I cannot love."

"But," I told him, "This is the same you are doing. Meditation is just like love. You have to know it first. God is just like love. That's why Jesus goes on saying that God is love. It is just like love. First one has to experience."

A logical mind can be closed, and so logically, that he will never feel that he has closed his own doors of all possibilities for all growth. *yoga105*

A Western friend is practising meditation. He is here with us. His trouble is anger. He is so filled with anger that it overflows at the slightest excuse. I advised him to vent his anger on a pillow. He was surprised!

"That is madness!" He exclaimed. "On a pillow?" I told him, "You start and see, it is not so bad. If you could vent your anger on a human being and not see the foolishness of it. It is not more foolish to take it out on a pillow I

assure you." He tried the first day and came and gave me a complete report. He felt a little awkward in the beginning. After five or seven minutes when the momentum built up, he started hitting the pillow hard as if it were alive. Not only did the pillow become alive but it assumed the form of the person he hated most. He remembered this foe and all that had happened ten years ago. He had wished to beat him up but could not. He says he felt to laugh, he felt very uneasy too but he enjoyed it also!

Since the last three days he is beating up his pillow. Today he has given the final report and it is very astonishing.

The full report is like this: The very first day all the faces of people he had wanted to hit and could not, began to come up. The next day all faces disappeared. There was no one before him, there was plain anger alone.

He saw the anger coming out from within him and there was no one to receive it at the other end--pure anger. Then it occurred to him that all this was already within him, he only needed excuses to throw out the poison within him. Then an understanding arose. He saw anger in a new form. Now the responsibility of anger, shifted from the other person. Now he knew that there was a fire within him that needed to come out. Now the responsibility shifted on him--it no longer was objective, it became subjective. It was no longer that the other abused and the anger arose.

Now he understood that he was wanting to be angry and was looking out for excuses. If no one had abused him, he would have found some other excuse. He would have even gone to the extent of inciting someone to abuse him! And the simple reason for all this was, that there was something within him that was pressing for release. It was necessary to be rid of it.

The next day in the course of these beatings that he carried out three to four times a day, it became absolutely clear to him that the anger was not because of another but was within him. Today was his third day. He told me: "I am shocked at myself". As soon as the realisation came that the anger is not on someone, that the anger is already within myself, something departed from within--everything was peaceful. Now I have become absolutely weak and incompetent to be angry. If you abuse me now, I shall

be unable to express anger. At least I find myself incapable of doing so at this moment. Some load has come off me and I feel empty within."

Understanding means: Whatever happens within you is with your full consciousness and in your full awareness--Whatever happens. Then many things will stop happening by themselves. What stops happening, is sin; and what keeps happening even in your full consciousness is virtue. Understanding is the test. Whatever can go on with understanding is virtue. What does not go along with understanding, is sin. What can be activated in ignorance alone, is sin and that which cannot be activated in ignorance, is virtue. So understanding means only this: that whatever happens within me, happens with my full knowledge and nothing slips from my consciousness. *way103*

Today I have come to know, through the partner of the friend who was carrying out the pillow-meditation lately, that he had taken out a knife and torn the pillow into pieces! I had not told him to do this! It sounds funny--such madness! But we do not laugh when a living person is stabbed in anger though the passion gratified is the same as when ripping open a pillow! Whether it is a pillow or a human being--that is immaterial. More pleasure is derived from stabbing the pillow however, for there are no limitations.

Close yourself in your room and when your overriding trait catches hold of you, allow it to manifest itself to the full. Consider it as meditation.

Give it complete expression. Allow it to come out of every pore of your body. Then reflect on it--you will laugh! You will even be surprised at what all you can do! Your mind will also wonder how you could ever do all that--and that too when you are alone! If there was someone present, then it was excusable!

You will feel restless the first or second time. The third time you will be in full form. And when you indulge in it whole-heartedly, you will get a strange experience. You will find that outwardly you are doing all this but within, a consciousness stands and watches. This is impossible when the other is concerned but by yourself, it becomes easy. All around the flames of anger will surround you, you will stand in the centre--alone and apart. And once a

person observes his anger apart from himself,

once someone observes his sex or his greed or his fear thus, a ray of knowledge begins to emit in his life.

He has attained an experience.

He has recognised one of his powers and now it is impossible for him to be deceived through this particular energy. We become the masters of that power which we recognize. The energy that we clearly perceive, no longer enslaves us; whereas the power we do not recognize, keeps us enslaved.

So you can take the pillow to be your beloved or you can take it to be the Kohinoor diamond. You can look upon it as your enemy before whom you tremble. It makes no difference who you are or what you are. *way105*

Recently a mother had come to me all the way from New York with her daughter. There was a lot of struggle between the two. The mother was under the impression that she loved her daughter very much. She had come two months before also. Then she had told me that she loved her children so much that she would even give her life for them. I told her to think over again for this was not natural. She insisted that she loved her three daughters so, it would be hard for me to imagine! I again told her to think it over.

At this she began to cry and beat her breast. She said, "You are cruel, take back your words, for I really and truly love my children." The louder she screamed the more adamant I became. "Whom are you trying to convince by this--me or your own self?" I asked her. "If you love them, you love them. There the matter should end. There is no need to make an exhibition like this! Since you cry and scream so much and beat your breast I tell you again. Look within and try to understand yourself. Your crying will have no effect on me; but it is bound to affect you."

If you want to love you must know how to cry and beat your breast or else how can others know what you feel? The louder you cry the better you can convey your feeling and that is why women can easily prove that they love whereas a man finds it difficult.

"This will not work with me," I told her.

So this time she brought her eldest daughter along with her. She said,

"Now look at us." I did and within fifteen days as much enmity as can exist between two individuals, manifested itself in full between these two.

Enmity exists between a mother and daughter; society, family, hides it.

As the daughter grows into a young girl, the mother starts becoming her

enemy. This is absolutely natural. This is our animal heritage. As the son grows up and becomes a young man, the father is filled with jealousy.

This is not a matter to be discussed. All fathers and all sons know it. As the boy grows up, he tries to push the father out. Verily, he has to make a place for himself. Looking at the daughter in the full bloom of youth, the mother feels she lost hers on account of her. No one is the cause for loss of youth. Without children too, she would have become old. But she does not think of this. Every man that enters the house first looks at the young girl and then at the old mother. This is very painful.

The custom of sending a married daughter off to her husband's home was initiated by women and since the woman always has her way, the man had to give in. Daughters had to be sent away from the house. Even if the father takes more interest in his daughter, which is very natural, the mother is filled with jealousy. Then the daughter no longer looks a daughter in the mother's eyes but a sheer woman.

For fifteen days I tried my best to bring out all their maladies from within. I instigated them both against each other. Their fever reached such a pitch that they were ready to fall on each other's throat. Then I made them both sit with me and told them to bring out whatever was within them. Then the disease that came out of them was such no mother or a daughter could ever imagine. This is so within each mother and each daughter. But we suppress these feelings and dress our wounds. We spread flowers without when there is nothing but dirt and filth within....

You will be shocked to know the jealousy, the disgust, the invectives the

mother and daughter expressed against each other. So much so, that I found myself in a fix. I was afraid that if their problem is not solved quickly--they had to return to New York soon--there would be chaos.

Then I had to carry out processes to remove all their hatred. There they sat--the mother and daughter--and they said such things to each other as a daughter has never ever openly told her mother or a mother, her daughter, but which they both have always thought about each other from times immemorial.

You could never dream a mother telling her daughter, "You are my enemy. You always try to snatch away the man who tries to love me."

And the daughter says, "You are a harlot!" When the mother asked, "Do you hate me?" She said, "I do, I do, I hate you, this very moment!" The mother said, "You are nobody to me. I cannot bear the very sight of you!"

When all this invective came out in an hour's time, I told them to sit silently with their eyes closed. Thus they sat for five minutes and both were crying. Then they both clung to each other. That night they slept on

one cot. The next day the mother said, "It was like a honeymoon night.

After years, I was able to be loving to my daughter again." But I told her to beware for this love will only gather hatred. Wherever there is (dwandwa) duality, we tend to gather the opposite.

Lao Tzu says, "The saint is beyond the opposites. He is apart from both of them. They are neither harsh nor compassionate." *way116*

An American youth of the Peace Corps came to me. He is one of the four hundred who have come to India to establish peace. He took sannyas. I asked him, "Is it not to save yourself from your own restlessness that you are trying for peace for others?"

He was taken aback. "What do you say? You are absolutely right but how did you know? There is so much conflict in my family! I can't get on with my father, I cannot get on with my mother or my brothers. Things had reached such a peak that there would have been bloodshed. Either I would have

killed my father or he would have killed me! Therefore it was necessary to run away from home. I heard there was need for peace in India so I joined the Peace Corps and came here. Ever since then I have plunged whole-heartedly into my work."

All the organisations that are out to serve society, also all reformers and leaders, are those who are not satisfied with lesser conflicts. They look for bigger spans and amplitudes. And they look for problems that defy solutions. You cannot dwell longer on problems that are easily solved, you have to then move on the fresh problems. So we look for permanent problems that can never be solved. We are people who have no knowledge of tranquility and whose whole make-up is of restlessness. We create restlessness with each movement of ours--sitting, standing, walking, talking. Even our silence is filled with restlessness. *way109*

Once a young man, a Jesus freak, came to me. He was living as poor a life as possible, without shoes, with rotten clothes. And he was travelling on foot all over India. From the Himalayas he was going to the south, and just living by begging.

When he passed the town I was in somebody told him about me and he came to see me. And I said, "What are you doing? What is this nonsense?"

He said, "You call it nonsense? Jesus says 'Blessed are the poor in spirit.'"

I said, "He does not say that just by not wearing shoes you become poor in spirit or just by begging you become poor in spirit. As far as I can see

you are tremendously egoistic." The moment I said this he became very angry, almost ready to fight.

I said, "Sit down. That's what I am saying--that you are not humble. Your humbleness is just a strategy of the ego and you are using Jesus' words in a totally wrong context; you have not understood them."

But that's what Christians down the ages have been doing with the words of Christ. And that is going to be done to almost all enlightened people and their teachings. Hence my effort is to be as direct as possible, so there is

less possibility of misunderstanding.

I don't want to be metaphorical, I don't want to use parables because they can be interpreted in many ways. I don't want to use traditional words, or if I have to use them because there are no other words available then I want to make my meaning as clear as possible, as definite as possible. In that sense I am very logical and mathematical.

I call meditation the greatest richness because it makes you aware of your own infinite treasure. It makes you a master of the kingdom of god.

And the only key to that kingdom is through meditation, through silence, watchfulness, awareness. *gwind28*

Many hippies have visited me. I felt really sorry for them. They were going on a right path, but somewhere the path turned to the polar opposite.

Their resentment was so strong that they started doing exactly the opposite of what they were taught to do. They dropped out of schools, out of colleges, out of universities, because it was not their own choice.

But do you know what happened to the hippies? You don't find them after the age thirty-five. They come back to the society, become again what they have been taught. Their long hair disappears, their beards disappear, their mustaches disappear. All the hippies who have reached nearabout the age of forty are now perfectly accepted gentlemen in the society. They are good businessmen, good salesmen, successful. *false25*

I have changed many hippies; now you cannot recognize them. Even they may have forgotten that the first time when they came to me...Just going from Kathmandu to Goa--just in between, by the way--they had stopped to see what was happening there, what was cooking there. And then they thought, "This guy seems to be far out"--and they stayed forever. They forgot about Goa, they forgot about their hippie ideology; and when they became sannyasins they became totally new persons with new values.

We need more wandering philosophers around the world, wandering teachers around the world so that young people can belong to them and

learn something--and live something. *socrat23*

One girl came to me just two or three days ago, and she said, "I was in Goa"--she is my sannyasin--and she said, "I took lsd and then I became certain that enlightenment had happened to me, so I threw your mala into the sea, because now there is no need. I changed the dress, because I am now enlightened, so what is the use of orange or the mala or anything?"

This is a sort of madness. Enlightenment is not so cheap. But in the West they are making everything cheap. I go on hearing that there are three week intense enlightenment growth groups--in three weeks you are enlightened!

A poet may have dreamed, may have taken hashish. And scientists say that poets have some difference, some chemical difference from ordinary persons--they have some hashish in their blood, really, so they can imagine more, they can dream more, they can go on dream trips more than others. So they write, but their writing is imaginative, it is not objective. It may help them as a catharsis, that they are unburdened.

But there is another type of literature, totally different, which is objective.

These Upanishads were not written for the joy of the writer, they were written for those who were going to read them--they are objective. What they will do to you if you contemplate on them has been planned; every single word has been put there, every single sound has been used. If someone contemplates on it, then the state of the writer will be revealed to him; the same will happen to him if he contemplates. These scriptures are called holy; that's why. *vedant08*

You ask: *Can LSD be used as a help in meditation?*

LSD can be used as a help, but the help is very dangerous; it is not so easy. If you use a mantra, even that can become difficult to throw, but if you use acid, LSD it will be even more difficult to throw.

The moment you are on an LSD trip you are not in control. Chemistry takes control and you are not the master, and once you are not the master it is

difficult to regain that position. The chemical is not the slave now, you are the slave. Now how to control it is not going to be your choice. Once you take LSD as a help you are making a slave of the master and your whole body chemistry will be affected by it....

LSD can be used to bring you to meditation only if your body has been prepared for it. So if you ask if it can be used in the West, I will say that it is not for the West at all. It can be used only in the East--if the body is totally prepared for it. Yoga has used it, tantra has used it, there are schools of tantra and yoga that have used LSD as a help, but then they prepare your body first. There is a long process of purification of the body. Your body becomes so pure and you become such a great master of it that even chemistry cannot become your master now. So yoga allows it, but in a very specific way.

First your body must be purified chemically. Then you will be in such control of the body that even your body chemistry can be controlled....

In tantra, particularly in "leftist" tantra, they use alcohol to help meditation. It looks absurd; it is not. The seeker will take alcohol in a particular quantity and then will try to be alert. Consciousness must not be lost. By and by the quantity of alcohol will be raised, but the consciousness must remain alert. The person has taken alcohol, it has been absorbed in the body, but the mind remains above it; consciousness is not lost. Then the quantity of alcohol is raised higher and higher. Through this practice a point comes when any amount of alcohol can be given and the mind remains alert. Only then can LSD be a help.

In the West there are no practices to purify the body or to increase consciousness through changes in body chemistry. Acid is taken without any preparation in the West. It is not going to help; rather, on the contrary, it may destroy the whole mind.

There are many problems. Once you have been on an LSD trip you have a glimpse of something you have never known, something you have never felt. If you begin to practice meditation it is a long process, but LSD is not a process. You take it and the process is over; then the body begins to work. Meditation is a long process--you have to do it for years, only then will the

results be forthcoming. And when you have experienced a shortcut, it will be difficult to follow a long process. The mind will crave to return to using the drugs. So it is difficult to meditate once you have known a glimpse through chemistry; to undertake something that is a long process will be difficult. Meditation needs more stamina, more trust, more waiting, and it will be difficult because now you can compare.

Secondly, any method is bad if you are not in control all the time. When you are meditating you can stop at any moment. If you want to stop, you can stop this very moment; you can come out of it. You cannot stop an LSD trip: once you have taken LSD you have to complete the circle. Now you are not the master.

Anything that makes a slave of you is ultimately not going to help spiritually, because spirituality basically means to be the master of oneself. So I wouldn't suggest shortcuts. I am not against LSD, I may sometimes be for it, but then a long preliminary preparation is necessary. Then you will be the master. But then LSD is not a shortcut.

It will take even longer than meditation. Hatha yoga takes years to prepare a body--twenty years, twenty-five years, then a body is ready; now you can use any chemical help and it will not be destructive to your being. But then the process is far longer.

Then LSD can be used; I am in favor of it then. If you are prepared to take twenty years to prepare the body in order to take LSD, then it is not destructive. But the same thing can be done in two years with meditation. Because the body is more gross, mastery is more difficult.

The mind is more subtle so mastery is easier. The body is further away from your being, so there is a greater gap; with the mind the gap is shorter....

If the mastery is of the mind then you can change the body, but the preparedness of the body belongs to the body alone. Hatha yoga invented many methods so that the process could be completed, but then even greater methods were discovered: how to control the mind directly--raja yoga. With these methods the body can be a little helpful, but there is no

need to be too concerned with it. So hatha yoga adepts have said that LSD can be used, but raja yoga cannot say LSD can be used, because raja yoga has no methodology to prepare the body. Direct meditation is used.

Sometimes it happens--only sometimes, rarely--that if you have a glimpse through LSD and do not become addicted to it, that glimpse may become a thirst in you to seek something further. So to try it once is good, but it becomes difficult to know where to stop and how to stop. The first trip is good, to be on it once is good; you become aware of a different world and then you begin to seek, you begin to search, because of it--but then it becomes difficult to stop. This is the problem. If you can stop, then to take LSD once is good. But that "if" is a great one....

With the first you are the master; with the second you are not. The first will try to take a second, and then it will go on continuously; then it is no longer in your hands. To begin anything is easy because you are the master, but to end anything is difficult because then you are not the master.

So I am not against LSD, and if I am against it, it is conditional. This is the condition: if you can remain the master, then okay. Use anything, but remain the master. And if you cannot remain the master, then do not

enter into a dangerous road at all. Do not enter at all; it will be better.
artof12

When Japanese started coming to me for sannyas I was a little bit puzzled--because all over the whole world when you want to say yes, you move your head up and down. And the Japanese, when they want to say yes, move the head from side to side--which means "no" all over the world, that is the sign for no--but that is their sign for yes, and the head moving up and down is their sign for no.

So when I would ask them something I would be very much puzzled; I could not believe that...They had come to take sannyas. They were sitting before me and I was asking "Are you ready for sannyas?" and they would shake..."Then why have you come? You have traveled here from Japan unnecessarily and you are sitting here in front of me just for that purpose, and you are saying no?"

Then my interpreter said to me, "You are not understanding; that person is saying yes. In Japan, the head moving from side to side is yes; the head moving up and down is no." So you have to remember it when you are talking with the Japanese. Otherwise there is going to be great confusion--you will say something, they will understand something else.

They cannot speak but they can understand. *upan39*

Osho makes Predictions

During this time Osho comments on future events, which later become news According to me, meditation and medicine are two poles of the same science where the connecting link is still missing. But slowly, slowly they are coming closer to each other. Today in most of the major hospitals of America a hypnotist has become essential. But hypnotism is not meditation. However, this is a good step. At least it shows that there is an understanding that something needs to be done about the consciousness of man, and that only treating the body is not enough.

And I think that if a hypnotist has entered the hospitals today, then tomorrow a temple will also enter. It will come later, it will take some time. After the hypnotist every hospital will have a department of the Yoga, of meditation. It should happen. Then we will be able to treat man as a whole. The body will be taken care of by the doctors, the mind by the psychologists, and the soul by yoga, meditation.

The day the hospitals accept man as a whole, as a totality, and then treat him as such, will be a day of rejoicing for mankind. I request you to think in that direction so that this day will come soon. *early10*

Did you know that there is a movement going on in those countries where medical science has increased the lifespan of people. This movement is for euthanasia. The old people are demanding that they should be given a right to die in the constitution. They say that life has become arduous for them and you are just keeping them hanging on in the hospitals. It has become possible: you can put a man on an oxygen cylinder and keep him hanging on endlessly. You can keep him alive, but that life will be worse than death. God knows how many people in Europe and America are lying in hospitals

in upside down or other strange positions, hooked up to oxygen cylinders. They have not the right to die, and they are demanding to be given the right to die.

My understanding is that by the end of this century most of the developed countries in the world will have the right to die as one of the constitutional rights of man, because the doctor has no right to keep a person alive against his wishes.

By increasing the age of a person you cannot remove the fear of death from him. By making a person healthy you can make his life more happy but not fearless. Fearlessness comes in only one situation, which is when one comes to understand from within that there is something in him that never dies. This understanding is absolutely essential.

Meditation is the realization of this immortality, that that which is within me never dies. Only that dies which is on the outside. And that is why you should treat the body medically so that it lives happily for as long as it lives, and at the same time try to be aware of what is inside you so that even if death is at your doorstep, you are not afraid. This inner understanding is fearlessness. *early10*

So I myself am pleased and hope that science succeeds in making a test-tube baby as soon as possible, because then we will be helped by scientific investigations to break our identity with the body. Then we will know for sure that the body is a kind of machine, and that to believe in it as the self is foolish. It is foolishness even now, but at present we are unwilling to recognize that the body is a machine. It is a machine even so. It is produced by natural forces, so by understanding the secrets of nature we will be able to produce it, and then we will have the cooperation of natural forces to break our identification with the body. *absolu09*

America recently decided that each cigarette packet should have written with ink in black letters *'This is harmful to health'.* The vendors of cigarettes, the owners and the manufacturers all, they made enough hue and cry that they would undergo the loss of crores. When I read it all, I said these cigarette manufacturers do not know that people are so unconscious; for how many days will they read this notice written with red ink? And the

same happened. For six months the sale of cigarettes decreased; after six months it turned to the same level as before. It is written on the packet with red ink, but the reader needs to be present.

Once or twice he reads it and then sleeps again. The cigarette packet comes and the notice is written there but no one reads it. Cigarette sales have become normal again. *thousd04*

By and by, Soviet Russia will become capitalistic. It will have to.

Otherwise it will die from stagnation. To me, a capitalist society is a natural phenomenon. A socialist structure is not natural. It is something imposed, something conceived of through the mind. Capitalism developed by itself; socialism has to be brought about, it cannot come by itself.

Marx thought it would happen, but he was basically wrong. And he has proven to be wrong.... *quest15*

Osho Leaves Bombay for Poona

In 1974 Osho suggests Laxmi look for a property in Poona. Laxmi finds #33 Koregaon Park. On 21 March 1974 Osho celebrates his Enlightenment Day with friends in Woodlands Apartment in the morning, and again that afternoon in Poona!

When I dropped traveling. I had already enough people, so I started a new phase: meditation camps in hill stations or in faraway Kashmir for those who wanted to be with me for twenty-one days or seven days--

small camps, big camps.

For a while it went well because I was not entering the cities, but politicians cannot sit silently. They were living so much in the fear of being thrown out of their power positions that they started creating trouble for the meditation camps.

Hotels were reserved but when we arrived the government had canceled the reservation. Now the hotel manager would say, "We cannot do anything, it is from higher up; the government wants to have a special

conference for these seven days so we cannot give it to you." And there was no conference. The hotel remained empty just so that we could not have the camp.

When even to have a camp became impossible, that was the time I moved to Poona--just to remain there. "Now, anybody who wants to come should come here"--because they had made it almost impossible for me to move. *mystic27*

I found that meditation camps began creating trouble for me. In Rajasthan, in their assembly, they decided that I should not be allowed into Rajasthan. I had been going to Mount Abu which is in Rajasthan. In Gujarat, at that time, Morarji Desai was the chief minister. He himself proposed to the assembly that my coming to Gujarat should be prohibited.

I used to go to Bhavnagar, to Rajkot, to Jamnagar, to Dwarka--and there were a few very beautiful places for camps--Nargol...miles and miles of huge saru trees. The sun never reaches underneath them because on top they are so full of leaves, branches, and they grow very close. And by the side of the sea you can hear the sound of the sea waves and listen--

sitting, not together, but scattered in the forest.

So it became a trouble that my camps should be stopped everywhere.

Now, my camps were not doing any harm to anybody. And in my camps only people were coming who wanted to come. *hyaku08*

Humidity is dangerous for me. Whenever I went to Bombay, attacks of asthma would immediately increase. *last112*

And my allergy needed dry air and cool air, no humidity. That's why I shifted from Bombay to Poona, because Bombay was more humid, Poona was less, but still it didn't make much difference. *last317*

In Bombay, I became aware that the whole city is floating in urine and shit! I have always wondered why Morarji Desai had chosen Bombay to be his residence. It is because the perfume that surrounds the great city of Bombay...except Morarji Desai, nobody else could enjoy it? *mess113*

I don't have any possessions. Although I live like a king, I don't possess anything. Nothing is mine. If one day someone comes and says to me,

"Leave this place at once," I will leave immediately. I will not even have to pack anything. Nothing is mine. That's how one day I left Bombay.

Nobody could believe that I would leave so easily without looking back even once. *glimps16*

PART V

1957-1970 Teaching and Travelling

Raipur

Professor of Philosophy, at Jabalpur

travelling in India

1962 first Meditation Centres

1964 Ranakpur Meditation Camp

1966 Resigns from the University

1968 discourse: From Sex to Superconsciousness

1969 First Talk in English to Westerners

Dwarka Meditation Camp on Death

1970 Beware of Socialism

New Chaotic Meditation

PART VI 1970-1974 Bombay

1. 1970 CCI Chambers, Bombay

2. Sannyas Initiations at Manali 3. Neo-Sannyas International Movement

4. Death of Nani,

5. Geeta Darshan

6. Woodlands Apartment

7. Vivek

8. 1971 Bhagwan

9. Kirtan Mandali

10. Early search for a New Commune

11. Meditation Camps

12. Dynamic. Kirtan, Laughing, Tratak, Gibberish

13. Shaktipat Experiments

14. 1972 Vigyan Bhairava Tantra

15. 1973 Yoga: The Alpha and the Omega

16. Esoterica

PART VII

1974-1981 Poona

i. Osho goes into seclusion

ii. Osho’s garden

iii. Osho’s Discourses: My Way: The Way of the White Clouds

iv. Whirling Meditation

v. The New Phase of Osho's Work

vi. Discourse Series on Many Masters

vii. Osho creates New Meditations:

vii . Kundalini Meditation

ix. Nataraj Meditation

x. Nadabrahma Meditation

xi. Gourishankar Meditation

xii. Vipassana Meditation

xii . Devavani Meditation

xiv. Mandala Meditation

xv. Music for Meditation

xvi. Darshans: intimate talks between Osho and his disciples

xvi . About Sannyas

xvi i. Personal Meditations

xix. About Meditation

xx. About Astral Projection

xxi. About Problems

xxi . Relationship and Sex

xxi i. About Babies

xxiv. About Children

xxv. Conflict with Family

xxvi. Osho checks energy

xxvi . Leaving Darshans

xxvi i. Sharing Osho's Vision

xxix. Development of the Ashram

xxx. Discourses: Hsin Hsin Ming, Nasruddin, Heraclitus, Tilopa

xxxi. 1975 Therapy and the Psychology of the Buddhas

xxxi . Osho guides group leaders

xxxi i. Osho advises group participants

xxxiv. Controversy about Sex & Violence in Therapy

xxxv. Osho initiates His Father into Sannyas

xxxvi. Osho's Reading

xxxvii. Hassids and Jews

xxxvii . Group Activities in the ashram

xxxix. Music Group

xl. Dance

xli. Celebrations

xli . 1976 New Death Celebration

xli i. Discourses: Zen

xliv. Glimpses of Osho's Personal Life

xlv. Vivek, Osho’s attendant

xlvi. Old and New Friends

xlvii. 1976 Ashram Expansion

xlvii . Reactions to Osho and his ashram

xlix. Discourses bauls, Ashtevakra, Kabir, Saraha

l. 1977 Osho develops the New Phase of His Work

li. Discourses: Sufis

lii. The New Commune in Kutch, Gujarat

liii. Education in the New Commune

liv. Gautam Buddha's Prophesy and the Buddhafield

lv. 1978 Zorba the Buddha

lvi. The New Man

lvii. Discourses: The Secret of the Golden Flower

lvii . Persecution by Morarji Desai

lix. Osho in the World Press

lx. Rich Man's Guru Accusation

lxi. Osho comments on the Jonestown Massacre

lxii. Discourses: Hakim Sanai, Pythagoras

lxii . 1979 New Phase in Osho’s work: Energy Darshans

lxiv. Silence and the Dhammapada

lxv. New Phase: Osho Criticizes the Masters

lxvi. Public Relations

lxvii. New Phase of Osho’s work: Mystery School

lxvii . Sannyasins are Friends not Fol owers

lxix. Death of Osho's Father, and his Mahaparanirvana

lxx. Discourses: Bodhidharma

lxxi. Osho’s First Rolls Royce

lxxii. Osho blesses Indira Gandhi

lxxii . Osho’s Jokes

lxxiv. Ethnic Jokes

lxxv. People are shocked at Osho's Jokes

lxxvi. 1980 Attempted Assassination of Osho by Hindu fanatic

lxxvii. Ashram Security Increases

lxxvii . Local Violence against Sannyasins

lxxix. Persecution of Osho

lxxx. Discourses: The Classic of Purity, About Enlightenment, Desiderata

lxxxi. New Phase: Osho Speaks His Own Truth

lxxxii. Osho exposes Mother Teresa

lxxxii . Religious Hostility

lxxxiv. Osho advises sannyasins on responding to negativity

lxxxv. Osho's Books

lxxxvi. 1981 Death of Vimalkirti (Prince Welf), and his Mahaparanirvana

lxxxvi . World Expansion of Osho's work

lxxxvi i. Osho wil go into Silence

lxxxix. Osho's Last Words before going into Silence

xc. The Ultimate Stage: Silence

xci. Silent Satsangs with Osho

xcii. Osho flies to America for Medical Treatment

xciii. Rumours about Osho

PART VII

POONA

1974-1981

Osho goes into Seclusion

On 21st March 1974, exactly 21 years after enlightenment, Osho moves to Koregaon Park, Poona, where two residences in adjoining properties of six acres have been purchased. Osho is in seclusion, and for a month he is sick. He holds interviews on the lawn, only with sannyasins arriving or leaving; he gives a few individual meditations. At this time Osho said, "You may be watching my gradual withdrawal from activities".

It is very considerately that I have become inaccessible. I was very accessible, but then by and by I began to feel that I couldn't help; it became almost impossible to help. For example, if I give you one hour, you talk rubbish. If I give you one minute you say exactly the thing that is needed--that's how mind functions.

If I am available to you the whole day, I am not available at all. If you have to wait eight days or ten days, that waiting is needed for a certain tuning in yourself; for certain significant problems to arise.

Sometimes I see that if you have a problem and you can come immediately, you will bring me trivia. During the day there are a thousand and one problems arising--they are not significant, but in the moment they appear significant. If you have to wait just one hour, the problem changes--then you bring another problem. If you are allowed to bring all your problems you will be in a mess, because you yourself will not be able to know what is needed, what is significant. So this is part of the whole process. *wobble04*

It is difficult to reach me, you will have to pass through Mukta (who makes the appointments). By the time the appointment is given and by the time

you reach me, your problem will not be there. Hence the appointment--because otherwise you will bring problems unnecessarily.

They drop automatically by themselves. And if they persist, then they are worth bringing to me.

By the time you come to me you will have already passed over it; and if you understand, that means that things that come and go are not worth paying any attention to--they come and go. You always remain, they come and go. *You* are the thing to be more attentive about, not things

that come and go--they are like seasons, climate changes: in the morning it was different, in the evening it is again different. It changes. Find out that which doesn't change. *flowrs03*

This has been my observation: many times when I am talking to somebody else I am talking to you, because I feel that is the most appropriate way. When I am talking directly to you, you may miss, because your ego becomes too prominent. When I pay attention to you, your ego comes up to the surface, and the ego won't allow.... No, you are just sitting by the side, I am talking to somebody else; then you are listening more properly. Then the ego is not involved.

If I am telling somebody else how to drop anger, you are listening, and because you are not concerned you are a little detached, and when you are detached you listen better. When you are concerned, when it is *your* problem, you are so worried about it that there is a barrier. When I am talking to somebody else and talking on his problem, I may not be talking to him at all, I may be talking to somebody else really. And when I start talking to you I may be talking now to the other person, not to you. That has to be decided by the master: what to do, how to do it.

I had to stop personal interviews because of this, because I felt it took a longer time for the thing to reach you. If you are alone with me you become so nervous--and it is *your* problem, you cannot be detached, you cannot be an observer. And you are burdened so much by the problem that whatsoever I say, when I am saying it you know well it is impossible, because you think you have tried everything, and nothing happens.

I had to stop personal interviews completely. Now it is better: ten, twelve people are there in the interview. I talk to a, and I may be talking to b; I talk to c, and I may be hinting to a. Now it is simple. When I hit somebody else, the hit may be for you. And you can take it easily, because it seems not to be meant for you. But it works. It finds you unaware. It penetrates deeper in you. It moves into the subtle layers of your unconscious without any effort because you are sitting relaxed. It is somebody else's problem.

You may have observed that whenever somebody else is in difficulty you can be a wise counselor, a good adviser--everybody is a good adviser, I have never seen anybody who is not a good adviser when others are in difficulty. Everybody is a good adviser. You can give such wise counsel that even Lao Tzu will feel jealous. Such a great wise man! But when the problem is yours, suddenly you become childish. Suddenly you lose your bearings, you lose balance.

Why does it happen?--because now it is too close a problem. You are already disturbed and you are expecting a miracle. You cannot give the same advice to yourself that you have given to others in the same situation. A detached feeling helps. *justIt08*

When a master is near you, if you are frank, honest and true and bring your mind out, the master will penetrate you from the back door. From the front door your mind is going out; from the back door the master is entering you.

So when near me on the lawn, be sincere and true. Don't bring questions which are intellectual, they are useless. Metaphysics is the *most* useless thing in the world. Don't bring any metaphysical questions, they are not true; they don't belong to you. You may have heard about them, read about them, but they are not part of you. Bring your nonsense out, whatsoever it is. And don't try to manipulate it. Don't try to rationalize it and polish it. Let it be as raw as possible--because before a master, you must be naked. You should not wear clothes and you should not hide yourself.

That is an exposure, and if you can talk as an exposure--not as an inquiry, just opening your heart, not asking for anything--then silence will follow, because when you have exposed your mind and you have passed through a catharsis, silence comes to you. This is a different type of silence, not a

forced silence, not a controlled silence, not a silence with any effort on your part.

When you have exposed your mind completely, released all that is there, a silence comes, descends on you, overwhelms you, a silence which is beyond understanding, and a silence which is beyond you; a silence which belongs to the whole and not to the individual. *clouds12*

Osho's Garden

In April Osho gives eight discourses on the Geeta darshan, and a mass shaktipat. He talks of returning to Bombay, but at the end of the month announces he will stay in Poona. He begins to take walks in the garden.

I live in Lao Tzu House and my garden is a forest. Mukta, my gardener, was very reluctant to make it that way--obviously, she is a Greek and thinks logically, and this is very illogical. No symmetry, no pruning is allowed. She prunes, though, when I am not looking! She tries to make something out of the mess.

Vivek *hates* the whole forest around the house. She says it has destroyed all perspective; you cannot see. You cannot see the vastness of the sky; you cannot see anything from the room--it is so covered! In fact, I don't need to see anything--I have seen everything! But for poor Vivek it is difficult--she still needs to see a few things. I can understand her difficulty.

A desert you can go on and on seeing; it ends nowhere. All the horizons are available. Its vastness and its profound silence have their own song, unheard, unspoken. The same is true about the path of silence. *guida04*

Yes, if you are meditative then a beautiful house will have a totally different quality. A beautiful garden, a pond in your garden....

Mukta has just made a pond by the side of my room, a really beautiful pond with a small waterfall. If *you* are meditative, then it is a tremendously beautiful experience just to see water dancing on the rocks, just to see the rocks, just to feel the texture of the rocks, the moss that will start gathering on them. Then everything is beautiful if inside your heart there is

awareness; otherwise everything is ugly.

It is not that a meditative person enters into heaven--no, heaven enters into a meditative person. Paradise is not a geographical place, it is a psychological experience. A meditative person can enjoy everything--only he can enjoy. He is not a renunciate. Only he knows how to taste the beauty of things, how to experience the tremendous presence of existence all around. Because he *is,* he knows how to love, how to live. *dh0702*

Discourses

In May 1974, Osho gives a series of question and answer discourses in English, which explain his way, the master-disciple relationship, and the development of his work in Poona. The discourses are published under the title My Way: The Way of the White Clouds, and attract many seekers from the West.

This very morning there were white clouds in the sky. Now they are there no more. Where have they gone? From where do they come? How do they evolve, and how do they dissolve again? A white cloud is a mystery, the coming, the going, the very being of it. That's the first reason why I call my way The Way of the White Clouds.

But there are many reasons, and it is good to ponder, to meditate upon them. A white cloud exists without any roots. It is an unrooted

phenomenon, grounded nowhere or grounded in the nowhere. But still it exists. The whole of existence is like a white cloud: without any roots, without any causality, without any ultimate cause, it exists. It exists as a mystery.

A white cloud really has no way of its own. It drifts. It has nowhere to reach, no destination, no destiny to be fulfilled, no end. You cannot frustrate a white cloud because wherever it reaches is the goal.

If you have a goal you are bound to get frustrated. The more goal-oriented a mind is, the more anguish, anxiety and frustration there will be, because once you have a goal you are moving with a fixed destination. And the

whole exists without any destiny. The whole is not moving anywhere; there is no goal to it, no purpose.

And once you have a purpose, you are against the whole--remember this-

-then you will get frustrated. You cannot win against the whole. Your existence is so tiny--you cannot fight, you cannot conquer. It is impossible to conceive how an individual unit can conquer the whole.

And if the whole is purposeless and you are with purpose you are going to be defeated.

A white cloud drifts wherever the wind leads--it doesn't resist, it doesn't fight. A white cloud is not a conqueror, and still it hovers over everything.

You cannot conquer it, you cannot defeat it. It has no mind to conquer--

that's why you cannot defeat it.

Once you are fixed to a goal, purpose, destiny, meaning, once you have got that madness of reaching somewhere, then problems will arise. And you will be defeated, that is certain. Your defeat is in the very nature of existence itself.

A white cloud has nowhere to go. It moves, it moves everywhere. All dimensions belong to it, all directions belong to it. Nothing is rejected.

Everything is, exists, in a total acceptability. Hence I call my way The Way of the White Clouds.

The white clouds have no way of their own--they drift. A way means reaching somewhere. The White Clouds' Way means a pathless path, a wayless way. Moving, but not with a fixed mind--moving without a mind.

This has to be understood, because purpose is synonymous with mind.

That's why you cannot conceive how to live without purpose, because the mind cannot exist without purpose. *clouds01*

So I am the white cloud, and the whole effort is to make you also white clouds drifting in the sky. Nowhere to go, coming from nowhere, just being there this very moment--perfect.

I don't teach you any ideals, I don't teach you any oughts. I don't say to you be this, become that. My whole teaching is simply this: Whatsoever you are, accept it so totally that nothing is left to be achieved, and you will become a white cloud. *clouds01*

You are asking: *You have talked to us about total surrender to the master, but often our minds come up with reasons for not following the instructions literally. We say things like: The master can't know that the situation has changed; or, the master doesn't realize what the practical conditions are in the West. Should we follow everything the master says to the letter, or are there times when we should use our own discretion?*

You should follow either absolutely, or not at all. No compromise should be made, because anything half-hearted is not only useless but harmful.

Anything half-hearted divides you--that is the harm. You should remain an undivided unity.

So either surrender totally...then there is no need to think on your part; follow blindly. I emphasize the word blindly--as if you have no eyes; somebody who has eyes is leading you. Then you will remain an undivided unity; and undivided, integrated, you will grow.

Or, if you feel this is impossible and cannot be done, don't follow at all.

Completely follow yourself. Then too you will remain undivided. To remain undivided is the end, the aim. Both will do, the ultimate result will be the same. If you can be alone, without a master, if you can follow your own consciousness, wheresoever it leads, it is the same, the result will be the same. So it depends on you.

But the mind always says: Do both. The mind says: Follow the master, but think about it. Follow only those things which *you* think right. Then where is the following? Where is the surrender?

If *you* are the judge, and you are to decide what to follow and what not to follow, then where is the surrender, where is the trust? Then it is better to follow your own consciousness. But don't deceive--at least there should be no deception. Otherwise, you go on following yourself and you think that you are following a master.

If you are the deciding factor, if you have to choose, if you have to discard something, accept something, then you are following yourself.

But you can create the impression around yourself and you can deceive

yourself that you are following a master. Then nothing will come out of it.

You will not grow, because through deception there can be no growth.

And you will get more and more confused, because if *you* are to decide what is to be done and what is not to be done, if you have to choose from your master's guidance, you will create a chaos--because whenever a master guides you his guidance has an organic unity about it. Every instruction is related to another. It is a compact whole. You cannot discard something and follow something; you will become a ruin, a wreck. Even if a single thing is denied, then the whole has been disturbed. You don't know how things are interrelated.

So this is my suggestion to you: Remain a unit, undivided. Decide. If you have to decide, then decide: I will follow myself. Then don't surrender, there is no need either!...

You can take my help if you surrender; you can take my help if you don't surrender, but you have to be clear about it. If you choose the path of surrender, then you have to follow me totally. If you choose that you are not going to surrender, then decide it. I can be a friend on the path, there is no need to make me a master. I can be just a friend on the path--or not even a friend.

You are searching and you meet somebody absolutely unknown, a stranger, and you ask him: Where is the river? Which path leads to the river? When he has spoken you thank him and you move. I can be just a

stranger. No need even to be a friend, because with a friend also you get involved. You can take my help--my help is unconditional.

I don't say: Do this, then I will help you. I don't say: Surrender, only then will I help you. But this much I must say: Do whatsoever you like, but do it totally. If you are total, the transformation is closer. If you are divided, it is almost impossible. *clouds12*

Osho then gives a series of discourses in Hindi: Nahim Ram Bin Thaon (English: Nowhere to go but in). He explains how a master can help, not by teaching but by awakening, for which meditation is the preparation.

A few things will have to be understood. The first is that to attain buddhahood is very difficult. To be awakened is almost to attain the impossible. Total awakening is a phenomenon that does not and cannot happen every day, because there is a deep attraction to sleep and there is comfort in sleep....

Now and then, maybe once in a thousand years, someone awakens. And whenever a single individual awakens, that door which is usually closed

opens, even for those who are still asleep. Here we are so many people: suppose we are all asleep, then who will awaken us? If even one of us wakes up, the door opens up for the awakening of us all, because the one who is awake can awaken the sleeping ones, he can shake them to wake up....

I am taking you into all these experiments with meditation so that it becomes possible for you to recognize the buddha when the meeting happens; so that you do not turn your back on the door when it opens; so that you won't miss even if the door opens only for a single moment.

Meditation will help you to recognize the master. Now this is a puzzle, because normally we approach the master in order to learn meditation.

But I am telling you, without meditation you will never be able to recognize the master. Where will you look? Only meditation will make you capable of seeing the master. If you try to recognize the master through your thinking,

you will miss....

Don't interpret, simply look at the facts. Don't be lazy. It is already late enough; wake up! It is morning! But for those who are asleep the night continues. Only those who are awake can see that the morning has come.

And whatsoever I am saying to you, my emphasis is not on what I am saying, it is rather on shaking you, stirring you so that your sleep is broken. So many times I have to use what psychologists call shock treatment.... When someone has gone into extreme insanity, only the administration of electric shocks brings him back into sanity.

You too need strong electric shocks. Hence, many times I say things that give you a jolt, a shock. And this process that I have been calling meditation is exactly electric shock treatment. It will create so many tremors in you that you will become an earthquake--and not until you are an earthquake will you break out of your sleep....

All meditation techniques are techniques to shake you, to jolt you awake.

And I am always waiting for that moment when your layer will be so thin that just the merest indication will shatter it. And if you are able to open your eyes and look even once, the matter is over.

My speaking to you is nothing but persuading you, getting you to agree to a journey which is utterly unfamiliar to you, to a journey where you have no idea of the destination; where it is possible you may get lost, or it is also possible you may reach the destination. I am taking you in search of such a treasure which you have no idea of, and you will have to travel leaving that behind which *you* call treasure; hence your attachment is

understandable. Every now and then you turn around and look back--it is natural. That you want to take along with you very carefully even that which is worthless *is* natural. Your sleep is natural, my shaking you is natural.
nowher15

You ask me: *What is Your function here as a master?*

It is a difficult question, because I have to do so many things--without doing

them, that is the most difficult part of it! I never leave my room, but I have to do many things, conceivable, inconceivable.

But the basic function of the master is to force people out of their unconsciousness. It is a thankless job, because you have to hit them hard--their ideas, their notions, their middle-class, bourgeois philosophies. All that they have thought is great, all that they have thought is true, you have to go on telling them that it is all nonsense, that it is just bullshit! And of course they feel hurt....

Allow a single insight of a buddha in you and you will never be the same.

That's my function here as a master: to give you something which will not fit with you but which will be so tremendously significant for you that you will be ready to change for it, that you will be ready to risk everything for it.
dh0702

Whirling Meditation

Osho introduces a new two-hour Whirling Meditation for the evening. Meditators do this at the nearby Empress Botanical Gardens, as wel as Dynamic meditation each morning. (Whirling continues to be a much-loved meditation at the present time.)

In the night, just the opposite of the morning--be completely unconscious; don't bother at all. The night has come, the sun has set, now everything is moving into unconsciousness. Move into

unconsciousness. This whirling, Sufi whirling, is one of the most ancient techniques, one of the most forceful. It is so deep that even a single experience can make you totally different. You have to whirl with open eyes, just like small children go on twirling, as if your inner being has become a center and your whole body has become like a wheel, moving--

a potter's wheel, moving. You are in the center, but the whole body is moving. Start slowly, clockwise. If somebody feels it is very difficult to move clockwise then anti-clockwise, but the rule is to move clockwise. If a few people are left-handed then they may feel it difficult; they can move

anti-clockwise. And almost ten percent of people are left-handed, so if you find that clockwise you feel uneasy, move anti-clockwise; but start with clockwise, then feel. Music will be there, slow, just to help you. In the beginning move very slowly; don't go fast, but very slowly, enjoying.

And then, by and by, go faster. The first fifteen minutes, go slowly; the second fifteen minutes, fast; the third fifteen minutes, faster; the fourth fifteen minutes, just completely mad. And then your total energy, you, become a whirlpool, an energy whirlpool, lost completely in it: no witnessing, no effort to observe. Don't try to see; be the whirlpool, be the whirling. One hour.

In the beginning you may not be able to stand so long, but remember one thing, don't stop by yourself, don't stop the whirling. If you feel it is impossible the body will fall down automatically, but don't you stop. If you fall down in the middle of the hour there is no problem; the process is complete. But don't play tricks with yourself, don't deceive; don't think that now you are tired so it is better to stop. No, don't make it a decision on your part. If you are tired, how can you go on? You will fall automatically. So don't stop yourself; let the whirling itself come to a point where you fall down. When you fall down, fall down on your stomach; and it will be good if your stomach is in direct touch with the earth. Then close the eyes. Lie down on the earth as if lying down on the breast of your mother, a small child lying down on the breast of the mother. Become completely unconscious. And this whirling will help.

Whirling gives intoxication to the body. It is a chemical thing, it gives you intoxication, to be exact. That's why sometimes you may feel giddy just like a drunkard. What is happening to the drunkard? Hidden behind your ears is a sixth sense, the sense of balance. When you take any drink, any alcoholic thing, any intoxicating drug, it goes directly to the center of balance in the ear and disturbs it. That's why a drunkard cannot walk, feels dizzy. The same happens in whirling. If you whirl, really, the effect will be the same: you will feel intoxicated, drunk. But enjoy--this drunkenness is worth something. This being in a drunken state is what Sufis have been calling ecstasy, *masti.* In the beginning you may feel giddy, in the beginning sometimes you may feel nausea, but within two, three days, these feelings will disappear and by the fourth day you will feel a new energy in you that

you have never known before.

Then giddiness will disappear, and just a smooth feeling of drunkenness will be there. So don't try to be alert about what is happening. Let it happen and become one with the happening.

In the morning, be alert; in the afternoon, half alert, half unalert; in the night, completely unalert. The circle is complete.

And then fall down on the ground on your stomach. If anybody feels any sort of pain in the navel center lying down on the ground, then he can turn on the back, otherwise not. If you feel something, a very deep painful sensation in the stomach, then turn on your back, otherwise not.

The navel in contact with the earth will give you such a blissful feeling--

just the same as once you had, but now you have forgotten, when you were a child lying down on your mother's breast, completely unaware of any worry, any anxiety, so one with the mother, your heart beating with her heart, your breath in tune with her breath. The same will happen with the earth because earth is the mother. That's why Hindus have been calling earth the mother and sky the father. Be rooted in it. Feel a merger as if you have dissolved. The body has become one with the earth; the form is there no more. Only earth exists; you are not there. This is what I mean when I say break the cup completely: forget that you are. The earth is, and dissolve in it.

During the one hour of whirling the music will continue. Many will fall before the hour but everybody has to fall by the time the music stops. So if you feel that you are still not in the state of falling then go faster and faster. After forty-five minutes go completely mad, so by the time the hour is complete you have fallen. And the feeling of falling is beautiful, so don't manipulate it. Fall, and when you have fallen then turn on your stomach, be merged, close your eyes. This merger has to be there for one hour.

So the night meditation will be of two hours, from seven o'clock to nine o'clock. Don't eat anything before it. At nine o'clock the suggestion will be given to come out of this deep drunkenness, this ecstasy. Even out of it you

may not be able to walk correctly, but don't be disturbed, enjoy it.

Then take your food and go to sleep. *wing01*

The New Phase of Osho's Work

In June 1974, Osho introduces the first Meditation Camp with the announcement that the new phase of his work begins. From now on he will work only with authentic seekers. Osho develops this new phase throughout his seven years in Poona. For the first time, Osho does not lead the meditations in person. Instead his empty chair is brought in to the Meditation Hall.

This *Samadhi Sadhana Shibir,* this camp for inner ecstasy and enlightenment, is just going to be a help for you so that which you have carried like a seed up to now can come out of your soil and become an alive thing, an alive plant. But the basic thing will be that if you want to be with me you cannot be with your mind. Both cannot happen

simultaneously. Whenever you are with your mind you are not with me; whenever the mind is not there, you are with me. And I can work only if you are with me. Empty the cup. Throw the cup away completely; destroy it.

This camp is going to be in many ways different.

This night I start a completely new phase of my work. You are fortunate to be here because you will be witnesses to a new type of inner work. I must explain it to you because tomorrow morning the journey starts.... *(Here Osho explains the three camp meditations: dynamic, kirtan, whirling, see ps.)*

Another new thing, I will not be there; only my empty chair will be there.

But don't miss me because in a sense I will be there, and in a sense there has always been an empty chair before you. Right now the chair is empty because there is no one sitting in it. I am talking to you but there is no one who is talking to you. It is difficult to understand, but when the ego disappears processes can continue. Talking can continue, sitting and walking and eating can continue, but the center has disappeared. Even

now, the chair is empty. But I was always with you up till now in all the camps because you were not ready. Now I feel you are ready. And you must be helped to get more ready to work in my absence, because feeling that I am there you may feel a certain enthusiasm that is false. Just feeling that I am present you may do things which you never wanted to do; just to impress me you may exert more. That is not of much help, because only that can be helpful which comes out of your being. My chair will be there, I will be watching you, but you feel completely free.

And don't think that I am not there because that may depress you, and then that depression will disturb your meditation.

I will be there, and if you meditate rightly whenever your meditation is exactly tuned, you will see me. So that will be the criterion of whether you are really meditating or not. Many of you will be able to see me more intensely than you can see me right now, and whenever you see me, you can be certain that things are happening in a right direction. So this will be the criterion. By the end of this camp I hope ninety percent of you will have seen me. Ten percent may miss because of their minds. So if you see me don't start thinking about it, what is happening, don't start thinking whether it is imagination or a projection or am I really there.

Don't think, because if you think immediately I will disappear; thinking will become a barrier. The dust will come on the mirror and there will be no reflection. Whenever the dust is not there, suddenly you will become aware of me more than you can be aware here right now. To be aware of the physical body is not much awareness; to be aware of the nonphysical being is real awareness.

You must learn to work without me. You cannot be here always, you will have to go far away; you cannot hang around me forever, you have other works to do. You have come from different countries all over the world; you will have to go. For a few days you will be here with me, but if you become addicted to my physical presence then rather than being a help it may become a disturbance, because then when you go away, you will miss me. Your meditation should be such here that it can happen without my presence, then wherever you go the meditation will not be in any way affected.

And this too has to be remembered: I cannot always be in this physical body with you; one day or another the physical vehicle has to be dropped. My work is complete as far as I am concerned. If I am carrying this physical vehicle, it is just for you; some day, it has to be dropped.

Before it happens you must be ready to work in my absence, or in my nonphysical presence which means the same. And once you can feel me in my absence you are free of me, and then even if I am not here in this body the contact will not be lost.

It always happens when a Buddha is there: his physical presence becomes so meaningful, and then he dies. Everything is shattered....

My chair can be empty; you can feel my absence. And remember, only when you can feel my absence can you feel my presence. If you cannot see me while my physical vehicle is not there, you have not seen me at all.

This is my promise: I will be there in the empty chair, the empty chair will not really be empty. So behave! The chair will not be empty, but it is better that you learn to be in contact with my nonphysical being. That is a deeper, more intimate touch and contact.

That is why I say a new phase of my work starts with this camp, and I am calling it a *Samadhi Sadhana Shibir.* It is not only meditation, it is absolute ecstasy that I am going to teach to you. It is not only the first step, it is the last. Only no mind on your part is needed and everything is ready. Just be alert not to think much. The remaining time between these three meditations, remain more and more silent, don't talk. If you want to do something, laugh, dance: do something intense and physical but not mental. Go for a long walk, go jogging on the grounds, jump under the sun, lie down on the earth, look at the sky, enjoy, but don't allow the mind to function much. Laugh, cry, weep, but don't think. If you can be without thinking for these three meditations and the time between them, then after three, four days you will feel suddenly a burden has disappeared. The heart has become light, the body weightless and you are ready to take a jump into the unknown. *wing01*

At the start of the camp You said You were moving into a new phase of

Your work. We've felt it in meditation, but most important, You've changed the way You speak to us. At one time, for example, You never admitted to being an enlightened master, and now You do. Could You tell us more about this new phase of Your work?

I can only say things which you have become capable of hearing. It depends on you. If you have become a disciple, then I can easily say that I am a master; but if you are not a disciple it will be just meaningless saying to you that I am a master. If somebody comes who is just curious about me, I will not say this to him; it would be pointless. He will not understand; rather, he will misunderstand.

When you are ready to receive, only then can I give. And now that you are ready I can say many things which cannot be said to casual visitors.

They are curious; their curiosity is shallow, they have not come to receive something. Their mind functions in a childish way: they just want to know everything, and they are not going to penetrate deeper into it.

Now I can say many things to you, because I know that you will not misunderstand. Even if you don't understand this much is certain: you will not misunderstand.

This will be a new phase; it has already started. I will be working only with those who are sober, not fooling around. I will be working only with those who have really come to a point where they need transformation--

who are really sincere, authentic seekers and are ready to do whatsoever I say. To them I can say, "I am a master" to them I can say, "Come to me and drink out of me, and you will not be thirsty, ever."

But this cannot be said to everybody; this cannot be said to somebody who is just passing, who you meet on the street. The more you get ready the more I can pour myself into you. Before, your pots were there but upside down; even if I had poured it would have been a wastage. Now many of you are in a situation where now your pots are not upside down, now they are right side up. Now I can pour, now I can trust that you will take it as a treasure, that you will hide it, that you will share it only with those who are

sincere, who are in search. Many more secrets will be following, but they will only follow as you get more ready.

The phase, a new phase, *has* started. I will not be working with the masses now, and I will be dropping all those who are just hanging around for other reasons, and not for their spiritual growth. There are many types of people, and even they are not aware why they are hanging around--but *I* know. I will be dropping them. Fewer and fewer will be accepted now. If I drop you, you will not be able to know that I have

dropped you because you will go on thinking that you dropped me.

That's how the ignorant mind always consoles itself.

Now I will be working only with a few, a chosen few, and as you get ready many more secrets can be given to you, and I will be able to talk easily.

Then I can be true, I need not say a lie to you then. I will not say what you want to hear; no, I will say what is really to be said to you.

And don't wait for the future, because no one knows about the future.

This very moment open yourself as much as you can so you can receive me....

Right this moment I am here, available. Don't wait for the future, because nobody knows.... Open your heart, become more receptive, get attuned. Everything is possible. At this very moment I can give you the key.

A new phase has started. Now get ready for it, because it is not a question concerning me, it is a question concerning you. How much you can get, you will get; your capacity will be the limit. If you are totally open there is no limit. The whole ocean is ready to fall into the drop, but the drop is afraid. It is trying to protect itself....

Meditation will make you ready, compassion will make you perfect. So carry these two mantras: *pragya,* meditation, *karuna,* compassion--let these two be the goals. Let your whole life revolve around them, and very soon you will be attuned. Then I can pour myself into you. *wing11*

Discourse Series on Many Masters

From July 1974, Osho continues to give discourses every morning until 1981, with alternate months in Hindi or English. He comments on the teachings of enlightened mystics in many spiritual traditions: Tao, Zen, Christianity, Hassid, Sufi, Baul, Hindu, Tibetan, Tantrik, etc. On alternate days Osho answers questions. Each series of ten or twenty days is published verbatim, as one book--over 240 books in seven years.

A Buddha spoke, a Lao Tzu spoke, Jesus spoke...and they knew that they were saying something which cannot be said, but they still said it.

They tried hard their whole life to say it in so many ways. They used a thousand and one devices and they knew that they were going to fail...but still the failure is never complete.

Yes, it cannot be said and yet something is being transferred. In the very effort of saying it, something is transferred.

I cannot say what love is, but my very concern--that I would like to relate to you--will show my love.

I cannot say what music is, but my very concern to convey it to you, will make you hear the music of my heart. *diseas28*

I am using all climates, I am bringing all the possibilities to you. It has never happened before. Buddha created only one climate, one energyfield, Buddha-field. Mevlana Jalaludin Rumi created another, the Sufi-field. With Jalaludin only those gathered who were natural Sufis, with Buddha only those who were natural Buddhists.

With me it is going to be totally different. This place is going to be the first place in the world, in the whole human history, where all climates will be available, all kinds of soils, all possibilities. So it is going to happen again and again, and you have to remember that you have to learn tolerance, sympathy. When something is not suiting you, just don't start condemning it--because if I am talking about it, it must be suiting somebody else. And I have to look to the needs of all.

And those old kinds of special fields--the Buddha-field, the Sufi-field--

cannot exist in this world now, because the earth has become so small.

Countries are no more secluded; the world has become just a global village. We are so close to each other, and all the old barriers and boundaries are breaking on their own. Man has become more grown-up.

So around me all kinds of people will be here. Jews are here, Mohammedans, Christians, Hindus, Parsis, Sikhs, Jains, Buddhists, Taoists--all kinds of people are here. People who believe in Yoga, people who believe in Tantra, people who believe in Zen, people who believe in Hassidism--they are here. And I have to nourish them all....

I am going to go on speaking on all kinds of schools. And here, if you are a born Mohammedan, you have to disappear as a born Mohammedan. If you are a born Hindu, you have to disappear as a born Hindu. You have to find your natural qualities--because only nature grows. Birth is accidental, birth determines nothing. It was coincidence that you were born in a home where people were Hindus--it is as much a coincidence as if they belonged to a particular political party. If your parents were communists, you need not be a communist. If your parents were Catholics, you need not be a Catholic either.

You have to search for your own path; each one has to search for his own path. I will make all the paths available to you, so you can see and feel.

And when the right path happens you will immediately see great joy arising in you. That is indicative that shows that your climate has

arrived, that this was the time you were waiting for, that this is your spring.
easy208

I am proclaiming a new religion--the essential religion. In Islam it is known as Sufism, in Buddhism it is known as Zen, in Judaism it is known as Hassidism--the essential core. But I speak your language, I speak the way you understand, the way you can understand. I speak-a very religionless language. I speak as if I am not religious at all. That's what is needed in this

world. This twentieth century needs a religion completely free from all kinds of superstitions, utterly nude, naked.

This century is trained in the ways of science, is trained very logically.

Never before was any other human society so logically trained. I am talking about something which is basically illogical but I have to talk in a logical way. If you go to a Sufi he talks about the illogical in an illogical way. I talk about the illogical in a logical way. If you go to a Zen Master he simply talks in an illogical way. You will not be able to make a bridge between you and him. With me, the bridge is very easy. I go with you to take you with me further.

First, I go with you. I make you perfectly happy that I am coming with you. Sooner or later you forget when things change and you start coming with me. I am ready to come into your valley--the darkest valley, wherever you are--I am ready to come into your unconscious cave...and in the way you want. I am ready to come there. Once I have entered there I can bring you out. That is the only meaning when I say, 'I proclaim a new religion.'
sufis110

I speak on Mahavir as a part of my duty--my heart is never with him. He is too mathematical. He is not a mystic, he has no poetry of being. He is great, enlightened, but like a vast desert; you cannot come across a single oasis in him. But because I was born a Jaina I have to pay some debts. I speak on him as my duty but my heart is not there; I speak only from the mind. When I speak on Mahavir I speak as an outsider. He is not inside me and I am not inside him.

The same is true about Moses and Mohammed. I don't feel like speaking on them; I have not spoken on them. If I had not been born a Jaina I would never have spoken on Mahavir either. Many times my Mohammedan disciples or my Jewish disciples come to me and say,

"Why don't you speak on Mohammed or Moses?" It is difficult to explain to them. Many times, just looking at their faces, I decide that I will speak; many times I look again and again into the words of Moses and Mohammed, then I again postpone it. No bell rings in my heart. It would not

be alive--if I spoke it would be a dead thing. I don't even feel a duty towards them as I feel towards Mahavir.

They all belong to the same category: they are too calculative, extremist; they miss the opposite extreme. They are single notes, not harmonies, not symphonies. A single note has its beauty--an austere beauty--but it is monotonous. Once in a while it is okay, but if it continues you feel bored; you would like to stop it. The personalities of Mahavir, Moses and Mohammed are like single notes--simple, austere, beautiful even, once in a while. But if I meet Mahavir, Moses or Mohammed on the road I will pay my respects and escape.

I speak on Krishna. He is multi-dimensional, superhuman, miraculous, but seems to be more like a myth than a real man. He is so extraordinary that he cannot be. On this earth such extraordinary persons cannot exist--they exist only as dreams. And myths are nothing but collective dreams. The whole of humanity has been dreaming them...beautiful, but unbelievable. I talk about Krishna and I enjoy it, but I enjoy it as one enjoys a beautiful story and the telling of a beautiful story. But it is not very meaningful, a cosmic gossip.

I speak on Jesus Christ. I feel deep sympathy for him. I would like to suffer with him and I would like to carry his cross a little while by his side. But we remain parallel, we never meet. He is so sad, so burdened--

burdened with the miseries of the whole of humanity. He cannot laugh. If you move with him too long you will become sad, you will lose laughter.

A gloominess surrounds him. I feel for him but I would not like to be like him. I can walk with him a little while and share his burden--but then we part. Our ways are different ways. He is good, but too good, almost inhumanly good.

I speak on Zarathustra--very rarely, but I love the man as a friend loves another friend. You can laugh with him. He is not a moralist, not a puritan; he can enjoy life and everything that life gives. A good friend--

you could be with him forever--but he is just a friend. Friendship is good,

but not enough.

I speak on Buddha--I love him. Down through the centuries, through many lives, I have loved him. He is tremendously beautiful, extraordinarily beautiful, superb. But he is not on the earth, he does not walk on the earth. He flies in the sky and leaves no footprints. You cannot follow him, you never know his whereabouts. He is like a cloud.

Sometimes you meet him but that is accidental. And he is so refined that he cannot take roots on this earth. He is meant for some higher heaven.

In that way he is one-sided. Earth and heaven don't meet in him; he is heavenly but the earthly part is missing; he is like a flame, beautiful, but there is no oil, no container--you can see the flame but it is going higher and higher, nothing holds it on the earth. I love him, I speak on him from my heart, but still, a distance remains. It always remains in the

phenomenon of love--you come closer and closer and closer, but even in closeness there is a distance. That is the misery of all lovers.

I speak on Lao Tzu totally differently. I am not related to him because even to be related a distance is needed. I don't love him, because how can you love yourself? When I speak on Lao Tzu I speak as if I am speaking on my own self. With him my being is totally one. When I speak on Lao Tzu it is as if I am looking in a mirror--my own face is reflected.

When I speak on Lao Tzu, I am absolutely with him. Even to say

"absolutely with him" is not true--I am him, he is me.

Historians are doubtful about his existence. I cannot doubt his existence because how can I doubt my own existence? The moment I became possible, he became true to me. Even if history proves that he never existed it makes no difference to me; he must have existed because I exist--I am the proof. During the following days, when I speak on Lao Tzu, it is not that I speak on somebody else. I speak on myself--as if Lao Tzu is speaking through a different name, a different *nama-rupa,* a different incarnation....

So Lao Tzu is just a spokesman of life. If life is absurd, Lao Tzu is absurd; if life has an absurd logic to it, Lao Tzu has the same logic to it.

Lao Tzu simply reflects life. He doesn't add anything to it, he doesn't choose out of it; he simply accepts whatsoever it is....

Remember this...I am not commenting on him. There exists no distance between me and him. He is talking to you through me--a different body, a different name, a different incarnation, but the same spirit. *treas101*

It is said Buddha never laughed. And you can see Jesus...it is impossible that that face can laugh. Mahavira cannot laugh. There is only one man...and because of his laughter all the houses I have stayed in have been called Lao Tzu House. Lao Tzu is the only man who was born laughing. Every child is born crying. That is absolutely unique about Lao Tzu. There are many things in his life which are unique, but nothing to be compared with the fact that he was born laughing. Everybody was shocked. His mother and father could not believe it. Even a smile would have been too much, but he was laughing. And he remained a laughter all his life. *chit21*

You say: *So many times I can't understand your words because the sound of your words showers on me, your sound strikes me with energy, filling me, and as a shock, I feel in my spinal cord thrills, waves and vibrations.*

Should I be carefully aware for the meaning of your words?

Then there is no need to be careful about the meaning of the words; that will be a disturbance. If you feel in tune with my sound, *there* is the meaning. If you feel you are being showered with a new energy, if you feel thrilled, pulsating in a new way you never knew before, if you feel a sort of new dimension arising in your being because of the sound of my words, then forget all about me. Then there is no need; you have got the meaning already. That showering is the meaning, that thrill in the spine is the meaning, that vibration that cleanses you is the meaning. Then there is no need to worry about the ordinary meaning of the words. Then you are getting a higher meaning, then you are reaching a higher altitude of meaning. Then you are really getting the content and not the container. The

meaning of my words is just the container.

If this is happening to you, then my words are no longer words to you; they have become existential. Then they are alive, then they have become a transfer. Then something is transpiring between my energy and your energy. Then there is happening something like what Bauls call love.

Allow it. Forget all about the words and their meaning. Leave it for foolish people who only collect words and are never in contact with the content.

The words are just like shells: hidden behind them, I am sending you great messages. Those messages cannot be understood by the intellect, those messages have to be decoded by your total being. That is what is happening--the vibration, the pulsation, the thrill, the showering of a new energy--your total being is decoding. This is real listening. This is really to be in contact with me, to be in my presence....

When I talk to you my words are like caged eagles; my words are in a prison. If you really listen to me, you will drop the cage and you will release the eagle. That is what is happening...the thrill. Then the freedom is released; then you become the eagle--and higher and higher you rise.

The earth is left very far behind. You can forget all about it. The ordinary is left very far behind. The shell is left, the container is left, and you have the whole sky open to you; you, your wings, and the sky, and there is no end to it. The eternal pilgrimage has started.

Forget all about words and their meanings, otherwise you will be more concerned with the cage and you will not be able to release the eagle within you. *belov110*

I have never spoken except in utter silence. You know, for years you have heard me. You know the silence in Buddha Hall. Only in that silence....

Your English phrase is meaningful: that the silence is so profound that you can hear even a needle drop on the floor. So I know, but I am just accustomed to silence. *glimps18*

In August 1974, Osho comments on the sayings of Jesus *from The Gospel*

According to St.Thomas. These discourses, published under the title *The Mustard Seed,* become one of Osho's most famous and best selling books, and attract the interest of many Christians around the world.

The four gospels of Jesus are recorded after his death, and not immediately, three hundred years afterwards. Now nobody was a witness; all the witnesses were dead. And these gospels were recorded by people who had not seen Jesus. They had not even seen Jerusalem. Now biblical research scholars have found that even the geography that they have mentioned in the four gospels is wrong. These people have never been to Israel. They have heard from others, who have heard from others, who have heard from others.

That's why I have spoken on Thomas's gospel which was written in India.

He was a direct disciple of Jesus, but his gospel is not included in the Holy Bible. It was discovered just thirty years ago, but it is the most beautiful because at least Thomas was a witness. And it has tremendous beauty because it is not only that he was a witness to Jesus, here in India he went through a transformation.

He meditated, he practiced yoga, he lived like a sannyasin and moved from monastery to monastery. Buddha's air was still there. Buddha was gone five hundred years before that, but his fragrance was still alive. So in his gospel there is a certain authority which is lacking in the four gospels of the Bible. First he was a witness, he had heard Jesus, and secondly he himself had experienced the truth. The combination of both, gives a greater authority to the fifth gospel of Thomas than *The Holy Bible. celebr02*

When I spoke on the gospel of Thomas, I received many letters from Christians: "What is the need of commenting on it? What Thomas has said is enough, clear enough." Certainly it is clear enough, because Thomas was also an uneducated man; he has ideas that are not very complex, that can be explained. But if I want to make something complex out of something simple, I can. That is not difficult. And when they heard me on Thomas, then they started writing letters to me: "We had never known that this is the meaning of Thomas."

It has nothing to do with Thomas, it is simply my meaning. It is my gun on poor Thomas' shoulder. I am using him as a jumping board; and I have used all these people as jumping boards. I don't say that what I have said is their meaning--how can it be? I have come twenty-five centuries after Buddha; how can it be? Twenty-five centuries have not gone by uselessly. So when I speak on Buddha, it is not the meaning of Buddha, it is my meaning. I am using his words and putting my meaning

into his words. This has been a continuity in India that makes for a tremendous development of ideas. *unconc21*

I don't want you to become Christians--that is useless, that is a lie. I would like you to become Christs. And you can become Christs.... *seeds21*

Osho creates New Meditations

From August 1974 to August 1975 Osho develops several new one-hour meditations, which continue to be the basis of the ashram daily program today, together with Dynamic Meditation and Whirling. These include Kundalini, Nataraj, Nadabrahma, Gourishankar, Vipassana, Devavani, Mandala; instructions for these are given. He introduces many personal meditations, which become well-known through *The Orange Book,* and later through the book *Meditation: The first and Last Freedom.*

The ancient methods of meditation were all developed in the East. They never considered the Western man.... I am creating techniques which are not only for the Eastern man, but which are simply for every man--

Eastern or Western. *light16*

Meditation was not something arduous or difficult, but to the Western mind or even to the Eastern mind today--which is absolutely overtaken by the Western ideology--watching the mind is not an easy job. So much garbage and so much crap has been forced into the mind that you go almost crazy just watching it. It is a film which begins, but never ends.

You can go on watching day in, day out, year in, year out and the mind is always ready to supply new images, new dreams.

It is because of this I had to create a few other devices--Dynamic, Kundalini, and others--before you could enter into a silent witnessing meditation like Vipassana. I have made devices to help you cathart, throw out your garbage rather than waste time in watching it. *chit03*

Kundalini Meditation

This is the much-loved sister meditation of Dynamic Meditation. It consists of four stages of 15 minutes each.

First stage: 15 minutes

Be loose and let your whole body shake, feeling the energies moving up from your feet. Let go everywhere and become the shaking. Your eyes may be opened or closed.

Second stage: 15 minutes

Dance...any way you feel, and let the whole body move as it wishes.

Third stage: 15 minutes

Close your eyes and be still, sitting or standing...witnessing whatever is happening inside and out.

Fourth stage: 15 minutes

Keeping your eyes closed, lie down and be still. *Medfre03*

If you are doing the Kundalini Meditation, then allow the shaking, don't do it. Stand silently, feel it coming and when your body starts a little trembling, help it but don't do it. Enjoy it, feel blissful about it, allow it, receive it, welcome it, but don't will it.

If you force it, it will become an exercise, a bodily physical exercise. Then the shaking will be there but just on the surface, it will not penetrate you. You will remain solid, stone-like, rock-like within; you will remain the manipulator, the doer, and the body will just be following. The body is not the question--you are the question.

When I say shake, I mean your solidity, your rock-like being should shake to the very foundations so that it becomes liquid, fluid, melts, flows. And when the rock-like being becomes liquid, your body will follow. Then there is no shaker, only shaking. Then nobody is doing it, it is simply happening. Then the doer is not. *hsin02*

These are not really meditations. You are just getting in tune. It is like...if you have seen Indian classical musicians playing...for half an hour, or sometimes even more, they simply go on fixing their instruments. They will move their knobs, they will make the strings tight or loose, and the drum player will go on checking his drum--whether it is perfect or not.

For half an hour they go on doing this. This is not music, this is just preparation.

Kundalini is not really meditation. It is just preparation. You are preparing your instrument. When it is ready, then you stand in silence, then meditation starts. Then you are utterly there. You have woken yourself up by jumping, by dancing, by breathing, by shouting--these are all devices to make you a little more alert than you ordinarily are. Once you are alert, then the waiting. Waiting is meditation. Waiting with full awareness. And then it comes, it descends on you, it surrounds you, it

plays around you, it dances around you, it cleanses you, it purifies you, it transforms you. *isay206*

Nataraj Meditation

Nataraj is dance as a total meditation. There are three stages, lasting a total of 65 minutes.

Let the dance flow in its own way; don't force it. Rather, follow it; allow it to happen. It is not a doing but a happening. Remain in the mood of festivity. You are not doing something very serious; you are just playing, playing with your life-energy, playing with your bio-energy, allowing it to move in its own way. Just like the wind blows and the river flows--you are flowing and blowing. Feel it.

And be playful. Remember this word 'playful' always--with me, it is very basic. In this country we call creation God's *leela*--God's play. God has not created the world; it is his play.

First stage: 40 minutes

With eyes closed dance as if possessed. Let your unconscious take over completely. Do not control your movements or be a witness to what is happening. Just be totally in the dance.

Second stage: 20 minutes

Keeping your eyes closed, lie down immediately. Be silent and still.

Third stage: 5 minutes

Dance in celebration and enjoy. *medfre03*

There is nothing better than dance for dropping the ego; hence I insist that all meditators should dance. Because if you go really in a whirlwind, if you are really a whirling pool of energy, if you really are in the dance, the dancer is lost. In the dance the dancer is always lost. If it is not lost then you are not dancing. Then you may be performing, then you may be manipulating, then you may be doing some bodily exercises, but you are not dancing.

Dancing means so lost, so drunk--and enjoying the energy that is created by dance. By and by you will see your body is no more so solid as it was before. By and by you will see that you are melting; the boundary is losing its sharpness, it is becoming a little vague. You cannot exactly feel where you end and where the world starts. A dancer is in such a

whirlpool, he becomes such a vibration, that the whole life is felt as in one rhythm. *trans208*

Nadabrahma Meditation

Nadabrahma is an old Tibetan technique which was originally done in the early hours of the morning. It can be done at any time of the day, alone or with others, but have an empty stomach and remain inactive for at least 15

minutes afterwards. The meditation lasts an hour, and there are three stages.

First stage: 30 minutes

Sit in a relaxed position with eyes closed and lips together. Start humming, loudly enough to be heard by others and create a vibration throughout your body. You can visualize a hollow tube or an empty vessel, filled only with the vibrations of the humming. A point will come when the humming continues by itself and you become the listener.

There is no special breathing and you can alter the pitch or move your body smoothly and slowly if you feel it.

Second stage: 15 minutes

The second stage is divided into two 7½ minute sections. For the first half, move the hands, palms up, in an outward circular motion. Starting at the navel, both hands move forwards and then divide to make two large circles mirroring each other left and right. The movement should be so slow that at times there will appear to be no movement at all. Feel that you are giving energy outwards to the universe.

After 7½ minutes turn the hands, palms down, and start moving them in the opposite direction. Now the hands will come together towards the navel and divide outwards to the sides of the body. Feel that you are taking energy in. As in the first stage, don't inhibit any soft, slow movements of the rest of your body.

Third stage: 15 minutes

Sit or lie absolutely quiet and still. *medfre08*

Gourishankar Meditation

This technique consists of four stages of 15 minutes each. The first two stages prepare the meditator for the spontaneous Latihan of the third stage. Osho has said that if the breathing is done correctly in the first

stage the carbon dioxide formed in the bloodstream will make you feel as high as Gourishankar (Mount Everest).

First stage: 15 minutes

Sit with closed eyes. Inhale deeply through the nose, filling the lungs.

Hold the breath for as long as possible, then exhale gently through the mouth and keep the lungs empty for as long as possible. Continue this breathing cycle throughout the first stage.

Second stage: 15 minutes

Return to normal breathing and with a gentle gaze look at a candle flame or a flashing blue light. Keep your body still.

Third stage: 15 minutes

With closed eyes, stand up and let your body be loose and receptive. The subtle energies will be felt to move the body outside your normal control.

Allow this Latihan to happen. Don't you do the moving: let moving happen, gently and gracefully.

Fourth stage: 15 minutes

Lie down with closed eyes, silent and still. The first three stages should be accompanied by a steady rhythmic beat, preferably combined with a soothing background music. The beat should be seven times the normal heartbeat and, if possible, the flashing light should be a synchronized strobe. *Medfre10*

I have created so many mad kinds of meditations that you can be both together--mad and meditators! Slowly slowly meditation is bound to win over.

You have asked, "Osho, I have three questions to ask you. How did you discover Kundalini meditation?"--the first question. Simple: Meditating down by the river upon a hill of red ants!

And second: "And Dynamic?" That is even more simple; it was almost impossible not to discover it. I came upon it driving on Indian roads in Indian cars!

And third: "And what about Nadabrahma?" Hm! *inzen07*

Vipassana Meditation

Vipassana is the meditation that has made more people in the world enlightened than any other, because it is the very essence. All other meditations have the same essence, but in different forms; something non-essential is also joined with them. But vipassana is pure essence.

You cannot drop anything out of it and you cannot add anything to improve it.

Vipassana is such a simple thing that even a small child can do it. In fact, the smallest child can do it better than you, because he is not yet filled with the garbage of the mind; he is still clean and innocent.

Vipassana can be done in three ways--you can choose which one suits you the best.

The first is: awareness of your actions, your body, your mind, your heart.

Walking, you should walk with awareness. Moving your hand, you should move with awareness, knowing perfectly that you are moving the hand. You can move it without any consciousness, like a mechanical thing...you are on a morning walk; you can go on walking without being aware of your feet.

Be alert of the movements of your body. While eating, be alert to the movements that are needed for eating. Taking a shower, be alert to the coolness that is coming to you, the water falling on you and the tremendous joy of it--just be alert. It should not go on happening in an unconscious state.

And the same about your mind. Whatever thought passes on the screen of your mind, just be a watcher. Whatever emotion passes on the screen of your heart, just remain a witness--don't get involved, don't get identified,

don't evaluate what is good, what is bad; that is not part of your meditation.

The second form is: breathing, becoming aware of breathing. As the breath goes in, your belly starts rising up, and as the breath goes out, your belly starts settling down again. So the second method is to be aware of the belly: its rising and falling. Just the very awareness of the belly rising and falling...and the belly is very close to the life sources because the child is joined with the mother's life through the navel.

Behind the navel is his life's source. So, when the belly rises up, it is really the life-energy, the spring of life that is rising up and falling down with each breath. That too is not difficult, and perhaps may be even easier because it is a single technique.

In the first, you have to be aware of the body, you have to be aware of the mind, you have to be aware of your emotions, moods. So it has three

steps. The second approach has a single step: just the belly, moving up and down. And the result is the same. As you become more aware of the belly, the mind becomes silent, the heart becomes silent, the moods disappear.

And the third is: to be aware of the breath at the entrance, when the breath goes in through your nostrils. Feel it at that extreme--the other polarity from the belly--feel it from the nose. The breath going in gives a certain coolness to your nostrils. Then the breath going out...breath going in, breath going out....

These are the three forms. Any one will do. And if you want to do two forms together, you can do two forms together; then the effort will become more intense. If you want to do all three forms together, you can do all three forms together. Then the possibilities will be quicker. But it all depends on you, whatever feels easy. Remember: easy is right.

As meditation becomes settled and mind silent, the ego will disappear.

You will be there, but there will be no feeling of 'I'. Then the doors are open.

Just wait with a loving longing, with a welcome in the heart for that great

moment--the greatest moment in anybody's life--of enlightenment. It comes...it certainly comes. It has never delayed for a single moment.

Once you are in the right tuning, it suddenly explodes in you, transforms you. The old man is dead and the new man has arrived. *dawn16*

If you can do something with the breath, you will suddenly turn to the present. If you can do something with breath, you will attain to the source of life. If you can do something with breath, you can transcend time and space. If you can do something with breath, you will be in the world and also beyond it. *vbt103*

Devavani Meditation

Eyes remain closed for the whole meditaiton.

First stage: 15 minutes

Sit quietly with music playing.

Second stage: 15 minutes

Make nonsense sounds, for example "la...la...la," until unfamiliar word-like sounds arise. Allow an unknown language to speak through you in a gentle conversational way, do not cry or shout, laugh or scream.

Third stage: 15 minutes

Stand up and continue to speak, allowing your body to move softly with the sounds. If your body is relaxed, the subtle energies will move your body outside of your control.

Fourth stage: 15 mintues

Lie down; be silent and still.

Mandala Meditation

First stage: 15 minutes

With open eyes run on the spot. Bring your knees up as high as possible.

Breath deeply. Keep going.

Second stage: 15 minutes

Sit with your eyes closed and mouth open and loose. Gently rotate your body from the waist like a reed blowing in the wind.

Third stage: 15 minutes

Lie on your back, open your eyes and with the head still, rotate them in a clockwise direction. Let your eyes turn fully around in the sockets. The mouth remains open and the jaw relaxed with the breath soft and even.

Fourth stage: 15 minutes

Close your eyes and be still

Music for meditation

Chaitanya Hari, who composes and plays the music for Osho's meditations, asks: Is the music also a sort of ocean?

It is because it simply gives you a totally different dimension. Many dimensions are available. For example when you are listening to me you are part of a totally different dimension--you become part of me. Then you start feeling my vibe.... Then you start moving with me--howsoever reluctantly. Even a few steps--but you move in a different dimension.

Music is a different dimension. You can be completely drowned in it...you can become drunk with it. It is a great therapy, and it can make you

whole and healthy and holy. It is meditation, and a very natural meditation.

[Osho says that just as physics says that everything is made of electrons, the eastern esoteric sciences say that everything is made of sound--not of electricity.]

Music was born originally out of meditation, because in deep meditation one starts feeling the cosmic sound: 'omkar'--what the Zen people call

'the sound of one hand clapping'. It is not a produced sound. When two hands clap, it is a produced sound. When one hand creates the sound, without any clapping really--because there is nothing else to clap with--

when the sound comes out of oneness, unity, unison, then it is natural...the cosmic sound.

It is always there. When you become silent, you hear it. When you have too much noise in your head, you cannot hear it. Not that it is not there.

It is always there, but you are not there. Your own noise, your own fussing mind, goes on creating such barriers that the still, small voice cannot be heard. Out of that original sound, music has been created.

In the East we say that all music is an effort to bring that cosmic sound to be. That's why there is spirituality in Indian music...a new sensitivity which is nowhere to be found. In the western music there is too much sexuality, it is too sensuous. In the Indian music there is too much spirituality--it is not sensuous at all. It silences you, calms you down, cools you, and brings a breeze from the eternal...the breath of the eternal. It is an effort to give you an indication of the cosmic sound.

It is just as when I am talking to you. My whole effort in talking is to bring you something that cannot be talked about...to say something that cannot be said...to bring to words something which is wordless...to define something which cannot be defined and is immeasurable. In the same way, music is an effort to say something about the cosmic sound.

The greatest master is one, listening to whom you naturally fall into meditation: that is the criterion of a real musician, a real master--

otherwise people are technicians. One can play the sitar beautifully and you can enjoy it--it's good, an enjoyment.

But a person becomes a master when his created sound brings you something of the uncreated...when his created sound has a gospel in

it...side by side comes the unknown...travelling with the sound comes the soundless. The sound you will forget, but the soundless will remain with you.

Music is born out of meditation, and so is dance. In fact all that is beautiful has come out of meditation because there is no other way for it to come. Meditation is the door.

Drown yourself in music--and don't practise it just like an art and a skill.

Practise it like a meditation, practise it religiously. It is the holiest of holies. *greatn08*

I am creating a situation here. This is an Alchemical field. This is not an ordinary ashram. This is a scientific lab. People are being transformed.

People are moving into new dimensions, taking quantum leaps, arriving into new spaces. You cannot watch these things from the outside. *perf203*

Darshans: intimate talks between Osho and his disciples

Osho holds darshans at 7pm each evening for 1-2 hours. During darshan, Osho initiates new sannyasins from all over the world, gives personal meditations, answers questions, advises on problems, and checks people's energy. For the first time, Osho's intimate talks with his disciples are published.*

*Note: the main accusation against so-cal ed cults and sects, is that they control, enslave, and exploit credulous young people, divide families, kidnap children, etc. So this section of personal guidance from Osho is given in some detail to show how, as a spiritual master, Osho guides seekers who come to him.

Darshan: About Sannyas

The following is an example of Osho initiating a new sannyasin: Come a little closer and close your eyes. You pray inside, and if something happens in the body, allow it, whatsoever it is. If any movement comes in the body, energy starts waving in the body, or if you become like a small leaf in a

strong wind, just pray and allow it.

Osho writes her sannyas name carefully in the silence. He places the mala around her neck, touches her third eye (between the eyebrows) and shows her name-paper saying:

Now I am going to be with you. This will be your new name: Ma Anand Tushita. Tushita means paradise and anand means bliss. *wobble21*

Sometimes Osho explains the significance of the new name to an initiate:

Chidambara is one of the most beautiful names in India. It means sky of consciousness, expansion of consciousness. So get in tune with this new name. It will mean the sky of love and consciousness. That is the goal of the whole of humanity and they both come together.

When you love, you become more conscious. If you become more conscious, you love more. Love is the only religion... *cypres06*

I insist for sannyas, because after someone has taken sannyas he is showing a great gesture of affirmation, of surrender, of yea-saying, of receptivity. By the very gesture of sannyas he has become different. The same person will take things in a totally different perspective now. He will be less resistant, more cooperative, and he will feel more responsibility. So it is going to be different.

And then it becomes a family. If these twenty or thirty people *(indicating the group before him)* come in a group, just separately, then they are seeking their own ends and the group is just like a crowd waiting at the airport for a plane to arrive. There are thirty people sitting together but there is no inter-connecting link. They are all separate and it is just a jumbled-up crowd.

But when everybody is a sannyasin they are not a crowd, they are a group. That is the difference between a crowd and a group. A group is where each individual is related to the other in some way or other--a river flows there and you are all in the same boat. You are not seeking your goal, and the other is not seeking his--you are all seeking a common goal. It is not competitive, it is cooperative.

There is a vast difference--a family feeling of belonging to one goal; that you have a certain identity. It becomes a family, a community. A community or a family functions differently. The energy is multiplied and each person's change will affect all. If one changes in a crowd, then only one changes. A crowd remains aloof, because each is an island in himself, not related to anybody else. In a family--and sannyas is a family-

-one changes, one goes higher, and he is related to others, so others are pulled up. It is an unknown force. By and by you will start feeling that when one member changes, everybody goes higher; everybody has become more confident, less resistant. One person's realisation of any insight is shared. It is a very unconscious process, but by and by, working with people you will become aware.

I have been talking to many types of gatherings. I have talked to crowds where each person is listening to me but there is no inter-relationship between the people. So it is as if I am talking to one person. There may be ten thousand people sitting there but I am talking to one person,

because each person is one; there is no inter-link. That gave me the idea that this wouldn't do.

Then I started creating a family. Now, when I talk to you, it is not that I am talking to one person; I am talking to a family. And I can see--it is so visible--that one person starts feeling high and suddenly the whole group feels the vibrations. One person starts smiling and suddenly the smile spreads; its ripples reach everybody. I can see that if there is someone sitting there who is not a sannyasin he becomes like an obstacle; the flow stops there. He is not part of the whole.

So this is going to be totally different. And these are the implications of sannyas, but one only becomes aware by and by. *hammer11*

My whole approach is to help you to be yourself. By becoming a sannyasin you are not becoming a follower, but a friend. You are not becoming dependent on me; on the contrary, I will destroy all kinds of dependencies in you. If there is anything worth giving as a gift, it is freedom. By initiating you into sannyas I am initiating you into total freedom. That's the very taste

of sannyas: freedom. The very texture of sannyas: freedom. *upset16*

A sannyasin asks Osho: Why am I wearing an image which is a symbol of you as a mala?

This will have to be understood.

What is an image? An image represents something. If you understand that it represents something, that it is not the thing represented, then there is no problem. The moment you forget that it represents something and it becomes that something itself, then the problem arises. For example, you see a milestone. On the milestone is written Delhi, and an arrow towards Delhi--50 miles. That milestone is not Delhi, although Delhi is written on it. That milestone is simply saying, "Go ahead. Delhi is fifty miles ahead." If the statue in the temple is just a milestone, there is no problem. If you think it is God, then the problem arises.

The mala around your neck is not me! If you understand that--that it simply represents me, it is a symbol, a metaphor--then there is no problem. If you forget that and you start talking with the mala, and you start listening to the mala, and you forget all about me--because then there is no need to come here; if you have the mala you have me--then you have fallen into a trap. You have become an idolator. Then you are getting into a very, very neurotic state. The symbol has become truth itself....

The picture on the mala is not me; please don't pinch it! It is simply a representative. And it helps, because you are so unaware. It reminds you.

So is the orange color: just to remind you again and again. Wherever you go people look at you with a shock--their shock reminds you that you are in orange, that you are a sannyasin. You were just going to say something, or hit somebody, and you see your orange and something stops exactly in the middle. You feel frozen. A great awareness has happened in that moment--of that old rotten habit of saying something ugly, that what you are doing is stupid. You were just going to say it and suddenly, the remembrance. The mala comes in between, or the orange.

And those small moments of remembrance can be of great

transformation. This is not idolatry.

Idolatry is when you keep my picture and you worship it, and you are finished with it. Idolatry is worship without being in any way involved in the process of transformation. If an image can help to remind you about yourself, it is not idolatry.... *sands109*

A sannyasin says: I've been feeling a little perverse towards sannyas so I thought it best to say so...

Mm, it can come. This idea can come. But always remember one thing: I am here to help you to be more free. If at any moment you feel that sannyas is becoming a burden to you, heavy, and if rather than being a help it is hindering you, then drop out of it--and with no guilt. I am the last person to create any guilt in anybody.

Meditate over it. If you feel that it has become a confinement to you and you would be more free without sannyas, then I am always for freedom.

Knowing well that you are wrong, still I am always for freedom--even if it is illusory.

The sannyasin says: I don't want to drop sannyas, but I feel a need to fight against it, rather like a fish on a line.

[chuckling] Mm! That you can do. Whenever you feel like fighting against me, you can do it. You can start with my blessings; that's not a problem, Anything that helps you grow and that you feel will give you more maturity--even if it is fighting against me--is good. And don't think in terms of your being a renegade or betraying me. Even if you want to be a Judas, be one.

Remember only one thing--that whatsoever gives you happiness and growth is good. It is nobody else's business to interfere....

So if sometimes you feel like fighting, fight. Don't repress it. If sometimes you feel like betraying, betray. Don't be worried about it. I am not here to create any sort of worry and anxiety in you. Whatsoever you feel good is good. Go into it. Go wholeheartedly and headlong so that whatsoever happens will help you. If it is a wrong thing, you will come out of it wiser.

If it is a right thing, you will come out of it still wiser, so nothing is lost.

In the total reckoning, the final reckoning, nothing is lost. Even going astray is part of following a path.

So it is going to happen many times to many people that they will want to go away from me. Perfectly good. Sometimes you need your own space.

To be near me becomes a heavy thing. So be here only when you want to be, otherwise go away. You should have your own space.

And my sannyas is nothing else but an effort to give you the courage to have your own space. If someday you feel that this sannyas has become a bondage and you are burdened, drop out of it. And never think that you cannot do that because I have given it to you with such love; don't be worried about it. I can take it back with the same love.

But I am the last person to make you feel guilty for anything. So if you are a sannyasin, it is your choice. If you are not a sannyasin, it is your choice. My blessings are unconditional. Whatsoever you are--a sannyasin or a non-sannyasin--makes no difference....

And always remember that my suggestions are not commandments. The final decision has to be arrived at by you.... Then too don't think that you are not following me or my advice. This is simply advice. It was never meant to be followed. The decision has to be taken by you.

So my sannyasins remain absolutely free with me. Your relationship with me is of two free persons. I am not occupying your space. Whatsoever I say has to be pondered over by you, and the final decision has to be yours. Even if you decide to follow me, remember it is your decision. You can never blame me. I am not responsible.

You cannot ever blame me. That's the beauty of giving freedom to people-

-they cannot blame you! So you think about it, mm? Good. *roseis07*

A sannyasin, who is leaving, says she had met another group whom she

trusted totally.

So wherever your trust is be there. If your trust is not with me, then why waste my time and your time?

I want to weed out people. I am in a hurry, and I want only those who are really with me so I can work on them. I have something to communicate to people; once they are ready it can be communicated. People like you will not be ready, or it will take so long that by the time you are ready I will be gone.

So the best logical course is: you drop sannyas; and wherever your trust is, be totally there, maybe that's where you are to grow. And if some day you can be here with total trust, the doors are open; the doors are not closed for you.

This may be the right way. A few people are like that: they cannot catch hold of the door directly; they go round about. You may be one of them.

So before you go, leave sannyas. And there is no problem in leaving it.

Sannyas is given happily and taken back more happily, because my boat is already too full, and I would like a few people to disappear.

Those who are half-hearted, their being with me is just useless: it is useless for the work, it is useless for you, because you remain divided.

And whenever you leave sannyas I am not angry, I am not in any way disappointed in you. Leave sannyas with all my blessings. My love remains the same; your being a sannyasin or not being a sannyasin makes no difference. But leaving sannyas will be helpful at this stage; you will be clear and at least you will not be divided. And whenever you feel that you can be totally here, totally with me, you are welcome; you can come. *join18*

Darshan: Osho gives Personal Meditations

A sannyasin, whose child has died, says she feels a sense of emptiness in her stomach. Osho suggests she fill the emptiness with meditation, with god...

Do one small exercise from tonight, mm? Sit--the way you are sitting is okay *(she is sitting with her legs folded under her).* Just sit this way and first start feeling that emptiness in the stomach, mm?

Then start feeling that it is coming up; that emptiness like a vacuum is coming up, a bubble of vacuum is coming up. Slowly, slowly, feel it and bring it up, and let it come to the crown of the head. Then suddenly feel

that when it comes to the crown of the head, the crown opens and there is a hole. From that hole feel that the emptiness is going out.

And when you feel this hole has come into your imagination, exhale deeply, and with the exhalation feel that you are exhaling from the hole also--not only from the nose and the mouth, but from the hole also. And with that air and exhalation feel that the emptiness is being-taken out, thrown out.

When you inhale, feel that a great light is entering from the hole and you are inhaling light, streams of light...just like foam, light is going into you.

When you exhale, feel emptiness going out; when you inhale, feel light coming in. Do this for at least ten to fifteen minutes and then go to sleep.

Do it for one month and then you tell me how you are feeling.

That emptiness will disappear and instead of emptiness you will start feeling full of light. You will start feeling that not only is the light inside, but that it surrounds your body. And that light will change many things.

It will bring a radiance, a joy, a quality of dance around you. *thisis12*

A sannyasin asks: When I am working in the town, by the end of the week I feel very tired. Sometimes I can't even stand. What can I do?

I understand. Do one thing. Every night before you go to sleep, just sit in the bed and imagine an aura around your body, just six inches away from your body, the same shape as the body, surrounding you, protecting you. It will become a shield. Just do it for four, five minutes, and then, still feeling it, go to sleep. Fall into sleep imagining that aura like a blanket around you which protects you so that no tension can enter from the outside, no thought can

enter from the outside; no outside vibrations can enter you. Just feeling that aura, fall asleep.

This has to be done the last thing at night. After it, simply go to sleep so the feeling continues in your unconscious. That is the whole thing. The whole mechanism is that you start by consciously imagining, then you start falling asleep. By and by when you are on the threshold of sleep, a little imagination continues, lingers on. You fall asleep but that little imagination enters the unconscious. That becomes a tremendous force and energy.

I don't see that the problem is within you. The problem is coming from the outside. You don't have a protective aura. It happens to many people, because we don't know how to protect ourselves from others. Others are not only there--they are broadcasting their being continuously in subtle vibrations. If a tense person passes by you, he is simply throwing arrows of tension all around--not particularly addressed to you; he is simply

throwing. And he is unconscious; he is not doing it to anybody knowingly. He has to throw it because he is too burdened. He will go mad if he doesn't throw it. It is not that he has decided to throw it. It is overflowing. It is too much and he cannot contain it, so it goes on overflowing.

Somebody passes by you and he goes on throwing something at you. If you are receptive and you don't have a protective aura.... And meditation makes one receptive, very receptive, so when you are alone, it is good; when you are surrounded by meditative people, very good. But when you are in the world, in the marketplace, and people are not meditative but are very tense, anxious, have a thousand and one strains on their mind, then you just start getting them.

And you are vulnerable; meditation makes one very soft, so whatsoever comes, enters. After meditation one has to create a protective aura.

Sometimes it happens automatically, sometimes it doesn't. It is not happening automatically to you, so you have to work for it. It will be coming within three months. Any time between three weeks and three months, you will start feeling very very powerful. So in the night, fall asleep thinking this way.

In the morning the first thought has to be again this. The moment you remember that now sleep is gone, don't open your eyes. Just feel your aura all over the body protecting you. Do it for four, five minutes again, and then get up. When you are taking your bath and your tea, go on remembering it. Then in the daytime also whenever you feel you have time--sitting in a car or a train, or in the office doing nothing--just again relax into it. For a single moment feel it again.

Between three weeks and three months you will start feeling it almost like a solid thing. It will surround you and you will be able to feel that you can now pass amidst a crowd and you will remain unaffected, untouched. *dance24*

Darshan: About Meditation

A sannyasin says: I keep falling into all kinds of black holes and feel a lot of fear in me.

These holes that you are feeling, black holes, you have been avoiding for a long time. They are there, and when you remain occupied, intensely occupied, you need not encounter them, but when you are unoccupied you are bound to encounter them.

This time don't repress them. When they come, make it a point to go into that deep darkness, into that black hole. And if you allow yourself to go into a black hole it becomes a white hole. It all depends on your going or not going. Whatsoever you avoid becomes your enemy and whatsoever you accept totally becomes your friend. Black holes can easily be transformed into white holes.

Now even physicists have discovered this phenomenon, that what is thought to be a black hole is only one side of the phenomenon; the other side is a white hole. This is a very new hypothesis that is becoming more and more significant every day.

When for the first time black holes were contemplated on, discovered, it was very frightening. In a black hole everything collapses. That's what the astronomers say, that if the earth goes into a black hole it will simply collapse and disappear. A black hole is the greatest destructive force

possible in existence, and once anything enters it, it cannot come out. It reduces everything to nothing. But soon astronomers became aware of another phenomenon, that from the other side it is the white hole--

because every destructive energy is bound to have a creative aspect to it; the other side of the coin. So if the earth enters a black hole and collapses, disappears, this is a death; but from the other side the earth will appear again, fresh, young, revitalised--a resurrection. So each black hole is also a white hole, even in the world of physics.

As far as my experience goes about human consciousness this is absolutely true. I don't know whether in physics it is true or still only a hypothesis, but the experience of human consciousness is absolutely clear about it. If you avoid something it becomes a black hole, it becomes destructive. Because you don't want to face it, and you have to face it sometimes, it is a very shattering experience when you have to face it. It impinges upon you with vengeance and you start avoiding it again; in that very avoiding you are creating it.

This time don't avoid it. Go into it, disappear into it, let it overpower you, and from the other side you will come out resurrected. And then you will wait for the black holes to come, because now you know that each black hole has a silver lining to it and if you can go into it, it is tremendously creative. It is chaos from one side and cosmos from another side.

Once you have learned it, then it is a joy to be crucified. If resurrection is certain, it is a joy to be crucified. You get rid of all that is rotten and you come out fresh, young, and innocent. Try it! This time don't avoid it.
tunein24

A sannyasin says: There is a place where my mind explodes inside. It implodes towards the centre and it is not very nice, because to explode is better.

No, both are good and both are part of one rhythm. Explosion and implosion are just like in-breathing and out-breathing. Both are good.

And the deeper your implosion will go, the bigger will be the explosion.

Nothing can exist alone. The opposite is needed. So your mind is imploding and you are converging on your centre; allow it totally so you become just like a seed. Become smaller and smaller and smaller, just like a seed. That is what is happening to the tree. When the seeds come to the tree, what is happening? The tree is imploding. So it becomes smaller and smaller and smaller and then the seed will fall into the earth and then explode. Again the tree will arise.

So the whole life is a rhythm between explosion and implosion. You breathe in. If you take deep breaths, if you inhale well, you exhale well.

Then again you inhale. Every inhalation will help exhalation. Every exhalation will help inhalation. These are two polarities but complementary and helpful to each other. So don't be afraid of it. When it is happening, allow it. Soon you will see that the explosion will be happening.

There are very few people to whom implosion happens so easily as it is happening to you. Explosion is easier to people because more people are extroverts, outgoing. Ingoing people are rare. Feel happy...you are a rare type; you may be a very rare type. People come and are very worried about their explosions; they want to implode. They want to go to the centre but they cannot. The more they try, the more they go outside somewhere. They never come home.

So don't create trouble. It is good. Enjoy it and help it to go as deep as possible. *myhart22*

Darshan: About Astral Projection

A sannyasin says: Sometimes when I go to sleep and I lie on my back, I can feel something moving in my body. It's not my body...it feels like energy.

Mm mm, it is energy--so help it to move, and don't stop it. Wherever it goes, you simply follow. Simply become the shadow and let it become the real; it is your real energy. So just help it to move.

You may be scared in the beginning because it can go away from the body,

and that is very scaring. Once you become attuned to it, it has a beauty of its own. Nothing can be compared to it--sexual orgasm is nothing. It gives you such a deep orgasm...the whole body thrills with bliss.

If you follow it silently, without resistance, it will move away, and you may be able to see your own body lying on the bed--and you are standing near the door. You may be able to hover over your bed like a cloud. Don't be afraid. Enjoy it...it is perfectly good.

When you come back to the body you will have a thrill. Leaving the body and coming back again, you will have a thrill, and the thrill is deeper than any sexual orgasm.

In fact in sexual orgasm the same thing happens. Because of the female energy, your male energy is attracted so deeply that it leaves your body for a few seconds. It is not only an ejaculation of semen--it is an ejaculation of you. Your whole energy is ejaculated just for a second, and then you are again back in the body. And that is the whole thrill of it.

Once you know how to do it without any partner, without any sex being involved, then sex becomes meaningless because now you know a higher way to attain to a deeper orgasm more easily, and at no risk, no cost.

So allow this...it is very good. For fifteen days cooperate.... *tolose13*

A sannyasin who is returning to England says: I used to go outside my body and I didn't know anything about it until I heard you talking about it.

It used to happen when I was frightened, and I wouldn't have any control over it. I'd go about four feet away from my body.

Yes, allow it--it is beautiful, very beautiful. Simply enjoy it so it happens more and more. By and by it will become more and more smooth and you will be able to go further and further away from the body. One can almost float in the sky.

You are separate from the body. The body is just an abode in which we are staying for a time being. So enjoy it and whenever you have time slip into it. If it is happening naturally, it is beautiful. It is a great meditation and will

help tremendous growth in you.

We have a certain attitude about things. For example if you accept the idea that you are separate from the body, when the thing happens you will become aware of it. If you reject the very idea and think that it is foolish, the thing will happen but you will bypass it. You will not recognise it or take note of it, because it will go against your mind.

Then you will lose it. If you understand it and allow it, you know the path and how it happened. It is a knack, and you slip into that knack again and again and again and it happens more and more.

People who have an idea that they have lived only once, are living only once, and that there are not many lives, also slip, sometimes, into their past lives, but they will interpret it in a certain way. They will say, 'This is just dream or fantasy, just nonsense, rubbish!' In that way they will block the door.

There are people who sometimes move into deep meditation but they remain completely oblivious of the fact. If you ask them, they will say,

'Maybe I fell asleep,' or, 'I don't know what was happening!' The mind only selects those things which it accepts. That's why an open mind is needed with no dogma cluttering it. Then whatsoever happens, one is available to take note of it, to enjoy it, and if it is life-enhancing, to move into it. Then more and more things will happen.

It is a chain. If you go one step into it, another step becomes available. If you go two steps, a third step becomes available. And only one step becomes available at one time. If you don't take the first step, the other steps are simply closed for you.

Whenever it happens, push it back a little further. You feel it is four feet, try to make it five or six. If you feel it is in the room, just try to get out of the room. By, and by you will feel that a freedom is coming and you are becoming attuned to the phenomenon. Sometimes try to go out of the town, and then to Poona (laughter). Come from Oxford, mm?...because time and space are not barriers for it. *getout24*

Religion says: that which is, allow it to happen. All that you can do is, please, don't disturb. Just allow it to happen. Remain alert and passive and then there is no need to come to me; I will come to you. Many times I have already reached you...whenever you were silent. So this is not a theory: many of you even know it by experience, but you interpret this also.

People come to me and they say: This morning, meditating, I suddenly felt you, but I thought it must be a projection of my mind. Or they say: Last night suddenly I felt a presence, I became alert, and then I thought

it must have been someone passing by, a wind may have entered the room and fluttered the papers, or just a cat has passed.

So what I am saying, many of you have already felt. That's why I am saying it; otherwise, I would not say it.

Don't interpret. When you feel the presence, allow it to happen. If you allow it to happen, it will materialize more and more. It is possible that I will be there, as real as I am here, sometimes even more so--because it depends on you how much reality you allow to happen. And your questions will be answered.

Be more meditative and then you are nearer to me. Once you are totally meditative, you are me. Then there is no difference. *clouds13*

This is my experience; many times it has happened.... Somebody who is working deeply with me, growing, is in some dark night of the soul. He needs my help, and I go to him and he trembles, and he becomes afraid.

Many times I say to my disciples, "If I come, don't get scared." At that time they laugh, they think I am joking. But when I reach them they tremble and they cannot believe that I have come. They can believe anything, but they cannot believe that I have come, because that is beyond their scope. *foll301*

You ask: *I have been told that you leave your body for several hours each day and that when you return you are very hungry and that you eat sixteen chapattis. Is this true?*

Yes, it is true. Whenever one leaves the body one feels very, very hungry on coming back, and after entering the body again food functions as a paperweight and helps the inner space to settle in the body again easily.

Some day you will feel it, some day it will happen suddenly in your meditations, that you are standing outside the body and watching your own body lying there. Don't be afraid and don't be afraid about how you will now enter it. With just the idea of entering, you will find yourself in it. No effort is needed, just the very idea that you would like to enter, and you will, the very desire will lead you in. But then you will feel a very unnatural hunger, as if you have not eaten for many days. The body has lost much physical energy while you were out of it. There is a point beyond which you cannot be out of it, otherwise the body will be dead. To a certain limit you can be out of it, but in that time, in that interval, the body is losing energy continuously and very fast because you are not in it to hold the energy. The body is almost dead.

When you enter it you will feel as if you have not eaten for many days. So that's true--but about the exact number of chapattis you will have to ask Vivek. Sixteen or not--that I cannot be the right authority about. *treas204*

Darshan: About Problems

Whatsoever I say is only a suggestion. It is not a prescription and you are not to follow it, because then I become the authority and I start forcing my ideas of happiness on you, and it goes on and on and on. These are just my suggestions. If you feel--and you have to feel--do them. Do them because you feel they are right, not because I have said them....

If you cannot decide, consult the I Ching! *wobble22*

Whenever you come across something in my words which is going against your experience in any way, immediately come and check it, because I am saying so many things to so many people and each person is so different....

So whenever something goes against your grain, then immediately check.

If something is going with your grain and everything is flowing, there is no

need to check; then it is for you. But the ultimate criterion is your experience. *bite11*

Many people, particularly Indians, write to me asking why I am not giving a certain discipline to my sannyasins. I cannot--I am not their enemy. I am not in any way here to dominate anybody, I am not here to dictate. I can help you to understand, then it is up to you. Out of your understanding if something happens in your life, good, but if it happens because I have said it then it is ugly. Then sooner or later you will repent, then sooner or later you will take revenge on me.

I am your friend. I can help you to be more alert; that's my whole function. And then whatsoever is good follows so silently, just like your shadow. It makes no noise and it does not give any ego to you. As you become more aware, all ego disappears. You become more and more humble, more and more simple, more and more ordinary. And that ordinariness is divine, that simplicity is sacred. But discipline has to arise in you. I can commune with you my understanding, I can share with you my experience, that's all; then it is for you to decide what to do and what not to do.

My sannyasins have to learn how to live in freedom. I know it is very difficult for you too--even my sannyasins ask: "If you give us definite rules it will be easier for us to follow them." I know it will be easier because that's what you have been doing your whole life. Somebody has been giving you orders and you have been following; that has become your habit. You would like me also to be a father figure, just to tell you that this has to be done and this has not to be done. That makes things cheap and simple you need not bother, you can simply depend on me.

But that creates dependence and you lose something immensely valuable: you lose your freedom, you lose your independence, you lose your individuality, you lose yourself. And that is not my purpose here.

My purpose here is to make you more and more unique individuals, more and more authentic individuals. I would like you to take the responsibility of your life upon your own shoulders totally so that you become completely free of all kinds of father figures. That brings great blessing and great benediction. *ggate102*

A sannyas says: I'm taking heroin lately...and feeling negative.

So if you want to feel negative, take it. It is destructive. You have some suicidal tendency deep down. These things are not going to help, and by and by you will lose control of your being.

The sannyasin replies: I wish I would lose control.

Then it is okay and nothing is to be lost. If you want to be destructive, it is your responsibility. If you are enjoying it, it is your responsibility. One is absolutely responsible for oneself, so whatsoever you are doing, you are doing to yourself. If you feel good, it is good. If you feel bad, then come out of it.

But take a decision to go in or to come out of it. Don't just drift in--

because drifting is easy; coming out will be difficult. It is very easy to get into any sort of wrong trip but once you are in it, the body becomes accustomed to it and then it is very difficult. Just a decision won't do.

You want to come out but the body will pull you in.

So, looking at all the consequences, one has to decide. And of course the decision is finally yours. I have nothing to say about it, because I never enforce my decision on anybody. At the most I can give you some humble advice--that you are playing with your life and nothing can be got out of it. It is a slow suicide. But if you like slow suicide, then it's okay.

I'm not condemning you. I'm not saying that you are committing a sin or anything. I'm simply saying to do it knowingly, because coming back will

not be easy. You can go in very easily because it is slow and there is no effort needed. It is downhill. Even if your car has no gas in it, it can go.

But when you want to come out of it, then the uphill task. If you don't have any power, you are stuck in the valley of darkness, in depression.

Then knowing nothing, people go on moving downwards because at least moving downhill they have a feeling that they are going somewhere.

But all growth is uphill. All growth needs conscious effort. And all-growth is responsibility. But this is just my advice. If you go downhill, you go downhill. You decide about it, mm? *roseis07*

Many people come to me because of illnesses. They have tried doctors, physicians, this and that "pathy"; they have tried many things and nothing happens. Then they come, then they talk about God. And I can see they are not interested in God at all; they are ill, physically, mentally, and they are in search of a miracle, some miracle medicine. They are talking about meditation, they are talking about God, they are even ready to take sannyas, but their search is wrong. They should not be near me, they should go to a physician, because they are not even aware of the spiritual urge in them. It is something physical, or something mental--

which is the same, because your mind and body are not two things. They are two poles of the same phenomenon.

And even if you are cured, nothing is cured in you. Even if you have a healthy body it makes no difference to your inner growth. Maybe, as you are health may not prove a blessing. It may even prove a curse to you....

If you are here for something worldly you are near a wrong person, because I am not going to do any miracle, because that is the way to attract wrong people. I am not going to heal you. I am not going to do anything for any wrong reason. *justlt02*

Darshan: Relationship and Sex

I am not against relationship--I am all for it, but before you can relate, you

have to be. And if you are miserable and you relate with someone, you are going to create more misery. The misery is bound to be multiplied; not only doubled but multiplied. He is miserable, you are also miserable. He cannot be alone, you cannot be alone, so you depend on each other. And whenever you depend on somebody, you can never forgive that man. He makes you dependent, he makes you feel helpless.

He becomes powerful and dominates you. So deep down, every lover is against, hates, the person he loves--because nobody can love slavery.

You can love only freedom. But freedom is possible only when you are free to be happy, and when you can be happy absolutely alone. If there is nobody, then too you can enjoy, dance, sing. That becomes your very quality of being. Then you can relate...then your happiness relates. Your music relates...your singing and dancing relates. Of course you multiply your happiness.

Whatsoever you have will be multiplied in relationship. If you have misery, misery will be multiplied. If you have happiness, happiness will be multiplied. In relationship you will be reflected in millions of ways--

but you will be reflected. *plan17*

A couple are present. The woman is not a sannyasin, and the man is. He says: It seems it's hard for one person in a relationship to take sannyas and the other to not be a sannyasin.

But one can be a sannyasin and the other need not be a sannyasin; what is the problem? One is a man, another is a woman and there is no problem. Why can't one be a sannyasin, another not? There is no problem!

(To the woman) What is the problem? His sannyas is creating trouble?

How can his sannyas create trouble?

She replies: He's been a great blessing of love, but I haven't been able to accept his name.... I feel that he will not accept me if I am not a sannyasin.

No, no there is no problem at all, mm?--there is no problem. You are

imagining things unnecessarily. How can his change of name create any problem? Were you in love with the name or with the man?

So the man is still there--he has not changed. And he will not expect you to become a sannyasin, no. If you want to, you can, but that is not his expectation. If you don't want to become, you can remain a non-sannyasin. There is no problem in it, mm? so don't be afraid about that.

None of my sannyasins are going to enforce anything on anybody in any way, because that is my whole teaching--not to try to change the other in any way; accept and respect the other as he or she is. So that is an unnecessary fear. And you have to learn...you love the man, so learn his new name!

There is no need to be worried that he will want you to become a sannyasin, no. Even if he wants you to, I will not give you sannyas; unless I feel that you are worthy to receive it, I will not give it. It is not easy. When you feel like it and I feel, 'Yes, the feeling has arisen in you',

only then will I give it to you. So drop this idea; and there is no problem--

just be in love, mm?

(To the man) And let her feel that your sannyas has made you more loving, more accepting, more relaxed, so that one day she will start feeling like becoming a sannyasin. But that feeling has to arise in her, it is not that you have to put it in her mind. Simply forget about it. Just love her as she is: that very love may change her mind. But make no effort to convert her. All efforts to convert are efforts to dominate, and the freedom of the other has to be respected. Just respect her as she is and love her.

(To the woman) Do a few meditations, do a few groups, start feeling what is happening here. So many people are getting into it; there must be something in it. Don't think that only you are right. There are so many people; they must be getting something from it. *bite15*

You say: *Some women say that since they've met You, although their physical desires continue, a man is no longer satisfying enough for them.*

Other women say that since they have met You they feel more loving.

This is my feeling, that whenever a male seeker comes to me he is interested in meditation; and whenever a female seeker comes to me she is interested in love. She can be made interested in meditation if I say that love will happen through it. But her deep desire is for love. Love is God for a woman....

When female seekers come to me, it is bound to happen: they will feel more love, but then a physical partner will be less satisfying. Whenever there is deep love, a physical partner will always become unsatisfactory, because the physical partner can fulfill only the periphery, he cannot fulfill the center....

So when female seekers come to me, their depth is shocked. They start feeling a new urge, a new love arising. Now their husbands or their boyfriends, their partners will not be able to satisfy it. Now this can be satisfied only by a much higher quality of being. This is going to be so.

So either your boyfriend, your husband, has to become more meditative, create higher qualities of being...only then will he be fulfilling. Otherwise the relationship will break, the bridge cannot remain; you will have to find a new friend. Or, if it is impossible to find a new friend...then you have to love the divine. Then just forget the physical part--now it is not for you.

The same happens to male seekers in a different way. When they come to me, they become more meditative. When they become more meditative, the bridge between their old partners is broken, becomes shaky. Now their girlfriend or their wife has to grow, otherwise the relationship is on the rocks, it cannot be maintained.

Remember this, that all our relationships, so-called relationships, are adjustments. If one changes, the adjustment is broken--for the better or for the worse, that is not the point. People come to me and they say: If meditation brings higher qualities, then why is the relationship broken?

That is not the question. The relationship was an adjustment between two persons as they were. Now one has changed, the other has to grow with

them; otherwise there will be trouble, things will become false.

Whenever a man is here, he becomes more meditative. The more meditative he is, the more he wants to be alone. The wife, the beloved, will be disturbed by it. If she is not understanding then she will start creating trouble--this man wants to be more alone. If she is understanding, then there is no problem; but that understanding can only come to her if her love grows. If she feels more loving, then she can allow this friend to be lonely, alone, and she will protect his loneliness.

She will try to see that it is not disturbed--this will be her love now....

So whosoever comes to me should come perfectly aware that it is dangerous to be near me. Your old arrangements will be disturbed--and I cannot help it. I am not here to help your adjustments; that is for you to decide.

I can help you grow--grow in meditation, grow in love. To me, both words mean the same, because they reach to the same end. *clouds13*

A couple with relationship problems come to Osho for advice, but the man does not like the advice given...

When you fall in love, you decide for yourself, and when you want to separate you come to me--so you can throw the responsibility on me. No one ever comes to say that they are falling in love. They come only when they are falling apart....

If I say live together, then whenever there will be conflict--and there will be twenty-four hours a day--you will be angry with me. You will say that this man is forcing us to live together--and of course you trust me, so you are living together.

But that is not the point. You are living together because you are infatuated--but the responsibility goes on me. If I say separate then you will miss her and she will miss you, and then you will be angry.

In fact for me there is nowhere to hide my head. You never leave any space for me--and whatsoever I say is going to be against me. And you come only

when something is going wrong. Nobody comes to tell me that they are falling in love and to ask whether they should fall or not.

The man says: Yes, I was aware that coming to you was tiring you with our problems....

No, that is not the point. I would have stopped you then and there, because whenever two fools fall in love, there is going to be trouble.

(laughter) And only fools fall in love, otherwise who bothers?

Now you decide *(chuckling)*-- don't throw it on me....

I am also learning! You just go and decide, and whatsoever you decide to do, I bless! Right? *wobble19*

A new sannyasin says she has been living with a man for a year who likes to be with other women also, and she does not know how to handle her jealousy.

It is always difficult for a woman unless she also starts loving people; otherwise it will remain difficult. He cannot be prevented, and to prevent him is ugly also. Then you are destroying his happiness, and if his happiness is destroyed, he will take revenge on you; he will not feel so loving. If you try to dominate him, to prevent him from going here and there, he will feel suffocated.

The problem is that down the ages man has always lived that way. And woman has never lived that way--for a few reasons. Firstly: in the old days, the problem was the child--if she gets pregnant then she will be in trouble--so it was a question of security, finance, and everything.

Secondly: man himself has been teaching woman to be pure, to be virgin, always to love one person. Man has been using a double standard: one standard for the woman another for himself. The woman has to be pure, devoted, surrendered. And man? They say 'Boys are boys.'

Man has kept all freedom for himself. And he could manage to in the past because the finances were in his hands. So financially he was powerful. He

was educated, he had the job. The woman had no job, no education. Her whole world was confined to the house. She had no contacts outside the house, so it was almost impossible to fall in love. At

least you need some contacts--only then can you fall in love with somebody. And man has created big China Walls around the woman....

For centuries Mohammedans have not even allowed their women's faces to be seen by others. And the woman was not supposed to talk to any man. A *long* repression--it has gone into the very bones.

Now things have changed. Now the woman is educated, she can have a job. She is as free as man. She can meet people, she can fall in love, she can enjoy life. The problem of pregnancy is irrelevant now; the pill has been one of the greatest freedoms. But the old mind persists, and it is not a small thing--thousands and thousands of years' conditioning. Your mother and mother's mother and all the women that have preceded you, were all conditioned, and that conditioning has penetrated into you too.

So the problem will be there unless you become very conscious and drop it. Only two are the possibilities: one possibility is to go on nagging your friend, as women have been doing down the ages. That doesn't help; that simply makes the man feel more repulsed by the woman. The more you nag, the more you throw him into somebody else's embrace, because he becomes tired, bored with you, and he would like to go somewhere and meet somebody who will not nag; and it is a relief. That is not going to help and that is destructive too.

The other thing is: become courageous, tell him that if he feels like that, then take note of it--you will also move in the same way. There should not be double standards! If he enjoys loving other women then you will enjoy loving other men. You love him but you will love other people too.

Just make it clear to him, and immediately if he is afraid, if he himself is a jealous type, either he will say 'I will stop'--but then he is stopping on his own.... Or there is no need to be worried--you start moving also.

Nothing is wrong in it!

I am not saying that he is doing anything wrong. All that I am saying is: there should not be two standards, only one standard for both. And each couple has to decide on a single standard; that is the commitment.

Either you both decide that you will remain only for each other, monogamous--good, if you both decide willingly, happily, joyously.... If it is not possible--one says 'I would like to keep my freedom'--then you also keep your freedom! Why be miserable? The misery arises because he is having fun and you are just sitting there thinking of him. You also have fun!

And this is not a question which is personal only to you. This is going to be the question for every woman in the future. Gather courage! I will help you--these groups and meditations will help you. Gather courage, and tell him before you start moving 'This is going to be the case--don't feel

jealous of me.' Because men are even more jealous; their male chauvinistic ego feels more hurt: 'My woman making love to somebody else?' They start feeling as if they are not man enough. But then that is his problem. First make it clear that you are to follow a certain standard.

When two persons decide to live together, then a certain rule of conduct has to be evolved. When you are alone there is no question of any rule of conduct. Just have a rule of the game, but it will be applicable to both the parties.

So whatsoever decision comes...either he decides not to go with others--

it's okay--or if he decides that he would still like his freedom, then you are freed. Then don't be cowardly; start moving! There are beautiful people; why be confined to one? Each person can contribute something which nobody else can. Each person has such a uniqueness. Why not love many people and enrich your love? In fact this is not against the man you love. My own observation is that if you love many many people you will be loving your lover more also--this is a simple arithmetic--

because you will become more skillful in love. You will have many aspects of love available to your knowing. You will become more enriched and ripe, mature.

And this clinging to one person is a kind of immaturity. Why should one cling? Love *is* beautiful and love is divine, and all are the forms of god, so why get obsessed with one form when the form is not obsessed with you?

If both are obsessed with each other, it is okay.

This is an old idea which is not scientifically true, that if the man goes and has a little affair with a woman sometimes, then his own woman will suffer; she will not get as much love as was hers. That is wrong. She will not suffer, she will get more.

And soon, seeing other women, meeting other women, again and again the realisation comes: 'What is the point? My own woman can give all this, and in a far more intimate way, with far more devotion, far more commitment. Why should I be moving like a beggar?' He will come home with a greater longing for you.

In fact, modern psychology suggests that if the marriage is to continue, a few side affairs are always good and helpful to keep the marriage running. If there are no side affairs then the marriage becomes really a boring phenomenon. It becomes so heavy--the same man, the same woman, the same talk, the same love; everything sooner or later becomes a routine. Then the thrill is gone and all is repetitious, monotonous.

Have a good talk with him and make it clear that if he is enjoying, then you are also free. And be free! Freedom needs a little courage, it needs

guts, but you will enjoy it. And it is not going to disturb anything in your relationship; it will enhance it. You will stop nagging him. When you yourself start moving with people sometimes, you will stop nagging. In fact that's why women don't move, because then the nagging will be pointless. And they enjoy nagging--it gives them power. If they also move they cannot make the man feel guilty. And to make the man feel guilty gives immense power. But this is wrong. Never make anybody feel guilty.

If you love the person, why make him feel guilty? If he likes it this way, let it be this way! You also have a few small love affairs. That will make both of you free from each other. And when love is free and is given out of freedom,

it has a totally different quality to it. It has something really beautiful in it.

Then there is no conflict, no fight, no jealousy, nothing of the sort. There is a calm and quiet, silent, relationship. When you are also moving into a few new loves and he is moving into a few new loves, both are always in a kind of honeymoon; meeting together is always beautiful. Then things never become old and rotten.

Just a little courage...and it will happen! *leap01*

A sannyasin says she has been working as a prostitute in the West.

Returning there now to earn money to return here, she wonders whether to return to prostitution or not. A voice inside her says no--on the other hand it is a quick way to make money....

Then do something else, mm? do something else...because prostitution is a betrayal of the body. There is nothing morally wrong in it but spiritually much is wrong in it. You are allowing your body to be used like a thing--that's a great insult to the body.

When the other so-called religious leaders say they are against prostitution their reasons are different. When I say that it is not good my reasons are totally different. My first reason is that one needs to be in deep reverence with one's own body, one needs to be in love with the body, so how can one allow somebody to use it as a thing? It is a sacred thing!

Yes, you can share when you love a person, but for money it is ugly. It is one of god's gifts to you--you can give it as a gift, but don't sell it. You have not purchased it, so you have no right to sell it! Mm?--it is a gift: we should be grateful to god that he has given us such a beautiful body. It is a temple.

So when I say not to go into prostitution, my reasons are just the opposite to those other religious people will give. They are against sex,

they are against joy. They are against anything that makes people delighted--that is their reason. They are sex-repressive people: they want everybody to be very limited in their sexual relationships.

And a prostitute brings a freedom, that's why they are against them.

They want a very rigid monogamy in the world: man possessing woman, woman possessing man, one-to-one. They are all for man being used as property and woman being used as property. To me, that too is prostitution. What they call marriage, to me is nothing but a permanent prostitution.

Yes, you prostitute yourself to the same man again and again, that's all.

You don't charge the man, but it is prostitution because it is based on money--it is a permanent license. To me the so-called marriage is nothing but a sort of prostitution.

I am all for love and I am completely against marriage. Because I am against marriage, I am against prostitution too. Try to understand me: to me prostitution is just a by-product of marriage. The day marriage disappears from the earth, prostitution will also disappear.

Where will you find a woman or a man to share his body with you because of money? It will be impossible. People will love and respect their body so much that will it be impossible. Yes, they can share their love energy with you but only when they love...there will be no other kind of relationship.

Right now the marriage is a prostitution; there is no love. The wife goes on yielding to the husband because she has to, and the husband can force sex--legally! He can threaten that he will throw her out of the house, that he will not take any financial responsibility; then she will be on the streets.

To avoid the streets she chooses this permanent kind of prostitution, otherwise she will be with many people. And one man is so ugly--how much more ugly will it be with so many men? So it is better; it is the lesser evil.

Never treat your body as a thing. It is divine, it is divine energy. Yes, if you love a man give your total heart, give your total body, being, all that you have. But when the love disappears, or if the love is not there, then there is no other way. The body can be shared only in love: don't share even with your husband if the love is not there.

If today you find that you are not in a love mood with your husband, say

simply that it will be prostitution! When love is there, love makes

everything beautiful. When love is not there, everything becomes a nightmare, ugly.

So it may take a little longer for you to work, but that's good. Go, do something else--be respectful about your body. It is a god's gift, and you are responsible! God will ask you finally what you did with your body. So go, mm ? and go with tremendous trust--there is no problem in it. It will take a little longer to come back, but that's not a problem. Avoid the old trap. It will be easier for you to fall into the trap because easy money always can have an appeal, but that is dangerous. And you are strong enough now--nothing to be worried about. *thisis16*

A masturbatory person remains childish, a homosexual person remains juvenile, a heterosexual person remains animal. These stages have to be passed. Don't get stuck anywhere. And I am not condemning, remember always; I have no condemnation for anything. Sometimes homosexuals come to me and they say, "But Beloved Master, we feel it is good." I say,

"Okay. If you feel good, it is your life. Who am I to condemn it, and for what? Why should I condemn it? It is your life; if you decide to live it in this way, good. Live it with all my blessings." But I feel sorry, deep down-

-sorry because their growth will be hindered, sorry because they will not know what great possibilities they were carrying within themselves.

Sex is not an ordinary thing. It is one of the most substantial parts of your being. One should not be so unalert about it. It is the foundation of your being: you are born through sex, you live through sex; your birth is through sex, your youth is through sex, your love is through sex, and your death is going to happen through sex. Your whole life is a sexual affair. One should be very very alert and watchful of what one is going to do with one's sex energy. *melo04*

A sannyasin says: I still have much trouble when you talk about homosexuality.

You have to drop that trouble...

Even when I say something against homosexuality you should not be bothered by it. If you are bothered that simply says that you are still not settled, that somewhere you are still against it. Otherwise there is no problem!

When I am talking to people I have to talk about general principles.

When I say it is difficult for a homosexual to grow spiritually, I am only talking about a general principle, not that it is an absolute rule.

If a homosexual person is perfectly at ease, there is no problem; he may even grow faster than a heterosexual who is not at ease. There are a thousand and one things; man is very complex. So if a homosexual is perfectly at ease, that is the thing for him; the unease really is the hindrance.

So when I am talking, if there are a hundred homosexuals, at least ninety will try to get out of it and it is good if they get out of it: There will be ten who even if they try, will not be able to get out of it. That is simply natural to them; I'm not saying anything about them.

But my problem is that if I talk about those ten, those other ninety will remain in it and they will never grow. So I have to look to the practicalness of it. When I have to choose a truth I have to think to how many people this will be helpful.

So I have to look at the general. In ninety percent of cases it is true that through homosexuality it is difficult for a person to transcend sex and go beyond it, but exceptions are always there. And I call that person an exception who does not feel at all uneasy about it.

So drop all uneasiness--because you seem to be a born homosexual, a natural homosexual. Heterosexuality will be unnatural to you and you will have to force it. That will create problems; it will not help you.

But you can understand my trouble. My trouble is that when I am talking to so many people I have to just state the general fact. Even that is very

confusing. If I state exceptions also, then it becomes difficult for anybody to understand anything of it. So my approach is that I will go on insisting on the general truth. Whomsoever can be changed by it will change, and the one who cannot be changed by it is the exception. There is no need, he need not be worried about it.

I have no condemnation about anything. That word condemnation does not exist for me; it is not in my vocabulary.

So it is perfectly good for you. Simply forget about it. Let me say whatsoever I say; don't bother about it. Whenever it comes to homosexuality, don't listen to what I say. You are perfectly at ease and flowing, so good! *zero13*

People go on making love just to prove that they are males or females, or what charming people they are, beautiful people they are. People go on finding new women, new men, just to prove that 'I am still attractive.' My observation of people is that they don't fall in love. Their joy is not love, their joy is conquest. Once they have achieved a woman they are no more

interested in her. It is not love. Now they are seeking new pasture, now they want a new woman. Now they want to prove again that they are still young, looked at, they still have charisma, magnetism. And the more women they can make love with, the more their ego is satisfied. This is not love. And Freud is right that sex gives ego-gratification.

But look at Tantra. Tantra has a totally different idea. Tantra says: The appeal of sex is because it gives you a moment of egolessness, timelessness, meditation. *body08*

A sannyasin, who plans to convert the Yoga centre he runs into an Osho Meditation Centre, said that he was confused about Hindu and Buddhist Tantra, both of which he tried to practise. He said that sometimes there was much tension in the sex centre and he didn't know what to do about this.]

The Buddhist and the Hindu Tantra are totally different things. Just the name is the same. If you are confused about them, that can create a very

deep conflict in your body. Forget both, mm? because it will be difficult for you to come to a harmony between these two. I will give you a simple method. Don't be bothered about Hindu and Buddhist Tantra.

While making love, three things have to be remembered. One is: before you make love, meditate. Never make love without meditating, otherwise the love will remain sexual. Before you meet the woman you should rise higher in your consciousness because then the meeting will happen on a higher plane. For at least forty minutes sit looking at the wall with just a very dim light on so that it gives a mysteriousness.

Sit silently and don't move the body; remain like a statue. Then when you make love, the body will move, so give it another extreme of first being unmoving so the body gathers momentum to move deeply. Then the urge becomes so vibrating that the whole body, every fibre is ready to have a movement. Then only tantric orgasm is possible. You can have some music on...classical music will do; something that gives a very subtle rhythm to the body.

Make the breathing as slow as possible because when you make love the breathing will go deep and fast. So just go on slowing down, but don't force it, otherwise it will go fast. Simply suggest that it slows down.

Both meditate together and when you are both feeling meditative, that is the moment to love. Then you will never feel tension and energy will be flowing. If you are not feeling meditative, don't make love. If meditation is not happening that day, forget all about love.

People do simply the opposite. Almost always couples fight before they make love. They become angry, nag each other and bring all sorts of conflict--and then they make love. They fall very low in their consciousnesses, so of course love cannot be very satisfying. It will be frustrating and you will feel a tension.

The second thing is: when you are making love, before you start, worship the partner and let the partner worship you. So after meditation, worship. Face each other totally naked and worship each other, because Tantra cannot be between man and woman. It can only be between a god and a

goddess. It is a gesture, but very significant. The whole attitude has to become sublime so that you disappear. Touch each other's feet, put garlands of flowers there. The man becomes transformed into Shiva and the woman is transformed into Shakti. Now your humanity is irrelevant, your form is irrelevant, your name is irrelevant; you are just pure energy. Worship brings that energy into focus.

And don't pretend. The worship has to be true. It cannot be just a ritual, otherwise you will miss. Tantra is not a ritual. There is much ritual in it, but Tantra is not ritual. You can repeat the ritual. You can bow down to her feet and touch them; that won't help.

Let it be a deeply meaningful gesture. Really look at her. She is no more your wife, no more your girlfriend, no more woman, no more body, but a configuration of energy. Let her first become divine, then make love to her. Then love will change its quality. It will become divine. That's the whole methodology of Tantra.

Then in the third step you make love. But let your making love be more like a happening than like a making. The English expression 'making love' is ugly. How can you make love? It is not something like doing; it is not an action. It is a state. You can be in it but you cannot make it. You can move in it but you cannot do it. You can be loving but you cannot manipulate it. The whole Western mind tries to manipulate everything.

Even if the Western mind comes to find God someday, God will be in trouble. They will harness Him in some way or other, manipulate Him.

They will put Him to some use, some utilitarian purpose. Even love has become a sort of doing. No.

When you make love, be possessed. Move slowly, touch each other's bodies; play with each other's bodies. The body is like a musical instrument. Don't be in a hurry. Let things grow. If you move slowly, suddenly both your energies will rise together, as if something has possessed you. It will happen instantly and simultaneously together.

Then only Tantra is possible. Move now into love ....

Just feel energy descending on you and let that energy have its movement. Sometimes you will start shrieking, shriek. Sometimes you will start saying things, say. Sometimes only moans will be coming out, or some mudras, gestures; allow them. It is going to be a maddening thing, but one has to allow it. And don't be afraid, because it is through your allowing that it is happening. The moment you want to stop it, it stops, so you are never beyond control.

And when gods make love it is almost wild. There are no rules, no regulations. One moves just on the spur of the moment. Nothing is taboo...nothing is inhibited. Whatsoever happens in that moment is beautiful and holy; whatsoever, I say, unconditionally. If you bring your mind into it you will destroy it completely. If you suddenly feel like sucking her finger and you say 'What nonsense!' then you have brought in the mind. You may feel like sucking her breast; nothing wrong in it.

Nobody knows what is going to happen. You are simply left in the divine vortex. It will take you, and it will take you wherever it wants. You are simply available, ready to move with it. You don't direct it...you have simply become vehicles. Let energies meet in their own ways. The man should be dropped out of it--just pure energy. You will not be making love only through the genital organs; you will be making love through your whole body.

That's the meaning of shivalingam: no face, no hands, no feet--just the phallic symbol. When Shiva made love he became just the phallus--the whole of his body. It is very beautiful...no face, nothing. Everything has disappeared.

It is not that you are using your sexual organs only; the sex has spread all over. You head is as much a part of it as your feet. You have become a phallus. You are no more man; you are just energy. She is also no more a woman; just energy, a vulva. It is a very wild thing.

If you meditate before and then worship each other, there is no danger; everything will move rightly. You will attain to a peak of orgasm that you have never known. Sometimes you will achieve it: a very great orgasm in which the whole body throbs and pulsates. By and by you reach a climax;

again you come down. It will cleanse your whole being, the whole system. Sometimes there will be no ejaculation but orgasm will be there.

There are two types of orgasm: the peak orgasm and the valley orgasm.

In the peak orgasm you will have an ejaculation and she will have also an ejaculation of some subtle energies. In the valley orgasm you will not have any ejaculation. It will be a passive orgasm...very silent, very subtle.

The throb will be there but almost imperceptible. In the peak orgasm you

will feel very very blissful. In the valley orgasm you will feel very very peaceful. And both are needed; both are two aspects of Tantra. Every peak has its valley, and every valley has its peak. A peak cannot exist without the valley nor vice versa.

[Osho said not to be too concerned about having an ejaculation. The Western mind tends to be too concerned about it happening and feels that something is wrong when it doesn't happen. The whole thing is to be totally in it and to leave things in the hands of God; it is His business. Your business is just to enjoy, delight, celebrate.]

And when it has happened and you have both achieved to a deep orgasm, don't pull yourself out of her. After the orgasm, remain inside her and rest for a few moments. That rest is very very deep. After an orgasm a rest is like a valley. You have reached to the very peak and now you have come back to the valley. It is very cool and shady and you rest.

And really much happens after the orgasm...the merging, the melting.

Bodies are tired, exhausted, spent. The mind is shocked. It has almost been like an electric shock.

When you come out of your love state, again pray together; end with a prayer. The difference is that when you meditate, you meditate separately and she meditates separately, because meditation cannot be done together. Meditation is a lonely effort. It is not a relationship. So you may be meditating together but still you meditate alone; you are alone and she is alone.

Then you worship each other. That's again different. The other becomes the object of worship. then you make love and you are completely lost.

You are not yourself, she is not herself. Nobody knows who is who. All is lost in a whirlpool of energy. The polarity of man and woman is no more a polarity; boundaries merge, mingle. Sometimes you will feel like a woman and she will feel like a man. Sometimes she comes on top of you.

Sometimes you become passive and she becomes active and the role changes. It is a great drama of energies. All is lost, abandoned. Then you come out of that innermost experience; pray together. That's the fourth thing.

Just thank God. And never complain. Whatsoever happens is right. Don't say 'This has not happened. This should have happened.' Who are we?

He knows better. So just thank Him, whatsoever happens; thank Him with deep gratefulness. Bow down and put your head on the earth and remain there for a few moments in deep gratefulness.

Meditation is alone. In worship, the other is important, and in prayer you both pray to God. So these three things have to be involved. They will create the ecology in which Tantra happens. And once a week will do.

If you are moving in Tantra then no other love should be allowed otherwise it dissipates energy. But whenever you want to make love, make sure you have enough time. It should not be done in a hurry. It should not be like work. It is a game, play, and these energies are so subtle that if you are in a hurry, nothing happens. Tantra is not a fragment. You cannot practise it unless you create the situation. It is like a flower.

You have to sow the seed and take care of the plant and water it every day. You look to whether the sun is reaching it or not. You cannot bring the flower, but you can create the situation in which one day the flower comes and the bud opens.

So these three things are sowing the seed, caring for the plant, watering it and being continuously concerned about it; being careful, protecting it.

Then one day suddenly--the flower of Tantra. It will happen.

And now I am going to be involved with you, so there is no problem. I am coming with you. *myhart17*

I have been telling you, "From sex to superconsciousness," and you have been very happy--you only hear "from sex," you don't hear "to superconsciousness."

And this is the case with those who are against me and with those who are in favor of me--the same. Man is almost the same; friends and enemies are not very different. I am being misunderstood by the opponents, and that is understandable, but I am also being misunderstood by the followers; that is not understandable at all. The opponents can be forgiven, but the followers cannot be forgiven.

Because I said, "Sex is stupid," many angry questions have come to me.

One of my sannyasins has written to me: "You have some nerve to say that sex is stupid!" She must have felt hurt. And I can understand: when you are living in a certain way you don't want it to be described as stupid. Nobody wants to be called stupid; it is not over the question of sex that you are disturbed. It is your life; if it is stupid and you are living it, then you are being stupid. That hurts. But I have to say it even if it hurts because that is the only way to make you aware that there is something more in life, something higher, something greater, something far more blissful, far more orgasmic.

Sex is only a beginning but not the end. And nothing is wrong if you take it as a beginning; if you start clinging to it, then things start going wrong.

If I say anything against homosexuality, immediately the homosexuals start writing to me. If I say anything against *anything,* there are people who will start writing. If it hurts *your* ego, then you are immediately ready to defend-not only to defend but to attack....

...After making love, at least for one hour sit in zazen and you will see what I am saying. You will understand what I mean when I say sex is stupid. After making love make it a point to sit in zazen for one hour just watching what

has happened. Were you the master of it or just a slave? If you were the master of it, then it is not stupid. If you were a slave, it is stupid, because by repeating it you are making your slavery more and more strong, you are feeding your slavery.

It is only through meditation that you will be able to understand what I have been telling you. It is not a question to be decided by argument, it can only be decided by your own meditation, your own understanding, your own awareness. *inzen04*

My effort here is to make this commune sexually free. And when I say sexually free, it has two meanings. In the beginning, people will be easily available to each other, and in the end the very availability will make their minds transcend sex. And that is happening every day.

Hundreds of sannyasins write to me, "What has happened? When we came, we were so full of sex, and now all that has disappeared. There seems to be no desire for it. Even if we are interested in somebody, it is more like friendship than any sexual relationship. We love to be together, but there is no need to jump into bed immediately."

In fact, there are many sannyasins writing to me that sex has so completely disappeared, that for months or for years they have been celibate. Go and ask a Catholic monk or a Hindu sannyasin: they are trying to be celibate, and their minds are full of sex. We are not trying to be celibate here, but celibacy is happening.

Whatsoever is easily available, automatically becomes uninteresting.

In the West many people are turning towards homosexuality, lesbianism, for the simple reason that a man seems for another man to be a faraway goal because he is so unnatural; a woman, for a woman, seems to be a faraway goal, it seems so unnatural. A man and woman relationship is natural. So people are turning into homosexuals, lesbians. The reason is that when you make anything difficult, condemn it, repress it, it will become more and more attractive.

In my commune nothing is repressed, hence everything, by and by, loses

its attraction. One becomes more and more calm and quiet and settled. *come06*

Many people become puzzled...just a few nights ago, a couple came to me and the husband was very much puzzled. He said, "What is happening to us? We are no more husband and wife--all sex has disappeared, but still we feel a deep intimacy." And I told them, "Something immensely valuable is happening. You are becoming brother and sister. Your love is taking on a new dimension, a higher one--that of nonsexuality. It is becoming purer."

Hearing it, immediately everything became clear to them. They hugged each other, tears started flowing from their eyes. It was a beautiful scene to see--they understood it. Yes, it clicked. Yes, that's what is happening.

They were worried because they came from the West--the East has always known it: that if love deepens it transforms the relationship; husbands and wives become brothers and sisters. And ultimately a moment comes when not even brothers and sisters...a kind of oneness arises, they become one. *fish03*

Just the other day somebody had asked a question. He said that he has seen the most beautiful women around here that he has ever seen anywhere else, but they are non-erotic.

Why is it so? It is so, his observation is right. If you meditate deeply you will become non-erotic. You will have a different kind of beauty, but it will not be erotic. It will start having the flavor of spirituality. It will start having the subtleness of grace, not the grossness of sexuality.

Sex is gross because it is the lowest rung of your ladder. As energies move upwards a totally different kind of beauty and grace arises in you, which is divine. You become less and less of the body and more and more of the spirit. *sos213*

Darshan: About Babies

People ask me--sometimes a young man, sometimes a young woman--

whether it would be a good thing for them to have a baby. I say to them,

"First go deep into meditation, then you can become parents; otherwise, what will you have to offer your child? And if you don't have meditation, the child's presence will reveal all your weakness and all your poverty, because you will find you have nothing to give. So it is better that you

first go deep into meditation and then become parents, because then you will be able to fulfill the responsibility of parenthood--and not as a duty, but blissfully."

Give your children meditation as well as thinking.

Thinking will help them to be successful in the world, and meditation will help them towards success in the divine. Give them thought to sharpen their intellects, give them meditation to nurture the sacred in their hearts. *nowher10*

A sannyasin says she's pregnant. She'd decided to have an abortion and thought she was happy with the decision, but since then, whenever she thinks about it she feels a tremendous amount of sadness.

Mm mm. This will be a momentary sadness. If you want to become a mother then you want to get into deeper troubles, because it is not a question that can be easily solved once the child is there. I don't think that you are ready to become a mother right now. But if you want to become one, that's your choice, mm?--that's your choice. But then you have to take the consequences also. Otherwise, everyday it happens, some sannyasin comes with two, three children, and they want.... Now what to do with those children?--somebody has to take care of them. The mother cannot have her own growth, she cannot work; she has to take care of the children. And then there are complications.

Once you have finished your growth-work then it is perfectly good. A child should be a leisure thing, mm? it should be the last luxury. Then you can treat yourself by being a mother, otherwise it will create complications. So you decide. Nobody is forcing you, it is for you to decide: if you want to become a mother then you want to become a mother. But then take the consequences also.

People are not aware of what they are doing when they want to bring a child into the world. Otherwise they will feel sorry about *that,* rather than feeling sorry about an abortion. Just think of both the possibilities: what will you give to the child? What have you got to give to the child?

You will bring your tensions into his being and he will repeat the same kind of life as yours. He will go to the psychoanalyst, he will go to the psychiatrist, and his whole life will be a problem--just as it is with everybody. What right have you to bring a soul into the world when you cannot give the person a whole and healthy being? It is a crime! People think otherwise: they think abortion is a crime. But the child will find some other mother, because nothing dies. And there are many, many

women who will be happy to have the child; it is just that you will not be responsible for it.

I am not saying not to become a mother; I am saying become a mother, but be aware that becoming a mother is a great art, it is a great achievement. First create that quality, that creativity, in you, that joy, that celebration, and then invite the child. Then you will have something to give to the child--your celebration, your song, your dance--and you will not create a pathological being. The world is already too crowded with pathological beings. Let some other planet suffer! Why this earth? In fact right now to think in terms of bringing a child is really criminal. The world is overcrowded. If a person has a little awareness, he will not bring a child into it at any cost; he will sacrifice his motherhood and fatherhood. The world is starving, people are dying and food is not there, the whole ecology is disturbed and life is going to be more and more ugly and hellish; this is not the right time.

And even if you think that it is okay, that the world will look after itself, they will find some way, you still have to think about your child. Are you ready to be a mother?--that is the thing. And I don't mean by being ready to be a mother: are you ready to become pregnant. That is not being ready to be a mother; any woman can become pregnant. Pregnancy is not equivalent to motherhood. Pregnancy is a biological phenomenon. Every girl, a healthy girl, physically healthy, is able to become pregnant; but just because you can conceive it doesn't mean you have to have a child.

Just think of many other things: you have to give a psychological womb to the child, a spiritual womb to the child. Is it ready? If it is ready, if you think it is ready, go ahead: have a child.

I will start telling my people to have children, but let me prepare my people first. Then you will be happy to have a child and the child will be happy that he was fortunate to have a mother like you. Otherwise just go to any psychiatrist and ask 'What are people's problems?' They can be reduced to one thing: the mother. You ask the Primal therapist, you ask our therapists, 'What is the problem with people?' All problems can be reduced to the mother, because the mother was not capable of giving a psychological womb, the mother was not capable of giving a spiritual womb. Psychologically she was neurotic, spiritually she was empty, so there was no spiritual food for the child, no nourishment. The child comes into the world as a physical being, without a soul, without any centre. The mother was not centred; how can the child be centred? The child is simply a continuation, a continuity of the mother's being.

You are young so there is no hurry. You can become pregnant again; there is no problem in it. But still, if you feel, 'No, this abortion is going to be very bad for me', have the child. I can only suggest, there is no

order in it. Finally you have to decide on your own. Nobody can ever throw responsibility on me because these are just suggestions. Take it or leave it; that is up to you. And you are always responsible. If you take my advice, then you are responsible; if you don't take it, you are still responsible. I am just outside it. For me it is perfectly good, whether you become a mother or not is not a problem for me. But one should see all the implications of it.

If one sees all the implications of it, very few people will decide to become fathers and mothers. And it would be a better world if fewer people decided to be mothers and fathers. It would be less crowded, less neurotic, less pathological, less crazy.

Think about it. And don't be worried, just think; there is no hurry. For three days think, and then come to a decision and do whatsoever you feel.
believ03

A sannyasin says: I feel that I'm pregnant since we've been here. Is there any meditation or thing to do that will be helpful for the baby or for us?

Just remain as happy and loving as possible. Avoid negativities--that's what destroys the mind of the child. When the child is in formation he not only follows your body, he follows your mind too, because those are the blueprints. So if you are negative, that negativity starts entering in the build-up of the child from the very beginning. It becomes almost built-in, and then it is a long, arduous journey to drop it. If mothers were a little more careful, no primal scream would be needed. If mothers were a little more careful, psychoanalysis as a profession would disappear.

Psychoanalysis is doing great business because of mothers, because according to psychoanalysis man's only problem is the mother. If all the schools of psychoanalysis could be reduced to one single problem, it would be the mother. The mother is really of great significance because for nine months the child will live in the climate of the mother; he will imbibe her mind, her whole mind.

So don't be negative. Be more and more in the yes mood--even sometimes when it looks hard. But that much sacrifice has to be made for the child. If you really want to have a child of some value, of some integrity, of some individuality, and a happy child, then that sacrifice has to be made. That is part of being a mother--that sacrifice. So don't be negative at all; avoid all negativities. Avoid anger, avoid jealousy, avoid possessiveness, nagging, fighting, avoid these spaces. These you cannot afford--you are creating a new being! The work is of such importance that one cannot be silly and stupid.

Rejoice more and more, pray, dance, sing, listen to great music--not pop music. Listen to classical music, which is soothing and goes very deep into the unconscious, because the child can hear it only from there.

Sit silently as much as you can, enjoy nature. Be with trees, birds, animals, because they are really innocent. They are still part of the garden of Eden--only Adam and Eve have been thrown out. Even the tree of knowledge is still in the garden of Eden; only Adam has been thrown out. So be with nature more, and relax so that the child grows in a relaxed womb, non-

tense; otherwise from the very beginning the child starts becoming neurotic.

To her husband, Osho says: And help her in these days so that she can be more positive. Don't provoke her into negativity. Give her more and more time so that she can sit silently, be with the trees, listen to the birds, the music. Avoid any situation in which you think it can become a provocation for her to become negative. Be more loving, rejoice in each other's silence more, because you are both giving birth to something which is divine. Each child is divine, and when something great is going to happen, a great guest is going to come to your home, you don't fight.

And this may be the greatest guest that will ever come to you, so for these nine months be careful, cautious, watchful.

Be more loving and less sexual. If sex happens out of being loving, it's okay--but not for sex's sake itself. From the very beginning that gives the child a deep-rooted sexuality. Sex is perfectly good in the context of love, as part of love--just as you hold hands and hug each other, as a part of love. One day you make love too but as *part* of love. It is not sexuality then; it is just a communion. You have not been thinking about sex; it has happened on its own. Playing with each other, being with each other, it has happened. You were not thinking of it, you were not brooding about it.

If for these nine months you can avoid sex as sex, that will be a great gift to the child. Then his life will not be so obsessed with sex as people's lives are. Either they become too indulgent--which is obsession--or they become too repressive, too holy, too saintly; that too is obsession. In the world only these two types of people exist, and both are ill, both are pathological; the sinner and the saint are both pathological.

A totally different kind, a third kind of human being, is needed. And that third kind of being will have this quality: no obsession with sex this way or that--neither against nor for; he will be exactly in the middle. Out of love sometimes he will move into sex, but then sex has a spiritual quality. It is not for sex itself. Because there will be no obsession with sex indulgence he will never become repressive. And because sex will

have a spiritual quality it will give him glimpses of samadhi and he will start

moving upwards, very slowly, very gradually, with no fuss about it.

Otherwise spirituality makes so much fuss.

A real spiritual person will not make much fuss; there is no need. He simply enjoys it, so he is not renouncing, he is not doing something great. He does not expect the whole world to give him attention and come and pay homage saying, "You are a great man because you have renounced this and you have renounced that." He does not renounce anything at all. He enjoys everything and because of his total enjoyment his energy starts becoming more and more delightful, and finally more and more lightful.

So just these hints--you have to work them out. Good! *athing07*

A sannyasin who is pregnant asks Osho for advice about the actual child birth.

Just remain prayerful, meditative and delighting. When you start feeling that the child is coming, relax absolutely and help the child, don't fight it. Mm? we have been conditioned in such a way and we have been told that childbirth is very painful to the mother. That idea has been repeated so long that it has become very deeply rooted in us. It is an autohypnosis; there is no pain really. You believe, then it is there.

In fact, there is a possibility of great ecstasy when the child is born. Once you can know that ecstasy, no love-making will ever give you that much ecstasy again--it is simply tremendous! So when you start feeling that the waves are coming, just cooperate, enjoy, start moving with the child, help the child--and wait with great expectation, that great ecstasy is going to be there. You will feel a great orgasm coming all over the body.

Don't be shy--if you want to sing, sing; if you want to just utter gibberish, utter gibberish; if you just want to make sounds, make sounds; if you want to sway and move, sway and move. Don't bother about what others will say--just go into whatsoever spontaneously happens, and you will have known a great experience!

In fact, that should be a must--because if the child's life starts with your

pain, a conflict has started. The beginning is bad, and you will never have a real friendship with the child. He will look like the enemy: he has given you so much pain. So the very beginning of your relationship will be poisoned.

If the child can give you great ecstasy, you will be grateful to him. And then there is the possibility of great friendship, of great love.

So it is a must--not only for your being, but for the child's existence in the future, it is a must. What I am saying is that if it happens then the child will be very sane and will not have many kinds of mental illnesses that are naturally there with every child, with every human being, because the very beginning is wrong. The birth of a child in pain is a bad beginning, not a good start--the relationship is already of the enemy.

So for these six or seven days, just relax, prepare, be joyful, meditate, pray to god. Just remember me, and when the child is coming take the locket in your hand and be ready for a great orgasm. And if it comes--it will come, I will see that it comes--don't resist! If you resist, it will be destroyed. It cannot come against you, it can come only through your cooperation.

The primitives know how beautiful it is to give birth to a child. Never again does a woman come to that peak-- because it is the same energy source from where you attain the sexual orgasm. The child will be pushing the same energy source, will be trying to come out of the same tunnel from where you attain your sexual orgasm.

In fact, why has this idea of pain arisen? My understanding is that sometimes if pleasure is too much it looks like pain--it is unbearable, then it looks like pain. That's why this idea that childbirth is painful has arisen in the human mind. It is really *too* pleasant--it is such intense pleasure, more than you have ever known before, so you misinterpret.

It is unbearable; the happiness of it is so much, intolerable, you start feeling that you will die. So the idea of pain has arisen. And once it has arisen, by and by, it has got into the deepest unconscious and from there it is functioning. Just remember for these six days, every night when you go to sleep, remember that it is going to be a great day, a great experience, and the highest peak that you will ever attain. And it is going to be so!

Let that day be of great ecstasy and meditation, of great joy. And if you can attain to an orgasm it will be a blessing to the child, because he will be coming out of a great orgasm, and you will feel grateful, always grateful towards him. You will always remember that day--it is impossible to forget it. And your relationship with the child will have a different quality.

Everything is good, mm?

To the father of the baby: Be there and help her to be ecstatic--and don't be there with a long face!

Tell jokes and enjoy, mm? Don't be there with a long face--there is nothing to be sad about.

Where will you be--in Ajit Saraswati's maternity home? *(Ajit Saraswati is a sannyasin gynaecologist)*

He replies: Yes, we're going to rent a room...

You can be there, mm? And a few sannyasins can be there. You can put on some music and incense and dance and sing. When a new guest is coming...!

Invite a few sannyasins--they can dance and create joy and some energy there. Very good! *madmen24*

Darshan: About Children

A sannyasin asks: I'd just like to ask you about sannyas for my children. I have two children, six and eight, and they're probably going to come back with me in January for about six months.

I have some doubts about sannyas, that it seems to be another form of baptism to put on them. Could you say something?

No need to make them sannyasins just now; that will be a baptism and that is not good, mm? Let them come, let them feel. If they decide on their own, that's good; don't decide for them. Anything decided by somebody else is ugly; it is a kind of imprisonment, an indoctrination.

So whether it is Christian or Hindu or Mohammedan doesn't matter. It can be my sannyas--it doesn't matter. If it is enforced by somebody else, with good wishes; that is not the point; that is not doubted at all.... When you want your children to be sannyasins you want it with good wishes--

you feel that will be a blessing for them, but that is your feeling --and even if it is right, it is wrong to impose it on them...unless they decide on their own. So all that we can do for children is to just bring them into the situation where they can feel.

And children are very perceptive...more perceptive than they will ever be again. Their eyes are more clear, they can see truth more easily than grown-up people because grown-up people have learned many things;

the grown-ups naturally are conditioned more. Their mirror is no more a mirror: it has many clouds around it and much dust has gathered.

So if you feel that something good is happening anywhere and you would like to share it with your children, bring the children to the situation and help them to be there, that's all.

Never for a single moment enforce anything...don't even persuade. Don't even utter a single word about sannyas--let them come. They will be able to see, and if they feel, that's good; then they have the right to move into it.

There is another kind of indoctrination which is anti--you can prevent them: when they want to do something, you prevent them; that too is the same. If the son of a Mohammedan wants to become Christian he will be prevented. That is in a negative way but again you are forcing something.

If you love the child you love the child's freedom too. And never for a single moment think 'How can children think? How can they decide for themselves?' That is one of the oldest pieces of nonsense prevalent in the world--that people think 'How can the children think for themselves? We have to think for them!'

If they cannot think for themselves then nobody else can...and I am not saying that they will always think rightly. Freedom to think implies freedom

to go wrong; that's part of freedom. If you always insist for the right then you don't give the freedom at all. If you say only right should be done, then you decide what is right and you decide what is wrong and then again the freedom is crippled. Freedom means to do anything they want to.

So bring them here, let them feel, and if they start feeling something then it is good. Mm? the day they want to take sannyas don't even come with them--let them come alone! *stars12*

To a sannyasin, whose son had just been initiated into sannyas, Osho says that one should respect one's child, and that now her son was a sannyasin, she should regard him as a brother...

A child is born to you, but he does not belong to you. Always remember that he has come through you. He has chosen you as a passage, but he has his own destiny.

So giving him sannyas does not mean that you have to structure him.

You are not to force anything on him. Sannyas is freedom, so give him freedom to be himself, and be alert not to impose anything. Love him as

much as you can, but don't give your thoughts to him. When you meditate, just persuade him to be with you. Sometimes dance with him.

And children can go into meditation very easily--one just has to know how to help them towards it. They cannot be coerced; that's impossible.

Nobody can ever be coerced into meditation, because coercion is violence.

How can one coerce meditation? It comes when it comes. But you can persuade.

You can just invite him with tremendous respect. Dance with him, sing with him, sit in silence with him. By and by he will start imbibing it. By and by he will start enjoying the play of it. It cannot be a work for him. It cannot be a serious thing for him--it should not be for anybody. It can only be a play. So help him to play meditation...Let it be a game. Make it a game with him, and by and by he will start loving it. He will start asking you 'When are we going

to play meditation?' And once he starts learning some ways of silence, then meditation has started working on him, and one day you will see that he is deeper in meditation than you had ever expected. So you have to make a meditative atmosphere.

To make somebody a Christian is easy. You have just to impose a certain ideology, a catechism. You have to teach him that God is a trinity, and that Jesus is God's son and things like that, which can be learnt very easily, and which are very destructive, because the person will never be free to explore. These prejudices will always be there.

So when I give sannyas to a child, it is not that you have to impose an ideology on him. You have just to persuade him towards meditativeness.

It has nothing to do with any ideology--Christian, Hindu, Mohammedan; they are all irrelevant. It is more like love...it is a feeling. And if he can learn something of it, then it starts growing on its own. One day he will be grateful for it--that you helped him. Right now he cannot understand, so the whole responsibility is yours.

And this is my observation--that if grownups are a little more meditative, children imbibe the spirit very easily. They are so sensitive. They learn whatsoever is there in the atmosphere; they learn the vibe of it. They never bother about what you say. What you are--they always respect that. And they have a very deep perceptivity, a clarity, an intuitiveness.

You may be smiling but they will immediately know that it is false, because your eyes will be saying something else--and even more than that, your whole body will be saying something else, your gesture will be saying something else--that you are angry, that you are just pretending, that it is just a policy.

They may not be able to formulate it in so many words, but they immediately feel it. So never be untrue with children because they will immediately know it. And once a child comes to know that his parents are untrue, his whole trust is lost. That is his first trust in life, his very base, and if that is lost he will become a sceptic. Then he cannot trust anybody. He cannot trust life, he cannot trust God, because those are very far away

things. Even the father deceived, even the mother deceived; even they were not reliable, so what to say of anything else now?

Once a child learns...and every child is going to learn; it is impossible to deceive a child. There is no method discovered up to now on how to deceive a child. He simply knows where you are, who you are. It is intuitive--it has nothing to do with his intellect. In fact, the more intellectual he will become, the more he will lose this intuitiveness, and he will not be able to see things as they are. Right now a child is immediate. He simply looks through and through. He looks at you and you are transparent. So never be deceptive....

Love him and allow him to be a little meditative, and much is possible.

That's why I say it is a great responsibility you have taken upon yourself.

I cannot give him sannyas directly. It is through you, via you. So now you have to take care of two sannyasins--yourself and him. *passio20*

A sannyasin, who is leaving, asks if she should stay at home and take care of her husband and children, or continue her work as a therapist.

Osho asks if she needs to work for financial reasons, and she replies,

"No".

I think there is no need to work, but you can help the Meditation Centre there. Devote your time to the centre, whatsoever time you can give. And if they need it sometimes, you can lead groups there. But don't make it a whole time thing...so the family is not neglected.

The family should not be neglected...because once children are neglected they will become accustomed to it, but they will become hard and for the whole of their lives they will suffer from the lack. If they have not been cared for they will not be able to care for others.

This is a great problem that is facing the modern society, particularly in the West. If the father goes to work and the mother also goes to work then the children are almost orphans. And the presence of the mother in the home

cannot be substituted by anybody else. It is not only a question of physical caring; it is a question of spiritual nourishment.

So you cannot give the work to somebody else who is paid for it. Then it is totally different, its quality is different; there is no love involved in it.

So, on the surface everything will be taken care of but deep down something will be missed. And the children may not ever become aware that they have missed something, but the whole of their lives will show it.

That's what is happening on the psychiatrists' couches and in the mental hospitals. Out of four persons, three persons are mentally disturbed and the fourth is also suspicious.

And love is the greatest therapy. So you will be running therapy groups for the children of some other mothers who have not loved them. And then some day your children will need therapy groups from somebody else! No need to work--take care of them. But you can devote.... For your own growth it will be good, you can devote some time to the centre. *sacyes13*

A sannyasin who is leaving says he is unsure whether to return or stay in the West and work to support his wife and children. He would prefer to be here.

Just go and see what is possible. But don't be hard, mm? If it can be arranged in such a way that they don't suffer, arrange it and come. If you feel that it will be too much for them and they will suffer too much, then be there for a few more months and settle things by and by. Don't be in a hurry. By and by settle things....

Just go and see. Just explain the whole thing to them--that you would like to come here....

It is important for you to stay here, but that responsibility is there and those children will unnecessarily suffer, so that has also to be looked into. And sometimes to fulfill your responsibility is a great meditation...because you are sacrificing. They are your children and this is your responsibility, because you have given birth to them, to help them so that they can be on

their own. Don't make it just a duty but a joy.

Just go and see. If it is possible that nobody is hurt and things can settle, help them to settle and come back. If you feel it is difficult and it will not be possible, then wait, within a year, things will settle. Don't be worried, mm?--something will happen!

Just see how things work out, but don't be in a hurry and don't be hard.

Be loving and try to manage, I think within a year things will settle.

Good! *nobook28*

If what I am saying is heard, if what I am saying becomes prevalent in the world some day, then children will really love their parents, then children will be really in tune with their parents because the parents will not be enemies to them, they will be friends. *parad106*

A child asks: What is my meditation?...I don't know what a meditation is.

That's good! Mm, but you want to know? Mm mm. Start dancing! Wild dance is your meditation....

To the mother: Tell him to go to the music group in the night so he can start dancing there.

To the child: and when you are back home for at least twenty minutes, thirty minutes every night, dance. Put on any music and dance, enjoy dancing, and that will be your meditation. *halle27*

When little Siddhartha first came... he was a small child, very small, maybe three years old or four years old. I can see exactly the moment he came to me.

He had brought a small rug, and he came as if he was a grown-up.... He unrolled the rug like the Zen disciples do, and he touched my feet. All those who were present started laughing. This little boy was doing a real thing, which is not expected from such a little boy. He touched my feet with great gratefulness, with grace, and then sat down on his rug.

That's why I gave him the name Siddhartha. Siddhartha was Gautam Buddha's name given by his father. It is as beautiful as Buddha. It means one who has arrived: Siddhartha, one who has found the meaning, one who has found the significance of existence. *zenman01*

An innocent mind can catch, can imbibe samadhi--he may not be able to understand what is happening.

Many times it happens: when little Siddhartha comes for close-up or for *charansparsh* I can see it happening. He cannot understand what is happening, but he immediately goes into it. He will not be able to retain it because he is not aware of what happens, but he is open to me....

He cannot understand what is happening, but he can go into it. Just the moment I see into his eyes he starts moving into samadhi. He can imbibe that opening. *spcial07*

Darshan: Conflict with Family

Just the other day there was a letter from a young boy from Germany.

One month ago he also wrote--that he wants to become a sannyasin. He is only sixteen years old so I told him, "You inquire of your parents, ask their permission; otherwise they will create difficulties for you. If they allow, you are welcome."

His answer has come and what he says is tremendously beautiful. He says, "Beloved Master, my parents will never understand you. We went to see the film about your ashram--I was the only one in my family who understood it. My father and mother were absolutely unable to comprehend it, what it was all about. And I am afraid that if I become more grown-up like them I may miss the opportunity. Moreover," he says, "I have dyed all my clothes orange so I am already half a sannyasin--just the mala is needed."

He says, "I understood the film completely but my parents were simply confused by it. I have been trying to explain it to them, but they seem incapable of understanding." He also says, "I am afraid that if this is what happens when one becomes grown up, then I may miss the opportunity of

becoming a sannyasin. So please, send the mala immediately before *I* become blind!"

A child is not burdened with knowledge. You have to become a child again; then the work of a Buddha is very simple. It is the simplest work in the world--because the Buddha is not going to make you achieve something, he is simply helping you to see what is already the case.

What can be more simple?

But grown-up people are really blind, utterly deaf. Their hearts are closed, they can't feel, they are hung up in their heads, and to communicate with a Buddha you need an open heart. People are encapsulated in their thoughts, so much so, that they live in their own world, continuously imprisoned in their ideologies, in their words. You can't talk to them. You say one thing and they immediately understand something else. *dh1204*

Another sannyasin says: I was wondering if you could give me some hints about life in the university and with the family because I'm going back sometime next week.

It will be different--and it will be very good. It will give you new insight.

Many things happen when you go back, because here you live in a different milieu. You will be going alone, the milieu will be left behind and you will enter into a totally different world, a different atmosphere.

That will make you more sharp, centred. It will be a challenge, and you will have to respond more consciously.

People will be arguing with you. They will think you are mad or something. People will think you have betrayed your religion, your country or something. You will have to be very very patient to understand what they are saying and to help them to understand what you are, where you are. And these things bring everything into focus. *dance18*

Just two days ago a young sannyasin girl came to me and said, "My father is very worried. He says, 'How long are you going to go on with this meditation and sannyas? It's enough now, just come back and be a normal

person again, live the way everyone else is living.'"

The way everyone else lives is what we mean by normal. Mad though their way of life may be, the way everyone lives seem to be normal.

Certainly when I knock on your door I am calling you to be something abnormal. I am beckoning you towards a life that others are not living that you *will* live...that will be unique, new, unknown. It needs courage. *nowher15*

A friend has written--a sannyasin--that he left here dancing, ecstatic. His family had never seen him dancing and ecstatic. When he danced and was blissed out at home they thought he was insane. They came running, caught him, sat him down, and asked what happened. "Wait,"

he said, "nothing has happened to me. I am very happy, in bliss." The more he spoke of spiritual truths the more his family were sure something was wrong. They took him from the house and forced him to enter a hospital.

A letter has come from him. He says, "I am lying here in the hospital laughing. This is great fun. When I was sad no one took me to get medical help. Now I am happy and people have brought me to the hospital. I am watching this drama. But they think I am insane. And the more they think I am mad the more I laugh! The more I laugh the more they think I am mad!" *mahag106*

One man came to me and he said, "Since I have become a sannyasin, my children think that I have gone crazy, they laugh at me. Nothing hurts me more than this, that my own children...they look at me from the window, they don't come inside the room! They whisper to each other--I don't know what, but they talk about me. They think something has gone wrong."

People are considering each other--and then there are millions of people to consider. If you go on considering each and everybody, you will never be an individual, you will be just a hodgepodge. So many compromises made, you would have committed suicide long ago. *wisdom22*

A sannyasin says: I have guilt feelings towards my family. I feel I can't drop

them right now.

Then don't drop them! Who is telling you to drop them.... Just tell me, what is the problem with your parents?

She replies: They don't accept me as a sannyasin. They're afraid to lose me.

Then you will have to decide, because one day or other everybody has to go beyond the boundaries of the parents. Otherwise one never grows, one never becomes one's own self. There is no need to hurt them but there is no need to be dominated by them either. Just make it plain that this is how you would like to be. If they can accept you, perfectly good; if they can't accept you, then too that is perfectly good.

The sannyasin says: I'm very afraid to hurt them.

You need not positively hurt them, but if they feel hurt, that is their business, that is their problem; what can you do about it? Or if you want to drop sannyas you can do that. I am not saying anything to anybody. If you feel that you can't hurt them and that this will be hurting them, forget all about sannyas! Just be there...

She says: I don't feel to drop sannyas....But I don't feel that I can resolve things this time.

So next time you can; there is no hurry. Let it take a little time, there is no need to do it in a haste. This time go, be loving towards them, be respectful towards them, even if they reject you. They are your parents.

You should not make it a condition that unless they accept you, you will not respect them; that again is forcing something on them. Be free and let them have their freedom. If they want to feel miserable about it, that too is their freedom; you cannot interfere in it. You can do everything possible not to make them miserable, but you cannot commit suicide just because they will be miserable.

And their misery is just stupid, because you are not doing anything harmful to anybody. Just by becoming a sannyasin you have not harmed anybody.

They must be having some very orthodox ideas. They don't know what religion is, they don't know what sannyas is. They must just

be thinking that they have lost their hold on you. But that possessiveness is ugly, and they are being hurt by their possessiveness, not by your sannyas. That has to be understood: how can your sannyas hurt them? It is their possessiveness; they want to dominate you, they want to remain your boss. They would like you to do only that which they want you to do. But that is not right; that is destroying you. That is not love!

My sister is writing that I will give them--yes, it's good blackmail--a heart attack if I come back here.

Nobody has given anybody a heart attack. If they want to give themselves one, they can, but you cannot. Even if you die, do you think your father or your mother will die of a heart attack? Otherwise the world would be empty if people started dying like that! You have not done anything; you are just wearing orange clothes and they will have heart attacks! Then they must be waiting for it, asking for it.

That is all stupid; these threats are just there to manipulate you.

I don't feel the strength, the energy, to go against them; to say 'no'. I feel guilty.

Just go there, see whatsoever happens, and whatsoever feels good, do.

From my side, never feel guilty. If you drop sannyas I am perfectly happy.

You look after the other side; from my side, never feel guilty. If you never come back there is no problem in it. I am not your father and I am not trying in any way to impose anything on you. Whatsoever you become, it's perfectly good. If you feel that this is less of a problem for you, drop sannyas. Choose whichever is the lesser evil, and I bless you either way.

So from my side you are completely free; the other side you have to decide about. Just go and see whatsoever happens.

If you feel the heart attack is coming, drop sannyas but ask the doctors

first, don't trust your sister because a heart attack can be simulated. Ask the doctors; take your parents to the hospital and let them be checked.

And if you see it is really coming and the cardiogram says, 'Now, beware!'

simply drop sannyas; that's perfectly okay. With me there is no problem.

All I am saying is that you have to be yourself and you have to learn to be free.

These are all threats and they have violence in them. There are two kinds of violence: the male violence and the female violence. The male violence is aggressive, direct. The male violence says, 'If you don't listen to me, I will kill you!' The female violence says, 'If you don't listen to me, I will die.' But these are both violences, there is no difference.

One is active, the other is passive--that's all. So don't be worried about this. Just go and see. And whatsoever you do is good. I am not here to create any problems for you; I am here to solve them, if I can. I will not burden you with new problems. So from my side you are going completely free, and there, just see--there is no need to decide right now-

-and respond!

And then come back. *bite05*

A sannyasin says: I wrote you a letter about my mother. My grandfather is dying and my mother is very sick and your answer was go and serve them...I'm afraid about which situation I will find there.

No, no, I will take care of you. You go, mm?--just help them; they need you. Let this be your meditation for a few months, mm? While you are there just help them and help them absolutely. Let them know what love is.

Old people become helpless and nobody loves them, and in the West particularly they are really isolated. Nobody thinks of them, nobody is interested in them. This is a very ugly situation.

So just go and let them have a feeling that they are respected, loved, that

their life has not been in vain, that when they are gone, somebody will remember them. That gives a great centering to dying people, to old people.

Just go and simply serve them, and with a smile and with a dance.

Continue to meditate, and I will be with you. *madgui25*

It happens many times to my sannyasins. When they want to go back to their homes they become a little apprehensive. They come to me and they say, "It is going to be difficult. My father won't understand me, my mother will not be able to see what has happened. When I go back they will not be able to see the fact: what has happened to me."

I tell them, "Don't be worried. You simply go and you remain new. Don't try in any way to behave like the old." That has to be remembered because the temptation will be there. The mother is there, the father is there, the brothers are there, the whole milieu of the old, and the temptation will be that even if you have changed why create a disturbance for them? Just act like the old.

But if you act like the old, that will be a deep disturbance for you. That will be a deception, that won't be authenticity. And in that way you are not going to help your family. That way you will be untrue to them.

Be true. Even if they misunderstand in the beginning, accept that misunderstanding. It is natural. But you remain the one that you have become. Don't act; remain true. Sooner or later they will understand, and once they understand, your reality will start transforming them also.

Reality is a great force.

This happens many times. One sannyasin from England just wrote to me that "I was afraid, notwithstanding whatsoever you had said. I was afraid and as I came nearer to England my fear was tremendous. My father is very stubborn"--as fathers are--"and I thought: he won't understand, he won't even listen. He will think that I am mad and he will try and force me to go to a psychoanalyst. 'What has happened? Why are you wearing

orange?' He is an old Christian, orthodox. It will be almost a shock."

But he had to go back so he went. Now he has written: "They were shocked. They couldn't believe it. But as you had said, I tried not to be tempted to act. I remained true. And for the first time, after three or four days, they relaxed. Now for the first time something has transpired between me and my parents, something which I can call love--which has never been there before. Fear was there, but not love. And they are asking me questions: what has happened to me? And they have even tried to meditate! "--which he thinks is a miracle. He thinks that I must be doing something from here.

I'm not doing anything from here. Your truth, your authenticity, has a great power in it. Truth transforms not only you. Wherever you move, with whomsoever you relate, if you are true you become a great force. *foll205*

Just the other day I received a letter from an old woman--I loved her letter. Her son was a sannyasin and he died just two weeks ago in a car accident. She writes to me: "I am grateful to you, because just before he died he came to see me after many many days, and he was so happy. I have never seen him so happy--he was almost dancing. And he was so loving to me...I have never seen him so loving. There has never been such a communion between me and him. There was always something like a wall separating us, but the day he came to see me, all barriers dropped.

Although he died and I will never be able to see him again, I am immensely happy and grateful to you that you had made him laugh and sing and enjoy and you had helped him to drop his seriousness. He died joyously."

It is from a mother. It is very difficult for a mother to accept the death of her son. But she could accept even the death, although she knows nothing of sannyas and she has never been here. But the one thing she understood was that something very essential had changed in the life of

her son. She is not at all sad about his death. She is happy that before he died he had attained something; he had not lived in vain. *come05*

A sannyasin says: I received a very strange letter today. My father

requested that I say hello to you--which surprised me very much...I think that's his way of asking for your blessing.

Mm...strange things happen. Life is more strange than any fiction...and more fictitious also.

If one goes on believing and trusting, one comes to encounter miracles every moment. Just because we have lost the capacity to trust, much of the miraculous has disappeared from the world.

So write him a hello from me, mm? *(laughter)* Good! *plan01*

Darshan: Osho checks energy

Often when sannyasins come with a problem, Osho 'checks their energy'. He may use a small torch to pin-point or focus energy. Sometimes there is a dramatic response in the person's body.

Osho also asks other sannyasins present to sit with the person checked.

A sannyasin says: I was really looking forward to coming to darshan tonight and then just sitting here...opposite you and facing you, just made me want to...cry (beginning to sob).

Yes, I know! You can cry. I love people crying! It is good. Crying is beautiful. Don't take it amiss. It is beautiful...it is as beautiful as laughter.

And I can see that it is not because of any misery that you want to cry. In fact you are surprised at your capacity to be happy. So you want to cry, that's all. Those tears are perfectly.... You cannot believe. It is too good to be true. That's why it is happening. It is so much that you cannot say it in any other way so it comes out in tears. It is an overflowing heart.... *dance15*

Ordinarily we say that we breathe, and that's not true--life breathes us.

But we go on thinking ourselves as doers, and that creates the trouble....

Just sit and close your eyes. Raise your hands and allow your energy to go wild.

The sannyasin sits in front of Osho as instructed. For a minute or two she is quite still, then a trembling of energy spreads through her body and steadily builds up to become an almost violent, thrashing movement. Her body jerks and trembles while grunts and groans are heard. The movement rises to a peak, and then falls away to a long slow 'aaahhh'...

Good, come back, come back in control.

Mm this way you have to allow, and then much will be possible. Energy is coming up and somehow you are controlling it. And this is the centre from where the control starts. Below it is the unconscious mind; above it, the conscious mind. This is the centre just in the middle, so a little control is possible there.

Drop the control and then suddenly the energy will have an upsurge, a breakthrough. It will penetrate like a sharp knife, and may even be painful the first time it penetrates you.

But then everything becomes so beautiful. Life is so tremendously beautiful. One has only to allow, and it is there just waiting for you, just for the asking. *wobble08*

What about you? Something to say?

Maria sits, silent, gazing into Osho's face.

Then close your eyes and raise both your hands, and let energy flow. Feel me flowing in you, and if the body starts swaying and trembling, allow it, cooperate with it.

Maria sits quite still and then very slowly her arms begin to rise, palms upturned, her mouth dropping open slightly. Slowly her hands move in front of her, arms extended, in a gesture of supplication, of receptivity.

Osho shines a small pencil torch on her face and torso, and then sits, eyes closed, gently waving the torch backwards and forwards for several moments...

Good, Maria, come back. Everything is going well.

You have said it--and to say it through energy is a better way to say it. If you can be possessed by my energy and you can let go and can sway, you can convey more deeply that which cannot be conveyed by any verbal communication, because verbal communication is very superficial communication. All that is significant can only be conveyed through energy communication.

Two lovers hold each other's hands and something is communicated. Or two lovers kiss each other, and something is communicated, or they embrace and something is communicated. When you allow yourself to be possessed by my energy, something in the deepest core of your being starts conveying, because those movements are not coming from your mind. It is a code. Those movements are coming from the very source of your being.

Whenever you feel that you have something to say and you cannot find how to say it, say it through energy. You can dance, you can sing, you can just sit and allow things to happen. And all of my sannyasins by and by have to learn how to communicate through non-verbal energy, because by and by you will start feeling that it is more difficult to say anything, and you still want to say something. You have something to convey, but you don't know how to put it into words, how to tackle it through language; you cannot figure it out. So you want to say something and you don't find the right words to say it. Language is not adequate. It is a good indication that something deeper than the mind is happening.

That which can be said simply shows that it is happening only in the mind; you have still not crossed the boundary of the mind, still the heart has not been touched. When the heart is touched, one feels almost incapable of saying anything. And there are even deeper layers than the heart.

When the being is penetrated, one is simply at a loss. There is no way.

One is simply dumb. That's what's happening to you. Good...be happy about it. Be happily dumb *(a chuckle)*. Good. *dance08*

A sannyasin sits without talking in front of Osho, and then with his encouragement, begins to allow her body to move spontaenously, sitting

upright at first with her eyes closed, she suddenly falls into a bowing position, her head at Osho's feet. She slowly rolls over into a foetal posture, and then lies outstretched on her stomach, groaning, for some moments. She then rolls back again so that she lies at Osho's feet, on her back, her hand to her mouth...

Your energy is flowing very well....

Something very significant is close by. If your energy starts moving in the right rhythm....It is only a question of rhythm. If you can vibrate in the right rhythm, you will be able to touch it. It is always a question of vibrancy.

Existence is vibrating in a certain rhythm. If we can also vibrate in the same rhythm, there is a meeting immediately, a fusion, melting. We go on missing because we don't know what rhythm is and how to vibrate in the same rhythm. So close your eyes and start vibrating. You need not worry about what to do. Simply let go. By and by you will see a certain pattern, a certain field of energy arising around you. Do it for ten days every night and every day it will become more and more clear. And some day, something will happen.... *passio10*

A sannyasin says: I was aware of a tension in my third eye, and when I breathed into it--into the third eye--it was burning. Then I had a catharsis.

I went inside and the rest of my body was relaxed.

Very good. Come here. Just look into my hand and if something starts happening in the body, allow it.

She sits close to Osho's chair and, as instructed, begins to gaze steadily at Osho's outstretched hand.

Almost immediately she begins to tremble, her torso and arms quivering gently at first and then more strongly. Finally the energy seems to take possession of her, flinging her to the ground, face downwards.

After a few moments, Osho calls her back. She sits up, hair strewn wildly across her face and laughs for a moment in surprise at what has happened...

Really good. It is something very beautiful and meaningful so don't get scared about it. Allow it to happen. The energy is reaching the third eye centre. When it reaches there, many manifestations happen in the body and you will feel almost as if it is burning. Sometimes the spot will be actually burned. There is an old woman here--she actually got the whole spot burned.

When the energy is too much and too intense--it is electricity, body electricity--it can burn easily. But don't be worried; its being there is a great step towards growth. By and by your third eye will be able to absorb it, then the burning sensation will disappear. Suddenly, one day you will feel an almost ice-cool spot there: then the energy has settled.

That ice-cool spot continues and that keeps you cool in any sort of circumstances. Somebody insults you--you remain cool. You fail in something--you remain cool. Then nothing can distract you once that third eye centre becomes cool.

But it can become cool only when the energy moves there, works there, and settles there. In the beginning it will be really hot and fiery. The

whole body will be relaxed--that's the beauty of it. Deep down inside you will feel relaxed. Nothing is happening there, everything is happening in the third eye.

I can see that everything is going well. In the Tao group it will happen many more times. Allow it. If you become too afraid, remember me and leave it to me. Now I will do--your work is done! *greatn06*

I am here; look into me, feel me, try to imbibe my spirit in you, let my flame come closer to you. Any moment there can be a jump--my flame can jump and light your unlit candle. Just come close, come close...and when I say come close I mean be more and more in love. Love is the only closeness there is; love is the only intimacy there is. It is not a question of physical closeness, it is a question of inner intimacy. Be open to me, as I am open to you; be available to me, as I am available to you. Don't be afraid, you have nothing to lose...except your chains. *art10*

Later, a journalist asks Osho: I visited the ashram in Poona and often heard the word 'energy'. Please explain what energy is?

There are things which can only be experienced and cannot be explained.

For example, electricity is energy, but nobody has seen electricity in its purity, as energy. You have seen it in a lamp, as light; you have seen it moving a machine, a train; you have seen many manifestations of its work, but nobody has yet been able to see what it is that works....

And the same is true about the word 'energy'. You may have heard my sannyasins continuously talking about it, and naturally you must have thought at least 'Thomas Alva Edison' knows the answer. But I don't know! I can only say how it works....

Energy is our basic constituent. Its expressions may be different: it may express as love, it may express as laughter, it may express as silence.

When sannyasins talk about energy they are talking about a special implication, implementation, of this energy.

They are all meditating, and meditation certainly gives the energy a new dimension. It immediately starts moving around the person, and if many persons are meditating it becomes an energy field. Those who are open can just enter into the group and, they will be surprised, just as you touch an open wire of electricity and it gives you a shock, in an energy field if you are open you can feel it immediately engulfing you, overpowering you. This makes many people afraid of coming to the communes, coming to the sannyasins--they think it is something like mesmerism or hypnotism. It is neither hypnotism nor mesmerism, it is

simply that so many people have pooled their energy in their silence that when you enter into the group you cannot remain unaffected by it.

That's why I said, "It can be experienced but it cannot be explained." And all these communes that I have been creating around the world are just for that single purpose. Anybody who wants what this energy is can be a guest in a commune for seven days, mix with the commune for seven days, and

feel it. You will know what it is, but you will not be able to tell anybody else what it is.

The ultimate always is beyond explanation. But it is not beyond experience. *last514*

Leaving Darshans

You are asking: *You talk a lot to us about how important satsang is, being in the presence of an enlightened, liberated man. Yet a lot of your sannyasins spend most of their lives away from you. If it was up to you would you have all of us live here in Poona with you all the time?*

No. Because to be in the presence too much can be an overdose. Rather than helping it can hinder you. Everything should always be in proportion and in balance. It is possible when something is sweet that you can eat more of it than you should. You can forget your need; you can overstuff yourself. And *satsang* is sweet it is the sweetest thing in the world. In fact it is alcoholic...you can become a drunkard. That will not liberate you; that will create a new bondage.

Being near a Master can either become a bondage or a liberation, it depends. Just by being near, there is no necessity that you will be liberated: you can get indigestion; and you can become addicted to the presence. No, that is not good. Whenever I feel that somebody needs a space of his own, whenever I feel that somebody needs to go away from me, I send him away. It is good to create hunger, then satiety goes deep.

And if you are with me too much you may become even oblivious of me.

Not only indigestion, you may completely forget me....

Things are complex. Sometimes I send you away to feel me more. It is needed. A separation is needed so that you can come close again. There must be a rhythm of being with the Master and not being with the Master. In that rhythm many possibilities open because, finally, you have to be on your own. The Master cannot be with you forever and forever.

One day suddenly I will disappear--"dust unto dust." You will not be able

to grope for me. Then, if you have become too addicted to me and you cannot be without me you will suffer, unnecessarily suffer. And I am here not to give you suffering; I am here to make you capable of more and more bliss. It is good sometimes that you go far away in the world, have your own space, move in it, live in it.

And whatsoever you have gained here with me, test it in life, because an ashram is not in life. An ashram at the most can be a discipline; it is not an alternative life. At the most it can be a school where you have a few glimpses. Then you carry those glimpses in the world--there is the criterion, the test. If they prove real there, only then were they real.

Living in an ashram, living with a liberated man, living in his energy field, you may many times be deceived that you have attained something.

It may not be your attainment; it may be just because of the magnetism that you touch new dimensions. But when I am not there and the atmosphere of the ashram is not there and you move in the ordinary day-to-day world, the world of the market, the office, the factory--if you can carry the goal that you have attained here and it is not disturbed, then really you have attained something. Otherwise you can live here in a dream, in an illusion.

No, if it were possible for me to have you all here, then too I would have sent you. I would have actually done as I am doing now; there would have been no change. This exactly is helpful as it is.

Don't feel hurt when I send you away--you need it. And don't feel too elated when I tell you to be here--that too is a need. Both are needs. And don't make a fixed principle, because things are very complex, and every individual is unique.

Sometimes I allow somebody to be here because he is so dead he takes a long time to evolve. Somebody evolves so soon--then within weeks I say,

"Go." So just being here don't feel elated, and don't feel hurt if I send you away. Sometimes I retain somebody because he is very balanced and there is no fear yet that he will eat too much, fall the victim of the disease of

overdose; then I allow him.

Sometimes when somebody, I feel, has attained something, then too I send him away; because only the world can be the proof of whether you have attained or not. In the isolation of an ashram, in a different atmosphere, you may have glimpses because you become part of the collective mind that exists here. You start riding on my waves; they may not be yours. But when you go home you have to ride on your own waves--may be small, but better because they are your own, truer to you,

and finally they alone have to take you to the other shore. I can only indicate the way.

A Master should not become a bondage; and it is very easy for a Master to become a bondage. Love can always be converted into bondage. It can always become an imprisonment. Love should be a freedom; it should help you to be liberated from all fetters and bondages. So I have to keep myself continuously alert: who has to be sent, who has to be allowed to stay here, and how much.

A rhythm is needed--sometimes being with me and sometimes not being with me. A day will come, you will feel the same. Then I will be happy with you. Whether with me or not with me you remain the same; whether here in the ashram, meditating, or working in the marketplace you remain the same--nothing touches you; you are in the world but the world is not in you: then you make me happy. Then you are fulfilled. *yoga602*

A sannyasin asks: I'm going back to Scotland. The question comes to me of whether I should make this sort of decision myself or should I come to you and ask?

When you cannot make the decision, when it seems impossible, only then. If you can make the decision, there is no need. You make the decision. One has to learn by and by to be on one's own and one has to trust oneself more and more. My help should not become a dependence.

It should help you to become really more alert, more trusting of your own life, of your own heart's voice.

So when you come to me and ask, it is not that I answer. I have to search into your heart to see what really would have been your decision if your own heart were functioning. I never give any decision on my own because that would be destructive. It would be something from the outside. So when you ask, I look into you; I don't decide. I look into you, I feel you, I see your own heart which you cannot see, and I let that heart decide. So at the most I interpret your heart to you. I am a midwife.

So if you can decide, good. By and by you will start listening to your own inner core and what it is saying. And that trust has to arise. Otherwise trusting in me can become dangerous to you, because then you're always depending on some outside agent. It can become a habit, so that when you are alone or when you have gone far away from me you will be at a loss as to what to do.

So even while you are here, whatsoever you can decide, decide. When you feel that it is almost impossible for you to come to a decision, the

pros and cons are almost balancing, you are divided half and half, then only come to me. And then too, I can help you; I don't impose anything on you. At the most I become a bridge between you and yourself. That's my function.

So by and by you can see the bridge, and you can go on moving from yourself to your real self; my need is less and less. One day there is nothing that you cannot decide. Then you have come of age. You become mature and ripe.

So the first effort should be to decide on your own, otherwise people start coming for small things; that's bad. That is dangerous, a very harmful practice, because then you will lose all direction and you will always depend on some outside authority to tell you what to do and what not to do. That's what has happened to the whole of humanity. Every child is being directed by the parents, the society, by the teachers, the authorities, the priest, the state. There are so many people leading you so you lose all sense of direction. Whenever these authorities are not there, you are simply stuck. You cannot move; you are paralysed. So if your father is not there, you seek a father-figure.

If your belief in one religion is gone, you immediately turn to another religion. If you stop going to one church, you start going to another church, but somewhere or other you are seeking the priest, somebody to tell you what is right, somebody to give you the commandment: 'This is right'; somebody to give you a sense of certainty that he knows. If you stop going to churches, you go to a psychoanalyst to tell you something, or you go to the politician. But you always go to somebody and you never come home.

A master is not an authority, and whenever you see that a master has become an authority, he is not a master; he has become poisonous. A master is at the most a very polite hint, not an authority.

He simply cares about you. He has no ideas to impose, no directions to give. He has no commandments. He is not in any way an expert. He simply loves you, cares about you, and under his care you start growing.

Now it is a very paradoxical thing: you have to be helped but in such a way that the help does not become a habit; that is the paradox. Help can be withdrawn completely but then you are not helped. Then your freedom will become licence. You will move not knowing where you are going. You will stumble here and there almost like a drunkard, or you may start moving in a vicious circle.

So to be left totally alone is dangerous and to depend totally on somebody is also dangerous. Somewhere between the two is the golden mean--to depend and yet not to depend. Take as much help as you can from me, but the help is to make you more mature. The help is to make you so alert that less and less help is needed; the help is not to make you more helpless. So, increasingly less and less help should be needed. That should be the basic effort. So always decide.

Whenever you see some problem has arisen, it is a good opportunity, a challenge, a critical moment. Use it creatively, find out ways and means.

Listen silently to your own heart and if a certainty arises from there, good; you have taken my help already. But only in rare moments when you cannot decide, when the darkness is too much and you are absolutely confused--if you decide this and the mind says that, if you decide that and the mind says

this, and you go on hanging between the two; you cannot even see that one voice is the voice of your major being, you are divided fifty/fifty--then only come to me. Then too, remember always that it is not my advice that I am giving to you. It is your innermost heart that I am handing over to you. Soon you will start seeing it. *roseis26*

Osho usually advises visiting students to complete their formal education, unless they are not enjoying it:

A new sannyasin asks if she should complete the last year of her bachelor's degree in religion and philosophy.

It is good to continue and to finish it. It will be helpful. Philosophy cannot give much, but it can give you a framework. It can give you a certain language to understand things, a certain clarity about concepts.

It cannot give anything existential, but it can give you an intellectual clarity. And it is good training. One should not think that anything is achieved through it, but it can clear the ground for something to be achieved. So, good...one year is there. You finish it. *roseis04*

Osho often reminds sannyasins to meditate. Besides a new name, wearing orange and mala, the only requirement to be a sannyasin is one hour's meditation a day:

Back home, continue to meditate--at least one meditation each day. And this is going to be your moment-to-moment meditation: remember to feel blessed. If you can do that much, when you come back next time much will be possible. *cypres01*

A sannyasin asks: I've been a doctor for the past ten years in Canada, working as a general practitioner and also an anesthetist. I don't know whether to return to that or to be here.

It is good to continue the work and to continue working on yourself side by side. It is always good to be in the world. Never be an escapist because escape is not going to help. The best arrangement is to work in the world but don't be lost in it. Work for five or six hours and then forget all about it.

Give at least two hours for your inner growth, a few hours for your relationship, love, children, friends, society.

Your profession should only be a part of life. It should not overlap into every dimension of your life, as ordinarily it does. A doctor becomes almost a twenty-four-hour doctor. He thinks about it, he talks about it.

Even when he is eating he is a doctor. While he is making love to his woman, he is a doctor. Then it is a madness; it is insane.

To avoid this, people escape. Then they become twenty-four-hour sannyasins. Again they are making the same mistake--the mistake of being in anything for twenty-four hours.

My whole effort is to help you to be in the world and yet to be a sannyasin.

Of course it is more difficult because there will be more challenge and situations. It is easier to be either a doctor or a sannyasin. It will be difficult to be both because that will give you many contradictory situations. But a person grows when there are contradictory situations.

In the turmoil, in that clash of the contradictions, integrity is born. You become more centred.

My suggestion is that you go back but with this decision: that you work for six or eight hours and then for the remaining sixteen hours you are not a doctor at all. Use those sixteen hours for other things: for sleep, for music, for poetry, for meditation, for love, or just fooling around.

That too is needed. If a person becomes too wise and cannot fool around, he becomes heavy, sombre, serious. He misses life.

So a wise man has to be so wise that he can allow himself a little foolishness also. That is the greatest wisdom: to use foolishness also as a part of life so that you can laugh--not only at others but at yourself also; so that you can play for no profit, no motive; so that you can simply relate to people for no reason whatsoever. You can do many things that are not economical, not political; things that are just for pleasure.

One should also remain a child. If you can find an old man collecting stones on the seashore, then he has understood life. If he can still enjoy collecting seashells just like a small child, with reverence and awe, full of as much wonder and surprise as if he has come across treasures, then he is really wise. He has matured.

Real maturity always retains something of childhood, and a real wise man always remains available to foolishness also.

So my suggestion is that you be here for as long as you want, and then go. Continue your profession back there as a sannyasin. Move in orange and let people laugh. You can also laugh with them.

Life should be multi-dimensional; then it is rich. A doctor is monotonous; a politician is monotonous. Just one tone, just one note, they go on repeating, repeating, repeating. So seek, discover, investigate new realms and make life as rich as possible.

Life should be of many colours, rainbow-like. All the colours should be there. One can face God only when one has become like a rainbow, with all the colours absorbed--nothing sacrificed, nothing excluded, everything included.

Whenever you can come here, come, and then go back. Later on, finally you can settle here, but here also you have to be a doctor, mm?

Good! *cypres03*

A sannyasin, who is leaving, says: It's very hard for me to leave you.

Yes, it is hard for me too! You don't understand my trouble: every day so many sannyasins leave me; just think of me! *letgo02*

Osho often gives sannyasins a small handcrafted wooden box when they are leaving.

A sannyasin says she feels sad at the thought of leaving.

Don't feel sad...but it's natural. Soon you will be back.

You will feel sadness but it is good; that too is part of growth. Sometimes one needs sadness too. Remaining just happy by and by becomes shallow. You need to move to the opposite polarity. The day should become the night too. And height is good but depth is also needed.

Somehow humanity has missed the beauty of sadness. It is tremendously beautiful, because the pain that it brings is a growth pain,

a birth pain. So it is good to be here with me, and happy; then to go and be a little sad. Then you will come again with more possibility to grow.

It is going to be just like a little fast, mm? The fast helps the hunger to come back. If you are here with me too long, by and by there is every possibility that you will start forgetting me, because that which is too close, that which is too obvious, is forgotten. That's how we have forgotten ourselves--we are so close to ourselves, and a little distance is needed.

I know you will be sad, but accept that sadness and be grateful. That too is good. Go with total acceptance of whatsoever is. Say yes to everything, whatsoever happens, and then each moment brings infinite possibilities for growth.

And I am coming with you. You will just have to learn how to feel me when I am not physically close; that's a learning. Once you know the knack of it, it is very simple. And you can feel even closer than when you are physically near me, because when the hunger is deep and you miss me, the urge is greater. When the urge becomes intense, the distance, the physical distance disappears, and the distance in time also disappears.

People who still love Jesus become contemporaries of him, and he of them--after two thousand years. People who love Buddha suddenly can move into a different world; suddenly they are walking with him after twenty-five centuries--they can be with him.

But very great intensity is needed, mm? So if you are really intense--and the intensity will come the more you will be there, far away--when you really feel the urge to be near me, keep this box in your hand this way, *(Osho places the small wooden box in his left hand with the right one covering it)* as if you are protecting something tremendously valuable, delicate, fragile...a flower. Then close your eyes and just remember me.

Just remember as I am sitting here, just the same way. And immediately

the whole climate will change. Either I will have to be there, or you will be here, but the climate will change Good.

And go happily.... *wobble21*

Just a small sannyasin, Dheeresh, was going back to London. I gave him a box and told him not to open it. He said. "Yes, I will not open it." And then I talked to his mother, and again I told him, "Remember not to open it." He said, "I will never open it." The mother said. "He has already opened it!" *yoga710*

Darshan: Sharing Osho's Vision

To a sannyasin leaving for the West:

Travel and spread my word!

Every sannyasin has to do it now. Let it be your joy to share me with people. You have something immensely valuable to share, you are fortunate; don't be a miser and don't hold it. And it is needed immensely; people are in a desperate search for something, and because they are in a desperate search they become victims. There are many people around who are exploiting the spiritual urge of people.

The urge is so new: for many centuries there has not been such an upheaval in human consciousness. This upheaval comes only after twenty-five centuries; it is a cycle. The highest peak of that cycle was when Buddha was alive. In India was Gautam Buddha, Mahavira and many other great teachers. In China was Lao Tzu, Lieh Tzu and Chuang Tzu and many other great teachers. In Iran was Zarathustra and in Greece was Socrates and Heraclitus, Pythagoras and many other great teachers. The world has never known a moment like that. It was a great upsurge of human consciousness. That moment is again coming close by; twenty-five centuries are complete.

This age is going to touch its climax, hence so much search, particularly in the young people because they are the first to herald a new age. They are always the first to understand and to receive the new. The churches are

dead and the people who go to the churches are dead. They don't belong to the future and the future does not belong to them. They cannot understand what is happening. They go on reading their bible or their gita and they don't understand that god is penetrating the world again, that a great climax is coming. And after that, humanity will enter a totally new kind of space, a new age.

It entered a new age after Buddha. Religion was completely transformed: a new quality was brought to it, the quality of love. Before Buddha, religion was very cruel; that's why prophets who preceded Buddha look a little primitive. Their god was very vengeful, jealous, envious, angry, unforgiving. After Buddha, religion became soft and feminine; it became more aesthetic. It was no more masculine, aggressive, primitive, barbarian. God was no more an angry god; god was love. That's what Buddha and Christ brought to the world.

Now again, a new step has to be taken and humanity will have to prepare before it can take the jump. This time it is going to be celebration that will enter into religion. Love is good but unless it is a dancing love and a celebrating love, it is mild, it has no passion in it. Now religion has to become celebration: celebration of life, reverence for life.

First god was masculine, then god became feminine. Now god will no more be separate; god will not be a creator as opposed to creation. The next step in human evolution is that god will be creativity, not separate, not a person at all, neither male nor female. God will be simply godliness--no more god...a fragrance, not something concrete, very elusive and mysterious.

Celebration is going to be the virtue. The non-celebrating person will be the sinner. So help people to become more celebrating. That is the message of sannyas--spread it! *sunsun15*

A sannyasin, returning to the west, had previously written to Osho about starting a centre there--she wants to share Osho without coming on as a missionary.

When I say don't be a missionary, I mean don't impose yourself upon others. Share, but don't impose. Sharing is totally different, it is very

respectful towards the other person. Sharing is not violent, imposing is.

You are not respectful towards the other person, you are simply using the other person as a means; you are only interested in converting him.

That is wrong. Never use a person as a means to anything, because each person is an end unto himself.

The missionary is very disrespectful towards the person. His whole idea is how to convert him, how to make one more person part of his sect. He is not really interested in sharing. Sharing is totally different: you share because you have experienced something, because you have seen something. You share unconditionally. If the person becomes converted that is just a by-product but that is not the motive of it. If he does not become part of it, you are perfectly happy: happy, because you shared.

Your work is finished. You are not looking for any result.

You meet a person and you share whatsoever you have seen, and there it is finished! Now, how the person responds to it is up to him. He may forget all about it; that's perfectly good, he has the right! He is not obliged to remember it. If he does not even thank you, that's perfectly okay, because even to ask for a thank you is ugly. You shared out of your joy, not for anything else. Or he may jump into the boat with you. That too is okay. Sharing is not result-oriented; the missionary is result-

oriented: he shares only to convert. Sharing converts sometimes; that is an altogether different matter.

I saw in your letter that you are too worried that you may become a missionary. And it is good to be conscious about the possibility, otherwise one tends to become a missionary. Just share and forget about it. Sow the seeds and go on moving and don't look back to see what is happening to those seeds. In their time, when the spring comes, something will happen.

The founder of the Theosophical movement, Blavatsky, used to carry two bags on both her shoulders, big bags, full of seeds. Wherever she would travel...if she were travelling in a train, she would sit by the side of the

window and go on throwing seeds. She might never come across that patch of land again. People were puzzled and they would ask, 'What are you doing?' She would say, 'These are beautiful seeds, and when the rains come they will bloom.' Those people were naturally puzzled. They would say, 'Will you be coming this way again?' She would say, 'I am a world traveller, I may never come again; but that doesn't matter!

Somebody will pass, somebody will see the flowers, somebody will be happy--that is enough. Just to conceive of it, to contemplate on it, that next time after the rains and when this train goes by, thousands of passengers will be able to smell those flowers! To see those colours is more than enough! What more can one ask?'

This is what sharing is: you simply go on throwing the seeds. So you travel, mm? and throw the seeds! Good. *believ21*

There are many of Osho's Meditation Centres and residential ashrams around the world; he gives names for them

And you can start a small centre in your home.

I don't know if I am able.

Mm! That I will make you. I make people out of nothings--don't be worried (laughter). That's my whole work.

Just start with a small beginning--don't think of big things. A small tree sooner or later becomes a big tree, mm? You think only about the seed and the tree will take care of itself. Just go there, have a few tapes, books, and ask friends to come. You will be there in orange, and they will be interested in what has happened...call them, tell them. Just show them a few meditations, and a few are bound to be interested. Then things start rolling, mm? *plan12*

A new sannyasin says: I'm just a little bit worried about when I leave here and I go back to Mozambique. There's no sannyas centre there and no sannyasins.

You will become my centre...you will become my centre. That's how my

centres start. Don't be worried! And soon sannyasins will be coming--I will manage it! *sacyes04*

A sannyasins says: I am going to live on a small farm in Ireland. And I'd like to see it grow into an ashram.

In Ireland? Try! I will give you a name.... So make a small centre there.

Osho gives the name 'Upashanta' and talks about the qualities of coolness and stillness: one kind of stillness is dead, another has life in it; and one should try to attain to the latter. If one could remain cool, nothing would be able to disturb one....

Then you have a citadel within you and you can move into it any moment. You can simply go and have a shelter. Many times life is too much and one needs to move to some shelter. Life is too much restlessness, particularly so in the west, and one needs an inner shrine where one can relax and be in rest.

So around this idea create a small ashram, and soon people will start gathering and they will come.

All over the world there is such a great desire to find the way, that one just needs to start and people will be coming. When people will come, and when people grow, you will be rejoiced tremendously. There is nothing a man can be more happy about than when he sees somebody becoming silent, growing, meditative, happy, celebrating....

So when you start a centre, a sannyas ashram, you are creating a field in which many people will come and flower. And each flower will help you to flower.

It is just as when the gardener sees that one of his trees has bloomed--he is tremendously happy. But that is nothing compared to when you see a human being blooming. If you have helped him in any way, you feel tremendously happy. Your energy has been used, has been of some use, has helped somebody...has not been destructive, and has been creative.

What more can a man hope for?

Will it be easy to pronounce? Upashanta. Good! *whatis27*

Purvodaya--a rambling South German farmhouse, long-time sannyas centre, a commune of sannyasins, kids, chickens, fruit trees, continual groups happening there, book and tape distribution throughout Germany.

Massive organisation, sometimes efficient, sometimes chaotic.

Siddhartha, who runs the centre says: I love my community and my family, but yet I cannot float totally with the difficulties there are. So millions of questions arise and no answer satisfies me.

You are just taking the whole thing too seriously, that's all, and because of that seriousness you feel it as a burden and you create a burden for others too. Let things move in a more relaxed way. Don't make it something that you have to do. Don't make it a point of prestige. You are not to prove anything by it. Enjoy it.... Let it be a play. If something happens, good; if nothing happens, that too is good.

And we are only here on the earth for a few days. Sooner or later everybody is gone, and Purvodaya will be looked after by somebody else, so why bother so much? And I am not saying that if you bother less, less work will happen. *More* work will happen, because in a relaxed mind you have more energy, more creativity, more inventiveness. And when you are relaxed you help others to relax. When you are playful, you help others to be playful, and in playfulness much happens. In fact all creativity is a kind of play. Serious people cannot create anything; their whole energy is lost in their being serious.

So be a little less German...a little less serious. And things will be okay--

nothing to be worried about.

This robe for you.... *leap11*

Development of the Ashram

Until September 1974, there is little organisation in the ashram. Osho gives

directions through Vivek, who looks after his well-being and household, and through his secretary, Laxmi, who is responsible for the ashram. Now, as more people participate, rules are introduced, and guarding at the gates.

I give you freedom because I love freedom, but the ashram cannot give you freedom, the ashram is part of the world, the mundane world. That distinction you have to keep in mind. Don't identify me with the ashram.

I may be a guest here, as you are, but I am also an outsider. This ashram is not mine--no ashram can be. The ashram exists for some other functions. It is an organization! An organization has to be an organization. Rules and regulations. How can you be loose and free in it?

You cannot be. But you have to suffer the ashram for me. So just feel pity for it and don't get disturbed. *treas404*

My trust is in the individual, I don't trust the crowd. The crowd is by its nature ugly. My sannyasins are connected with me individually. My sannyasins are not in fact connected to any organisation.

If you see any kind of organisation, it is just like the post office or the railway management. It is not a church, it is just to make me available to you more easily, more comfortably--otherwise I would be crowded and it would not be possible to work at all. The organisation is there just like the postal department. It is needed. But it is not an institution. Its function is there, its utility is there, but it is not a church. My sannyasins don't belong to any organisation, they belong to me. And each sannyasin belongs directly to me, it is not via the organisation. The organisation is there only to facilitate things. It is not a party, a sect, a church; it is nothing of the kind. *sufis108*

This ashram is just a device, nothing else. I am not interested in creating a monastery or an ashram. This is just a device so that people can be here with me and learn how to love and surrender...how to transform small things into great...how to transform cleaning into prayer or cooking into worship, or typing or editing or guarding or gardening into holy experiences. *greatn12*

You are asking: *You said that you never came across a woman who is*

really intelligent. But how come in the ashram all the executives are women?

Because I don't want the ashram to be run by intellect. I want it to be run by the heart. I don't want it to be run by the male mind. I want it to be run by the feminine heart...because, to me, to be feminine is to become vulnerable, to become receptive. To be feminine is to become passive, to be feminine is to allow; to be feminine is to wait, to be feminine is not to be in a hurry and tense; to be feminine is to be in love.

Yes, the ashram is run by women, because I want it to be run by the heart.

I say I never came across a woman who is really intelligent. I mean

'intellectual,' not the intelligence I was talking about just now. That intelligence is neither male nor female. That intelligence is of the nomind. Mind is male, mind is female--no-mind is none. No-mind has no

sex to it. No-mind is just an openness, a space. There all dualities disappear--male/female, yin/yang, positive/negative, existence/nonexistence. All dualities disappear in the no mind, but before that no-mind comes, if you have to choose in the mind, then choose the feminine mind rather than the male mind--because male mind has an aggression to it....

The feminine is not the goal--the feminine is nearer to the no-mind.

That's why Lao Tzu goes on insisting, "Become passive. Wait, patience.

Don't be in a hurry. And don't be aggressive," because truth cannot be conquered. You can only surrender to it.

So the ashram will be run by women till I find people who have nominds. When the no-minds are available then there will be no question of male and female; then the ashram will be run by no-minds. Then a different type of intelligence functions. In fact then only, intelligence functions: it is not intellectual; it is total. *yoga508*

In India people have the idea, particularly the villagers--and eighty percent

of India consists of villages--that if you serve a saint you earn tremendous virtue, *punya* merit, and you will be rewarded greatly in heaven, so you have to serve a saint. Now whether the saint wants to be served or not, that is not the point at all! So many times I had to force people to go out of my room because they wanted to serve me....

They would force themselves upon me.

It is out of those twenty years of experience that in my ashram you see guards--because the people have served me so much, I am tired of it!...

And people ask me why there are guards! You cannot imagine what would happen to me if there were not guards--you cannot imagine! *theolo04*

Osho advises a sannyasin on guarding in the ashram:

Guarding can be very very useful--it can become a great meditation if you do it rightly, because all that is needed for the meditation is a requirement for being a good guard. For example you have to be alert, very alert, you have to be watchful about who is passing and what is happening all around...and that's what meditation is!

There is a hassidic parable.... A hassidic rabbi could not sleep one night, so in the middle of the night he came out of his house and walked on the road. There he met another man who was guarding a rich man's house, so they walked together, and the rabbi asked him, 'What kind of work do

you do?' And he said, 'I am a watchman.' The watchman asked, 'What kind of work do you do?'

And the rabbi laughed--he said, 'I am also a watchman but not as good as you! I fall asleep many times. My alertness is not perfect--I miss.

There are gaps in my watchfulness.'

Meditation is a kind of watchfulness and a sitting, just looking around with no purpose--because there is no purpose. If anybody passes by you have to look without any purpose, without any judgement; you have just to see. That is another quality of meditation: to look at things without any kind of

prejudice--good or bad--without any judgement. And then sitting there the whole day doing nothing the energy settles--it is not hectic; it rests.

That is another quality of meditation. That's why zen people call their meditation 'zazen'; zazen means sitting and doing nothing. The very word zazen, means sitting doing nothing. The work of a guard can become zazen. *stars27*

Osho's Discourses

In October 1974 Osho comments *on Hsin Hsin Ming: The Book of Nothing.* Osho later said that if he had to choose the most important books in the world, *Hsin Hsin Ming* would be one of them, with Hakim Sanai's *Haddiqa,* and *Vigyan Bhairava Tantra.*

We will be entering the beautiful world of a Zen Master's no-mind. Sosan is the third Zen Patriarch. Nothing much is known about him--this is as it should be, because history records only violence. History does not record silence--it cannot record it. All records are of disturbance.

Whenever someone becomes really silent, he disappears from all records, he is no more a part of our madness. So it is as it should be....

One thing I would like to say, and you have to remember it: Zen is a crossbreeding. And just as more beautiful flowers can come out of crossbreeding, and more beautiful children are born out of crossbreeding, the same has happened with Zen.

Zen is a crossbreeding between Buddha's thought and Lao Tzu's thought. It is a great meeting, the greatest that ever took place. That's why Zen is more beautiful than Buddha's thought and more beautiful than Lao Tzu's thought. It is a tare flowering of the highest peaks and the

meeting of those peaks. Zen is neither Buddhist nor Taoist, but it carries both within it....

When a Sosan speaks, he speaks totally on a different plane. He is not interested in speaking; he is not interested in influencing anybody; he is not trying to convince you about some theory or philosophy or ism. No, when he

speaks his silence blooms. When he speaks he is saying that which he has come to know and would like to share with you. It is not to convince you, remember--it is just to share with you. And if you can understand a single word of his, you will feel a tremendous silence being released within you.

Just hearing here...We will be talking about Sosan and his words. If you listen attentively, suddenly you will feel a release of silence within you.

These words are atomic, they are full of energy. Whenever a person who has attained says something, the word is a seed and for millions of years the word will remain a seed and will seek a heart.

If you are ready, ready to become the soil, then these words, these tremendously powerful words of Sosan--they are still alive, they are seeds--they will enter in your heart if you allow, and you will be totally different through them.

Don't listen to them from the mind, because their meaning is not of the mind; the mind is absolutely impotent to understand them. They don't come from the mind, they cannot be understood by the mind. They come from a no-mind. They can be understood only by a state of no-mind.

So while listening here don't try to interpret. Don't listen to the words but to the gaps between the lines, not to what he says but to what he means-

-the significance. Let that significance hover around you like a fragrance.

Silently it will enter you; you will become pregnant. But don't interpret.

Don't say, "He means this or that," because that interpretation will be yours. *hsin01*

Sosan's *Hsin Hsin Ming*...

It is such a beautiful book, each word is golden. I cannot conceive of a single word that could be deleted. It is exactly that which is needed, required, to say the truth. Sosan must have been a tremendously logical man, at least while he was writing his *Hsin Hsin Ming.*

I have spoken about it and I have never loved speaking more. The greatest moments of my speaking were when I was speaking on Sosan.

Speaking and silence together...speaking yet not speaking, because

Sosan can be explained only through no-speaking. He was not a man of words, he was a man of silence. He spoke just the minimum. *books03*

I am using language because I want to convey something to you. But when you are not there, then simply I am not in language. When I have to speak I use language; when you are not there I am without language, then inside no words are moving. When I communicate I become a part of society. When I am not communicating I become a part of Tao, part of the universe, part of nature, or God--whatsoever name you want to give it, you can give.

With God, silence is communication; with man, language is communication. If you want to communicate with God, be silent; if you want to communicate with man, talk, don't be silent. *hsin10*

At this time, Osho personalizes many of his jokes on Mulla Nasruddin: I remember--and I will never forget it--the first time Mulla Nasrudin was introduced to me. A mutual friend introduced us. The friend said, among other things, that Mulla Nasrudin was a great writer. And he smiled knowingly. So I asked Mulla Nasrudin: What have you written? He said: I have just finished *Hamlet.* I couldn't believe my ears, so I asked him: Have you ever heard of a guy known as William Shakespeare? Mulla Nasrudin said: This is strange, because before, when I wrote *Macbeth,* somebody asked the same thing. And he asked: Who is this man William Shakespeare? It seems that he keeps on copying me. Whatsoever I write, he also writes. *shoe05*

In December 1974 Osho comments on the Fragments of Heraclitus

I have been in love with Heraclitus for many lives. In fact, Heraclitus is the only Greek I have ever been in love with--except, of course, Mukta....

Heraclitus is really beautiful. Had he been born in India, or in the East, he would have been known as a buddha. But in Greek history, Greek

philosophy, he was a stranger, an outsider. He is known in Greece not as an enlightened person but as Heraclitus the Obscure, Heraclitus the Dark, Heraclitus the Riddling. *harmon01*

The *Fragments* of Heraclitus. I love this man. Let me mention it, just by the way, as a note in the margin, that I love all, but I don't like all. I like a few and I don't like a few, but I love all. About that there is no question.

I love Jaydeva* as much as I love Heraclitus, but Heraclitus I like too.

There are very few whom I can put in the same category as Heraclitus. In fact, even to say that is not true; there is no one. Now I am saying what I

really wanted to say always. There is no one, I repeat, who can be put in the same category as Heraclitus. He is just far out--dangerously awakened, unafraid of the consequences of what he was saying.

He says in these *Fragments*-- the notes of a disciple. Heraclitus did not write. There must be something, some reason why these people do not write, but of that a little later. Heraclitus says in the *Fragments:* "You cannot step in the same river twice." And then he says: "No, you cannot step in the same river even once...." This is tremendously beautiful, and true too.

Everything is changing, and changing so fast that there is no way to step in the same river twice; you can't even step in the same river once. The river is constantly flowing; going, going, going to the ocean, to the infinite, going to disappear into the unknown. *books04*

*Note: Jayadeva: an *Indian mystic*

And for the religious person also, the path is the goal.

Wherever I am, it is the goal.

Whatsoever I am, it is the goal.

At this moment, my whole life converges upon me; there is nowhere else to go. One has just to celebrate this moment in totality. *harmon05*

In January 1975, Osho continues his 10-part series of commentaries on Patanjali's *Yoga sutras,* begun in Bombay. In February, Osho comments on the *Song of Songs* by the Tibetan Buddhist master, Tilopa

People ask me, "What are you doing here? Sometimes you talk on tantra and Tilopa, and sometimes you talk on yoga and Patanjali, and sometimes you talk on Lao Tzu and Chuang Tzu, the taoists and the tao, and sometimes you jump to Heraclitus and Jesus--what are you doing here?" I am talking about the same thing. I am not talking about anything else. Heraclitus or Tilopa or Buddha or Jesus, makes no difference to me. I am talking myself. They are just excuses--because once you attain, you fulfill all scriptures of the world. Then there is no Hindu scripture, Jewish scripture, Christian scripture; then suddenly you become the culmination of all the scriptures.

I am a Christian, a Hindu, a Jew, a Mohammedan, because I am no one.

And the truth, once known, is beyond all scriptures. All scriptures indicate towards it, the scriptures are nothing but fingers pointing to the

moon. Fingers may be millions--the moon is the same. Once you know, you have known all....

Scriptures cannot lead you. In fact, they are dead without you. When you achieve to truth, life suddenly comes to all the scriptures. Through you they become again alive, through you they are reborn.

That is what I am doing, giving rebirth to Tilopa. He has been dead for many hundreds of years. Nobody has talked about him, nobody has given him again a birth. I am giving him a rebirth. While I am here, he will be again alive. You can meet him if you are capable. He is again near here. If you are receptive, you can feel his footsteps. He is again materialized.

Through me--I will give birth to all the scriptures. Through me, they can again come to this world, I can become an anchor. That's what I am doing. And that's what I would like you to do in your own life, some day.

When you realize, when you come to know, then bring all that is beautiful in

the past back and give it rebirth, renew it, so that all those who have known can be again on the earth and travel here, and help people. *suprem05*

Therapy and the Psychology of Buddhas

Throughout 1975 Osho revolutionizes Western methods of therapy with Eastern techniques of meditation. In April, Osho introduces this development of his work by describing a new Psychology of Buddhas

All the Western psychologies are based on pathology, and a real psychology is needed that is based on the healthy person. The perfect psychology has to be based on Buddha like people, not just healthy people.

So there are three types of psychologies. One, pathological: all Western psychologies are pathological. Only very recently some wholistic trends which think about the healthy person are gaining strength, but they are just at the beginning. Even the first steps have not been taken.

There are psychologies of the second type which think about the healthy person, which are based on the healthy mind--those are the Eastern psychologies. Buddhism has a very, very penetrating psychology; Patanjali has his own psychology. They are based on healthy people: to

help a healthy person become more healthy, to help a healthy person attain to greater health. Pathological psychologies help mad people to become healthy.

Then there is a third type. What Gurdjieff used to call the ultimate psychology is as yet undeveloped. That type has to depend on Buddha. It has not been developed yet, because where to go to study a Buddha, and how to study a Buddha? And only one Buddha won't do, you will have to study many. Then only can you come to conclusions. But some day that psychology will happen, it is a must. It must be there because only that can give you the total perception into human consciousness.

Freud, Jung, Janov, they all remain ill. They have never worked it out on themselves. Stumbling in the dark, groping in the dark, they come to some fragments and then they think that those fragments are complete systems.

Whenever a fragment is claimed as a complete system it becomes a lie. A fragment is a fragment.

Eastern psychologies are for healthy people, to help you to become more whole.

And my effort will be to work out a psychology of the third type, the psychology of Buddhas, because that will give you the perfect penetration into the whole of human consciousness.

Psychologies based on pathologies are good; they help ill people. But that can never be the goal. It is good, but just to become healthy, normal, is nothing much. Just to be normal is nothing much because everybody else is normal. It is bad to be ill because you suffer, but it is not much good to be normal because normal people are suffering in millions of ways. In fact, to be normal means only to adjust to the society. The society itself may be abnormal, the whole society may be itself ill. To adjust to it only means you are normally abnormal, that's all. That's not much of a gain. You have to go beyond social normality. You have to go beyond the social madness. Then only, for the first time do you become healthy.

Eastern psychologies: Yoga, Zen, Sufism, all help healthy people to become more healthy and holy.

The third type of psychology is needed, urgently needed, because without it you don't have the goal, the perception of the very end. That has to be worked out. Gurdjieff tried his best but couldn't succeed. The climate was not ripe. I am trying towards that again. It is difficult to succeed in it, but the possibility is there and one has to go on trying. If even a little

more light is thrown on the perfect, the last, the ultimate psychology of man, even that is good, very helpful. *yoga406*

The psychology of the Buddhas is a totally radical standpoint. One has to go into one's own consciousness without dividing it, without analysing it, without judging it, without evaluating it, without condemning it, without saying anything about it. Just go into it and have a feel of it--what exactly it is. The whole mind has to disappear, only then will you become aware of

what it is--because the mind goes on creating ripples on the surface, and the mirror remains disturbed and the mirror goes on distorting. When the mirror disappears completely the mind disappears completely, and then there is pure silence, *kokoro,* nothingness, satori, samadhi--that samadhi is the non-analytical state of your being. That is your primal state. That is what God is. *parad104*

And this much I can say about psychology: it is very much alive and there is hope. Much work is going on, and by and by psychoanalysts, psychologists, psychiatrists, are becoming more and more interested in meditation.

You will be surprised. I have got *all* sorts of people here. From different professions people have come, but the most sannyasins have come from the profession of psychology, psychoanalysis. I have got hundreds of psychotherapists as my sannyasins. This is very significant. Not so many doctors have come, not so many engineers have come, not so many bankers have come, not so many politicians have come. The greatest number from any single profession is that of psychotherapists.

That is a great indication. That shows psychology is moving beyond itself, psychology is moving into religion by and by. Sooner or later, psychology will become a very firm foundation for a religious leap. And unless it becomes a firm foundation for the religious jump, it will not have any meaning. It will get its meaning only when it becomes a step to the temple of God.

But when I say 'when it becomes a step towards religion,' I mean simply religion. I don't mean Hinduism, Christianity, Judaism; Mohammedan, Jain, Buddhist, I don't mean. Those are not really religions, they have become politics. They are political organizations.

A religion is very much individual. Religion is basically individual. It is a transformation of the individual consciousness; it has nothing to do with organizations. You are a Mohammedan or a Hindu or a Christian because you are born in that organization. Nobody can be born into a religion. Religion has to be consciously chosen. In the very conscious choice it becomes significant; otherwise it is meaningless. *trans304*

In May 1975 the first bodywork sessions begin with Rolfing and massage.

Osho recommends that a newcomer undertake the course of Rolfing, saying:

When the mind is melting and changing, it is very simple to go into Rolfing, and great is the benefit because the body can change very easily with the mind. Something changes in the mind and, parallel to it, the body has to readjust, or if something changes in the body, the mind has to readjust. They both keep a very subtle harmony. So if you are in a certain state of mind, the body has a certain structure. When the mind changes, the body needs a new structure.

And Rolfing is nothing but restructuring. It tries to melt the old musculature and helps the body to create new musculature. For example if a man is very angry, he has a certain musculature in the hands, in the arms, in the shoulders, in the teeth. An angry person is bound to have a very deep and subtle layer of tension in the jaw, in the teeth, in the hands. When you drop anger, or you release it, cathart it, suddenly there is no need for the old structure. So if you don't do Rolfing, that old structure can exist for months, even for years. That old structure can force you into old ways, into old habits, even though the mind has changed, because the body has its own weight.

Many times you do things and later on you say, 'I did it in spite of myself.' How can a person do something in spite of himself? But it happens. It happens because the body has its own way and sometimes it is too much. The mind knows it is wrong. The mind doesn't want to do it, but the old habit is such that the body forces you and you are just pulled into the old habit.

So when the mind is really changing through meditation, Rolfing is a great support and it changes the structure very easily. But if the mind is not undergoing changes, then Rolfing is very painful because the mind is not ready and you are forcing the structure to change, and that structure has an existential necessity. Even if you do Rolfing, the body will accumulate the same tension again. For a few days you will feel very good, but again, because the mind is still there, it will create its own field. *roseis09*

Osho speaks to a sannyasin who is to begin massage in the ashram.

Continue working, mm? Massage is something that you can start learning but you never finish. It goes on and on, and the experience becomes continuously deeper and deeper, and higher and higher.

Massage is one of the most subtle arts--and it is not only a question of expertise. It is more a question of love.

First learn the technique, and then the remaining I will teach you. Learn the technique--then forget it. Then just feel, and move by feeling. When you learn deeply, ninety percent of the work is done by love, ten percent by the technique. By just the very touch, a loving touch, something relaxes in the body.

If you love and feel compassion for the other person, and feel the ultimate value of him; if you don't treat him as if he is a mechanism to be put right, but an energy of tremendous value; if you are grateful that he trusts you and allows you to play with his energy--then by and by you will feel as if you are playing on an organ. The whole body becomes the keys of the organ and you can feel that a harmony is created inside the body. Not only will the person be helped, but you also.

Massage is needed in the world because love has disappeared. Once the very touch of lovers was enough. A mother touched the child, played with his body, and it was massage. The husband played with the body of his woman and it was massage; it was enough, more than enough. It was deep relaxation and part of love.

But that has disappeared from the world. By and by we have forgotten where to touch, how to touch, how deep to touch. In fact touch is one of the most forgotten languages. We have become almost awkward in touching, because the very word has been corrupted by so-called religious people. They have given it a sexual colour. The word has become sexual and people have become afraid. Everybody is on guard not to be touched unless he allows it.

Now in the West the other extreme has come. Touch and massage have

become sexual. Now massage is just a cover, a blanket, for sexuality. In fact neither touch nor massage are sexual. They are functions of love.

When love falls from its height it becomes sex, and then it becomes ugly.

So be prayerful. When you touch the body of a person be prayerful--as if God Himself is there, and you are just serving Him. Flow with total energy. And whenever you see the body flowing and the energy creating a new pattern of harmony, you will feel a delight that you have never felt before. You will fall into deep meditation.

While massaging, just massage. Don't think of other things because those are distractions. Be in your fingers and your hands as if your whole being, your whole soul is there. Don't let it be just a touch of the

body. Your whole soul enters into the body of the other, penetrates it, relaxes the deepest complexes.

And make it a play. Don't do it as a job; make it a game and take it as fun. Laugh and let the other laugh too. Soon you will be helping many people. *hammer18*

In August 1975 the first therapy groups begin. Included in the group process are daily Dynamic and Kundalini Meditations, and the 10-day Meditation Camp before or after the group. In darshan, Osho assigns groups, instructs group leaders, and meets with participants. By the end of 1977

there are 50 groups, and the ashram is known as the greatest growth centre in the world.

Applications are made to register as a university

Many people ask me why I insist so much on growth groups here--

because no ashram anywhere in India has growth groups. My insistence is for a certain basic reason, it is very fundamental. The modern mind is very much repressed--the more cultured you become, the more repressed you become automatically. Those other ashrams in India have no notion of the

modern mind; they still live at least three thousand years ago.

They still think that Buddhist meditations will do, or Patanjali will do.

And I know perfectly well that Buddha and his meditations and Patanjali and his methods are of immense value. But they cannot work directly on the modern mind. They were not invented for the modern mind, they were invented for a different kind of mind--more primitive, more simple, more innocent, more childlike.

Before you can do vipassana or zazen you will have to go through groups like encounter and primal therapy and gestalt. They will destroy, they will take the poison out of your system. Then you will again be a primitive--innocent, childlike. Then vipassana can work, otherwise not.

So here, in this place, first we emphasize catharsis. And when the catharsis is complete, only then the second step, meditation, starts. So you can think of my approach in three steps: the first is catharsis, the second is meditation, the third is prayer. *revol02*

You ask: *When the university began with you in Poona, some called it Esalen East. Esalen is a growth center in California. Does your university differ from California growth centers?*

Absolutely, because the founder of Esalen had come to be initiated in Poona, to become a sannyasin. He became a sannyasin. And he could see the difference, that what they were doing was just intellectual work, and what was happening in Poona was existential and experiential work.

In Esalen there was nothing like meditation, and meditation has been my central teaching. Nothing else is needed. One simply has to come to a space within oneself where there is no thought, no feeling, but utter silence, and that comes through a very simple method: by watching your thought process. *last224*

You ask me: *Is that true that you have declared your therapists to be the best in the world? And what makes the difference between them and the famous therapists of the Esalen Institute?*

Yes, my therapists are the best in the world, for the simple reason that other therapists are only therapists, they are not meditators. My therapists are meditators too.

Therapy is a superficial thing. It can help to clean the ground, but just to have a clean ground is not to have a garden.

You will need something more. Therapy is negative; it simply takes away the weeds from the ground, removes the stones from the ground, prepares the soil for the garden. But there its work ends.

Western therapy is still in its very primitive stage. It has to go a long way.

And unless it becomes associated with meditation, it may help a little bit superficially but it cannot really help the person to grow.

And it takes so much time. There are people who have been in psychoanalysis or in other therapies for ten years, twelve years. They have been changing therapists, but their problems remain the same.

They have been digging deep in their dreams; they have been finding new analysts--Freudian,

Jungian,

Adlerian,

Assagiolian--and

those

explanations seem significant for a moment. But they don't change anything. In fact people become addicted to therapy....

And you have to look at one thing: the people practicing psychoanalysis and other concerned professions of therapy, these people themselves are not healthy. They know the technique, they have learned the technique, but they themselves are not healthy people--healthy in the sense that they have any integrity. Twice the number of psychotherapists go mad than any other

profession. And twice the number of psychoanalysts commit suicide than any other profession.

This is very strange...because these people should not go mad and should not commit suicide; otherwise how are these people going to help others?

Not a single meditator has committed suicide down the ages. You cannot think of Gautam Buddha committing suicide. You cannot think of Bodhidharma going mad. It is simply inconceivable. So something very fundamental is missing.

So when I say my therapists are the best in the world, I simply mean that my therapists are not only therapists, they are meditators too. Other therapists are only therapists. *light16*

Osho guides group leaders

The Encounter Group are at darshan. The leader says that every group is different.

Mm, it has to be so because the group depends on the people. It should depend more on the people who participate...and no rigid structure should be given to it--so it remains loose, flexible. So whatsoever the need of the people, the group moves that way.

The leader is just to facilitate the process. He is not really to lead. He is just to help--wherever they are going, helping them totally to go that way.

So each group is going to be different because it is created by the consciousness of the participants. Each group will have a different soul, an individuality--and it is good that it should be so.

Don't try to force it to fall into any pattern, mm? Just move with the flow. *wobble10*

Osho advises the Primal Therapy group-leader:

When you work with people, you can work as a duty or you can work with them as a love. There is a lot of difference between these two. Duty is

lukewarm, love is passionate. Duty can help, but love can transform.

Duty can touch only the surface of the other person because it comes from your head. Love can transform because it comes from your heart.

Whenever you are working with people, remember that each person is unique. You will never find such a person again; it happens only once.

Each person is historic because he will never be repeated again. So each moment of contact will also be historical because it is unrepeatable; it is tremendously valuable. So whenever you are helping, help out of love.

Flow, and forget helping. Start caring--that is the difference.

If you help, you will be at the most a nurse. If you care, you become a mother. Help is a quantitative thing. Care is qualitative, and it shows an intensity; it is a flame. So be deeply in passion.

Each individual is representative of the divine. Love him, worship him, respect him, and whatsoever you do, do in deep humbleness. Then you will be helped more than you are helping. Then you will grow more than the person can grow through your help.

And there is no other way in the world to learn something than to become a teacher. But take it as a very very sacred and holy affair. Be really sincere and authentic about it. I'm not saying be serious. I'm saying be sincere, because once you become serious you cannot help. Be sincere but non-serious, playful. Take it as a fun--but don't forget the sacredness of it. When fun and sacredness meet, there arises a quality in you that can help. This is the alchemy of help: fun and sacredness meeting in you. *hammer14*

The Aum Marathon group is an energy experiment to bring up your negative and positive, to help all sorts of energies to surface. For the first time you can face yourself as an energy system.

The first thing is to face all your problems, naked, and the Aum will help you to do this. It is almost hell because the whole basement has to be opened and all the nightmares brought to your consciousness, but it is a great discipline. After five days you will feel so relieved because once you have

understood where your problem is, you have almost solved it in a way.
myhart05

Osho recommended including a positive workshop with the Aum marathon group. Veeresh, the leader reports: This group is amazing. The first part was the positive, and as you said, and the second part, the negative, was much stronger. All of a sudden I started to fall in love with the people.*

Good. That's how it happens. That's the polarity and one of the very basic, fundamental laws of life.

If somebody is crying, help him to cry well, and soon he will laugh. If somebody is miserable don't try to bring him out of it; help him to sink in. Soon he will come out of it completely freed. If somebody is dying, help him die. He will resurrect. Just let life work. Simply understand the law and don't go against it, that's all. This is the law: never enforce and don't be bothered about the opposite. The opposite is coming on its own.

It is just like a swinging pendulum.

And the circle has to be complete--both yin and yang--and then a person is at peace. One should be capable of being negative totally, of being positive totally.

Ordinarily the whole humanity has been taught to be positive and not to be negative. The result is that humanity has become negative. People don't know what joy is. They have forgotten the very language. You talk about bliss, and they simply listen to the word; they don't have any experience of it. And they have been taught continuously to be blissful, joyful. They only know what anger and sadness is. They have been taught to cling to just one polarity and have not been allowed to move to the other polarity. Life exists between these two poles...in the movement is life. And a real life implies both.

A real life is so comprehensive that day and night, summer and winter, god and devil, all are in it. A god who is without the devil is not much of a god; he will be a very poor god. And a devil who has no divinity in him will simply be worth nothing. The day is rich because you have rested deeply in the

night...the darkness allowed you rest. There are joys of work, but if you have worked hard, only then is the night beautiful.

Otherwise you just go on changing from side to side the whole night and there is no sleep.

This is what I mean when I say be a whole person. Nothing should be excluded...nothing should be excluded. Everything should be included, and in that inclusion of everything, you start soaring. Otherwise every human being is crippled because something has been excluded.

Somebody has excluded his anger, somebody has excluded his sex, somebody has excluded something else

No human being seems to be whole, but wounded, cut, fragmented. Let this be your whole work in the West. Help people to become whole. Just tell them that whatsoever is in you has to be included in your higher synthesis...it has its role to play. In the higher orchestra of your being, nothing should be left behind. All notes have to fall in tune, in harmony.

Then something arises which is more than the total of all--and that is the whole. The whole is more than the total. Whole and total do not mean the same thing.

Total is the way towards the whole, but the whole is more that the total.

If all your parts are added together it will be total. If all your parts fall into a symphony, then it will be whole....

And I am going to help you continuously wherever you are--now space will not make any difference. Just go on working as if you are working

here. Go on calling me and I will be there. Much has to be done.... *getout19*

*Note: Veeresh founded the Osho Humaniversity in Holland, with affliliated centres around the world. Osho often speaks about him with love and encouragement.

Veeresh says: Last year when I was in Europe and working, I introduced a

lot of people to you. I find that people get turned on to me and think they're related to me rather than you.

Whenever people think that, just tell them that you are part of me. Drop the division. Somebody turned on to you is turned on to me. Drop the duality from the mind and then work becomes easier.

Allow me to work through you. And many more people will be coming through you, mm? I am not going anywhere, I will be sitting here, so you all have to go and work and spread me as far as you can. *getout19*

Vipassana is a Buddhist technique in witnessing, which Osho recommends after participation in cathartic groups. The Vipassana group leader says: I have done groups like this before with Buddhists who have been meditating a long time, and they were so much more restless, and fidgety. I don't understand it at all! You said something about it being like a lizard basking in the sun...and because I'd always found it very very voluptuous, I felt guilty about it, as though.... It is such a pleasant meditation!

Everything has been good. Buddhist monks have made something ugly out of it. No meditation should be a strain, because then it isn't going to help. It should be a play.

Old religions depend on guilt, and they create it. Once they have created guilt in you, you are caught, and then you need their help. First they make you ill, so then you need their help.

But this is my whole point--that you are to learn how to be happy, how to be more playful. You are to learn how to be more ecstatic--and ecstatic in very ordinary ways. Life should be absolutely ordinary, and silent, and playful. All pressure should be removed from life so that the fountain flows freely.

We will create a totally different thing out of Vipassana. So many people want to go into it, so we can have another group.... *hammer27*

A sannyasin says: I started as a behavioural therapist...I got fed up with it so I just did what I thought was right, relaxation exercises, psychodrama.

That's better--continue. And when you come next time, go through all the

therapies here. Then try to develop something of your own. You have the potential.

And this is my understanding--that any technique developed by anybody else cannot make you a real therapist. You can borrow it, but it is almost as if somebody is copying a painting of Picasso. You can copy it--you can copy it perfectly well. You can be such a perfectionist that even the original may look a little faulty compared to the carbon copy, but then too the carbon copy is a carbon copy and there is no life in it. Truth has always to be discovered--you cannot borrow it.

That's why it happens that when somebody invents, discovers a technique, in the hands of that man the technique has a magic. For example, Gestalt therapy: it was a magical thing in the hands of Fritz Perls...a really magical thing. The magic comes from the discovery, because the man and his technique are not two things. He has grown up with the method. The method is almost like blood and bones. It is part of him; the method is not separate. The originator has grown, and the method has grown out of so many life situations, observations--pain and suffering and pleasure. It has grown; it has seasoned through experiences. It is not a hot-house plant. It has really grown in the rains, in the hot sun, in the winter, in the cold, in the snow, it has grown. It has encountered life, and out of that total encounter, it has a conclusion.

The same is true about Psychodrama: to Moreno it was an insight. The same is true about Psychoanalysis: to Freud, it was his own experience.

It was something authentic that was rooted in him. It is true about everything.

Now a problem arises. When a method has been successful--Gestalt has succeeded and it has been helping many people--many other people will start imitating it, they will start borrowing. It will not be in their being. It will not be connected to their roots. Their own core will remain aloof.

Then the magic is lost. This is something very significant to be understood. People are surprised at what has happened and why it used to work.

For example, Mesmerism worked tremendously in the hands of Mesmer.

It was his life work. And once Mesmer was gone, Mesmerism was gone--

many people tried--it became very ordinary. It had no miraculous power in it. It lost its spirit...just a dead corpse. Then people start condemning it because it didn't work any more. It happened like that with Freud's Psychoanalysis. By and by it has become antique, by and by it has become a museum piece. People talk about it, people read about it--now it is academic. But the charm, the thrill, the sense of discovery is no more there--cannot be there.

Always remember it. Each therapist, if he is really a therapist, has to develop his own technique, his own methodology, his own philosophy, his own view. Learn from everybody--nothing is wrong in learning--but never depend on that learning alone. Otherwise you will always go on missing something. It has to be your life work, and it has to have your total energy in it, flowing. That is possible only when it is your own growth. *sale20*

A sannyasin therapist asks about leading a group in the ashram.

I will work with you--don't be worried. I will work through you.

Everything is perfectly good.

It happens to every groupleader when he starts working, because to work with me is totally different from working anywhere else. When you are working in the West, you are working on your own; you are the sole and the whole. When you work here you have to become a non-entity. You have to disappear completely to give way to me. You have to put yourself aside--you have to become just a vehicle.

That's why in the beginning every therapist who starts working here goes through a few deep changes. But once those changes have happened, for the first time you will know what real work is. Because then it will not be a burden on your head; it will be just play. The responsibility goes totally to me. You can remain there only available, instrumental. You have only to allow me. And when the ego does not function, then the work becomes a

meditation in itself.

If the therapy groups help only the people who participate in them, that will not be good for the therapist. The therapist has also to grow. He has not yet arrived--he has to go a long way. So my way of working is such that it helps the participants, certainly, but it goes on helping the therapist too.

So the therapist is just a representation of me there: his hands are my hands and his heart is my heart. And soon the knack is learned so that you can simply allow yourself to be possessed by me. Then it is a totally different kind of work. The quality is different and the quality simply soars high. What you have not done before you will see happening. Your touch becomes magical, because you are not alone in your touch. Slowly slowly it attains the quality of miraculousness; the more you disappear, the more miraculous it becomes.

You start--you are ready. Just for a few days it will be difficult because you will have to change the whole pattern of the work. *leap29*

A sannyasin who is returning to his job as a therapist in the west says: I fear giving a lot of energy and never getting any of that love back. Since I've been here, I realize that is something I really need.... What do I do?

Go with this new understanding and try to live in the new way. Don't fall back into the old pattern. And don't be worried about whether anybody is responding to your love or not; go on loving. It will not be long before people start responding; love cannot go in vain. But don't think of returns at all. If you think of returns from the very beginning, then you become hesitant, you become miserly. You start thinking, 'What is the point? I will give love and nothing will be returned, there will be no response and it will be lost.'

Nothing is lost...never! All that you give is bound to come to you, is bound to rebound, sooner or later. Remember that, it is one of the most fundamental laws of life, it can't be otherwise. Maybe it takes a little time: if people are very insensitive it takes a little time for them to understand your love, to respond to it, to be loving. Or maybe people are very afraid of love, so when you give love rather than opening up towards you, they close, they become afraid. They are afraid because in love they will be vulnerable; they don't

want to come that close to anybody. They have learned in life that whenever you come close to somebody you are being cheated, deceived.

But don't be worried--go on giving love, and soon you will see that things have started happening: one response, then another, and then more and more responses start coming; then all explodes on you.

I know that one needs the feedback, mm? otherwise one feels as if one is alone, just shouting in a wilderness. But wherever people are, they can't be so insensitive that they can go on being non-responsive to love forever; no, that is not possible. Nobody has a heart of a stone. Even stones don't have that kind of a heart. If you go on pouring love on a rock, sooner or later the rock also responds, starts singing a song to you, becomes soft towards you. It shows its heart to you, it has a different vibe and a different texture for you. Try it!

Never be hopeless about love, because love is the only hope. And make it a point to go on giving whether the feedback comes or not, and you will be surprised that it does come...delayed, maybe, but it comes.

Sometimes when it is delayed it is a surprise because you had completely forgotten about it; you had thought that it is lost. But one day suddenly it knocks on the door: it is there. It is a surprise; you cannot find from where it is coming because you have completely forgotten what you have done.

So let this situation be a challenge to your love, and whenever you feel too depleted, come back; just be here for a few weeks and go. And finally you have to be here permanently, mm?--this is just for the time being, coming and going.

Keep this (a box) with you. And when nobody responds, just put it on your heart: it will respond! *bite23*

Osho advises group participants

Therapy groups attend darshan together on the last day of each group, and sometimes during the group. Osho asks each participant in turn: Anything to say?

A member of the Soma group says: After one of the meditations I felt vibrations of so much joy and happiness coming right up through my body.

It felt so fantastic...just vibrating and vibrating. I'm just so full of love and gratitude towards you.

Very good. This has been a breakthrough. But make it a point to relive it again and again. Just sitting silently, remember it; don't remember it, relive it. Again start feeling the same. Let the vibrations surround you.

Move into the same space and allow it to happen so it becomes by and by very natural to you. You become so capable of bringing it that any moment you can do it.

Many valuable insights happen in the groups but they need follow-up.

Otherwise they become just memories and you will lose contact and will not be able to move into the same world. By and by, one day you yourself will start disbelieving them. You may think that it was a dream or a hypnosis, or some trick of the mind. That's how humanity has lost many beautiful expriences.

Everybody comes around some beautiful spaces someday or other in his life, but we never try to make a path to it so that it becomes natural, so that it becomes just as when you eat every day, you take your bath or go to sleep, and whenever you close your eyes you can be in it.

Osho gives him an energy darshan.

Very good. You will be able to get into it easily. It has been tremendously valuable. So every day, just sit and try to bring this. Do it for ten minutes and you will be completely drowned in it. *cypres04*

A group participant says: It was the most beautiful experience I have ever known...I felt my whole life had changed. But today it feels as if it has gone--all of it.

Mm, I understand. If a group takes you high, you are bound to fall very low. That is the price one has to pay for going very high. People who have not

gone so high are not so unhappy. But this is good. One should be happy about it.

One should be happy that one has something which can be lost. You should be happy that you are feeling frustrated, because something has happened. In comparison to that, you are feeling unhappy and frustrated. If nothing had happened there would have been no frustration. That's the whole attitude of how to look at things.

And what has happened will happen again. What has happened in the group can happen out of the group, because in fact it is not the group that is making it happen; it is you. You are allowing it to happen. And if you can learn how to allow it to happen, it can happen anywhere.

The whole of life is so tremendously beautiful and so tremendously graceful....

The monsoon had started only the day before.

...listen to those rains and clouds. Life is such an ongoing, continuous bliss. Just be happy...be open to it.

Do one thing. When you go back home, just sit silently and allow it to happen again And don't be worried. It has nothing to do with the group.

A group is just an opportunity to help. It has shown you the path. Now you know that it is possible, now you know that it can happen. Now you know that you are capable of it. This confidence is all that the group can give to you. It has been given to you. The group has worked tremendously well for you. It has functioned at its very peak.

All that the group really has given to you is a confidence that this can happen to you--a possibility, a vision of your own potentiality. Now try it on your own. The frustration will disappear. So back home, just allow it to happen. Just remember exactly what you enjoyed so much--your blissfulness, being full of energy. Start dancing--move, shake, laugh. For one hour try to create it on your own. It will come. It may take a few minutes to bring it out, but by the end of one hour you will be able to.

And I will go on working on you, so don't be afraid. *cypres21*

The growth group is needed because you have a tremendous need to relate, to love, to communicate. In the West the basic problem is how to communicate, how to relate. Many Westerners are here. When they come to me in darshan their problems are a hundred per cent relationship problems--how to relate.

Not even a single Indian has come who has said, 'How to relate?' That is not a problem at all. He says, 'How to be silent? How to be into one's own being?'...

That's why I do not send Easterners to groups, except Japanese. I have sent a few Japanese because Japan is the most Western part of the East.

I have sent Indians only once or twice--and these were only name's-sake Indians. They have been born in the East but their mind has not been developed by the Eastern concept, their mind is Western. They have been taught by Christian missionaries in Christian schools. Their whole education and up-bringing is Western....

It depends on the person--on what he needs. To a few Westerners also I don't suggest groups. When I see some Westerner who has no need to relate then I don't suggest groups, then I say there is no need. But at least five thousand years of different psychological conditioning exists.

That has to be taken note of. *tao214*

When participants doze off in the Zazen group an assistant gently but firmly taps them with a stick on the top of the head, in the old zen tradition. Osho asks a participant how he felt when he got hit. He answers: Very good when I got hit.

Yes it is beautiful. In Zen, they wait, they pray for it. By and by you will wait and pray for it....

When you are starting to sleep, or dozing, then your energy is moving into another gear--from waking to sleeping. It is moving, changing. You are just at the door, neither alert enough nor asleep enough, and then--a hit on the

head, suddenly an awakening inside, a lightning. You have been caught on the door! And that door, and the realisation of your being caught on the door, is something very beautiful.

By and by one starts praying for it. Who else was hit?

Another participant says: I was hit several times, but for the first three times I thought something was happening inside my head I was not aware that someone else did it.

(Chuckling) It happens that way. The energy suddenly comes up. It can be a feeling of something inside happening. *hammer27*

You say: *Osho, My idea of a good time is to go to a good French restaurant, eat my favourite food, smoke between courses, listen to music, drink lots of wine and read an absorbing novel--all at the same time. What to do? P.S. I am in the Zazen group at the moment.*

Zazen and Vipassana--these two groups give people such beautiful ideas!

Every day I receive many letters from the Zazen and Vipassana groups--

no other group gives such good ideas, because sitting silently doing nothing, one starts fantasizing about all kinds of things. Your idea is just farrr out! *zzzzz15*

A visitor who is in a group says she is afraid to show her hate and anger to others.

This is the beauty of a growth group--that it gives you an opportunity that is not available in the ordinary world. If the world would grow rightly, this opportunity would be available all over the world--

everywhere: in the marketplace, in the temple, in the church, in the school, in the college, in the university. Then there would be no need for groups and you would be accepted everywhere. Nobody would be judging you and everybody would be trying to help you. People will appreciate that you are sincere.

This is not possible in the outside world, hence groups have evolved; just twelve or twenty persons in a group, a closed family, in which everybody is ready to open. But when others are opening, it is easier to open; it becomes infectious. When you see that somebody has opened and nobody has condemned them, nobody has taken any judgement about it, and by opening the person has come to feel a freedom...you can see on the face, you can feel the vibe, you can see some changes happening around his space. He is no more the same constrained being. He is like an opening flower, and you can see the after-glow that comes after opening. You can see the relaxed grace, the dignity that comes to a person.

If you go on seeing this happening and you cannot open, where will you open? It has to function like a chain. One person opens and suddenly another starts feeling that something beautiful has happened and thinks,

'Why shouldn't I take courage?' He opens and then a third takes courage.

This is a chain-reaction.

That's why person-to-person therapy has failed. People have been in psychotherapy for ten years, twelve years, even fifteen and twenty years,

and nothing has happened. Within a ten-day group, that can happen which cannot happen in ten years of psychoanalysis, because there is no situation really--just the therapist and the person. It is not an environment in which somebody can flower, can take hints from others, can see what flowering is; can actually be a witness when somebody flowers and opens, and can see how beautiful one becomes. Suddenly the ugliness disappears from the face.

So don't miss this opportunity. Just watch people...they are just like you; they also have the same problems. Nothing human is alien. Whatsoever problem you have, they are just the same; maybe degrees differ. When people are being angry and their hate is coming up, their sexuality is coming up, their greed is coming up--they are crying and weeping and laughing and things are opening, pent-up energies are finding release--

watch! Get caught up in the flow! Ride on the wave! Take a jump! *getout18*

A sannyasin has walked out of a group because she felt afraid. Osho tells her not to worry about the experience. He suggests she do the Encounter group which is softer:

You need these groups but you are afraid. If you go through them, the fear will drop. There is no other way to drop the fear, otherwise you will always carry it.

The only way to get rid of it is to pass through a situation where you think that there is some danger and then you pass through it and nothing happens. You come out of it completely open. It is finished, gone.

If you are afraid of the night, go into the darkness of the night.

I think you should try the Encounter, and if you don't feel like it, drop out. Just tell the groupleader that if you start getting too frightened, he has to allow you to leave. But do your best and don't be in a hurry to leave. If you feel that it is impossible to tolerate it, he will allow you to leave.

But try. It is better to try, because otherwise how will you get rid of this fear? Even if you do three or four days of Encounter, that will do, mm?

Good. *cypres19*

Controversy about Sex and Violence in Therapy

In this commune, I have arranged for many psychotherapies. They will be misunderstood by the masses, *bound* to be misunderstood--because in a psychotherapeutic situation you have to bring all the denied parts to the surface.

If somebody has been denying his anger, it has to be allowed in a psychotherapeutic situation. Only then can psychotherapy be of any help--can it be therapeutic, can it heal you. It has to open all your wounds: much pus starts flowing.

If you watch the encounter group you will feel sick. You will feel sick because you will see such animality coming out; you could never have imagined that human beings can be such animals. But that animality is

within you too, just repressed. By repression you cannot dissolve it.

In the encounter group--that is the meaning of the word 'encounter'--you have to encounter yourself in your totality. You have to bring out all that is repressed; you have to bring out all--without any evaluation about what is good, what is bad. And suddenly you see great animals roaring inside you. They are violent, and you have been taught to be non-violent.

Your non-violence has repressed your violence.

Great rage, for *no* reason at all, will arise. You will start beating the wall; you may start beating yourself. And you will say, "What am I doing? I have never done it before. From where is it coming?" But it is coming in great surges, in great waves. And the whole process is to let it be.

And when all the parts have been expressed--your sex, your anger, your greed, your jealousy, your rage--when all parts have been expressed, a great calmness arises, the silence that follows the storm.

This cannot be understood by the masses. In fact they are very much on their guard. They don't want to understand either--because to understand means they will have to look within, and they will find the same things inside themselves.

But if you go on keeping these things inside yourself, you will remain always in a kind of disease. This is what your society has given to you--

your society has made you a very ill person. This whole society is pathological. And whenever a pathology is social you never become aware of it, because everybody else is suffering from the same thing.

To be total means: think of yourself as if you are the first man--you are Adam or you are Eve--and you have not yet met any priest and you have not yet met any puritan. You have not yet met any Morarji Desai. Nobody has told you how to be, what to be. Think of yourself as the first man or

the first woman, and accept--because there is no other way of transcendence than acceptance.

Buddha called it 'suchness'-- *tathata.* Accept it: if God has given you these things, there must be a meaning in them. They must be seeds of some unknown flowers--they have to be used. In the soil of acceptance those seeds fall, disappear, and great trees of understanding arise, and millions of flowers of ecstasy, of joy, of celebration. *peren110*

In one of our therapy groups a man's hand was fractured, and it got immense publicity against me--although I was not involved in any way; I was not present in the therapy group. But nobody asked the man himself.

I called him and asked him, "What is *your* feeling? How are *you* feeling?"-

-the fracture was now healed, the plaster had been removed.

He said, "I am amazed. I have always had the feeling that I could murder somebody. Since the fracture of the hand that feeling has disappeared. I don't know what has happened, how it has happened, but since that time I am feeling very humble; otherwise I was very arrogant." Perhaps his hand was collecting violence and he was repressing it. The fracture released the energy.

I was condemned all over the world by the newspapers, that in my therapy groups violence is being used. But I was amazed: not a single journalist had the sense to have an interview with the man and enquire what had been *his* experience. His experience was totally different. He was feeling fortunate that it happened, because a load that he was carrying from his childhood had simply disappeared.

So one thing: we should understand every energy--its mechanics, its working--and give it expression. *mystic31*

A journalist asks about the controversy over groups

In Poona there were few groups, and I was deciding people, which group they should go and in what sequence. These groups were therapies; so first silent therapies were given, meditative therapies were given. Those who could not succeed in them, then more active therapies were given to them. If even that was not enough, then therapies were given to them in which

they can beat the pillows, shout, scream...but not to touch anybody. Mostly this was enough.

Rarely there was a person who still needed something more, was yet not cleansed. Then for these there were therapies where they were allowed to

have physical pushing. But there was a therapist to take care that nothing harms anybody. And these people were to fill the form that they are accepting certain therapy on their own--if they don't want, they need not. It was their individual choice. And these therapies helped these people immensely. And all these therapies whatever they were doing, they had constantly to remember witnessing--that was part which has not been known to the world--that even if they are hitting somebody they are just like a puppet, inside there was a watcher. And after hitting they will hug each other and they will cry and weep and great compassion will come out.

In sexual therapies, I asked the men, the women that "What is your experience? What you have gained out of it?" And it was again surprising. That one woman told me that she had always dreamt that she is being raped. And she woke up in the middle of the night afraid, trembling, perspiring. And it was a constantly recurring dream. But after this therapy the dream has disappeared and the sleep has become silent and quiet.

Was she raped?

Not raped, but in a sexual therapy she was a participant. It was all playful, nobody was being raped. Nobody was forced against his or her will. And if anybody wanted to get out of it at any moment, he was free to get out of it.

Did you ever participate?

No, because I was not leading the groups, my therapists were leading the groups. *last421*

In 1979, Osho comments:

The modern growth movement is stuck. Encounter groups, primal therapy, gestalt, bioenergetics...and so many beautiful things are happening in the world, but they are stuck at a certain point. Their problem is: they teach

expression--and it is good, it is far better than repression. If there is only this choice, repress or express, then I would suggest express. But this is not the real choice; there is a third alternative far more important than both these. If you express, you become habitual; you learn by doing it again and again--you can't get out of it.

In this commune there are at least fifty therapy groups running, for a certain reason. It is just to balance the thousands of years of repression; it is just to balance. It is just to bring to light all that you have repressed

as Christians, Hindus, Mohammedans, Jainas, Buddhists. It is just to undo the centuries' old harm that has been done to you.

But remember, these groups are not the end; they only prepare you for meditation. They are not the goal; they are just simple means to undo the wrong of the past. Once you have thrown out of your system all that you have been repressing all along, I have to lead you into watchfulness.

Now it will be easier to watch.

But you are not to become a group-addicted person, you are not to become a groupie. There are people now in the world who are group-addicted; they go from one group to another. One encounter finishes--

then another marathon, then gestalt, then this and that.... After just a few days the itch arises--because where to express? In the normal society they cannot express, they have to repress. So the group becomes just an outlet. The normal society forces you to repress, the group helps you to express but you are not *really* growing. Again you will be back in the normal society, again repressing.

And if you express in the normal society, you will be getting into far more dangerous situations. You may murder somebody--you have so much anger. You will be in jail, imprisoned forever. Or if you go on fighting with everybody--if you slap the boss in the office, if you beat your wife, your children, your husband--then your whole life will become a chaos, it will be impossible to live it. So after a few days of accumulation you need another encounter. A few days of encountering and you feel unburdened; back in

society you will be burdened again. This is not going to help. This is a temporary relief.

You can scream to your heart's desire in a primal therapy group, but if you start screaming on the road, then you will be taken to the police station. You can scream in a group context--it is allowed, helped, provoked; you are persuaded to scream, because since your childhood you have been repressing it. It has become a wound; it needs to be opened. If the pus oozes out and the wound is left open to the winds and to the sun and to the rain, it will heal itself, because you have a healing energy; it is inbuilt. But back in the society again...how long can you remain in a primal therapy group? Back in the same old society again, you will have to repress; you cannot go on screaming there. Then the scream gathers, then the steam gathers. Then one day you have to go into the group again. This is a temporary relief; good as far as it goes, but it cannot make you a buddha.

That's where this commune is different from institutes like Esalen. They end with groups--we begin with groups. Where they end, that's exactly the point from where we begin.

And it is not a coincidence that thousands of therapists have become interested in my work. They have come here.... Among my *sannyasins, the greatest group from any profession is that of psychotherapists. A great need is felt now all over the world that encounter, primal therapy, gestalt, can help a little bit to unburden people, but they cannot help to make

them

buddhas--they

cannot

help

them

to

become

awakened. *dh0105*

Osho initiates His Father into Sannyas

In October 1975 Osho's father visits, and asks Osho to initiate him. His new name is Swami Devateerth Bharti.

My father took sannyas four years after my mother became a sannyasin.

He started feeling bad that he was not courageous enough; but he started meditating, started coming to the meditation camps. And finally, one day, there were two things: the breakdown of the personality and the breakthrough into a new existence, into a new life. *dless11*

My own father cannot sleep after three. He goes to sleep near about eleven, so he has three, four hours sleep at the most. My mother has always been worried, but I told my father to sit in meditation. So he sits from three, and that has become his door to the divine. For years now he has sat from three to seven...and he almost becomes like a statue; he forgets the body.

Now that has been the most precious experience of his life; no sleep can give it. He is fresh by three; that's how his mechanism, his body, is functioning. In the beginning he used to try to go to sleep. It was a misery because the sleep wouldn't come and he would get tired trying to sleep, and frustrated; by the morning he would be frustrated. Three or four hours of struggles to sleep every night and it doesn't come; how can you remain unfrustrated? But since I have given him meditation, all frustration has disappeared, and those have become his most valuable moments. Now he longs for them: for twenty-four hours he thinks about them, because those are the most peaceful. He has used it rightly. *losers23*

He was almost childlike as he went deeper into meditation. And he took sannyas only when he had touched the rock bottom of meditation, not before it. People take sannyas to enter into meditation; he waited. My mother took sannyas, my uncles took sannyas, but he waited.

Everybody was asking me, "Why don't you tell your father?" My uncle was

saying it, my mother was saying it.

I said, "He has never told anything to me, never forced me to do anything. Now this would be absolutely unfair on my part to tell him to do something and particularly to take sannyas. Whenever he wants, he will say. I am not going to tell him. And I know he is waiting"--because he was continuously reporting about his meditation to me: how he was going, what he experienced, for how many seconds his thoughts disappeared and what kind of thoughts came when they came.

Whenever he came to me he was mentioning his meditation--and that was a clear indication that he was waiting; until he had touched rock bottom he would not say anything about sannyas. And he knew perfectly well that I was not going to say anything.

One day, in the morning...he used to meditate from three o'clock in the night up to six--three hours. So just nearabout six, Laxmi came running and said, "Your father wants you immediately, and he also says, 'Bring a mala and the sannyas form.' I don't know what has happened to him."

He had been sitting for three hours; he was staying in the room where afterwards Laxmi stayed, in Lao Tzu house in Poona, the same room. He had just come for a few days, so Laxmi had moved out and he was staying there. I went into the room. He said, "Now the time has come: give me sannyas." *misery01*

Knowing my notoriety, knowing perfectly well all the condemnation being thrown at me from all the so-called respectable places, he became my disciple. That is courage, immense courage. Even I was surprised when he touched my feet for the first time. I wept...in my room of course, so nobody could see it. I feel those tears still in my eyes. When he asked to be initiated I could not believe it. At that moment I was just silent. I could not say yes or no, I was simply silent, shocked, surprised. Yes, you have the right expression in your language: "taken by surprise," and taken so powerfully. *books08*

And when he became a sannyasin, I reminded him. I told him, "Look.

Now you are going to be a disciple of somebody who is good for nothing.

And all that I can do for you is to make you also good for nothing."* *bond32*

*Note: As a child Osho was called 'good for nothing'. 'Nothing' also describes nirvana or enlightenment.

Osho's Reading

Osho continues to read--up to 10 books a day. He has explained that he can read a whole page at a glance. He makes notations in the margin, and refers to authors in discourse. He signs his name on the flyleaf, often decorating his signature with designs in coloured inks. Friends send him books from around the world, and his library increases to 150,000.

I must have read more than any man alive on the earth, and remember, I am not boasting but simply stating a fact. I must have read at least one hundred thousand books, possibly more, but not less than that, because after that I stopped counting. *books03*

Recently I was reading a book called *The Secret Life of Plants.* It is a remarkable book from the West which has just been published. It seems that the work that was pioneered by Sir Jagdish Chandra Basu is about to reach its climax in the West, with the revelation that plants have feelings just like people.... *nowher15*

I was reading about a Sufi fakir, Junaid.... *shiva02*

Just the other day, I was reading an old Indian fable, the fable of the woodcutter. The story goes this way... *yoga607*

I was reading a few days before. I couldn't believe it, but it is a fact. I was reading a book about Lenin.... *yoga608*

Just the other day I was reading about a Hassid mystic, Zusia. He is one of the most beautiful Hassid mystics.... *sunris06*

I was reading the other day about a very beautiful Hassid mystic, Levi-Yizhak.... *perf101*

I was just reading about one Christian saint.... *clouds05*

I was just reading one Christian theologian's book.... *wing04*

I was reading about a Quaker, a very religious Quaker.... *sage03*

I was reading the life of a very famous bishop. He went to St. Mary's Church in Cambridge to deliver a university sermon.... *foll103*

I was just reading a story about a seeker who went to see Bayazid, a great Master.... *foll103*

I was reading about the life of Wagner, a German composer and great musician.... *foll106*

I was just reading a book on new religions in Japan.... *yoga205*

I was reading the life of a great Japanese poet, Issa. He suffered. He must have been a very, very sensitive man: he was a great poet, he's one of the greatest haiku poets.... *foll110*

The other day I was reading a few lines of Stephen Crane's. I would like to read them to you... *foll209*

Just a few days before, I read a beautiful story of DuBois'. I would like you to listen to it and try to understand it... *foll209*

I was reading Emerson. He says a very beautiful thing. He says sin is not just breaking the law. "Sin is not just breaking the law, but failing to discover the adventure at the very heart of living." *foll211*

I was reading a song this morning and a few lines of that song appealed to me: *Jor he kya tha jafa-e-bagvan dekna kiye ashian ujra kiya hum natwan dekha kiye*. The meaning is: The garden was being destroyed and I watched it helplessly. Yes, your whole life is the same story. *greatt03*

Yesterday I was reading a song written by a friend of mine, Kumar Barabankvi, who is an Urdu poet. A line of the poem is: "The destination seems to be near, as the path is deserted and lonely." *greatt10*

It happened: I was reading Greta Garbo's biography.... *flowrs07*

In reading the memoirs of a poet, I particularly liked one incident.... *true104*

I was just looking at a few cartoons on Charlie Brown. In one cartoon he is playing with blocks, making a house out of children's blocks. He is sitting in the middle of the blocks building the walls. Then a moment comes when he is enclosed; all around he has made a wall. Then he cries: Help, help! He has done the whole thing. Now he is enclosed, imprisoned. This is childish, but this is all that you have done also. You have made a house all around you, and now you are crying: Help, help!

And the misery becomes millionfold--because there are helpers who are also in the same boat. *source05*

I was reading Wilhelm Reich's wife's memoirs. He was one of the most significant psychoanalysts, one of the most revolutionary--but when the question comes to one's own problems, the difficulty arises. His wife has written in her memoirs that he was teaching others not to be jealous--

that love is not possession, it is freedom. But about his own wife, he was always jealous.... *source05*

Last night I was reading a book by Ugovetti, an Italian dramatist, and I came across a sentence I liked very much. Like the words of the Vedas, it is of great significance. Ugovetti said that if there was even one drop of water less in existence the whole universe would feel thirsty. *greats03*

When I was reading *Waiting for Godot* I thought, Godot seems to be like a German word. The very sound of the word...One of my old *sannyasins, Haridas, was with me. I asked Haridas, "What is German for God?"

He said, "The German for God is Gott!"

It seems only Germans have Gott it! God does not mean anything. It is a meaningless word and you can manage to give any image to it. *hari22*

Discourses: on Hassids and Jews

In October 1975 Osho introduces Hassidism in a discourse series

You ask me: *When you speak of religions, you usually mention Christians, Mohammedans and Hindus, but not Jews. Is there a reason for it?*

There is a reason: I am the only Jew in India!...

...In fact, there have been only two source religions in the world: Hinduism and Judaism. Both are dead. Jainism and Buddhism are offshoots of Hinduism but because the root is dead the branches are dead too. And Christianity and Islam are branches of Judaism, and because the root is dead the branches are dead too. These are dead phenomena. I am not much concerned with the past.

Yes, something beautiful has happened in Judaism, too, and that is Hassidism--and I have talked about it a lot. Just as I love Zen people in the tradition of the Buddha, I love Hassids in the tradition of Moses and I love Sufis in the tradition of Mohammed. These three are still alive in some small way because these three have never become established religions; they have always been anti-establishment, they have always been alternatives to the established religion, they have always been rebellious.

Hassidism is worth talking about, not Judaism--and I have talked about Hassidism. I have been approaching Hassidism with my own experience.

I have been bringing Hassidism up to date, trying to make it part of the

twentieth century. Hassidism is the essence of Judaism, the very fragrance of it.

And I have something of the Hassids in me, that's why I sometimes call myself a Jew. The Hassids love life, they are life-affirmative. They don't believe in renunciation, they believe in rejoicing. They believe in dancing, singing, celebrating--and that's exactly my approach too.

My religion is something of a meeting of Zen, Sufism and Hassidism--and something more thrown in. *inzen03*

I am very happy that fifty per cent--more than fifty per cent--of my

*sannyasins are Jews. What I am saying can have appeal only to very intelligent people. Stupids won't have any attraction to me--only very intelligent people can understand what I am saying.

But they have been hated, that is true. That hatred can be dropped only when Jews start changing.

There are a few things that they can do. One is that they accept Jesus back home. If they can welcome Jesus back home almost ninety per cent of the hatred will disappear. And Jesus is theirs--more theirs than the Christians'. Jesus was born a Jew, died a Jew. He was the greatest Jew ever. He was not a Christian. If Jews can accept Jesus back home, that will change the whole climate in the world. And if Jews can put their energies--as they have put them into money--if they can put their energies into meditation, they will become the greatest meditators on the earth. They can herald a new era! *isay208*

In fact, I have never tried to convert anybody, but there are a few rabbi sannyasins. That is strange! And not ordinary rabbis, famous rabbis.

And I have not been in any way trying to convert anybody because I don't have any doubt. Why should I bother about converting anybody? I don't have to convince myself that I am right. I *am! misery06*

I have been looking through the *Talmud,* and it is so tiring that anybody who suffers from sleeplessness, I suggest the Talmud--you can just manage two or three pages! It is so much nonsense, and on that nonsense rabbis go on interpreting, interpretations upon interpretations.

And the original is basic rubbish. I have always suspected because the namèrabbi' seems to be so close tòrubbish' that there must have been some past connection between rubbish and rabbi! *invita21*

Group Activities in the ashram

Osho inaugurates many new activities, open to all in the Meditation Hall. Participants give a demonstration for Osho at the end of darshan, for example, Music group, African dance, Sufi dance, Karate, Yoga, T'ai Chi,

etc.

Now I am working with all the traditions together. Jews are here and Hindus and Mohammedans and Christians and Parsis and Sikhs and Jains and Buddhists. All traditions have gathered here. It is a unique experiment in the whole history of humanity; it has never happened in this way....

I am using *all* the possible methods, and when all these methods meet of course there is going to be great contradiction. If you don't understand you will see only contradictions and contradictions. If you understand then you will understand the harmony of all these instruments together.

People are doing Vipassana and doing the Sufi dancing and doing Yoga and doing Tantra and using Zen methods, zazen and other methods. And not only the old methods--they are doing all that has happened in this century after Sigmund Freud, all the psychological methods, all the psychotherapy groups.

This is a meeting of the whole world. It is a universal religiousness that I am creating here. It is bound to be multidimensional if you understand.

If you don't understand, if you still cling to a certain tradition, then it will look contradictory to you. *ithat04*

Music Group

In October 1975, an evening music group begins, with singing and dancing. This music group, with many different musicians, forms an integral part of Osho's work, and continues to the present day.

The music groupleader asks for a name for the group.

I will give you a name...Nadam. It means the ultimate sound.

If every sound, every noise stops, then we start hearing the sound of that soundlessness, the sound of silence itself. That is nad.

Nad means the basic sound out of which everything is made. In yoga, it is an hypothesis that everything is made of sound, sound particles. In a way,

both science and yoga agree, because science says that sound is made of electrical particles, and yoga says that electricity is nothing but a certain combination of sound particles. So they have come to the same reality. But because yoga came through silence, through dropping the

thoughts and noise of the mind and heard the innermost silence, yoga says that everything is made of sound. So I will call it Nadam Music Meditation Group, mm? Good! *hammer25*

The Nadam music group plays at darshan...

Music helps to bring you in tune with yourself. If you are really involved in the outer music, it brings you in contact with the inner music. Just be totally possessed as if you are not there but just a vehicle for something unknown, for something from the beyond. *cypres01*

A musician says he has been composing songs with one of the singers and that it seemed different from the group's approach.

You can do it, mm? Individually, or whenever you feel with somebody that you have a certain at-one-ment, you can make dyads, couples or three or four persons, and you can evolve. But in this group, you have to work totally differently. No individuality should be brought in...as if the whole group is one individual. Because if you all start being individuals, then there will be no group soul possible, and the beauty is in the group soul. I would like your group to increase by and by and become bigger.

So the initial group should be so much in tune that when a new individual joins, he simply falls in line.

You are going to be the very base of a bigger group which will be coming soon--so get ready! If you are not in tune, when new persons come they will not be able to get in tune. They will get into your disharmony, and they will go on their own way. Then everybody is moving away from each other and the group disperses. You are all playing and singing solo, so it is not an orchestra.

I know it is difficult to be in an orchestra and spontaneous, but that difficulty

has to be faced. And once you know the knack of it--how to be spontaneous and yet not out of tune, how to be spontaneous and yet flowing with everybody else, flowing in your own way and yet with everybody else.... It is a little complex and subtle but that's the beauty of it.

By and by your group will become bigger and bigger. When a hundred persons will be singing and playing together, you will create a pinnacle of energy, a tower. And that has to be so.... Like a pyramid, mm? On the base you are a hundred. When you join together, the pyramid becomes smaller and smaller and smaller. Then comes the peak where every individual is lost; just the point is left. There will be a pyramid of music, singing, ecstasy.

So do whatsoever you feel like doing separately. You can form your own small music friendships, but that is separate. When you join this group you have to follow a certain discipline, and yet you have to be spontaneous. It looks paradoxical, but soon you will have the knack of it.

Once you know how to dissolve yourself, once you are not there, you will simply be surprised, amazed, mystified, that somehow the whole group is moving in one way, and spontaneously.

Then you will feel an expansion of consciousness, because you are not there as an individual; you have joined together with a collectivity. No more islands...everybody has melted. And then the whole thing becomes intuitive. When you are separate, you are in directions. When you are not separate, you become intuitive. You are joined by a telepathic cord which surrounds you like a climate...touches you all...plays on your hearts, together. That climate takes over, and you are possessed. You have to learn it once and then you will know that everybody is moving together and yet nobody is forcing.

Have you ever been in a crowd which is going to kill somebody, or going to burn a temple or a church or a mosque? or in a crowd which is protesting, shouting, screaming? Suddenly you will find that you have started shouting and screaming; that you are getting hot. What has happened? Just a moment before, you were cool and calm, and you were going to your job or somewhere else. You meet this crowd and people are shouting, and suddenly you feel you have fallen in tune.

Have you seen soldiers walking in a rhythm? The military scientists say that whenever an army is passing a bridge their rhythm should be broken, otherwise the bridge can fall. Sometimes it has fallen, because the rhythm is such a thing that the whole bridge starts shaking--so soldiers are not to move on the bridge in step.

Nietzsche writes somewhere, 'I have never seen a greater music--greater than when I see an army marching together.' He was a military-minded man. But he is indicating a certain truth. The truth is that whenever so many people are together, individuals disappear, egos disappear. An egoless consciousness arises which is bigger than all; bigger than the totality of all. It can be destructive...it can be creative.

Hitler used it in a destructive way. He created a mass-mind. That mass-mind was completely mad. It almost brought the world to destruction, to total destruction--almost to the very brink. But the same thing can be creative. That's what I want you to be.

If a collective soul can be destructive, why not creative? If people can move with such totality, such involvement and commitment that they are

not there and something bigger controls them, then why cannot the same be used for creativity?

And this is my understanding: if it is not done for creativity, again and again it will be used for destructiveness. If you cannot create groups which can enjoy being together in music, in poetry, in singing and dancing, people are going to shout in the streets, scream, go berserk, destroy...unless we can create just a parallel world of people who are creative in their togetherness. Individuals have been creative, but the problem is this--that groups have been destructive and individuals have been creative. The individuals are bound to fail.

When a Hitler comes, he creates a group. When a Mozart comes, he plays individually. When a Mussolini comes, he creates a destructive harmony.

The same is to be done by a Buddha also...exactly parallel. And if you can give people a creative togetherness, who is going to be destructive?

Nobody. In fact the whole charm of the destruction is not in destruction--

it is in being together.

Let this be nailed into your heart--that the whole charm is of being together. People are fed up with themselves. They want to lose themselves somewhere, in an orgy--that is the attraction. But if you can give them a creative togetherness, they will not go in a destructive direction. There is no need--they will be so fulfilled.

So this is just a beginning, remember. Everything that I am doing is a beginning. You may not be aware of what is going to happen.

More and more people will join, so let the base be perfectly solid. When new people come, you will be twenty. When one new person comes he is bound to flow with the twenty--if the twenty are in harmony. If these twenty are not in harmony, he will go on his own way. Then it becomes a crowd. It will be destructive...it will create chaos. Even music can be destructive.

Have you come across the latest research about music? Indian music and Western classical music is creative. The modern Western music is destructive. If western classical music and Indian music is played around plants, they grow fast. If modern pop music is played, the plant doesn't grow at all; it stops. It doesn't come to bloom...it becomes crippled and something in it dies.

The modern music creates anxiety, anguish. So music can be destructive, can be creative. Everything can be either this or that.

Togetherness can be creative or destructive.

This group has to be very disciplined and yet spontaneous. It will take a little time for you to feel, but once you feel, once the vision has come to you and you have a glimpse, then you will be simply amazed how many treasures were already there and you never looked. *getout01*

The ashram's music group plays at darshan again...

Very good! You want to do one more?...Bring a greater climax, mm? The

whole point is to lose oneself. The climax will come only when you are not individuals...just the group soul has evolved and things are controlled not by individuals, but by the group soul.

So just lose yourselves--then the climax will come. You cannot bring it, you can only allow it. So allow it this time. *getout01*

And music is good. Enjoy it. Move with the music and allow the vibration of it. Don't hold in any way. Let your whole being vibrate. In fact the whole existence consists of nothing but vibrations--millions of forms, but all the forms consist of different types of vibrations. Even physicists say that the deeper you go into the atom, the more you find that nothing is left but only a pulsating energy, vibrations.

We are made of vibrations, so the more you vibrate, the more alive you are. Hence music is tremendously meaningful, because it can vibrate you. It can bring pulsation to many layers of your being which have become stale, stagnant. It can create ripples in your innermost core. If you allow and you are not afraid, those ripples will go on deeper and deeper and deeper. They will touch your very core, your very centre.

So allow music to enter you. Just become a receptivity, an openness. Go all the way and don't hold, because holding will create trouble; your energy starts being divided. When music influences you, when you are under its impact, then completely forget yourself. Be oblivious of yourself. Just become part of it, and then you are nothing but a vibration. Then the music will start playing upon you and you will be just like an instrument.

It is going to give you the greatest meditation that is possible. No other meditation is needed. *passio13*

I conceive of man also as a musical instrument. One has to learn to play upon it. If you don't learn how to play upon it you will create only noise, and it will be a disturbance; rather than being a blessing it will become a curse. That's what goes on happening to millions of people: their life is nothing but a tale told by an idiot, full of fury and noise, signifying

nothing. And the simple reason is that they don't know how to play upon

their heart, upon their being.

Just as one learns to play upon the piano, the sitar, the sarod, the veena, the violin, one has to learn to play upon one's own being.

Sannyas has to become the beginning of that great art of creating music out of your own being. That music is what the mystics have called ecstasy, *samadhi.* That music is what others have called god, nirvana.

And it is there, fast asleep; it has to be provoked, it has to be called forth.

One has to be an artist, a musician. One has to be creative, and one has to be an explorer of one's own inner being.

Religion is not worship, it is art. It is not formality, it is not a social institution; it is a transformation of your being. It is creating harmony in your soul, it is alchemy. *script40*

Dance

The drum is the most primitive instrument. When you feel that drum beating, your body responds, sways, you start falling into the beat, moving with the beat, and suddenly you have become a primitive, a natural being: all civilization drops. You are no longer here in this twentieth century and all the nonsense that goes on around--you have moved back almost ten thousand years.

Just the other night, our Ethiopian *sannyasin*, Neeraj, came to show me a few Ethiopian dances. They were wonderful. He danced with a very primitive beat, very, very primitive. Ethiopia is one of the oldest lands on earth, it is the country of Solomon. Since Solomon they have been dancing with the primitive beat. It has a deep appeal. There is no need to understand it, your body will understand it. Nobody could understand the song that was following the beat but everybody understood the beat.

There were Americans, there were English, there were Indians here and everybody could follow it. The language of the drum is universal. *treas210*

The way of the Sufi is the way of the drunkard, the dancer, who becomes

almost intoxicated in his dancing, who is transported through his dance.

He is inebriated; his dance is psychedelic.

It is said that Mohammed once said to Ali, "You are of me, and I am of you." When he heard this, Ali became ecstatic and involuntarily started dancing. What else can you do, when a man like Mohammed says to you,

"You are of me, and I am of you"? How to receive this? Ali did well.

And remember, it is not anything that he did. It was involuntary. He started dancing; out of ecstasy the dance started flowing.

Another time, Mohammed said to Jafar, "You are like me in both looks and character." Here again, in *wajd*, Jafar started dancing. What else to do? When Mohammed must have looked into the eyes of Jafar, *wajd*, samadhi, was created, the transfer beyond the scriptures happened. How to receive this? How not to dance? It would have been impossible not to dance. Jafar danced....

On the surface, from the outside, the Sufi seems to be dancing. But he is not dancing, because there is no dancer. It is pure dance. God has taken possession of him. The Sufi is drunk, intoxicated. His state is that of non-being. He is anchorless. The waves of the ocean toss and turn. First his inner being is stirred, great joy arises there; and then it starts spreading towards his body....

You are participating in something immensely beautiful in Sufi dancing.

Remember it: forget the dancer and be the dance.

The way of the Sufi is the way of dance, song, celebration. *secret14*

Dancing is immensely valuable. Dancing should become a natural phenomenon for everybody. It *was* once; it is still in very primitive people. It is not that a few people dance--there are no dancers; everybody is a dancer. Dancing is a general activity, like breathing. There are still tribes, small tribes in India in deep forests; their whole life is dance. They cannot believe that there are people who don't dance, because they cannot believe

how you can live without dancing! Life will be almost nil.

Their whole life revolves around dance. Each and everything becomes an excuse for dance. Each night is a dancing night and the whole tribe dances: small children, women, men, old women...no barriers of age.

Dance is for all because dance is equivalent to life. Man has missed much.

Bertrand Russell has said somewhere that he was always in favour of civilization, culture; he was a rational man. But when he came across a primitive tribe in Africa his whole idea of civilization simply fell down flat on the ground, and he started feeling very jealous. He writes, 'In that moment I was ready to drop all culture and all civilization if I could know how to dance again.'

My *sannyasins have all to be dancers, and no excuse should be missed; each excuse has to be used as an opportunity to dance. Somebody's birthday, dance; somebody has died, dance. Somebody is ill, dance

around him. Somebody is going for a journey, give him a farewell dance.

Somebody is coming, welcome him with dance. Make it a point that the more you dance, the more you are in tune with god.

When you dance it is god who dances in you; that's why it is so beautiful.

Whenever you dance you are no more separate, you don't have a split.

You are no more body/mind; you are no more this and that. You don't have alternatives. All alternatives disappear, all dualities disappear. In fact there is no dancer and the dance; there is only dance!

One comes to a state of non-duality, and non-duality is orgasm. That's what people are searching for through love, through alcohol, through drugs--a state where they are no more separate from existence. But those methods are dangerous and very costly. You gain very little joy and you destroy your whole chemistry, your body. It is not worth it.

Through dance you don't lose anything and you gain infinity.... *losers11*

I give you this as a key, as a criterion, as a touchstone. Keep it always in mind that whenever you are feeling uneasy, disturbed, restless, remember: you are doing something which is against the universal rhythm, the universal dance. You are out of step, that's all. Start moving back into rhythm, come back into harmony, and suddenly there is sunlight; the clouds have disappeared and the path has been found.

Dance is a rhythmic movement. Dance represents god more than anything else. In *my* observation, dance is the most prayerful activity possible. When your body is in a dance and you are utterly lost in the rhythm of it, you start coming closer to god. *halle16*

Just as music is one beautiful door, so is dance. And dance will help you immensely. The only secret is to be lost in it, to be drowned in it. One has to dance in a kind of drunkenness. It is intoxicating, if you allow it. If you allow yourself to be possessed by it, then the very movements create some alchemical change in the inner energy. It intoxicates. Nothing intoxicates like a dance, and sometimes the intoxication is so much that even those who are *looking* at the dancer start feeling drunk. But that is nothing compared to what happens to the dancer himself or herself.

But dance should not be a performance, otherwise the whole thing is missed. Then it is just acting on the outside--the dancer is never lost in it. And that is the whole point, the very crux of the matter: dance is divine when the dancer has disappeared into it. When the dancer dies in his dance and only dance remains, then you are in the hands of god.

Then he is moving you, he is moving within you. Then for miles you

cannot find yourself, and the moment when you cannot find yourself is the moment when god is found.

So while you are here, dance to abandonment! *halle31*

Celebrations

For several years there have been special celebration days: Osho's birthday (11th December), the anniversary of Osho's enlightenment (21st

March), and the traditional Indian festival to honour the guru (Gurupurnima, July full moon). Celebrations include informal singing, dancing, and charansparsh with Osho. In March 1976 over 2,000 people attend. As the number of visitors increases to 7,000 in 1978, the celebration changes to a darshan with Osho in Buddha Hal , with singing, dancing and silent sitting. Osho encourages sannyasins to come for celebrations days; he indicates that with so many people present it is easy for him to raise the consciousness.

Osho speaks to a sannyasin who is leaving:

If you can manage to be here on the twentieth, (Guru Purnima festival) it will be good. Mm, because sannyasins will be gathering from all over the world and it will be beautiful to participate in their joy and celebration. If it is possible and it doesn't make much trouble for you.... If it is easily possible, otherwise don't bother, mm? Just for one day, the twentieth, be here from the morning to the night and then you can go back. *leap08*

I teach to you: Be the celebrators, celebrate! Already there is too much: the flowers have bloomed, the birds are singing, the sun is there in the sky--celebrate it! You are breathing and you are alive, and you have consciousness--celebrate it! Then suddenly you relax, then there is no tension, then there is no anguish. The whole energy that becomes anguish becomes gratitude; your whole heart goes on beating with a deep thankfulness--that is prayer. That's all prayer is about: a heart beating with a deep thankfulness. *suprem04*

Take hold of your own life. See that the whole existence is celebrating.

These trees are not serious, these birds are not serious. The rivers and the oceans are wild, and everywhere there is fun, everywhere there is joy and delight. Watch existence, listen to the existence and become part of it. Then you become a Baul, then you become a lover--because love can exist only with a deep respect for fun, with a deep respect for delight.

Love cannot exist with a serious mind. With a serious mind, logic is in tune. be non-serious. I'm not saying not to be sincere. Be sincere, but be non-serious. Sincerity is something else; seriousness is totally different.

Be sincere with existence, then you will be true; you will become part of this cosmic *leela*, this cosmic play. *belov109*

You say: *I have heard that Your sannyasins celebrate death.*

You have heard rightly! My sannyasins celebrate everything. Celebration is the foundation of my sannyas--not renunciation but rejoicing; rejoicing in all the beauties, all the joys, all that life offers, because this whole life is a gift of God.

The old religions have taught you to renounce life. They are all life negative; their whole approach is pessimistic. They are all against life and its joys. To me, life and God are synonymous. In fact, life is a far better word than God itself, because God is only a philosophical term, while life is real, existential. The word "God" exists only in scriptures; it is a word, a mere word. Life is within you and without you--in the trees, in the clouds, in the stars. This whole existence is a dance of life.

I teach love for life.

I teach the art of living your life totally, of being drunk with the divine *through* life. I am not an escapist....

I am in tremendous love with life, hence I teach celebration. Everything has to be celebrated, everything has to be lived, loved. To me nothing is mundane and nothing is sacred. To me all is sacred, from the lowest rung of the ladder to the highest rung. It is the same ladder: from the body to the soul, from the physical to the spiritual, from sex to *samadhi*--

everything is divine!...

Celebration has to be total, only then can you be multidimensionally rich. And to be multidimensionally rich is the only thing we can offer to God.

If there is a God, and someday you have to face him, he will ask you only one question: "Have you lived your life totally or not?"--because this opportunity is given to you to live, not to renounce.

My sannyasins celebrate death too, because to me death is not the end of

life but the very crescendo of life, the very climax. It is the ultimate of life.

If you have lived rightly, if you have lived moment to moment totally, if you have squeezed out the whole juice of life, your death will be the ultimate orgasm.

The sexual orgasm is nothing compared to the orgasm that death brings, but it brings it only to the person who knows the art of being total. The

sexual orgasm is a very faint thing compared to the orgasm that death brings. What happens in sexual orgasm? For a moment you forget that you are a body, for a moment two lovers become merged into one unity, into one organic union. For a moment they are not separate entities; they have melted into each other like two clouds which have become one.

But it is only for a single moment, then they are again separate. Hence all sexual orgasms bring in their wake a kind of depression, because you fall from the height. You reached a crescendo, and for only a fragment of a moment you remained on the peak and then the peak disappeared.

And when you fall from that height, you fall into the depth of depression.

This is one of the contradictions of sex: it gives you the greatest pleasure and also the greatest agony. It gives you ecstasy and agony--both. And each time you reach an orgasmic state, you know that soon it will disappear. Then there is disillusionment, disappointment.

Death gives you the ultimate in orgasmic joy: the body is left behind forever and your being becomes one with the whole. It is immeasurable.

If to become one with a single person gives you so much joy, just think how much joy will happen in becoming one with the infinite! But it does not happen to everybody who dies, because the people who have not lived rightly cannot die rightly either. The people who have lived in deep unconsciousness will die in deep unconsciousness. Death will give you only that which you have lived all your life; it is the essence of your whole life.

If your life was of meditativeness, awareness, witnessing, then you will be able to witness death too. If your whole life you remained cool, centered in

different situations, death will give you the ultimate challenge, the ultimate test. And if you can remain centered, calm and cool and watching, then you will not die an unconscious death, your death will bring you to the ultimate peak of consciousness. And then, certainly, it *has* to be celebrated.

So whenever one of my sannyasins dies, we celebrate, we dance, we sing.

We give him a good farewell....

Yes, my sannyasins celebrate death because they celebrate life. And death is not against life; it does not end life, it only brings life to a beautiful peak. Life continues even after death. It was there before birth, it is going to continue after death. Life is not confined to the small space that exists between birth and death; on the contrary, births and deaths are small episodes in the eternity of life.

We celebrate everything. Celebration is our way to receive all the gifts from God. Life is his gift, death is his gift; the body is his gift, the soul is his gift. We celebrate everything. We love the body, we love the soul. We are materialist spiritualists. Nothing like this has ever happened in the world. This is a new experiment, a new beginning, and it has a great future. *come02*

New Death Celebration

In March 1976 a Dutch sannyasin, Ma Vipassana, dies from a brain tumour. She has been in a coma for several weeks, and hospitalized. Osho recommended people visit and meditate with her to understand the process of dying. Now Osho gives the precedent for death celebrations: the body is brought to the Meditation Hal , and then carried to the burning ghats, with singing and dancing.*

*Note: the darshan diary *Nothing to Lose But Your Head, Ch.22,* contains a description of Vipassana's death, of friends' reactions, the celebration, and Osho's discourse about it.

Whenever somebody dies--somebody you have known, loved, lived with, somebody who has become a part of your being--something in you also

dies.

Vipassana had become a part of this commune, of this family. She was totally surrendered to me. Her devotion was complete. Of course you will miss her. A vacuum will be felt. That's natural. But the same vacuum can be converted into a door. And death is a door to God.

Death is the only phenomenon left which is not yet corrupted by man.

Otherwise man has corrupted everything, polluted everything. Only death still remains virgin, uncorrupted...untouched by the hands of man.

Man would like to corrupt it also, but he cannot hold it, cannot possess it. It is so elusive. It remains unknowable--and man remains at a loss as to what to do with death. He cannot understand it. He cannot make a science out of it. That's why death is still uncorrupted. And that is the only thing left now in the world.

Use these moments.

When suddenly death enters into your consciousness, your whole life feels meaningless. It is meaningless. Death reveals a truth. When suddenly you come across death, the very earth underneath you slips away. Suddenly you become aware that this death also implies your death. Every death is everybody's death.

Never send a man to ask for whom the bell tolls. It tolls for thee.

In death we are all equal. In life we may be different, separate.

individuals. In death, all individuality, all separation disappears. Death reveals a fact about your life--that whatsoever you have been thinking as very concrete, real, is very filmy. It is dream stuff. It can be taken away from you any moment. So don't be too much concerned with it...remain a little aloof.

This is not your home--at the most an overnight stay. As Vipassana is gone, everybody has to leave. A caravanserai--you stay for the night, and by the morning you are gone. Everybody is standing in the same line, in the same

queue. So don't feel sorry for Vipassana. Don't feel sad for her.

If you at all want to be alert, aware, then be aware that your life--

whatsoever you mean by it--is just a dream. Any moment it will be broken.

The life that you have been thinking of as true life is not true life. Death brings this truth home. It hammers deeply into your heart. That's why it hurts. It is not Vipassana's death that hurts you. It is something else...it is your own death. It is the awareness that life is not worthwhile. And how much we get involved in it, how much we get identified with it. And how much we are ready to pay for it--and it is not more than a dream.

Remember this...then you are using this situation for a tremendous awareness. Your whole life can be transformed--and then you will be grateful to Vipassana. And that will be a true respect for her. And when I say don't feel sorry for Vipassana, I mean it. She has done well, tremendously well. She has died as one should die.

She accepted death. That is one of the most difficult things to do. Only if you are in deep meditation is that possible, otherwise not. Because the whole mind, the whole human mind, has been trained against death. We have been taught for centuries that death is against life...that death is the enemy of life...that death is the end of life.

Of course we are scared and cannot relax; cannot be in a let go. And if you cannot be in a let-go with death, you will remain tense in your life--

because death is not separate from life. It is not the end of life. Rather, on the contrary, it is the very crescendo...it is the very climax.

And if you are afraid of the climax, naturally you will be unable, you will not be able in any way, to relax in life also, because everywhere in life, death will be felt to be hidden. You will be frightened.

People who are afraid of death cannot relax in sleep, because sleep is also a very small death that comes every day. People who are afraid of death are afraid of love also, because love is a death. People who are

afraid of death become afraid of all orgasmic experiences, because in each orgasm the ego dies. One who is afraid of death will be afraid of everything. He will miss everything.

She relaxed. She died as I wanted her to die...in a deep let-go. She accepted death. She was not in any conflict...she was not struggling. And this is the criterion--that you have come to know something tremendously beautiful within yourself which is beyond death. One can relax in death only when one has come to feel something which is deathless.

Those few days she was in hospital were days of suffering and sadness for you, but not for her. I have been continuously watching her. I have been in contact with her continuously. She was relaxing.

She has gone into death without any struggle, without any fight on her part. Once you die that way then only one more birth is possible--not more than that. She will be born once more, that's all. And then the wheel of life and death is finished for her.

You be happy for her--don't feel sorry for her. She has attained to something very beautiful...you should feel jealous. (laughter) And then you will be able to give her a good farewell.

Remember, not only you are here--she is also here. I would like to tell a joke for her. It is not for you. (laughter)

During a seance the medium was offering to bring people back from the other world. Among those present was a nine-year-old boy. "I want to talk to Grandpa," he said.

"You be quiet," said the medium, annoyed.

"But I want to talk to Grandpa," the boy insisted.

"Alright, little boy," the medium said, and made a few hocus-pocus passes. "Here he is."

"Grandpa," said the little boy, "what are you doing here? You ain't dead yet?"

That I would like to say to Vipassana--"What are you doing here, Vipassana? You aren't dead yet!"

In a way, nobody ever dies. In a way, every moment everybody is dying.

So when you go to give her the send-off, give the send-off as one gives to

somebody who is departing on a long journey. Not to a dead person--to an alive person. Let this be a send-off of dancing, celebration, festivity.

She was a musician and a dancer--and she would love it.

Dance when you go to give her the send-off this night. When fire starts consuming her body, dance as much as you can around her funeral pyre. Let your whole energy become a dance. Dance to orgasm...forget yourself completely. And give this send-off for her as if she is alive. She is alive...and if you really dance, many of you will feel her alive presence. A few of you, if you really celebrate the moment, will be able to see, actually be able to see her.

So don't be sad--otherwise you will miss. Because when you are sad and gloomy and depressed, your eyes lose perceptivity. When you are happy and bubbling with some unknown joy, then your eyes are clear; then they have a clarity. And for this moment, deep clarity is needed, so that you can see the body burning on the funeral pyre, and you can also see the spirit moving away...farther away...to the other shore.

If you dance, and happily, gracefully, sing.... It will be difficult I know--

but not as difficult as you think. Once you do it, by and by you will feel that it comes easy. The same energy that becomes gloom starts moving, starts flowing, and becomes a dance. In the beginning you may feel a little hard, because you have completely forgotten how to dance. You have forgotten how to dance in life, so how to dance in death? I understand.

But once you start, the energy starts melting, and soon you will see you are dancing. And the sadness has disappeared, and your eyes are glistening with a new light...and you will be able to realise something. I am giving you a particular meditation for this night.

Vipassana has left--but don't miss this opportunity. Death opens a door of the unknown. She will be moving into the unknown. You can also have a glimpse. The door will open for her, but you can have a glimpse of the door, and her movement into the unknown. So don't be sorry there.

Don't be sad. If you want to be sad, then don't go there, because your sadness will be a disturbance.

Go there dancing, happy, singing! And dance so totally that the dancer disappears and only the dance remains. All of my sannyasins--dance round the fire, and your orange, your fire colour, will become flames. And you are going to have a tremendous experience, a royal feast.

This is the way to give a send-off to a friend. And if you are happy, you help the other person to move easily into the unknown. If you are sad, it

becomes difficult for the other to move away. Your sadness becomes heavy on the other person. It becomes like a rock, and hangs around the neck of the other.

Be happy! And let the other person also feel that she is remembered, that she is loved, that she is accepted...and that she is leaving a happiness behind her, a gladness behind her. In that moment it is easier for the other to move; very easy to move. Then there is no repentance, and one doesn't want to cling.

All have to go--man, woman, all. In India, women are not allowed, but I would like everybody to go. Why should women be prohibited from a beautiful and great experience? Death is for all.

Even small sannyasins, kids, if they want to go, take them with you. Let them also face the truths. Let them also experience. Let them also start thinking along the line that even death is not bad, that even death is beautiful--so that they can accept.

Unless you accept death, you remain half, you remain part, you remain lopsided. When you accept death also, you become balanced. Then all is accepted--the day and the night, the summer and the winter, both the light

and darkness.

When both are accepted, both the polarities of life, you gain balance. You become tranquil...you become whole. And remember always, my teaching is not for perfection. My teaching is for wholeness....

Go happily...with deep prayer. If you cry, cry--but cry with happiness. If tears come, let them, but let them be tears of prayer, love, gratitude. Let them be tears of celebration.

Tears are not necessarily of sadness, remember. Tears have nothing to do with sadness. They come only when something overpowers you, overwhelms you. Maybe it is happiness, maybe it is sadness. Whenever something is so much that you cannot contain it, it starts flowing through the tears. Tears are just symbolic of something overflowing. So if you want to cry, cry, but let them have the quality of a song. If tears come, let them flow, but let them have the quality of a dance.

The Hindu way of burning the body is very significant. It is significant for the soul that has departed, because the soul can see the body being burned, reduced to ashes. It helps detachment. It gives a last shattering, a last hammering shock--because when a person dies, it takes a few hours for him to recognise that he is dead. And if the body is buried underground--as for Christians and Mohammedans--then it takes many

days for the person to recognise that he is dead. With the Hindu way of burning, immediately it becomes a realisation that the body has been left.

Vipassana is going to be there. It is good for her that she can see her body being burned, and turned dust unto dust. It is good for her. It is good for--you because the same is going to happen to your body also. Let it be a great meditation.

Now I will not delay you any more. She has to go long...beyond the stars.

For ten minutes sit in silence with me, and then you go....

Life is beautiful...has its own blessings. Death has its blessings too.

Much flowers in life, but much flowers in death also...and something of that has flowered in Vipassana.

Remember all that God gives has to be taken in deep gratefulness--even death...only then you become religious. *tolose22*

Just a few days before, Vipassana died. Her brother Viyogi was asked to hit her head; that has become symbolic in India. When a person dies and is put on the funeral pyre, the head has to be hit. Just symbolic, because if the person has attained to the ultimate, then the head will break on its own; but the person has not attained. But we hope and pray, and break the skull.

The point of release becomes open. This point can be seen. Some day or other, when Western medical science will become aware of yoga physiology, this also will become part of all postmortems--how the person died. Just now they see only whether he died naturally or was poisoned or killed or committed suicide--all ordinary things. The most basic thing they miss, which has to be there on the report--how the person died: from the sex center, from the heart center, or from *sahasrar*-- from where he died. And there is a possibility--and yogis have done much work on it-

-it can be seen in the body because that particular center breaks, as if an egg has broken and something has gone out of it.

When somebody who has attained to *samyama* becomes, just three days before he dies, aware from what center he is going to move, almost always he moves from sahasrar. A certain activity, a movement, just at the top of the head starts working three days before one dies.

These indications can prepare you how to receive death, and if you know how to receive death in a great celebration, in great joy, in delight--

almost dancing and in ecstasy--you will not be born again. Your lesson is complete. You have learned whatsoever was to be learned here on this

earth; now you are ready to move beyond for a greater mission, for a greater life, for more unlimited life. Now you are ready to be absorbed by the cosmos, by the whole. You have earned it. *yoga801*

Discourses: Zen

In February and March 1976 Osho talks on Zen, Zen hits, and the al egorical Ten Zen Bulls Zen is a simple life.

And that is my teaching also: Be simple and nobody. Don't condemn anybody. Don't put yourself in a situation where you can feel holier than thou--never. Just be ordinary. And when you are ordinary, all anxiety disappears. *source03*

If you really think about anger, from where it comes, you will reach to emptiness.

Next time, when you feel angry...or if you cannot, then come to me, I will give you a whack. I go on giving, but my whacks are more subtle than Dokuon's. I don't use a real staff--it is not needed; you are so unreal, a real staff is not needed. I need not physically give you a whack, but spiritually I go on giving them. I go on creating situations in which I try to bring you back to your reality...

A master is to help you to go to your inner emptiness, the inner silence, the inner temple; and the master has to devise methods. Only zen masters beat; sometimes they throw a person out of the window, or they jump on him. Because you have become so false, such drastic methods are needed....

The whole art of meditation is, how to leave the personality easily, move to the center, and be not a person. Just to be and not be a person is the whole art of meditation, the whole art of inner ecstasy. *flowrs02*

We enter on a rare pilgrimage. The Ten Bulls of Zen are something unique in the history of human consciousness. Truth has been expressed in many ways, and it has always been found that it remains unexpressed whatsoever you do. Howsoever you express it, it eludes, it is elusive. It simply escapes description. The words that you use for it

cannot contain it. And the moment you have expressed, immediately you feel frustrated as if the essential has been left behind and only the

nonessential has been expressed. The Ten Bulls of Zen have tried in a single effort to express the inexpressible. So first, something about the history of these ten bulls.... *search01*

Glimpses of Osho's Personal Life

Osho lives in seclusion and silence (apart from discourses and darshans). Vivek is his personal caretaker, and a few sannyasins help her with cooking and cleaning, etc. Occasionally Osho comments on his personal life.

Just the other day somebody asked a question --*'Osho, you are getting so fragile and delicate and so sensitive to the smells of hair oils and shampoos that it seems we will not be able to see you unless we all go bald.'* By the way, nothing is wrong with being bald--bald is beautiful.

Just as 'black is beautiful', so 'bald is beautiful'. But that is true and you have to be careful about it.

I am fragile, delicate and sensitive. That is my strength....

Just a delicate thread joins me with the body. And I am continuously surprised that somehow the whole must be willing me to be here, because I am no more here with my own strength, I am no more here on my own. It must be the will of the whole to keep me here, to allow me to linger a little more on this shore. Maybe the whole wants to share something with you through me. *trans211*

You ask: *Every time you come and go in the lecture, I am worried you may miss a step and fall.*

P.S. You look so drunk.

That's true. But I have been drunk for so long that you need not be afraid. For twenty-five years I have been that way. In the beginning it really was difficult to walk. I was very much afraid myself that I might fall any moment. Somehow the body had become so distant and there was such a gap--earth and sky apart. It took time for me to settle down.

Although everything has settled down, that drunkenness is still there.

This is God-drunkenness. Once you have drunk from the spring of the divine you are never in a state of being undrunk. Once is enough. A drop

of it is enough to drown you forever. You need not drink again and again; you will never become thirsty again.

I can understand your question, but don't be worried. Somehow.... I call it 'somehow' because I am not managing it. I cannot manage it because I am not there to manage it; it has managed itself. Somehow I remain drunk and I remain aware.

Sufis have a particular principle about it--it will be meaningful to understand it. They call it an oscillation between the two states, *ahwal.*

The two states are *baka* and *fana:* individuality and dissolution of the individuality. Between these two there has to be a kind of rhythm, a synchronisation. There are people who are in their baka, but they don't know anything about fana. Then there are people who are in their fana, but they forget how to come back to baka. Both are lopsided.

A kind of balance is needed between the two--drunkenness and awareness. One has to be drunkenly aware, or alertly drunk. That is the highest alchemy--where opposites meet and they become one. That is the greatest synthesis....

This has been one of the greatest problems on the path of the ultimate ecstasy, and you will find this phenomenon in many ways. You see Buddha. Buddha is drunk and alert together. Ramakrishna is not alert.

He is drunk. Something of the balance is missing. If you ask me, I cannot tell you to make Ramakrishna a goal. When Ramakrishna would get into his fana state, for days he would remain almost unconscious. Once he remained unconscious in a coma for six days. And when he came out of it he started crying, and he started asking God, 'Take me back. Let me go into that again.' He became like a child. It is better than the state of baka--this ecstasy is good--but there is a higher stage to it. That is Buddha's state. He is drunk and yet alert. One has never seen him unconscious. He has managed the ultimate synthesis.

The way of ecstasy is also the way of sobriety, because it is the science of the knowledge of states. As Sheik ibn Ajiba has said, 'A drunkenness with consciousness of the state is higher than drunkenness with forgetfulness. Ecstasy is not the goal but the means; nevertheless an absolutely essential means.'

So you need not be afraid. I am drunk and alert together. My drunkenness takes care that I don't become so much alert that I am fixed in the baka. My awareness takes care that I don't become fixed in the state of fana. They help each other like the two wings of a bird--they are opposite and yet complementary. With one wing you cannot fly, you will need both wings.

And that is my teaching. My whole effort here is to make you alert and drunk together. Hence I go on telling you to dance and abandon yourself in dance, and I go on teaching you ways of meditation, awareness, vipassana--so that both can grow together. The day you are drunk, suddenly you will find a light burning in you which keeps you alert. And certainly, as Ajiba says, a drunkenness with awareness is higher than a drunkenness with forgetfulness. *sufis204*

People have been asking me how I go on sitting with my left leg upon my right leg for hours. I can change but I don't see any need. For years I have been sitting that way and now it has become so comfortable that if I change it that will be a discomfort. In this posture I completely forget my legs; there is no need for me to remember about them. But if I want to change I can change, there is no problem in it.

Once you live consciously, every act starts taking on a different quality: the quality of relaxedness, restfulness. A religious man can be religious twenty-four hours a day. *dark17*

In Zen, when a meditator goes very deep, the only way to find whether he is alive or dead is to bring a mirror in front of his nose. You cannot hear his breathing, but on the mirror the breathing leaves a little vapor. That remains the only sign that he is alive. The heart starts going into a subtler rhythm, the pulse becomes so slow, almost invisible.

Before quartz watches with batteries came into existence, I was in a

difficulty. Automatic watches function perfectly, but they depend on your pulse. Your pulse goes on giving them movement, and the movement of your hands. The moment you put them away, within two or three hours they stop.

I have tried almost all the best watches in the world which are automatic, but on my hand they don't go even for three hours. From the moment I put them on my hand, within five or ten minutes they stop, because everything is so silent. And unless I have to move my hands...and that is only when I am speaking to you; otherwise my hands are in complete relaxation with my body.

Finally they said that no automatic watch is going to work on me so I have to use either the winding watch, which is an older version, or a quartz watch which runs on a battery. *satyam23*

You may be able to know what time it is without looking at the clock, but an enlightened person cannot--because for him time has disappeared.

For him there is no more time! For him there is only eternal now. Nothing moves. All has stopped. His clock has stopped! Now there exists no

calendar in him any more. He *has* to look to know what time it is. You can feel the time because your clock, inside clock, is working; you can have a certain inference about what time it must be. And within minutes you will be right; at the most, within ten minutes you will be right. Your mind can calculate. You know what time is; you know how much it feels when one hour passes by.

But to the enlightened consciousness, nothing passes. All simply is...and always is. There is no way to infer what time it is. Hence, I have to look at the clock again and again.

Sometimes Vivek becomes very much puzzled, because just five minutes before I had looked at the clock and I look again. And she says, "Just five minutes before you had looked, and you are looking again." And I can understand her puzzlement: anybody can infer, any child can infer, that only five minutes have passed. But nothing is passing for me. Even for the day I

have to inquire what day today is, what date today is. *easy107*

I am not following the clock at all. But I have come to understand my body. I have come to feel its needs. I have learned much by listening to it.

And if you also listen and you become attentive to your body, you will start having a discipline which cannot be called a discipline.

I have not forced it on myself. I have tried all sorts of things in my life. I have been continuously experimenting just to feel where my body fits perfectly. Once I used to get up early, at three o'clock in the morning.

Then at four o'clock, then at five o'clock. Now I have been getting up at six for many years. By and by I watched what fits with my body. One has to be very sensitive....

You have to find your own body, its way, what suits--that's right for you.

And once you have found it, you can easily allow it, and it will not be enforced because it will be in tune with the body, so there is nothing as if you are imposing it; there is no struggle, no effort. Watch, while eating, what suits you. People go on eating all sorts of things. Then they get disturbed. Then their mind gets affected. Never follow anybody's discipline, because nobody is like you, so nobody can say what is going to suit you.

That's why I give you only one discipline and that is of self-awareness, that is of freedom. You listen to your own body. The body has a great wisdom in it. If you listen to it, you will always be right. If you don't listen to it and you go on enforcing things on it, you will never be happy; you will be unhappy, ill, ill at ease, and always disturbed and distracted, disoriented.

This has been a long experimentation. I have eaten almost all sorts of things, and then by and by I eliminated all that was not suiting me. Now whatsoever suits, I eat only that. Vivek is in trouble, because she has to cook almost the same thing every day and she cannot believe how I go on eating and go on enjoying it. Eating is okay--but enjoying it?...

But whatsoever I'm doing is not enforced, it is spontaneous. That's how by and by I became aware of my body's needs. I always listen to my body.

I would never impose my mind on the body. Do likewise and you will have a happier, a more blissful life. *trans104*

If you have to eat the same food every day, like I do, you will get fed up.

Even my kitchen people who prepare the food, they are utterly fed up with it. Except me, everybody is fed up. My gardeners are fed up because they have to grow the *same* vegetables. Vivek, Astha, Nirgun, Pragya--

they are *all* fed up--they have to prepare exactly the same every morning, every evening. There is no difference between my lunch and supper. And there is no dinner ever. Dinners don't exist in my life at all--just supper and lunch, the same, exactly the same. And I can understand they get fed up preparing, preparing the same thing every day.

Unless you are enlightened you are bound to get fed up. Unless you are enlightened you are bound to get fed up. I, of course, enjoy it every time--

because I go on forgetting about the morning, so I am again tremendously excited. When Vivek brings the food I immediately look:

"What have you prepared?" And she looks very embarrassed. And I don't miss a single moment, I start eating. Because who cares what I had eaten yesterday and the day before yesterday? I don't carry all these psychological memories, so each time it is new. *ultima03*

I was worried about my old parents when they came and stayed here--I was worried that it would be too much for them. But I was very happy when they went to take their meals with Krishna Mohammed and Radha-

-I was so happy! That was a great step! Otherwise, they are orthodox Jains.

In my childhood I had a Mohammedan friend. It was very difficult for me to invite him some time for tea or for food, very difficult. And even if I would insist, my family would allow, but then we would have to sit outside the house to eat.... *feet04*

You ask: *why do you always carry a towel? And why don't you drop it now?*

The first thing: the towel has been with me for almost twenty-five years.

It is a silver jubilee year!

And I am very surprised by the question because only last night I decided to drop it....

I decided just last night.

But it is good that you have asked. It is a long history how the towel started to be with me, and before I part company with it I had better tell the story to you.

When I started living in Jabalpur, there were so many mosquitoes--don't laugh, because you have nothing in Poona compared with Jabalpur; that's nothing--I had to chase them with the towel the whole day. It was impossible to sit still....

In fact, mosquitoes are old enemies of meditators. Whenever you meditate, whether the Devil comes to tempt you or not, the mosquitoes will always come.

For eighteen years I was in Jabalpur. My towel became my constant companion. When I left Jabalpur and came to Bombay I was thinking of leaving it, but then people started spinning esoteric theories about it. So just to save the theoreticians I continued using it.

Now it is a superstition. The word 'superstition' comes from a root which means: something that was useful sometimes but the circumstances have now changed, it is no longer useful. But it continues. This towel is a superstition and I have continued carrying it just for your sake--because there are theoreticians, esoteric people around who have to have something to base their theories upon.

One woman, one of my beautiful sannyasins from the Phillipines, told me that she had found out the truth about my towel. I asked what it was.

She said, "You are a nobody, you live in nothingness, you have to hold something otherwise you will disappear." I said, "Right! Absolutely right!"

Just three things I had: my lungi, my robe and my towel. My lungi is gone, you can see. Parijat helped me to renounce it. Parijat is my official seamstress--appointed by His Holiness, Osho Shree Shree Shree Rajneeshji Maharaj! She made the robe so beautifully that the lungi became almost absurd with it. It started looking like a bullock cart by the side of a Cadillac. So out of necessity I had to drop it.

Now here goes my towel. The only thing left is my robe. Please never ask any question about it!...

And here goes Bhagwan's towel. It is all that I have. So I must remind you again: never ask any question about my robe.

I will throw the towel. Whosoever it lands upon becomes its proud owner, but nobody must raise their hands or try to catch it. Hmmm? You just be in a meditation, absolutely passive. That is the way God also descends! If you try to catch it you cannot be the owner of it.

And if some problem or some dispute arises that two or three persons claim the towel, you can always go to Mulla Nasruddin. It will be difficult to locate him because he is a very subtle and invisible man. But he's the best. If you cannot locate him then you can go to the next best person, Swami Yoga Chinmaya. He will decide the dispute--who the owner is.

And if it cannot be decided then you can always divide it.

Remember that you are not to catch it. If you try to catch it, you miss the opportunity. Let it land on you.

Here goes Bhagwan's towel...! *art10*

Vivek, Osho's attendant

Osho sometimes mentions Vivek, his caretaker, in his discourses.

You can ask Vivek--for two lives she has been falling in love; this is her

second life with me. You ask her why, and it will be impossible to answer. She can cry or she can laugh or she can dance, but she cannot answer why--because there is no why in it. *peren110*

Vivek was saying just the other day, and many times she has said it, that time flies so fast here that she cannot believe that she has been here for seven years. It looks as if just seven days ago she had come here. *dh0207*

Love is not a quantity. When somebody says, "I love you very much,"

something is wrong, because love is not a quantity. You cannot love less and more. Either you love or you don't love. The division is very clearcut.

Just a few days ago a new book had come, and the first copy I always give to Vivek. I wrote 'With love to Vivek'. She told me, "Why not *much love?"* I said, "That is impossible. I cannot write that"--because to me,

more or less is not possible. I can simply write 'love'; 'much love' is absurd. Quantity is not a question, but simple quality. *belov202*

Love affair is a love affair! It is not logical. When you love a person, you love his wholeness, you love him as he is. And to be with a Master the *only* way is to fall in total love. Hence you start liking everything of the Master--yes, even his mispronunciations! Of course it is easy to love his beauty, his grace, his wisdom, but that is not enough--unless you start loving him in his totality....

I know that if sometimes I don't mispronounce a few words, you miss--

when I mispronounce I can see the joy!

Vivek goes on telling me every day, "Don't say 'aunt', it is 'ain't'." And whenever I come across it, just to be compassionate to you, I again say

'aunt'.

And there is one more difficulty: there are a few things I cannot figure out. My whole life I have been unable to figure out what is left and what is right. In school when I used to go to the parade I used to write on my hands,

"This is right, this is left." So whenever this question of 'aunt' and

'ain't' arises I am puzzled--whether it is 'aunt' or 'ain't', or vice versa!...

My mind is just a mechanism. For me now it is absolutely useless: it is just for your sake that I go on feeding it a little bit. Just for your sake I am speaking, otherwise now there is no point for me. In fact there is no point for me even to breathe! It is only for you that I am breathing, speaking, living. Those who have eyes will be able to see it.

Everything is a device. Remember it: you have to *see* the device to grow beyond it.

And as far as the pronunciation is concerned, it is a miracle that I don't mispronounce all the words, or that even when I mispronounce you can still understand...because language is very alien to my being now--not English, but my own mother tongue is alien. I have become a stranger to my own mind; the distance is infinite between me and the mind. I am surprised myself that the mind goes on functioning. What I have known has been known in silence; no language can express it....

So it is just a miracle happening, that I go on speaking to you, conveying to you something which cannot be conveyed, expressing something which is inexpressible, saying the unsayable. And you have to forgive many things.

But everything is a device, remember...and as you get closer and closer to me, more and more subtle devices will be used. The day is not far off when we will be simply sitting in silence and there will be no question of language, words. Get ready for it, because that which I *really* want to communicate can only be communicated in silence. *bestil08*

Nothing can create enlightenment. You have fallen asleep, I am shouting.

And sometimes I really have to shout. Just the other day Vivek was saying 'You were shouting so much this morning that I am shaken, jarred; my nerves are on edge.' Good, so I will have to do a little more shouting. Sooner or later how can you avoid waking up? How long can you avoid waking up? *sunris10*

One day--just a few days ago--Vivek asked me this question early in the morning: "Why do Jews have long noses?" I settled in my chair, in my posture. I made my towel comfortable, looked at the clock and I was just going to start a great discourse on the philosophy and the physiology of the Jewish nose. But then she became apprehensive and afraid.

Naturally--because once I take off, then it takes ninety minutes at least for me to land on the earth. So she said, "Stop! Stop! I happen to know the answer! You need not give me the answer!"

I was very shocked because I was already on the way. In a hurried way she said, "Because the air is free!"

It is a beauty. I loved it. It explains everything. The Jews have long noses because the air is free! *art06*

Just the other day Vivek was telling me a joke. She said, "Osho, do you know why the Jews have short necks?"

And I said... *(Osho shrugs his shoulders)*

And she said, "Yes, that's why!"

When you love, what you can say except shrug your shoulders? And if you go on shrugging your shoulders the whole day you will have a short neck! *ithat04*

You say: *Someone has dared me to ask you this impertinent question--*

What do you do with Vivek? Anything I could possibly understand through telling?

It will be difficult.

Vivek is so close to me that she is constantly on the cross. She has to be; it is difficult. To be so close to me is arduous. The more you are close to me, the more the responsibility. The more you are close to me, the more you have to transform yourself. The more you feel the unworthiness, the more you start feeling how to become more worthy--and the goal seems almost

impossible. And I go on creating many situations. I have to create them because only through friction does integration happen. Only through harder and harder situations does one grow. Growth is not soft; growth is painful.

You ask me, "What do you do with Vivek?"

I am killing her slowly. That is the only way for her to get a totally new being, to be reborn. It is a cross to be with me, and hard is the task.

Let me tell you one anecdote:

An unruly, problem son of a Jewish family was causing his parents much heartache by his behavior. He had been expelled from a state school, so finally, in desperation, they sent him to a Roman Catholic school. On his return from his first day, he went straight to his room and began to do his homework.

His father came back from work and asked, "Momma, well, tell me the bad news."

"No bad news, Poppa," said momma. "He came in as quiet as a lamb, and is now in his room doing his homework yet."

"Homework?" exclaimed Poppa. "He has never done homework in his life!

He must be ill!" So Poppa went to the boy's room and said, "What is this Momma telling me, that you are doing homework? Why this change of heart, all of a sudden?"

And the boy replied, "Poppa, I am the only Jewish boy in that school. On the wall opposite my desk is a picture of the last Jewish boy they had there. Oi, you should see what they did to him!"...

Jesus crucified.

To be very close to me is to be on the cross. So Vivek has to do her homework, that's all. That's what I go on doing to her. Of course, she has to do more homework than *any* of you. *belov202*

You can ask Vivek how arduous it is. Just a few days ago she was saying to me, "You are worse than Gurdjieff!" Now that is a great compliment.

Gurdjieff was really very hard on his disciples, and she says, "You are worse than Gurdjieff!" But I can understand: I am hard, I *have* to be hard. The closer you come to me, the harder you will find me. *belov210*

Old and New Friends

Mm, here is Mukta.... She cannot hide any feeling. If she is angry with me, immediately I know; if she is happy, I know. Just the moment I see her, I know how she is.

Impossible for her! *halle14*

Just a few days ago it happened that a Japanese man took sannyas and Mukta told me that he was a she--some mistake from the office on her chart. So I gave him sannyas and gave him a 'Ma' name, but he was a man. And you know the Japanese, they are so polite they will not say no.

I have heard that the Japanese have no equivalent word to no, they always say yes-- *hai.* They are just being polite.

So he accepted even that. He didn't say, 'I am a man. I am not a woman.'

Only later on was it known that he was a man and I had given him a 'Ma'

name. *sufis207*

Whether you are a man or a woman, if you live in hippie style, sometimes it can be very difficult.

When I give sannyas to somebody and I cannot decide, I have to ask Mukta, "Mukta, what do you think?" And now she has learned; whenever she feels that I will be in suspicion, she silently whispers, "She is a woman." *trans404*

Sadarji is Osho's guard since many years:

A belly laugh, like Swami Sardar Gurdayal Singh a belly laugh. Learn from him. He is our Zorba the Greek in this ashram. Learn from him how to laugh.

Unless your belly goes into ripples you are not laughing. People laugh from the head; they should laugh from the belly. *yoga1010*

You ask: *Beloved Osho, please help me. Show me my path: love or meditation. Give me one sutra suitable to my nature.*

It is from Neelam. I know her. I have known her long enough, not only in this life, but in other lives also. Her path is absolutely certain: it is love.

Through love she is going to achieve. Through love she is going to be.

Through love all that can happen will happen to her, and I can say it absolutely. I may not be so certain when others ask me. Somebody who has come very recently, I have to know better, to penetrate him more, to watch him in different situations, to watch his moods, subtle layers upon layers of being, then... but about Neelam it is absolutely certain. I have known her in this life, I have known her in other lives. Her direction is absolutely clear: love is her meditation. *belov202*

Chetna is Osho's launderess for many years. She asks: Beloved Osho, will you marry me?

Again? The day you became a sannyasin you got married to me. This question is from Dharma Chetna. To ask again means you have forgotten!...

Sannyas is a marriage--but it is deeper than the marriage that you know about. In an ordinary marriage two bodies meet. At the most, if one is very fortunate, two minds meet--that is rare. The marriage that sannyas is, is not of the body not of the mind, but of the souls. Two beings meet.

To be with the Master is to be in deep love with the Master, to be surrendered, to be open, to go with him wherever he is going with gratitude, with trust.

You are married, Chetna. Keep alert. Don't go on forgetting. *tao212*

Sheela is Laxmi's assistant

Then there are thousands of ways of going away. Look at Sheela--she is fast asleep. This is a way of going far away. She can only go so far, and then the mind says, "It is better to fall asleep. Now it is getting unbearable." *sands206*

You ask: *This morning in the lecture I was fast asleep and suddenly felt a hard weight on my back. At first I thought I must be snoring or making a noise and someone must have woken me to stop me, but I found out that no one had hit me. What was it?*

The question is from Sheela.

I have not answered it up to now because each day when I wanted to answer she was asleep again! It is not a new question! I have been waiting. But today she is awake so I thought that this is the moment.

Sheela, can't you recognise my hand when I wake you? *sufis202*

Whenever I see that somebody is yawning somewhere, I know now a joke is needed--and immediately the yawning disappears. Even Sheela comes back from her sleep! Once she is certain that now I am going to talk metaphysics she falls asleep, she goes to sleep, she takes a rest. But the moment I start a joke, even in her sleep she remains that much alert: immediately she is back. *bestil01*

Satya Vedant:

It happened to Sheela's sister. She was in a camp and she wanted to take sannyas, but the husband was not willing. The husband is a very, very educated man, hmm?...director of a research institute somewhere in America. Then she went home. There was constant fight. She wanted to take sannyas, she wanted to be initiated, but he wouldn't allow. Then he came to see me--"Who is this man who has been disturbing our life?"

And he took sannyas. Now the wife is creating trouble! Now the wife is

absolutely against. And he is a very simple man, really beautiful. And he goes on writing to me: "What to do?--because I love her, but she has completely changed since she has heard that I have taken sannyas." This is how things go. *yoga505*

Maneesha, one of Osho's editors, asks: I am suffering from writer's block! I wonder, how is it that lately, as I feel more and more overwhelming gratitude and love, I become less and less able to express it? It pains me that I cannot share what I am experiencing. Your love-sick bard, Maneesha.

It happens, Maneesha. The more you feel for me, the more you will feel incapable of expressing it.

Superficial feelings can be expressed easily; words are adequate for them.

Deeper feelings cannot be expressed adequately words are not adequate for them. Words are too superficial. When the feeling goes very deep, it goes beyond words. You can feel it, you can be thrilled by it, you can feel the pulsation all over your body and being, but you cannot put it into words. You can try and you can feel that you have failed. When you put it into words something very tiny comes up--and it was so huge when you were experiencing it, so enormous. It was so overwhelming. Now you put it in a word and it is just a drop--and it was an ocean when you were feeling it.

I can understand Maneesha's problem. She is my bard and the deeper she goes into me and into herself, the more and more difficult it will be

for her, the more and more incapable she will feel: But that's a good sign.

That's a sign that something really tremendous is happening.

Go on trying to express--because even if it cannot be expressed, it has to be expressed. Even if you cannot put the ocean of your heart into the words, don't be worried. If even only a few drops get into them, that's good--because even those few drops will lead people towards me, even those few drops will give them a taste, a taste of the ocean.

And remember one thing, even a single drop of the ocean is as salty as the

whole ocean. And even a single drop of the ocean is as much water as the whole ocean. It may be small but it has the same flavour. It may be very small but it has the same secret. If you can understand a single drop of water you have understood all the water that exists on the earth or other planets. Even if water exists on some unknown planet, it will be H20. We don't know, but if water exists on some unknown planet, it will be H20 and nothing else. We know the secret. A single drop of water has the secret.

So don't be worried. The song is going to become more and more difficult.

The deeper you go, the more you will feel dumb. The deeper you go, the more you will feel that silence is needed, the more you will want to sing the song in silence. But silence will not be understood by people. And Maneesha is my bard so she cannot be allowed.

So let the writer's block be there. I will go on hammering on it and destroying it. And you go on singing your song. *sufis208*

My personal physician is Dr. Devaraj. His father was also a well-known physician. His father has left in his will a strange condition; Devaraj will be able to get his heritage if he fulfills the condition. The condition is that the day he is accepted by the Royal College of Physicians as a fellow of the society, he will be able to get the money from the bank. If he never becomes a fellow, if he is not accepted by the Royal College of Physicians, which is the most significant fellowship in the whole world as far as physicians are concerned...

When I came to know about it, I could see the incomplete ambition of the poor father. He would have longed his whole life to become a fellow of this royal society. Now he is burdening his son with his ambition. He will be gone, but still he wants his ambition to be fulfilled. And if the son cannot fulfill the condition he will be left as a beggar on the streets, he will not be able to inherit his father's lifelong savings. And he is the only son...the money will rot in the bank, but he cannot get it.

Fortunately he managed, and managed far better than the father would ever have dreamt of. He became--he was accepted as a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, the youngest in their whole history. People are

accepted when they become old, experienced, when they have written many books and papers and done many researches and contributed much. Devaraj did everything very quickly. He was the youngest fellow of the royal society. *satyam04*

One of the doctors who used to take care of me before Devaraj came, never stayed with me more than two or three minutes. And Vivek used to be surprised...because he would come, and he was in such a hurry--

almost nervous, perspiring, in an air-conditioned room. It looked as if I was the doctor and he was the patient! And he would ask a few questions and he would say, "I will go out and I will give the prescription to Vivek."

And then he would almost run out of the room.

He never came to any lectures, he never came to any celebrations, although he promised many times, saying that his wife wants to come, so maybe this time he is going to come on the celebration day. But they never appeared.

And Vivek used to ask me, "What is the matter? Why is he so nervous?"

I said, "You don't understand: he is a very successful doctor, the topmost in the city, and he is afraid not to get in any way impressed by me, hypnotized or something. He does not want to get involved in any way except as my physician, and even that was only because it added to his qualifications that he was my personal physician." But he would almost escape--he could not even walk, he would almost run and jump out of the room--and Vivek had to follow him into another room, and there he would write the prescription or anything that he wanted to instruct her about.

The fear was that it is dangerous...One of his friends, Ajit Saraswati, was my sannyasin. They were colleagues and they had studied together; both had studied in the West. And then Ajit specialized in gynecology, and finally he became a sannyasin. He used to tell the doctor, "You need not be afraid--nobody is made a sannyasin forcibly. You can at least come to listen to what is happening there or come to see what is happening in a meditation there."

But to Ajit Saraswati he said, "I am simply afraid. I am at the top of my profession. I am earning well. My children are getting educated, and I don't want to disturb things. Everything is going so good that I don't want to get into anything that can distract me, and Osho *is* dangerous: he can distract me. He can pull me into meditation and into sannyas."...

In India, people are interested in riches, technology, more factories, but I don't see people interested in meditation or in spiritual growth. Twentyfive centuries of poverty have erased the whole idea of spiritual growth.

They want to be rich, they want to be a dominant country in the world. *mystic32*

Scientific knowing is possible, but scientific knowing is not applicable here.

You can know me scientifically. My doctor comes to examine my body; he knows me in a way. You don't know me in that way, you know me in a totally different way. My doctor is afraid to come to listen to me, because he does not want to lose a patient. If he listens to me, then I will be the doctor and he will be the patient! He comes and he is in a hurry to escape.

Once it happened that he was holding my hand--I had some trouble with my thumb--and something happened to him which was not scientific.

Outside the room, he told Vivek, "He is God, he *is* God!"--but since then I have not seen him, he has simply disappeared. Something nonscientific, something which was not of the head.... He felt me for a moment but became frightened. *wisdom28*

Ashram Expansion

In March 1976, many new buildings are completed, which are the centre of the present commune. Osho names them after enlightened mystics: the residential Francis, Jesus, Eckhart Houses, and Krishna house with administrative offices, the front 'Gateless Gate' with octagonal Reception and Bookstall, Chuang Tzu Auditorium, Radha Meditation Hal , Chaitanya therapy chambers, Krishna garden and fountain. By October Vrindavan and Mariam canteens are set up.

By March 1977 Buddha Hall has a roof, and ashram departments include: publishing, audio-tapes, press office, crafts, music, silk screen, boutique, carpentry and musical instruments; and by August 1977: bakery, jewellery, pottery, weaving, and medical. For the first time, a small fee is charged to attend discourse.

You ask: *You spoke of the silence one finds in the Himalayas--that it is of the Himalayas, borrowed, and will leave when one returns to the marketplace. Is this true of the silence I am finding in your presence? Is it borrowed? Will it disappear when I leave from here?*

This place is a market-place. Can you find any other place which is more like the market? I could have made the ashram somewhere in the Himalayas. I love the Himalayas. For me it is a great sacrifice not to be in

the Himalayas. But for a certain purpose I have not made my ashram in the Himalayas.

I want to remain part of the market-place. And this ashram is run almost as part of the market-place. That's why Indians are very annoyed--they cannot understand. They have known ashrams for centuries, but this ashram is beyond their comprehension. They cannot think that you have to pay to listen to a religious discourse. They have always listened free of charge--not only free of charge, but after the discourse the ashram distributes *prasad* too. Many go to listen to the discourses not because of the discourse but for the *prasad.*

Here you have to pay. What am I doing? I want it to be absolutely a part of the market-place because I want my sannyasins not to move into the monasteries. They have to remain in the world. Their meditation should grow in the world, their meditation should not become escapist. So whatsoever peace you are finding here, you will be able to retain anywhere you go. There will be no problem, not at all. I have been managing things in such a way that all that can disturb you anywhere else is present here. So you need not be afraid....

My whole effort here is to create a miniature world where money is absolutely accepted, where women and men live together in joy, in

celebration, without fear, where all that goes on in the world also continues and, alongside, the meditation grows. It becomes stronger and stronger because all the challenges are there.

You can go anywhere you like. Nobody can take your peace away. Your silence is yours! It is not because of me. You have earned it, you have gained it. *sos104*

Religion to me is not ritual. If you are looking for any ritual, no ritual exists here. To me religion is an insight, insight into the beauty of existence, insight into the tremendous mystery that surrounds us, insight into your own being and into the beings of others. It has nothing to do with any dogma, any belief, any creed, any cult--it is not a cult at all--it is just a totally different phenomenon.

We are trying to live a meditative life, working in the ordinary way but working it with a different quality.

People are working in the kitchen, cleaning the toilets, or in the carpentry shop or in the boutique or in the bakery or in the garden--just the ordinary kind of activities, but with a different quality: with a joy, with silence, with love, with bliss, with a dance in their heart, with celebration.

To me, that is true religion: to be able to celebrate life is religion. In that very celebration you come close to God. If one is able to celebrate, God is not far away; if one is not able to celebrate life, then God does not exist for him. God appears only in deep celebration, when you are so full of joy that all misery has left you, all darkness has left you. When you are so full that there is no emptiness in you, that you have started feeling the significance of the ordinary, day-to-day existence, when moment to moment you live totally, intensely, passionately, then God is available.

God is not a person but just an experience, an experience of overwhelming mystery, unfathomable mystery. It is not philosophy in the ordinary sense, it is not religion in the ordinary sense either. It is philosophy in the truest sense of the word--philosophy means love for wisdom; then it is philosophy. Religion, the word, very word, means to be in tune. It comes from religere: to be in deep harmony with the whole, to be married with the whole, to be

related with the whole, to forget your ego and your separation. Then it is religion. *ggate209*

Man needs a balance, and that balance is possible only if you learn the art of being active and yet remaining inactive inside. And that's what we are trying to do here, and in the bigger commune you will have more facilities to be active and inactive together.

People who come to the ashram are a little puzzled. Many have written to me, "Everybody is working but nobody seems to be tense." In the office so many people are working, in the workshops, in the press office...so many people are working. Nearabout three hundred people are constantly working, and with no holiday--the Sunday never comes. But nobody is tense.

Work is beautiful if it can be done without any tension, if it can be done playfully, if it can be done without any hurry and yet without relapsing into laziness. It is a very subtle and delicate art. Then you are neither Eastern nor Western--that's what I call the new man. He will not be Eastern, he will not be Western, or he will be both together. It has never happened before: my sannyasin has to prove it. Lao Tzu talked about it and a few people have tried it, but I am making an effort to create such a big space that millions of people can try it. It is such a blessing to know how to act without acting that everybody should have a little taste of it.

When you are working, remember it; if you have gone for a walk, remember it--there is no need to be in a hurry. A walk has to be enjoyed.

Go slow. There is no goal! Enjoy the trees surrounding the way, and the birds and the sun and the sky and the clouds, and the people that are passing and the smell of the earth--enjoy everything! Be alert.

A lazy person becomes unalert. The very speedy person is so much in speed that he cannot be watchful of what is happening around him; he is rushing with such force that he cannot see anywhere else, he is focussed, obsessed with some goal. And the lazy person is so lazy, so unalert, so unconscious, that he cannot see. Both are blind.

You have to find a synthesis. Be alert as the active person is, and be relaxed as the lazy person is. And once both these two are there together, you are balanced, and your life will have a new flavour, a new joy, a new ecstasy, which knows no bounds. *fish14*

Reactions to Osho's and his ashram

At this time there is an increase in harassment of foreign sannyasins by local people, police and local government, eg assaults on sannyasins, building permits rescinded In those seven years (in Poona), by and by Indians disappeared from my vision. People from all over the world started coming. We had become, in India, an island where you could find Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, Americans, Germans, Italians, French, English, Swiss, Dutch; even people from Soviet Russia--even they are here.

But Indians simply disappeared, for the simple reason that I was not consolidating their beliefs. I was destroying their beliefs, and I was creating a totally new vision of meditation which needs no belief system as a support.

That's why people from all over the world who had an inquiring mind, who were fed up with their religions, with their priests, with their churches, synagogues--they started coming there. They were ready--

because there was no question of believing anything--just experimenting.

And the more they experimented, by and by they started feeling a new energy arising in them. Who bothers about God? And who bothers about paradise? We can create paradise *here.* And when you are in deep silence and meditation, you *are* a god, not a bit less--a little more, because God is just a fiction and you are a reality.

But I could see that India had come to a point where perhaps it could not accept any living truth. *dless16*

An Indian friend asks: *Many times when I see our friends hugging, kissing passionately, and caressing each other's bodies, I feel that it is this sight*

which offends Indian society in general and creates great

misunderstandings about you and your teachings. With this particular type of behavior, if the society is offended and great difficulties are created for the world of our Master, why shouldn't we simply correct our behavior when we are in society, whether in India, America, or Germany?

This is what I have been talking about: the rotten mind.

What is wrong in hugging a person you love, in kissing a person you love? Don't enforce your hug on anybody, that's true; then it is ugly--and that's what the Indians go on doing. And my women sannyasins are aware of it.

If you are there in the marketplace, then Indians behave really in an ugly way. They will pinch your bottoms. Now, that is ugly. They will rub their bodies against your body. That is ugly. They will look at you as if they would like to eat you. That is ugly. They will look at you as if they would like to see how you are behind your clothes. That is ugly, but that is accepted, that is perfectly good.

If you love a person and you hold hands and you hug each other and you kiss each other, it should be nobody's business. Why should others feel offended? If they feel offended, then something is wrong with them.

Maybe they are feeling jealous, but they cannot show their jealousy, so they become angry. Maybe they would also like to hug somebody, but they don't have the courage; they are afraid of the society. Hence they feel very angry at you. What they cannot do, they would not like anybody else to do either.

And, because they are so sexually repressed, whenever they see somebody hugging, kissing, holding hands, showering so much love on each other, their repressed sexuality starts surfacing. They become afraid of themselves.

They are not offended by your behavior; they are offended by their own unconscious tendencies because they suddenly start surfacing! All their repressed sexuality starts coming up, and they become frightened that, if it is allowed, they may do something. They are somehow controlling themselves. Now, here is a person who provokes them. Here are two persons in such a deep hug, they start losing control.

The Indian mind has lived in control, discipline, character. It is a hypocritical mind. On the surface is control, deep down there are all kinds of things boiling. And when you provoke them they are offended--

not against you: they are offended by their own unconscious, but they

are not aware of that at all. They throw the responsibility wholly on you, that you are doing something wrong.

And although you are my sannyasin, still the Indian mind continues in you. It is a very deep-rooted thing, centuries and centuries of conditioning.

You say, "Many times when I see our friends hugging, kissing passionately, and caressing each other's bodies, I feel that it is this sight which offends Indian society in general and creates great misunderstandings about you and your teachings."

No, it is not creating any *mis* understanding. Exactly, precisely, this is my teaching! It is love that I teach. It is loving behavior that I teach. You are not going against me when you are doing it.

I would like the whole country to be in a hugging, kissing atmosphere.

That climate is needed. People have forgotten how it feels to hug others'

bodies. People have forgotten the warmth, the flow of energy that comes from the other's body. Indians have completely lost roots in their own bodies.

Even husbands and wives make love so quickly, so fast, that there is no hugging, caressing at all. It is done almost as if it is a sin, in secrecy, nobody should know about it. Indians live as if there is no sex in their life. This has become their patterned way of existence; now you are disrupting it. I would also like them to learn a few ways of how to be loving. Love is not obscene, but that's how they think: they think love is obscene.

If two persons are fighting on the road, no Indian thinks it is obscene.

Even if they murder each other, nobody thinks it is obscene. In fact, the

crowd will gather to watch what is happening and they will be very much thrilled. And if nothing happens, they will go away very sad, that

"Nothing happened, and we waited so long." It was a kind of free entertainment. They are not offended. Even if knives are drawn, they are not offended. If blood flows, they are not offended; it is not obscene.

In Indian films, murder is allowed, suicide is allowed; kissing is not allowed. Just think and see the whole absurdity of it. Murder is allowed.

Kissing is far more dangerous, far more dangerous than murder? What kind of valuation is this? Suicide is allowed. All kinds of sadistic, masochistic tortures are allowed, but kissing is not allowed. A certain distance has to be maintained between the lips--six inches, I think. Lips should not come more than six inches closer; otherwise there will be an atomic explosion!

It is just a very repressive society.

There is no misunderstanding about me. I am very simple and plain.

Whatsoever I say, I say, and I say it the way it is. I call a spade a spade.

Then whatsoever happens, it's good. But I have decided to be utterly honest and truthful--whatsoever the cost. So don't think that "great difficulties" are created for me. Nobody can create difficulties for me. But if I have to say the truth, difficulties are bound to be there.

And do you think if you stop kissing and hugging on the roads, streets, people will not have anything against me? Then why were they against Jesus? His disciples were not kissing and hugging. Why did they crucify him? Why were they against Socrates? Why did they poison him? Why were they against Al Hillaj Mansoor? Why did they kill him? These are excuses. Don't be deceived by the excuses that people find. If they cannot find this excuse, they will find another. And whatsoever I am saying is such--it is explosive, it is dynamite.

In that way, you need not bother about what you do--whatsoever you do is okay: even if you become absolute saints according to Indians, then too

they will be against me because what I am saying and what I am trying to do is utter rebellion. It has never been done that way, it has never been spoken that way--but people find excuses. If one excuse is dropped, they will find another.

The Western disciples have come only recently. Seven years before, you were not here, and people were against me as they are against me today.

I only had Indian disciples, but still they were against me. So it is not you, it is I who is creating trouble for himself. You are not responsible at all. You are just an excuse, and they go on finding excuses, and my every statement can become an excuse.

In fact, your hugging and kissing and your caressing each other, embracing each other, has been a great help to me. Because of that they have forgotten everything else that I say! It is a protection. Now, I have even been seeing editorials written in which it is said that what Osho says is right; his disciples are wrong...and I am so grateful to you. If you were not here, I would be wrong! Now at least because of your behavior I am becoming prestigious, respectable.

Go on doing it. Soon they will throw the whole responsibility on you and I will be completely free of blame!

Even the Municipal Corporation of Poona has passed a resolution in which it is said that, "We are not against Osho's teachings--his teachings are perfectly true and right--but we are against the behavior of his

disciples." So beautiful! I enjoy how stupid people can be. They cannot fight with me, they cannot argue with me, they feel impotent against me; now they are finding scapegoats, now they are finding other excuses.

Continue doing whatsoever you are doing. This is going to help my work.

And I am not here to compromise. Whether the difficulties are there or not, I am not here to compromise--not an iota of compromise. Even if they make my life impossible here, that is perfectly okay, but no compromise.

And you say, "With this particular type of behavior, if the society is

offended...." Society is going to be offended if we want to change the society, if we want to change the mind of the society. People don't leave their old minds easily. They have invested so much in it, how can they leave it so easily? They will be offended. And you ask me, "...why shouldn't we simply correct our behavior...?" Your behavior is already *correct*. And if they are suffering, they have to correct their minds. If they are suffering, that is their problem. They will have to reconsider.

I would like many more and many more sannyasins roaming around the country, hugging, kissing, loving. Make it a problem everywhere, so they have to understand that something has to be done. In the beginning they are always offended. Nobody wants to change. Even if it is for your benefit, nobody wants to change.

Love is a religious phenomenon, the greatest religious phenomenon there is. It is love that becomes prayer.

Sufis say...a great Master is reported to have said:

I must empty myself to others

in tears and in kisses, in hugs and smiles.

That is the way one becomes empty

and ready for God to enter in.

In a moment, when one is empty, suddenly all becomes full of God. When you kiss somebody with deep love, you are emptying yourself into the other. When you hug somebody ecstatically, you are pouring yourself into the other. This is the way of emptying yourself. And when you are utterly empty, God comes in. To be empty is to be in meditation. *secret16*

Others were getting disturbed, because my meditations are one hundred and twelve, in which a few are chaotic, dynamic, active. The people have to throw out all their screams, shout, throw out their anger, dance, jump, jog. Naturally the neighbors would be disturbed in the early morning, and every day the police were there saying that the neighbors are complaining. So I told my people that we have to find a place where there are no neighbors.

last127

Osho's Discourses

In June 1976, Osho introduces his much loved series on the Bauls I'm tremendously happy to introduce you to the world of the Bauls. I hope you will be nourished by it, enriched by it. It is a very bizarre world, eccentric, insane. It has to be so. It is unfortunate but it has to be so, because the world of the so-called sane people is so insane that if you really want to be sane in it you will have to be insane. You will have to choose a path of your own. It is going to be diametrically opposite to the ordinary path of the world.

The Bauls are called Bauls because they are mad people. The word 'Baul'

comes from the Sanskrit root *vatul*. It means: mad, affected by wind. The Baul belongs to no religion. He is neither Hindu nor Mohammedan nor Christian nor Buddhist. He is a simple human being. His rebellion is total. He does not belong to anybody; he only belongs to himself. He lives in a no man's land: no country is his, no religion is his, no scripture is his. His rebellion goes even deeper than the rebellion of the Zen Masters-

-because at least formally, they belong to Buddhism; at least formally, they worship Buddha. Formally they have scriptures--scriptures denouncing scriptures, of course--but still they have. At least they have a few scriptures to burn.

Bauls have nothing--no scripture, not even to burn; no church, no temple, no mosque--nothing whatsoever. A Baul is a man always on the road. He has no house, no abode. God is his only abode, and the whole sky is his shelter. He possesses nothing except a poor man's quilt, a small, hand-made one-stringed instrument called *aektara*, and a small drum, a kettle-drum. That's all that he possesses. He possesses only a musical instrument and a drum. He plays with one hand on the instrument and he goes on beating the drum with the other. The drum hangs by the side of his body, and he dances. That is all of his religion.

Dance is his religion; singing is his worship. He does not even use the word

'God'. The Baul word for God is *Adhar Manush*, the essential man.

He worships man. He says, inside you and me, inside everybody, there is an essential being. That essential being is all. To find that *Adhar Manush*, that essential man, is the whole search.

So there is no God somewhere outside you, and there is no need to create any temple because you are His temple already. The whole search is withinwards. And on the waves of song and on the waves of dancing, he moves withinwards. He goes on moving like a beggar, singing songs.

He has nothing to preach; his whole preaching is his poetry. And his poetry is also not ordinary poetry, not mere poetry. He's not consciously a poet; he sings because his heart is singing. Poetry follows him like a shadow, hence it is tremendously beautiful. He's not calculating it, he's not making it. He lives his poetry. That's his passion and his very life.

His dance is almost insane. He has never been trained to dance, he does not know anything about the art of dancing. He dances like a madman, like a whirlwind. And he lives very spontaneously, because the Baul says, "If you want to reach to the *Adhar Manush,* the essential man, then the way, the way goes through *Sahaja Manush*, the spontaneous man."

To reach to the essential man, you have to go through the spontaneous man. Spontaneity is the only way to reach to the essence...so he cries when he feels like crying. You can find him standing in a village street crying, for nothing. If you ask, "Why are you crying?" he will laugh. He will say, "There is no why. I felt like, I felt like crying, so I cried." If he feels like laughing, he laughs; if he feels like singing, he sings--but everything has to come out of deep feeling. He's not mind oriented, not in any way controlled and disciplined. He knows no rituals. He's absolutely against rituals because he says, "A ritualized person is a dead person."

He cannot be spontaneous. And a person who follows rituals, formalities too much, creates so many habits around him that there is no need to be alert. Alertness is lost; habits are formed. Then the man of rituals lives through habits. If he goes to the temple he bows down, not in any way conscious and alert of what he is doing, but just because he has been

taught to do so, he has learned to do so. It has become a conditioning.

So they don't follow any ritual, they don't have any technique, they don't have any habit. So you cannot find two Bauls that are similar; they are individuals. Their rebellion leads them to become authentic individuals.... *belov101*

In September 1976 Osho comments, in Hindi, on Ashtevakra

Just a few days ago I was talking about asthavakra, mm? His name means he was bent in his body at eight points--his whole body was like a

camel. He could not walk properly, impossible; in eight places his body had something wrong. He was a caricature--but he proved to be one of the greatest mystics of the world.

The father must have cried and wept, the mother must have beaten her head when she saw this child: all wrong, nothing right. But this child proved to be one of the greatest seers India has produced. And his book, *Asthavakrasanta,* is incomparable in the whole world's literature. No Bible, no Koran, no Veda, no Gita, has anything comparable to it. It is simply transcendental! So, one never knows.... *madmen17*

In December 1976, Osho comments on the poetry of Kabir

I invite you to come with me into the innermost realm of this madman Kabir. Yes, he was a madman--all religious people are. Mad, because they don't trust reason. Mad, because they love life. Mad, because they can dance and they can sing. Mad, because to them life is not a question, not a problem to be solved but a mystery into which one has to dissolve oneself.

One thing more about Kabir's approach. He is life-affirmative. That too is an indication of a real man of understanding. *ecstas01*

That is the game between a master and a disciple. Whatsoever Kabir is saying has not been written--it is addressed to his disciples. This is a spontaneous outpouring of his heart. He was a singer, he was a poet: somebody would ask something and he would sing a song

spontaneously. And nobody has ever sung such songs.

The enlightened man is not other than the fool. Remember, while moving in the company of Kabir, that the enlightened man is not other than the fool. What makes a man enlightened is the realization that he is as a fool.

'My mind is that of a fool' says Lao Tzu. Kabir will agree perfectly, totally.

'How empty it is' says Lao Tzu '--as empty as the mind of a fool.'

Emptiness takes nothing seriously, raises no one thing up over another.

Worshipping nothing, it celebrates all.

Kabir is a celebrant. He celebrates all--all colors of life, the whole rainbow of it. What he is going to say to you is not philosophy but pure poetry. It is not religion but a hand beckoning, a door half opened, a mirror wiped clean. It is a way back home, a way back to nature.

Nature is God to Kabir--the trees and the rocks and the rivers and the mountains. He does not believe in the temples and the churches and the mosques, he believes in the living reality. God is there, breathing, flowering, flowing. And where are you going? You are going to a temple,

man-made, to worship an idol, again manufactured by man, in his own image.

Kabir calls you back from the temples and the mosques: What are you doing there? He calls you back to celebrate life. *revol01*

You say: *Since you gave me sannyas, I feel I am in a tremendous Poona fiction story.*

Right, I am creating a fiction here: the fiction of the Master and the disciple, the fiction of the god and the devotee. It is really a myth, but very alive. And there is no way to come to the truth unless you pass through a great mythology. Man is lost in lies. From lies there is no direct way to truth. Myth is a bridge between the lie and the truth. A myth partakes of something of the lie and something of the truth; it is a bridge.

Yes, you are right. This is a tremendous Poona fiction story. Whatsoever is happening here is very fictitious--these people in orange, and so many crazy things going on, and I am supporting you and leading you towards nowhere and promising you things which cannot be promised.

Man lives in lies, God lives in the truth; but how to bridge both? Man is a lie, God is a truth; how to bridge both? It is very impossible. Myth is the way--fiction, yes, a spiritual fiction. All the religions are fictitious, all the mythologies are fictitious, but they are of tremendous help. A mythology has something of the truth in it--maybe just a reflection--and something of the lie in it. You can move through the myth towards truth. And if an alive myth is available, don't miss it...

Yes, it is a fiction that I am creating here, but it is alive. That is the difference. While I am here, the myth is an alive bridge; you can pass through it towards the unknown. *ecstas04*

In February 1977 Osho introduces sutras on Lieh Tzu, and in April 1977 Osho comments on the tantric mystic Saraha

Now we enter into this great pilgrimage: The Royal Song of Saraha. It is also called 'The Song on Human Action'--very paradoxical, because it has nothing to do with action. That's why it is also called 'The Song on Human Action'. It has something to do with the being, but when the being is transformed, action is transformed. When *you* are transformed, your behavior is transformed--not vice versa. Not that first you change your action and then your being changes--no. Tantra says: First change your being and then your action changes automatically, of its own accord. First attain to a different kind of consciousness, and that will be followed by a different kind of action, character, behavior.

Tantra believes in being, not in action and character. That's why it is also called 'The Song on Human Action'--because once being is transformed, your actions are transformed. That is the only way to change your actions....

In these four verses, Saraha has invited the king to enter into his inner being, he has opened his heart. And he says: I am not here to convince you logically. I am here to convince you existentially! I will not give any proof,

and I will not say anything in defence of myself. The heart is just open--you come in, you go in. You see what has happened...so close is spontaneity, so close is God, so close is truth. The sun has risen. Open your eyes!

Remember, a mystic has no proof. He cannot have any proof by the very nature of things. *He is* the only proof--so he can bare his heart to you.

These verses, these Songs of Saraha, have to be meditated on deeply.

Each song can become the opening of a flower in your heart. I hope these forty verses will become forty flowers in your being, as they became in the being of the king. The king was liberated--so can you be. Saraha has penetrated the target. You can also penetrate the target. You can also become a Saraha--one whose arrow is shot. *tvis101*

Osho develops the New Phase of His Work

In April 1977 Osho advises that the second phase of his work will soon begin. Sannyasins who wish to participate wil need to be committed, surrendered, to the commune. Osho develops this theme throughout the year

A sannyasin says: Laxmi told me of the beautiful possibilitites of our building something new *like a city, a new place for all of us. I* do *want to be a part of that.*

Mm, you will be! You will be part of everything that is going to happen.

Mm? and thousands of things are going to happen--this is just a beginning! *thisis09*

Now a second phase of my work will start soon and I would like only people who are *really* surrendered, and no negativity.

Otherwise others will have to go, I will by and by send them. Now my work will take another shape; everybody will not be allowed. Up to now I

was allowing everybody. If I have to work deeply then many people will have to go....

And this is going to be the pattern of the work: whoever is working under someone has to surrender to that person. If somebody is working under

you, he will surrender to you. The immediate person in charge of the work has to be surrendered to, because soon I will be settling for a different kind of work. *madmen18*

Surrender is a device to bring you out of your ego. If you *don't* want to come out of your ego, I am not much interested in bringing you out of your ego; it is none of my business. If you are interested, I am available.

If you are not interested, perfectly good. The door is open.... *feet04*

A master has to be skilled in the greatest art: the art of the human heart-

-because subtle are the problems, very complicated and complex....

Very subtle is the art, it has to be--because it is an effort to transform the human heart, the greatest thing in evolution, the highest peak to which existence has reached....

A master simply opens his being to you, demonstrates to you what Truth is.

What am I doing here? I'm drunk with existence--a drunkard. And I allow you to come nearer to me to be drunk with me, to participate. And the closer you come, the more drunk you will become. And a moment comes when the disciple and the master sit silently--nobody knows who the disciple is and who the master is. They have come so close, like two flames coming closer and closer and closer, and a sudden jump--and the two flames have become one. To understand a master you need to come close....

With a master, the final, the utterly final commitment is needed. That is the meaning: `You can't have anything from me until you die.' That is the meaning of this Sufi saying, because when you die then you are totally committed. Now there is no going back. There is nobody else you can fall back upon.

A commitment is a point of no return. Where will you go back to? You have burnt the house. A cunning mind would like to be distant; not a participant, but an observer. Keeping the distance he keeps his house intact, so if something goes wrong he can go back, he can fall back. But all that is

beautiful in life comes through commitment.

In the West, particularly, `commitment' has become a wrong word, a taboo word. The moment you hear `commitment', you become afraid.

That's why in the West all that is beautiful *and* the deepest, is disappearing. Love is not possible; only sex is possible. Sex is without involvement; love is a commitment. Sex is between two strangers; love is between two who are intimate, not strangers, who feel an affinity--who are not there just to exploit each other, but to grow with each other. A commitment is needed in love. And without love, sex will become futile. It has already become so in the West.

Meditation is not possible if you are not committed. You cannot remain a spectator. If you want to be a spectator, then you will remain on the periphery. Commitment leads you to the very center of things.

To be with a Master is a commitment. It is the highest form of love, the highest form of meditation, the highest form of prayer. In the West, only teachers have existed. In the West, `teacher' and `master' are not two totally different words; they are synonymous, they mean the same.... But in English there is no difference between a Master and a teacher. In English there exists no word like *guru*. It is a deep involvement with a person, such a deep involvement that you are ready to die for it.

Love, meditation, prayer, all are deep commitments.

And who is afraid of commitment? The ego is afraid of commitment--

because commitment means now no more going back. The bridge is broken. You feel afraid. Only the future, the unknown future is there; past is no more. You will feel dizzy. And if you look in the eyes of a Master, you will feel dizzy--because he is vacant. It is like an abyss with no bottom to it. You would like to cling to something because there is danger, you will be lost for ever.

And this is so! But you cannot find yourself unless you are lost. And you cannot be reborn unless you die. A Master is a death and a life. A Master is

a death and a resurrection. *until04*

You see this chair I am sitting on? Just four days before, I ordered Asheesh and Veena to prepare it for the Sufi lectures specially. They have worked day and night. They could complete the chair at only one o'clock in the night, just a few hours ago. They could have thought that why could I not have said so a few days earlier, why just four days before?

But they enjoyed, they understood the design. And they went higher and higher in energy. Last night when they completed the chair, they were almost on a psychedelic trip! As they moved in surrender.... It was difficult to complete it in four days, but they did.

The chair was not the question at all.

It was a *naqshbandi*, it was a design.

They learned something out of it--that if you surrender, you can go high.

The deeper you go in surrender, the higher you go in consciousness.

They could have said that this is not possible. They would have missed--

and they would have never known what it was meant for. But I am happy that Asheesh and Veena both understood the point. They went in deep trust into it, and they thought, when I have said four days then it must be possible, and they poured their total energy into it.

And when you pour your total energy into anything in trust, it becomes meditation. It brings ecstasy. Last night they must have moved into a kind of *wajd*, a glimpse.

When you are with a Master you have to be very, very conscious, because each and every thing is managed in such a way that it helps your spiritual growth....

For example, preparing a chair, how is it concerned with sannyas? And how is it concerned with meditation? And can't I speak on sufism on another chair? We have many chairs. How is it concerned with Sufism? If

you think about it, it is utterly irrelevant.

But that is not the point at all. If you think that way, you will miss the whole point. *secret01*

A sannyasin, who is leaving, says he has difficulty surrendering to the commune.

The problem arises only when you start doing your own thing, and then you fall out of tune with the things here. Here the only way to be is to be totally in tune; otherwise you suffer and the whole community suffers.

You will not feel happy and people will not feel happy with you.

So here you have to dissolve...and then there is no problem at all. In fact, this mind that you feel continuously goes round and round in a crazy way will disappear by and by, once you have stopped listening to it--and that is the whole point of disciplehood. It is very difficult to get out of the trap of the mind because it is the mind that decides. It is the mind that even tries to get out of it.

The essential of disciplehood is that you cannot get out of your mind on your own, because who will try and who will get out of it?--it is the same mind. So you choose a person and you say, 'I will do whatsoever you

say.' You trust a person and you surrender. Then your mind will go on for months together, even for years, but by and by it will become less and less powerful over you because you cannot decide so you cannot support it.

If you have to listen to me and if you do what I say then this mind cannot continue to be crazy for long, because your support will disappear. It exists with your support. It is almost like cycling: you go on peddling, the cycle goes on. After the moment you stop peddling how long can it go on for? Maybe out of the past momentum for a few yards, and if you are on a downhill road, then a few miles, but it cannot go forever.

And when I say to dissolve here with me and with my work, it means that if you are working with Laxmi you have to listen to Laxmi, if you are working with Deeksha you have to listen to Deeksha; if you are working with Mukta

you have to listen to Mukta. It is easy to listen to me. It is very difficult to listen to Laxmi because then your mind starts asserting itself. And there is every possibility that you may know more than Laxmi but that is not the point. Laxmi may be right in some things or may be wrong in some things, you may be right, but that is not the point either.

Even if Laxmi is wrong and she says to do something, then take it for granted it is from me and you have to do it. In the beginning it will be a little difficult--difficult because you see that you can do better, difficult because you know a better alternative.

And I am not saying that you are wrong, remember--you may be right but that is not the point. Right or wrong, you are not to decide. And this is part of my device--that sometimes I will not say to you what to do; Laxmi will say. Because when I say it is very easy to accept it. I will bring it from such a source where it is very difficult to accept. But to accept there will bring the surrender.

And I am preparing something for the future so I don't want any dissidents here in any way. Because once things become bigger, if a few dissidents are here they will create cliques and will disturb the whole work.

I want it to be absolutely homogeneous--with one voice, with one direction, with one soul. In the west many communes come into existence and die. In fact the average life of a commune is not more than three years. And the basic reason is that sooner or later dissident voices start becoming powerful, cliques form, and politics enters. And when politics enters into any commune, death has entered. Then conflict, then struggle, then power, and everything comes in from the back door.

And remember, when politics enters it always enters with good slogans; that is its way to deceive. Even the person who brings it in may be deceived by it because he thinks he is doing something for the good, something for the welfare of everybody.

I am trying to make this commune slowly in such a way that no politics enters in it. Thousands of people are going to come to be here with me...

And Poona has just been a jumping board. That's why I would like to leave Poona soon--because its work is finished. I have chosen people; now I can move into a more permanent commune. Poona was just an overnight's stay; its work is finished. *justdo26*

You say: *The other day I came through the gates with an Indian sannyasin and he was turned away by the guard with no reason given. When I spoke to Laxmi about it, she more or less told me to mind my own business.*

Whenever I see people being unjustly treated, my immediate reaction is to go to their assistance. Is it really none of my business what happens to other people?

This is significant for everybody present here, and everybody who is going to be in any way related to me. Whatsoever happens in this commune happens according to me. I know who was turned from the gate. And the man who has been turned away knows why he has been turned from the gate. And it is none of your business to come into it.

This you have to understand absolutely, that whatsoever happens here...I may not come out of my room, I never come out except in the morning and the evening, and I never go around the ashram--but whatsoever happens here is perfectly known to me, is happening according to me. Please don't interfere....

Now I know the man who has been rejected and I know why he is rejected--and he also knows why he has been rejected. There is no reason to give any reason. If reasons have to be given for each and every thing, then my whole work will be simply to go on supplying reasons.

There are thousands of people coming, and everybody has to be given reasons and explanations about everything? Laxmi is right.

And always remember that Laxmi never does anything on her own. She is a perfect vehicle. That's why she has been chosen for that work.... She simply listens and does. Whatsoever is said, she does.

And you have to learn these ways, because soon we will be becoming a

bigger commune and thousands of people will be coming, and these things have to be settled. You should not bring them again and again.

Again and again you go on writing questions: "Somebody has done this...." That is for me to look to, and if I think that it is not right it will be prevented. You need not bring it to my notice even. You waste my time.

And you get so excited.... There are some foolish people who have renounced their sannyas because they saw something unjust was being done. Now they're just losing their opportunity. It was not their business.

You have come here for your own growth. This acceptance has to be total, only then work is possible, only then I can help you. Please don't give suggestions to me. The moment you give me a suggestion, you are disconnected from me.

This is not going to be a democracy. You are not to be asked what should be done and what should not be done. This should be remembered from the very beginning--that this is not going to be a democracy. Your votes will never be taken. You become part of it with that knowledge, that whatsoever I decide is absolute. If you don't choose that way you are perfectly happy to leave.

People are prevented from entering but nobody is prevented from leaving.

You can leave. Have you seen anybody being prevented from leaving?

Leaving is perfectly free--you are free, that is your decision. If you want to be here you have to be totally here. If you feel that this is not the place for you, that your ideas are not being fulfilled, that it is not according to you, you are free to leave.

This place will never be according to you. This place is to change you, it is not to be according to you. This place is going to be a transformation for you. And these are the beginnings. Who are you to know what is right and what is wrong? And who are you to ask for the reason? How do you come in?...

But don't go on writing to me. Whatsoever happens here is happening with

my knowledge. Not a single thing happens here which is not known to me, so you need not inform me about things, I know them already. It is a sheer wastage of time.

And the moment you surrender and become an initiate, a sannyasin, that surrender has to be total. Just live a few months in that total surrender and you will see--it is alchemical, it transforms you. *diamon08*

Sheela comes to darshan in Laxmi's absence if Indian people are present.

Maneesha had queried her coming when there were no Indians present, and had also queried whether Sheela had been checked at the gate.

(Everyone is checked for perfume, tobacco, etc., which might trigger Osho's

allergies.) Sheela says: I got stepped on twice by Maneesha, and it just sort of got me aggravated.

Always remember Sheela: that is her work. So if you are doing anything and it comes under somebody's charge, you have to listen to the person.

Don't feel stepped on, otherwise how will work happen? It was natural; because there were no Indians she thought that Sheela was not needed.

You became angry. You told her to mind her own business, but she was!

You must have felt that you have been stepped on, but that is your attitude.

As the work becomes complex we will have to see that whosoever is in charge has to be listened to, otherwise nobody will listen to anybody. If you are doing some work and you are in charge then everybody has to listen to you...even sometimes when they don't like it. Even sometimes when you are wrong, they have to listen to it, otherwise it will become impossible; this commune cannot function then. More and more work will have to be divided, and everybody should be supreme in his work.

When Maneesha enters your work, you are supreme, so she has to listen to you; but this is her work--whether everybody has been checked or not.

But I have been going through the check.

Mm, that's okay, but this is her work; it is not stepping on you. And that has been the structure, that when Indians are there, somebody has to be there, so it was natural for her to ask. You need not get angry about it and you need not feel offended, otherwise rivalries will enter. That's what has happened to every commune. Then power trips come in: she has stepped on you, so you have to step on her. Then people become bitchy to each other, and that's bad.

Everybody has to think this, that whosoever is in charge you have to surrender to...even though sometimes, I say, he may be wrong. That is not the point at all, that can be sorted out later on. But nobody should feel offended, otherwise it becomes impossible.

Now, if nothing is said about it, the next time that Maneesha feels that you are unnecessarily there, she will not be able to say anything to you; she will be afraid that Sheela has to be left to herself. But if Sheela is left then why not Arup, why not Vivek, why not Mukta? Then things go on becoming more complicated. Now you are feeling miserable, she is feeling sad...for no reason! Be a little more alert and aware, and always remember, right or wrong, the person who is in charge has to be listened to....

Do you know that all communes die? The longest life of a commune up to now has been three years. I would like this commune to live, and it is going to live, but then the functioning has to be totally different. Those communes die because they have a democratic structure; that's why they die. You cannot have a democratic structure in a commune, otherwise nothing will work.

The commune has to be in a totally different way; it has to be a discipline. Not everybody has to assert themselves, otherwise fights and then cliques will happen; and then people will join together--a few people with Maneesha, a few people with Sheela--and then conflict over who is more powerful will happen. These things will go on and they will destroy the whole thing that I am trying to do; your energy will get involved in those things. They have to be avoided, and I am very alert from the beginning.

So apologise to Maneesha. And if she is wrong, that is my business, I will see to it. Mm? but that is not for you. If sometimes you find that somebody is wrong, just report it to me, but don't react to the person immediately; just report it to me. That's for me to think about.

I would like this commune to function so smoothly that it can become an example. Communes have become very condemned because they start with great enthusiasm, then everything falls flat. It falls flat because of the politics of people; and this is how politics enter. I am very keen that no politics should enter, and the only way is: always look to the person.

You should have written a letter to me that this happened. I am always there; it would not have created any trouble. She cried, she is suffering, and you have been sitting there, miserable for no reason at all!

So apologize to her, mm? *bite03*

You say: *I have lived in many communities, all sincere and well-meaning, yet everywhere I was appalled at the unconscious political ambition and intrigues which are underlying and dormant but come up in spite of the good intentions. How are you handling it here? Are you allowing it free play so that people can work it out of their systems--or are you nipping it in the bud?*

I don't believe in repressing anything--not even the poisonous politics--

because repressed, it remains in your system; sooner or later it will take you over. And the longer it has been repressed, the more dangerous it becomes, because the deeper it goes into your very source of being. And if you are poisoned at your very source, at the very centre, then it becomes really difficult to uproot it.

My approach about everything is to bring it to the surface. So I never nip anything in the bud, I help it to become a flower. And after the flowering, the flower starts withering of its own accord. That's the natural way.

So in my commune, nothing is prevented. Ambitions are allowed, accepted, as being part of human beings, their ignorance, their unawareness. But I

make my people aware that these are games. So play them, but play consciously. Become more and more alert and never let them become serious. If they don't become serious, there is no need to become afraid of them. The problem is that when a game becomes so serious then you forget completely that it is a game.

That's where the politician is lost. He thinks he is doing something very serious. He is doing something very silly, but he thinks he is doing something very serious. All that is needed is to make him aware that this is a game. If you want to play it, play, but don't become so serious about it. Keep a little bit of humour. A sense of humour is one of the greatest keys to transform human personalities.

Yes, you are right! Here also--because these people come from the world and they bring all kinds of infections from the world. They are not coming here fresh, they have been already conditioned. Ambition has already been put into them--their parents, the society, church, school, college, university. Everywhere they have been poisoned; they bring all that poison here. You cannot nip it in the bud otherwise they will become split and hypocritical. Then on the surface they will show humility, humbleness, and deep down they will think, 'There is nobody more humble than me'--and politics has come in. Deep down they will think, 'I am the greatest egoless person in the world'--but the 'greatest'.

Now a new kind of ambition has entered. It is the same ambition, now the direction is new. And it is more subtle, and, of course, more dangerous too. And now it is pious, because it is in the name of religion.

So even the poison no longer looks like poison; it is labelled nectar. It is religious poison, pious poison, and it is more difficult to get rid of the pious poison.

So I don't repress anything and I don't help any kind of repression, I help people to bring whatsoever they have in them to the surface. I help them to be aware of it, to watch it, to see the foolishness of it, to see the stupidity of it--not because I say it is stupid, because if I say something and you only believe it, you will repress it. I help you--my function here is to help you become aware on your own. The day you see the stupidity of it, it will drop

of its own accord.

So I have created all kinds of games here. Yes, there is a hierarchy too so people who want to play, they can play the game of hierarchy. But sooner or later--because the whole effort is to make them conscious--they become aware that this is a game. And the moment *they* see it is a game, they are out of it. Seeing something as a game makes you laugh at it--a hearty laugh at your own self. And when a man can laugh at his own stupidities he is becoming wise. Laughter has to come out of awareness....

Awareness is the only secret key: it transforms. It doesn't matter what your illness is, awareness is the only medicine: it cures all illness. If you are politically minded--and everybody is...In some way or other everybody is trying to be more powerful than the other. Even in relationships politics continue--the husband tries to be more powerful than the wife, the wife tries to be more powerful than the husband--hence the constant conflict, even between parents and children. Everywhere there is conflict.

It is all politics, different faces of politics.

So when you come to me I cannot expect you to come without politics--

that is impossible. If you are without politics, you will not need to come--

wherever you are, God will come to you. When you come here I accept all your human weaknesses. I have no condemnation. I don't tell you to repress; I don't want to make you feel guilty about anything. If you want to play the game of politics you are allowed to play it--with only one condition: become more and more alert while playing it. Have a sense of humour, and then all is well. Sooner or later it will wither away of its own accord.

And so is the case with sensuality, sexuality; so is the case with possessiveness; so is the case with everything that man suffers from.
sos112

You ask me: *What chance is there for Your ideal society in the face of the politicians and the priests and the vested interests of capital?*

First, I am not interested in any ideal society. For that matter, I am not even

interested in any ideal individual. The word ideal is a dirty word to me. I have no ideals. Ideals have driven you mad. It is ideals that have made this whole earth a big madhouse.

The ideal means you are not that which you should be. It creates tension, anxiety, anguish. It divides you, it makes you schizophrenic.

And the ideal is in the future and you are here. And how can you live unless you are the ideal? First be the ideal, then start living--and that never happens. That cannot happen in the very nature of things. Ideals are impossible; that's why they are ideals. They drive you crazy and

make you insane. And condemnation arises, because you always fall short of the ideal. Guilt is created. In fact, that is what the priests and the politicians have been doing--they want to create guilt in you. To create guilt they use ideals; that is the simple mechanism. First give an ideal, then guilt comes automatically....

Accept yourself as you are.

I am not interested in any ideal society, not at all. I am not interested even in ideal individuals. I am not interested in idealism at all!

And to me the society does not exist, there are only individuals. The society is just a functioning structure, utilitarian. You cannot come across society....

Put your whole energy into dancing, celebrating. And then you are ideal, here and now--not that you have to become ideal.

Ideology, as such, has lost its truth. In fact it was never there in the first place. And the power to persuade also is gone. Few serious minds believe any longer that one can set down blueprints, and through social engineering bring about a new utopia of social harmony. We are living in the age of utter freedom. We have come of age. Humanity is no longer childish, it is more mature. We are living in a very Socratic period, because people are asking all the important questions of life. Don't start hankering and longing for some future ideal, idea, perfection. Drop all ideals and live here-now.

My commune is not going to be an ideal society. My commune is going to be a herenow commune. *heart06*

Discourses: Sufis

In August 1977, Osho's series is *Sufis: The People of the Path* Once a learned Mohammedan came to me and asked, "You are not a Mohammedan, then why do you speak on Sufism?' I told him, 'I am not a Mohammedan, obviously, but I am a Sufi all the same.'

A Sufi need not be a Mohammedan. A Sufi can exist anywhere, in any form--because Sufism is the essential core of all religions. It has nothing to do with Islam in particular. Sufism can exist without Islam; Islam cannot exist without Sufism. Without Sufism, Islam is a corpse. Only with Sufism does it become alive.

Whenever a religion is alive it is because of Sufism. Sufism simply means a love affair with God, with the ultimate, a love affair with the whole. It means that one is ready to dissolve into the whole, that one is ready to invite the whole to come into one's heart. It knows no formality. It is not confined by any dogma, doctrine, creed or church. Christ is a Sufi, so is Mohammed. Krishna is a Sufi, so is Buddha. This is the first thing I would like you to remember: that Sufism is the innermost core--as Zen is, as Hassidism is. These are only different names of the same ultimate relationship with God.

The relationship is dangerous. It is dangerous because the closer you come to God, the more and more you evaporate. And when you have come really close you are no more. It is dangerous because it is suicidal...but the suicide is beautiful. To die in God is the only way to live really. Until you die, until you die voluntarily into love, you live an existence which is simply mediocre; you vegetate, you don't have any meaning. No poetry arises in your heart, no dance, no celebration; you simply grope in the darkness. You live at the minimum, you don't overflow with ecstasy.

That overflow happens only when you are not. You are the hindrance.

Sufism is the art of removing the hindrance between you and you, between the self and *the* self, between the part and the whole.

A few things about this word 'Sufi'. An ancient Persian dictionary has this for the entry 'Sufi'...the definition given goes in rhyme: *Sufi chist--*

Sufi, Sufist. Who is a Sufi? A Sufi is a Sufi. This is a beautiful definition.

The phenomenon is indefinable. 'A Sufi is a Sufi.' It says nothing and yet it says well. It says that the Sufi cannot be defined; there is no other word to define it, there is no other synonym, there is no possibility of defining it linguistically, there is no other indefinable phenomenon. You can live it and you can know it, but through the mind, through the intellect, it is not possible. You can become a Sufi--that is the only way to know what it is. You can taste the reality yourself, it is available. You need not go into a dictionary, you can go into existence.

If you are not ready to have a bite of Sufism you can at least taste it.

And that's what I am going to make available to you--a little taste. And once you have tasted even a drop of the nectar called Sufism you will

become more thirsty for more. For the first time you will start feeling a great appetite for God.

These talks cannot explain to you what Sufism is--because I am not a philosopher. I am not a theologian either. And I am not really talking on Sufism, I will be talking Sufism. If you are ready, if you are ready to go into this adventure, then you will attain to a taste of it. It is something that will start happening in your heart. It is something like a bud opening. You will start feeling a certain sensation in the heart--as if something is becoming alert, awake there; as if the heart has been asleep for long and now it is the first glimmer of the morning--and there you will have the taste.

Sufism is a special kind of magic, a rare kind of magic. It can be transferred only from person to person, not from a book. It cannot be transferred by scriptures. It is also just like Zen--a transmission beyond words. The Sufis have a special word for it--they call it *silsila.* What Hindus call *parampara* they call *silsila. Silsila* means a transfer from one heart to another heart, from one person to another person It is a very, very personal religion.

You cannot have it without being related to an enlightened Master--there is no other way. You can read all the literature that exists on Sufism and you will be lost in a jungle of words. Unless you find a guide, unless you fall in love with a guide, you will not have the taste.

I am ready to take you on this far-away journey, if you are courageous, adventurous. *sufis101*

In this month Osho initiates new sannyasins with the 99 Sufi names for god.

Sufis have beautiful names for God; in all they have ninety-nine names for God. One wonders why not one hundred? It looks so incomplete. For a certain, subtle reason, the hundredth name has been kept silent. That is the true name of God which cannot be uttered. The tao that can be uttered is not the true tao and the God that can be spoken of is not the true God, because the word 'God' falsifies the reality of God. So the hundredth name is the true name--what Hindus call 'satnam', the true name--but it can't be uttered. It will lose its beauty if it is uttered. It remains unuttered, at the deepest core of the heart. But ninety-nine names can be uttered just as a help to reach the hundredth. The hundredth name is almost a nothingness--what buddhas have called

'nirvana', nothingness.

So I call these the ninety-nine names of nothingness.... *names01*

You say: *When I was in Konya for the dervish whirling ceremony last December, I met a Sufi Master--Sulyman Dede. He asked me to carry his greetings to you and then asked me how I could know that you were a true Master. I thought there could be no satisfactory reply. Osho, what would you have said?*

In the first place, Raga, Dede would not have asked the question of me.

He would have immediately recognized. He has already recognized--that's why he sends the greetings. He is a man of understanding, of great love and compassion.

But he asked you, not because he has any suspicions or doubts about me--he asked you just to see your response. He asked your not for an answer but for a response--and you missed. It is true there is no way to reply to it satisfactorily, but he was not asking for any reply from your side--he wanted a response.

You could have danced, and he would have understood. You could have hugged him, and he would have understood. A mad laughter would have been *the* answer.

It is not a question of intellectual curiosity. He is not an intellectual man at all--he is a real Sufi. He would have understood it. Sufis know how to understand the ways of lovers. You could have just looked into his eyes with great love. He was not asking anything about me: he was asking something about you. These are the ways of the Masters.

He apparently asked how you could know a true Master. In fact, he was asking, "Are you a true disciple?" You could have shown your disciplehood. You could have touched his feet. You could have cried in joy--or anything! Not ready-made, not manipulated by the mind, but spontaneous, on the spur of the moment...and he would have been immensely satisfied with you.

Next time when you go to him, don't miss. If he asks again, this time *do* something. And remember, I am saying *do* something. A Sufi Master does not ask for an intellectually satisfying answer: he asks for something existential, an indication.

He was saying to you, "If you have found a true Master, what happened to you? Show me! Give me a hint! Has love arisen in you? Have you become capable of abandoning yourself in a dance? Have you become capable of seeing the beauty of existence? Has humbleness arisen in you? Have you become prayerful?..." *perf204*

The New Commune in Kutch, Gujarat

In September 1977, arrangements are made to move in December to Kutch, Gujarat, where the New Commune is being set up. Osho talks about his vision for the New Commune.

Kutch is part of Gujarat. Kutch is desert, dry. And the palace in Kutch...

The father of the present Maharajah, had the same problem with allergies, so experts have explored all over Kutch, where the palace should be made, so it was exactly made as if for me. The palace was in such a place that the place was cool, dry, and immensely beautiful. And since the maharajah died, nobody has lived in that palace. And it was big enough for my commune; seven-hundred acres, and almost one thousand people could live, immediately, and then we could create more and we could purchase more, because Kutch is almost empty--nobody lives there. *last317*

The architect who has been to start work on the new commune in Kutch has returned and says: It seems a little paradise.

It is! And you have to make it one. Much has to be done there. We have to make it a paradise--small, but a paradise. It has to be converted into an oasis. The world is turning into a desert. People are losing all that is beautiful, all that is valuable. Values are disappearing. Man is becoming very very barren. If this continues then after one century love will become just absurd; the word will not mean anything. And that is the very heart!

The day love disappears, all disappears--freedom and dignity and all. The day love disappears, man is a machine. It is only love that keeps man as something above being a machine.

Mathematics can be done by the computer, logic can be done by the computer...and far more efficiently than by man. Only love cannot be done by the computer. So that is the only quality that can save. That is the only thing that is more in man than in a machine.

We have to create a love oasis so the value does not simply disappear.

People can come and see love almost visible, tangible. And it is possible.

Much work has to be done, so put your whole energy into it. This is your life's opportunity! *justdo26*

This whole experiment is to bring a kind of Buddhahood into the world.

This commune is not an ordinary commune. This is an experiment to provoke god. You may not be aware of what is going to happen. You may be aware only of your problems--you may have come to me only to solve your problems. That is secondary; I am cooking up something else!

(laughter) I am trying to create a space where god can descend more and more. This commune will become a connection. The world has lost connection; god is no more a reality. The connection is broken, and god can only be through the connection. God may be there, we are here, but there is no bridge so how do we know? This commune is an experiment to create the bridge.... *justdo19*

Feel happy that you are becoming part of this great milieu. Each sannyasin has to contribute much, because we are trying to materialise a great dream, a dream in which East and West can meet, a dream in which all religions can meet, a dream in which the earth can become our home--undivided, without conflict and war, without nations and races and colour divisions.

Sannyas is a vision of a new world. Rightly understood it contains all that is beautiful from the past and all that is going to be beautiful in the future. It is a turning point. So be glad that you are also becoming part of something which is almost impossible but which still can happen. *tongue10*

I would like my whole commune to live in as much comfort as possible.

The commune has to become a model--a model for the whole world. My sannyasins are to live in every possible joy: physical, psychological, spiritual. The joys of the body and the joys of the mind and the joys of the spirit--all have to be lived in such a harmony that a new man is born out of that harmony.

That's why I say: Be scientific, be aesthetic, and be religious. Out of these three dimensions, out of the meeting of these three rivers, the fourth will be created. And the fourth is my way. *dh0110*

Education in the New Commune

Osho talks about children in the new commune:

Children are immensely intelligent, they just need a chance! They need opportunities to grow, the right climate. Every child is born with the potential of enlightenment, with the potential of becoming awakened, but we destroy it.

This has been the greatest calamity in the whole history of man. No other slavery has been as bad as the slavery of the child and no other slavery has taken as much juice out of humanity as the slavery of the child, and this is also going to be the most difficult task for humanity: to get nd of it.

Unless we arrange the whole society in a totally different way, unless a radical change happens and the family disappears and gives place to a commune, it will not be possible. The parental institution has become so deep-rooted in its structure that unless the whole pattern is destroyed and replaced by a totally new phenomenon which I call the commune....

A commune is where many people live together collectively, not in single-family units. For example, this commune.... Now, nearabout three thousand sannyasins are living here, fifteen hundred sannyasins are working in the commune. There are many children; these children are being loved by everybody. They are not just focused on their parents, they are enjoying immense freedom. They go and they visit other sannyasins, they remain with other sannyasins for days together. They have many uncles, many aunts....

In a commune a child will not be obsessed with his parents. He will have more freedom, more liquidity. He will be more open to many people, many varieties. He will learn more. He will become multi-dimensional, he will become multi-lingual. And the most important thing will be that he will not be conditioned by anybody, because when there are so many people with so many different backgrounds he will be able to learn this: that 'My mother's or my father's religion is not the only religion,' that 'My mother's country is not the only country,' that 'My mother's language is not the only language,' that 'There are many languages and they are all beautiful, and there are many religions and they are all beautiful, and there are many countries and they are an beautiful.' He will have a more universal approach towards things. He will remain liquid, flowing, he will not become fixated....

And if we can make children liquid, flowing, the countries can disappear sooner or later. The family is the basic unit of the nation, of the state, of the church, hence the church, the state and the nation, will all defend the family. They are not concerned about the misery of humanity.

I am against the nation, against the church, against the state, hence I am in favour of the commune not in favour of the family. Once this old pattern of family disappears into a more multi-dimensional set-up, humanity can have a new birth. A new man is needed and the new man will bring the very paradise that in the past we were hoping for in some

other life. Paradise can be herenow, but we have to bring about a new child.

My sannyasins at least have to understand it very clearly. If you can be helpful in bringing the child to his uniqueness you win be helping humanity immensely. You will become the harbingers of a new dawn, of a new sunrise. *zzzzz14*

In September 1977 a sannyasin, who is setting up a new school for sannyasin children in the ashram, asks about education in the new commune

It will be a totally different thing! It will be a totally different thing....

It can't apply here. A few things to remember, and then you can work them out.... The first and the most basic is that we are not to enforce any pattern on the children. We have just to help them to be themselves. So there is no ideal that has to be enforced on them. You just have to be a caring atmosphere around them, so whatsoever they want to do you can help them to do better. Just help them to do it better. And they are not in any game, ambition-game.

We are not trying to make them very very powerful, famous, rich, this and that, in their life, no. Our whole effort here is to help them to be alive, authentic, loving, flowing, and life takes care. A trust in life--that's what has to be created around them, so they can trust in life. Not that they have to struggle but can relax. And as for education, just help them to be more

creative. Painting is good--they should try painting--or creating something else, but let it be creative; let them do things on their own. And don't bring in your criteria.

For example, when a child paints, don't bring in adultish criteria; don't say that this is not Picasso. If the child has enjoyed it and when he was painting he got absorbed in it, that's enough. The painting is great! Not because of any objective criterion--the painting may be just nonsense; it may be just colours splashed, may be messy.... It has to be because a child is a child; he has a different vision of things....

Help the child to be completely lost, and whenever a child is painting on his own, he will be lost. If you force him to paint then he will be distracted. So whatsoever the children want to do, let them do; just help them. Mm? you can help in many technical ways. You can tell them--if a child wants to paint--how to mix colours, how to fix the canvas, how to use the brush; that you can help with. Be a help there; rather than being a guide, be a help.

Just as a gardener helps the tree.... You cannot pull the tree fast; you cannot do anything in that way, nothing can be done positively. You plant the seed, you water, you give the manure, and you wait! The tree happens on its own. When the tree is happening you protect it so somebody does not hurt it or harm it. That is the function of a teacher: the teacher has to be a gardener. Not that you have to create the child; the child is coming on its own--god is the creator....

In this atmosphere of joy help them to learn two things--language and mathematics. History is meaningless bunk!

Just *two* small things--a little mathematics will be needed in their life.

And about that too: we are not to make them great mathematicians, just a little mathematics so they can figure out things. And language is needed so they can communicate. They can read poetry, they can enjoy the great works.

And there is going to be no examination. There is going to be no gradation of who is first and who is second. Everybody is just the same.

We make the space available for them to learn--they all have learned according to their capacities but who are we to judge? So no gradation, no examination. And when children are a little grown up let them learn practical things--carpentry, pottery, weaving--and they will enjoy all those things. When they are still more grown up let them learn something about electricity, cars, mechanisms, technology, but practical things.

That's why the other day I said the university that is going to be will be Rajneesh International Anti-University. We will make everything anti: no examinations, and the vice chancellor and the chancellor will not have any degrees. Only sweepers and cleaners will have degrees!

And you have to work it out soon because when we move, then at least one hundred children will be immediately available....

Start working so it takes some shape before we move. Because there you have to start a full-fledged school. But it is going to be a totally different kind of school, because I am all for de-schooling society.

Man can be saved only if society is de-schooled or if totally different kind of schools which cannot be called schools are evolved; then only humanity can be saved.

So no ambition should be there, no comparison ever. Never compare a child with another and say, 'Look, the other has done a better painting'.

That is ugly, violent, destructive. You are destroying both the children.

The one you say has done a better painting starts getting the idea of the ego, superiority, and the one who has been condemned starts feeling inferior. And these are the illnesses--the superior and the inferior--so never compare!

It will be difficult for you and other teachers because comparison is so much in us. Never compare. Each child has to be respected on his own.

Each child has to be respected as unique--no comparison, no marks, no gradations. Because we are not going to create clerks or ugly things like that. We are going to create men and women.

Yes, they will need a few things in life so they are practically helped.

Those things we should give them--and then they have to choose their own. In the new place we will make everything available--painting, music, dance--so wherever they want to join in, they can; whatsoever they want to do, they can do. They can have their own combinations.

There will be no syllabus--there will be only opportunity....

Let children enjoy--there is no hurry; there is no need to have a programme of enforcement. Just let things happen; let it be a growing nursery. And be very careful, because out of this school will come a bigger school, then a college and a university, and everything will follow.

This will be the seed.

And whatsoever I have said about education and about things you just go through so you have some idea about what has to be done. But it is going to happen.

And we have beautiful children around here--you just start, mm?

Good. *justdo16*

By the end of 1977 Rajneesh International University offers BA, MA or PhD courses under twelve departments, including special programmes in counsellor training and meditation.

A sannyasin doctor of Allopathic and Ayurvedic medicine asks if he should become part of the university being set up here.

I need so many people because so much has to be done. I need so many hands. The work is so enormous that it is impossible for me to do it on my own. The whole of humanity is in such a great need and the need has to be fulfilled. Otherwise humanity is just on the verge of committing suicide. Its sources of joy have run out. It is desperately struggling to survive. Meaning is no more there, any kind of significance has disappeared. People are only living because they are afraid to die, otherwise there is no reason to live. It

seems utterly absurd to live because unless there is something beyond, life cannot have any meaning.

The day God disappeared from the human mind, man started dying. Our roots have been in God, in the beyond. By God I mean the beyond, I don't mean a person.

Man always lives in the hope of transcending, always lives in the hope of surpassing himself. The darkest hour comes when there is nowhere to go beyond, when there is no beyond. Then there is nothing to live for. You cannot just live--you have to live for something. Life needs a kind of significance, meaning. Religion is nothing but creating meaning in human life. Otherwise life becomes sad, dull, boring. Life becomes anguish, anxiety...without any kind of fulfilment.

Great things have to be done. I will need all kinds of people of all talents, of all possible talents, because this is not one-dimensional work; it is multi-dimensional work. Sannyas is just a device to find people who can take the message to the masses, to the people who are in need. People are spiritually starved. They can survive physical starvation but they cannot survive spiritual starvation. It is difficult to survive physical starvation but not impossible. To survive spiritual starvation is impossible. Then there is no reason to exist at all. Suicide becomes more significant....

And this university is not going to be an ordinary educational institution.

This university is going to be education in life, education in God, education in meaning, in meditation, in prayer, in love. It is not going to teach arithmetic and geography and history. It is going to teach life as such and how it should be lived. It is going to become a great experiment in living, in new ways of living.

Become a part of it! *letgo08*

We have created hierarchy in society. The lowest are those poor people who are chopping wood or cleaning the roads. Why are they the lowest?--

because they are doing the most essential things. The professors can be

discarded, the society can exist without them; but the society cannot exist without the street cleaners, the toilet cleaners, the woodchoppers--

the society cannot exist without them. They are far more essential, far more fundamental, but they are the lowest.

The whole idea is wrong. There is no hierarchy. The professor is doing his work, and the woodcutter is doing his work, and both are needed.

Neither is there a hierarchy between men and other animals, nor is there a hierarchy between men and men. I am against the whole idea of hierarchy.

And that's my vision of a new commune.

In the new commune there is going to be nobody higher and nobody lower. In this ashram, there is nobody higher, nobody lower. There are toilet cleaners and there are professors, therapists, and they are all the same--they are all doing some useful work, some essential work. The vice-chancellor here, in this commune, is on the same ground as the woodchopper. The great therapist has no more prestige, power, than the toilet cleaner. Hence, there is no problem. A Ph.D. can choose toilet cleaning--one Ph.D. *is* doing that; another Ph.D. is just cleaning the streets of the ashram.

If there is no hierarchy, there is no problem; otherwise, the Ph.D. will think, "How can I do this work, this menial job? I am not a hand, I am a head." In this commune there are no heads, no hands--people, whole people, respected, loved, for whatsoever they are doing, or whatsoever they can do, or whatsoever they *like* doing.

This whole existence is a commune. God is the center and we are all its circumference. *dh0306*

At this time, Osho emphasizes creativity in the new commune

A sannyasin wonders if she should return to Germany; she is in the middle of a sculpture and pottery course.

That is worth studying--I will not disrupt it, mm? Go and continue your

studies. Whenever you can come, just come and then go back, but finish your studies because I will need a few potters and sculptors. In the new place we will be doing many things and sculpture will be one of the most important things. So get into it as deeply as possible. Just don't go so-so, go whole-heartedly into it so we can create something out of it. Your skill will be very very useful to the new commune. We will have guilds there; guilds of potters and guilds of carpenters and sculptors and artists, so there will be different dimensions to creativity. *sunsun28*

A sannyasin had sent Osho some photos of his stone sculptures; stone arrangements.

I looked at your stone sculpture--beautiful! In the new commune you will have to do a few things. When the new commune is ready you have to plan a small place for your statues. Just make as many Buddhas as possible! *sacyes18*

To a weaver, Osho says:

I liked your idea of making a workshop for rugs. That is one of the old Sufi things we should do; it's very good. Start talking to sannyasins so that you can create a group and then start....

The work also has to be play. It has to be done joyously, not for any result but for its sheer joy. That's why I called it the Sufi work.

Sufis have been weaving, spinning, carving; rug-making particularly has been one of the most cherished Sufi works, but it was a play, it was a game. They were in fact not making rugs; it was just a meditation. The rug was just a by-product; the idea was just to be meditative, to be playful, to be silent, to be utterly there. It was a kind of absorption, a creative absorption. And I respect Sufis very much for that, because in India the monks have been very uncreative; I am altogether against that.

They have been sitting in their caves, very very inactive; they became almost oppressive in this country. They exploited it, they never contributed anything to the country. Their whole contribution was this, that they were meditating so the country had to look after them.

Sufis are right, on the right track: meditate but contribute something to the society too. And if it can be done playfully, then it is not business; then it is meditation. And that's what I would like my commune to become slowly, slowly. We have to do many things. This commune has to be utterly creative, but the creation has not to become work--that is the whole point. It has to be playful, sincere but not serious, devoted; one has to be committed to it, involved, but not for the result's sake. It is art for art's sake: the joy is intrinsic.

Start talking so that you have a few people in your mind and when we are ready you can immediately start working. *bite18*

My sannyasins are from the most educated classes of the world. We have all kinds of people--artists, painters, professors, scientists, psychologists, therapists, doctors, engineers--all well educated. *unio104*

Although the move to Kutch in December is postponed, Osho develops his vision with three concepts: the Buddhafield, Zorba the Buddha, and the New Man. Osho continues to speak on these aspects of his work throughout his life.

Gautam Buddha's Prophesy and the Buddhafield

In December 1977 Osho comments on *Diamond Sutra* wherein Gautama Buddha answers questions from Subhuti, his disciple. Buddha foretold that in 2,500 years his teachings would revive and start a new cycle of consciousness, 'turn the wheel of dhamma'. Osho explains that this is what he is doing, and reintroduces the word *buddhafield* to describe his work.

Subhuti asked: 'Will there be any beings in the future period, in the last time, in the last epoch, in the last five hundred years, at the time of the collapse of the good doctrine who, when these words of the Sutra are being taught, will understand their truth?'

Now you will be surprised: this is the time Subhuti is talking about, and you are the people. Twenty-five hundred years have passed. Subhuti has asked about you.

Buddha has said that whenever a religion is born, whenever a Buddha turns the wheel of Dhamma, naturally, slowly slowly the wheel starts stopping. It loses momentum. mm? You turn a wheel, it will start moving. Then by and by, by and by, a moment will come when it will stop.

When a Buddha moves the wheel of Dhamma, it takes two thousand five hundred years for it to stop completely. After each five hundred years it goes on losing momentum. So those are the five ages of the Dhamma.

After each five hundred years, the Dhamma will be less and less, decreased and decreased and decreased, and after twenty-five centuries the wheel will stop again. It will need another Buddha to turn it for the coming twenty-five centuries.

This is a rare phenomenon. It is really intriguing that Subhuti asked Buddha:

'Will there be any beings in the future period, in the last time, in the last epoch, in the last five hundred years, at the time of the collapse of the good doctrine who, when these words of the Sutra are being taught, will understand their truth?'

The Lord (Buddha) replied: 'Do not speak thus, Subhuti! Yes, even then there will be beings who, when these words of the Sutra are being taught, will understand their truth.

For even at that time, Subhuti, there will be bodhisattvas. And these bodhisattvas, Subhuti, will not be such as have honored only one single Buddha, nor such as have planted their roots of merit under one single Buddha only. On the contrary, Subhuti, those bodhisattvas who, when these words of the Sutra are being taught, will find even one single thought of serene faith, be such as have honored many hundreds of

thousands of Buddhas, such as have planted their roots of merit under many hundreds of thousands of Buddhas.

Known they are, Subhuti, to the Tathagata through his Buddha-cognition.

Seen they are, Subhuti, by the Tathagata with his Buddha-eye. Fully-known

they are, Subhuti, to the Tathagata. And they all, Subhuti will beget and acquire an immeasurable and incalculable heap of merit.'

Buddha is talking about you. The Sutra is being read to you. Twenty-five centuries have passed. Subhuti has asked about you.

The other day I had told you that many of you will become bodhisattvas, many of you are on the way. It is strange that Subhuti should ask such a question. And more strange is that Buddha says "Those people after twenty-five centuries will not be less fortunate than you but will be more fortunate."

Why? I have been telling you many times that you are ancient ones, that you have walked on this earth many many times, that you are not listening to Dhamma for the first time, that you have come across many Buddhas in your past lives--sometimes maybe a Krishna and sometimes maybe a Christ and sometimes maybe a Mahavira and sometimes maybe a Mohammed, but you have come across many many Buddhas, many enlightened people.

You are fortunate to know so many Buddhas, and if you become a little alert, all the seeds that have been sown in you by the past Buddhas will start blooming, will sprout. You will start flowering.

Buddha says:

Known they are, Subhuti, to the Tathagata through his Buddha-cognition.

Seen they are, Subhuti, by the Tathagata with his Buddha-eye. Fully-known they are, Subhuti, to the Tathagata.

It is very mysterious, but it is possible. A Buddha can have a vision of the future. He can see through the fog of the future. His clarity is such, his vision is such, he can throw a ray of light into the unknown future.

He can see. It will look very mysterious that Buddha sees you listening to *The Diamond Sutra....*

This is ecstatic to even think that Gautama the Buddha had seen you

listening to *The Diamond Sutra.* In *The Diamond Sutra* you are talked about. That's why I have chosen it. When I came across these words I thought, "This is the thing for my people. They must know that even they have been looked into by Gautama the Buddha; that something about

them has been said twenty-five centuries ago; that they have been predicted.'

The wheel that Buddha moved has stopped. The wheel has to be moved again. And that is going to be my and your life-work--that wheel has to be moved again. Once it starts revolving it will have again twenty-five centuries' life. Once it starts moving it goes on moving for twenty-five centuries at least.

And it has to be done again and again and again because everything loses momentum, everything functions under the laws of nature--

entropy. You throw a stone, you throw with great energy, but it goes a few hundred feet and it falls down. Exactly like that Dhamma has to be made again and again alive. Then it breathes for twenty-five centuries and then dies. Everything that is born has to die.

But Buddha says, "Subhuti, do not speak thus." Subhuti must be thinking, "Only we are fortunate. We have listened to Buddha, lived with Buddha, walked with Buddha. We are fortunate, we are blessed people.

What will happen after twenty five centuries when the wheel of Dhamma has completely stopped moving?" He is thinking about you unfortunate people.

Buddha says, "Do not speak thus, Subhuti. Don't start thinking that only you are fortunate." That is a very subtle ego: "We are fortunate, nobody else is so fortunate." Buddha immediately puts his hand on Subhuti's mouth:

'Do not speak thus, Subhuti! Yes, even then there will be beings who, when these words of the Sutra are being taught, will understand their truth.'

And I know, here are people who understand the truth. Slowly slowly the morning is happening, the dark night is disappearing. Slowly slowly the

seed is gaining ground, entering in your heart.

'For even at that time, Subhuti, There will be bodhisattvas,'

There are many here who are going to become bodhisattvas. Just a little work more, just a little play more, just a little more effort into meditativeness, just a little more pouring of the energy, just a little more concentration of the energy, avoiding of distractions, and it is going to happen. And it is going to happen to many. And you are the fortunate ones, Buddha says....

If you can even understand a single word of *The Diamond Sutra,* if you can understand a simple look of my eyes into your eyes, if you can understand a simple gesture of my inner dance....

And you are the people Buddha is talking about. And you are the people I am depending on. The wheel of Dhamma has stopped. It has to be turned again. *diamon03*

My effort here is just to reverse the whole process. I am trying to turn the wheel of dharma in a totally different way; I am trying to change its direction. It has been anti-life: I am trying to make it life-affirmative.

Calmness is beautiful, but it must surround a dancing bliss. It must be capable of singing. If it cannot sing it is not true; it is not worth either.

So my sannyasin has to learn love, life, laughter. I want to create a temple which knows how to celebrate, whose only worship will be festivity, whose only prayer will be dance, love, and who will know how to participate in this life--not to live for another life but to be totally herenow. Because God knows no other time than now and no other space than here. The real temple of God can be made only out of two bricks: those two bricks are now and here. *wakeup11*

Put your mind aside--let there be a direct communion between me and you. And I'm not interpreting Gautam Buddha. What he is saying is my own experience too. Hence, in a way I am simply explaining to you my own existential experience. But I love Gautam Buddha, his words are beautiful.

It is significant to revive them again and again, to give them life, to let them breathe again. I am not interpreting here, I am simply making myself available to him so that he can say something to you in your language, in the language of the twentieth century. *dh0701*

The word buddhafield is of tremendous importance. You have to understand it, because that is what I am doing here--creating a buddhafield. It is just to create a buddhafield that we are moving away from the world, far away, so that a totally different kind of energy can be made available to you.

Buddhafield means a situation where your sleeping Buddha can be awakened. Buddhafield means an energy field where you can start growing, maturing, where your sleep call be broken, where you can be shocked to awareness--an electric field where you will not be able to fall asleep, where you will have to be awake, because shocks will be coming all the time.

A buddhafield is an energy field in which a Buddha matures beings, a pure land, an unworldly world, a paradise on earth, which offers ideal conditions for rapid spiritual growth. A buddhafield is a matrix.

The word *matrix* comes from Latin; it means the womb. From that word we get the words matter, mother, etcetera. The womb offers three things to a newly forming life: a source of possibility, a source of energy to explore that possibility, and a safe place within which that exploration can take place.

That's what we are going to do. The new commune is going to be a great experiment in buddhahood. Energies have to be made available to you, possibilities have to be made clear to you. You have to be made aware of your potential, and you have to be given a safe place from where you can work: a place where you are not distracted by the world, a place where you can go on without any disturbance from the crowd, a place where ordinary things, taboos, inhibitions, are put aside, where only one thing is significant--how to become a Buddha; where everything else simply disappears from your mind--money and power and prestige; where all else becomes insignificant, when all else becomes exactly what it is--a shadow world--and you are no longer lost in the apparent.

Maya is to be caught up in the apparent. That is the greatest illusion in the world. The apparent holds such sway on our minds. A buddhafield is a place where you are taken away from the apparent.

In the silence of a commune, in the uninhibited, untabooed atmosphere of a commune, the master and the disciple can enact the drama totally.

The ultimate is when the master can touch the feet of the disciple, when the master and disciples are lost into one reality....

Now understand: if somebody says, *"I* will create the buddafield," and the emphasis is on 'I', then the statement is false, because a person who has the 'I' still alive cannot create a buddhafield. Only a person who has no 'I'

within him can create a buddhafield. In fact then to say he creates is not right; language is inadequate.

The Sanskrit word for creation is far better. The Sanskrit word is *nirpadayati*. It means many things. It can mean to create, it can mean to accomplish, it can mean to ripen, it can mean to mature it can simply mean to trigger into existence. That's exactly the meaning.

A Buddha does not create, he triggers. Even to say he triggers is not good; in his presence things happen, in his presence things are triggered, processes start. Just his presence is a fire, a spark, and things start moving and one thing leads to another, and a great chain is created.

That's how we have been going on. I simply sit in my room doing nothing, and seekers from all over the world have started pouring in. I don't even write a letter...just the presence. One comes, another comes, and the chain is created. Now the time has come when a buddhafield is needed, a matrix is needed, because you don't know--thousands more are on the way. They have already moved, they are already thinking of coming.

And the more people are there, the bigger the buddhafield will be there, and the more powerful it will be. The possibility is that we can create one of the greatest and the most powerful buddhafields ever created in the world, because never before was there such search, because never before was

man in such a crisis.

We are on the threshold of something new that is going to happen to humanity. Either humanity will die and disappear, or we will take a jump, a leap, and a new being will be formed. We are exactly at the same point as millions of years ago when monkeys came down from the trees and humanity started and a new being was born. Again the moment is coming very close. It is a very dangerous moment, because there is every possibility....

It was possible that the monkey may not have survived on the earth, he may have died on the earth, but a few monkeys took the risk. And they must have been thought of as fools by other monkeys, mm? who had always lived on the trees and were perfectly happy. They must have thought, "These people are going mad, crazy. Why in the first place are you going to live on the earth? Why create unnecessary trouble for yourselves? Our fathers and their fathers and their fathers have all lived on the trees."

Again the same situation is going to happen. Man has lived a long time the way he has lived. By the end of this century a critical quantum leap is possible. Either man will die in a third world war or man will take the jump and will become a new man. Before that happens, a great buddhafield is needed--a field where we can create the future. *diamon09*

A Master carries a noosphere around himself; I call it the "Buddhafield".

Jainas have a very specific idea about it; they worked very hard to find it, exactly what it is. And I think no other tradition has discovered all the details about the Buddhafield that surrounds a Master like Mahavira.

Jainas have worked--they were a little bit scientific in their approach--

and I agree with their discoveries about the Buddhafield.

They say a Master has a Buddhafield around himself extending in all the directions for twenty-four miles--a circle with the radius of twenty-four miles becomes a Buddhafield whenever a person becomes enlightened.

No other tradition has worked it out with such scientific detail--even they

have measured the length, how big is the circle that surrounds the awakened person.

Whosoever is a little bit open entering in the Buddhafield will start feeling something strange that he has never felt before. But it happens only if one is open. *ithat09*

I am creating this Buddhafield for all those who need to be with me, who want to be not only spiritually connected with me but materially too. I am a material spiritualist, or a spiritual hedonist. Any paradox will do to describe me. *sands108*

You say: *As more people come and take sannyas and more days pass, it seems that many of us grow together--stronger and stronger without even meeting much. It seemed to me when you spoke of the 'new community'*

that somehow it is an old community of friends, reuniting again through your love and grace.

Yes, that's how it is. Many of you have been with me in the past. Many of you have been together with each other in the past. It is a meeting of old friends. You have forgotten--I have not forgotten. And sooner or later you will also start remembering.

This new commune is going to be one of the oldest things on the earth, very ancientmost. And travellers from different paths have come--

travellers from different directions and dimensions. Jews are here and Mohammedans are here and Hindus and Jainas and Buddhists and Christians and Taoists--all kinds of people are here. All cultures are meeting here; all religions pouring into each other. And a natural synthesis will arise. We are not creating any synthesis, but it is happening on its own.

The universal man can be born only out of such a commune--the man who will not be a Christian and will not be a Jew and will not be a Hindu and will not be Indian and will not be Chinese and will not be German.

All boundaries are dissolving here.

And you are certainly not new. You have been here long enough, you have lived long enough. Many many lives you have been passing. And you have brought many riches; you have brought great heritages with you. And once all those heritages are poured into one pool, it will be one of the richest phenomena that has ever happened or can ever happen. *feet09*

That's why my effort is to create a great Buddhafield, to release as much energy as is released in an atomic explosion. Sannyas is an effort to collect all those people who are ready to be aware, to be intelligent. And we have to spread the color all over the world. This is the color of spring.

Man needs a new life, a new birth. And all that has been told and taught up to now has failed. It was bound to fail because it was not meant to create a better humanity; it was meant to keep man as much enslaved as he is. *guida02*

Zorba the Buddha

In June 1978, Osho coins the phrase Zorba the Buddha. The name becomes a trademark for sannyasin enterprises around the world, for example, restaurants and discoteques Have you read Kazantzakis' *Zorba the Greek*: Read it!...

Allow me to coin the term 'spiritual hedonism', because ordinarily you think of hedonism as very earthy. "Eat, drink, be merry"--that is earthy hedonism. In spiritual hedonism that is there, and more also. "Eat, drink, be merry" is there--plus God. Eat, drink and be merry in the name of the holy, in the name of your God, your Father who is in heaven.

Eat, drink, be merry--make them your prayer. Let your eating and drinking and merrying be a sort of ritual, a sort of prayer--a gesture of happiness that "I am okay, and I am happy that you have given birth to me. I am happy that I am, and my whole thankfulness goes to you."

A spiritual hedonism is always there when religion is alive. When the religion becomes dead, hedonism disappears completely and the religion becomes antagonistic to everything that man can enjoy. Then religion goes on seeking ways and means of how to be sad, how to be more and more

sorrowful, how to kill all avenues of delight and joy. Then it becomes ascetic. *foll201*

Zorba is one of my love affairs. I love strange people. Zorba is a very strange man--not even a real man, only fictitious, but to me he has become almost a reality because he represents Epicurus, Charvaka, and all the materialists of the world. He not only represents them, but represents them in their best form.

In one place Zorba says to his boss, "Boss, you have everything but still you are missing life, because you don't have a little madness in you. If you can manage a little madness you will know what life is."

I can understand him; not only him, but I can understand all the Zorbas down the ages, with their 'little madness'. But I don't believe in a little of anything. I am as mad as one can be, totally mad. If you are only a little mad, of course you will understand only a little of life, but it is better than not knowing at all.

Zorba, poor Zorba, illiterate Zorba, a laborer...he must have been huge, strongly built, and a little mad. But he gave great advice to his master:

"Be a little mad," he said. I say being a little mad won't do; be totally mad! But you can allow total madness only in meditation, otherwise you will freak out. You won't be able to consume it; on the contrary, it will consume you. If you don't know what meditation is you will be burned.

Hence I have coined a new name: Zorba the Buddha.

Zorba the Buddha is my synthesis. I love Kazantzakis for creating a great work of art, but I feel sorry for him too because he is still in darkness.

Kazantzakis, you need a boss, a little of meditation; otherwise you will never know what life is. *books06*

I am teaching my people to live a single, unitary life. There is no need to postpone. Be natural. I want Buddha, Gautam the Buddha, and Zorba the Greek to come closer and closer--to become one. My sannyasin has to be "Zorba the Buddha." Bring earth and heaven closer; let God and his world

be joined together. Let your body and your soul be one--a song sung in togetherness, a dance where body and soul meet and merge.

I am a materialist-spiritualist. *secret10*

My sannyasins have to take life very playfully--then you can have both the worlds together. You can have the cake and eat it too. And that is a real art. This world and that, sound and silence, love and meditation, being with people, relating, and being alone. All these things have to be lived together in a kind of simultaneity; only then will you know the uttermost depth of your being and the uttermost height of your being. *dh0202*

The New Man

In August 1978, Osho reintroduces his concept of the new man, homo novus, which he mentioned during his travel ing years

You ask me: *What according to you is the most significant thing that is happening today in the world?*

A new man is emerging. The image of the new man is not yet clear, but the horizon is becoming red and the sun will soon be there. The morning mist is there and the image of the new man is vague, but still a few things are very crystal clear about the new man.

And this is of tremendous importance because since the monkey became man, man has remained the same. A great revolution is on the way. It will be far more deep-going than the revolution that happened when monkeys started walking on the earth and became human beings. That change created mind, that change brought psychology in. Now another far more significant change is going to happen that will bring the soul in, and man will not only be a psychological being but a spiritual being too.

You are living in one of the most alive times ever.

The new man has already arrived in fragments, but only in fragments.

And the new man has been arriving for centuries, but only here and there. That's how things happen. When the spring comes it starts with one flower.

But when the one flower is there, then one can be certain: that spring is not faraway--it has come. The first flower has heralded its coming: Zarathustra, Krishna, Lao Tzu, Buddha, Jesus--these were the first flowers. Now the new man is going to be born on a greater scale.

According to me, this new consciousness is the most important thing that is happening today. I would like to tell you something about this new consciousness, its orientations, and its characteristics, because you are to help it come out of the womb--because you *have to be it.* The new man cannot come from nowhere, he has to come through you. The new man can only be born through your womb. You have to become the womb.

Sannyas is an experiment to clean the ground so that new seeds can fall in. If you understand the meaning of the new man, you will be able to understand the significance of sannyas too. And it is because sannyas is concerned with the new man that the old orthodoxies of all kinds are going to be against me and against sannyas, because this will be their end. If sannyas succeeds, if the new man succeeds, the old will have to go. The old can live only if the new man is prevented from coming.

It cannot be prevented now, because it is not only a question of the new man's coming into existence, it is a question of the survival of the whole earth, of consciousness itself, of life itself. It is a question of life and death. The old man has come to utter destructiveness. The old man has reached the end of his tether. Now there is no life possible with the old concept of man but only death. The old man is preparing for a global suicide. The old man is piling up atom bombs, hydrogen bombs, in order to commit a collective suicide. This is a very unconscious desire. Rather than allowing the new man to be, the old man would like to destroy the whole thing.

You have to understand, you have to protect the new, because the new carries the whole future with it. And man has come to a stage where a great quantum leap is possible....

The new man will have to find new forms of community, of closeness, of intimacy, of shared purpose, because the old society is not going to disappear immediately. It will linger, it will put up all kinds of fight to the new society--as it always happens. It has so many vested interests, it cannot go

easily. It will go only when it becomes impossible for it to remain in existence.

Before it goes the new man will have to create new kinds of communes, new kinds of families, new communities of closeness, intimacy, shared purpose.

That's why I am trying to create a small commune where you can be totally yourself--away from the structured and the rotten world--and you can be given absolute freedom. It will be an experiment, because the future is going to move on those lines. It will be a small experiment but of immense significance....

This, according to me, is the most important phenomenon that is happening today. A new man is coming into existence. The first rays are already on the horizon. Prepare yourself to receive the new man. Get ready. Become a host to the guest who is just about to knock on your doors at any moment. And that's what sannyas is all about: a preparation--getting ready to receive the new man. It is going to be a great adventure to receive the new man. It is going to be risky, too, because the old will not like it.

Now you can understand why the orthodox mind is against me. I am preparing their graveyard, and I am preparing for something new. I am preparing a garden for the new. You are to open your hearts for the new.

Uproot all the weeds of the old, drop all the conditionings that the old has given to you, so you can receive the new. *sos114*

I teach a new man, a new humanity, a new concept of being in the world.

I proclaim *Homo novus.* The old man is dying, and there is no need to help it survive any more. The old man is on the deathbed: don't mourn for it--help it to die. Because only with the death of the old can the new be born. The cessation of the old is the beginning of the new.

My message to humanity is a new man. Less than that won't do. Not something modified, not something continuous with the past, but utterly discontinuous.

Man has lived up to now not truly, not authentically; man has lived a very pseudo life. Man has lived in great pathology, man has lived in great disease. And there is no need to live in this pathology--we can come out of the prison, because the prison is made by our own hands. We are in the prison because we have decided to be in the prison--because we have believed that the prison is not a prison but our home.

My message to humanity is: Enough is enough. Awake! See what man has done to man himself. In three thousand years man has fought five thousand wars. You cannot call this humanity healthy. And only once in a while has a Buddha bloomed. If in the garden only once in a while a plant brings a flower, and otherwise the whole garden remains without flowers, will you call it a garden? Something very basic has gone wrong.

Each person is born to be a Buddha: less than that is not going to fulfill you.

I declare to you your Buddhahood. *peren202*

You ask: *How can I become the new man that You speak about?*

When I say the new man, I mean the conscious man. Humanity cannot be saved if the conscious man does not arrive. In the past it was not so necessary, but now it is absolutely necessary, it is a must. If the new man does not arrive on the earth, if more and more people are not going to become conscious, alert, awake, then this earth is doomed. Its fate is in the hand of the stupid politicians, and now they have immense power of destruction, such as they never had before. That is something new.

Just five years ago they had so much power that they could have killed every single human being seven times--although you don't need to kill any human being seven times, once is enough. We had five years ago so much atomic energy--atom bombs, hydrogen bombs--that we could have destroyed this earth seven times. And within five years we have really progressed--now it is seven hundred times! We can destroy seven hundred earths like this earth, and we go on piling up.... And any moment, any mad politician can trigger the process of self-destruction.

The coming twenty years are going to be the most dangerous in the whole

history of humanity; it has never been so dangerous--we are sitting on a volcano. Only more consciousness, more alertness can save it; there is no other way. We have to de-automatize man. The society automatizes you. It creates efficient machines, not human beings.

My effort here is to de-automatize you. I am doing something absolutely antisocial. The society makes you a machine and my effort is to undo it. I would like this fire to spread and reach to all the nooks and corners of the earth, to help as many people as possible to be conscious. If in a great quantity consciousness grows on the earth, there is a possibility, a hope, we can save humanity yet. All is not lost, but time is running short. Everything is being controlled by politicians and by computers, and both are dangerous. Politicians are mad. It is impossible to be a politician if you are not mad enough. You have to be absolutely insane, because only insane people are power-obsessed.

A sane person lives life joyously; he is not power-obsessed. He may be interested in music, in singing, in dancing, but he is not interested in dominating anybody. He may be interested in becoming a master of himself, but he is not interested in becoming a master of others.

Politicians are insane people. History is enough proof. And now computers are dominating. You know the saying: To err is human....

That is true, but if you really want to create a great mess, human beings are not enough--you need computers. Now machines and mad people are dominating the whole world. We have to change the very foundation.

That's what I mean by a new man.

A new man means more conscious, more loving, more creative. This whole process is possible through being more meditative. Become more meditative, silent, still. Experience yourself deeply. In that experience, a fragrance will be released through you. And if many many people become meditators, the earth can be full of a new perfume. *dh1011*

Discourses: Tao

In August 1978, Osho talks on the Chinese Taoist treatise, *The Secret of the Golden Flower*

This treatise, *The Secret of the Golden Flower,* is very ancient--possibly one of the most ancient treatises in the world certainly twenty-five centuries old, and the possibility is that it is older than that. But twentyfive centuries can be traced back very easily. And this treatise is also a great synthesis of all the great religions. That is rare, unique. The Bible belongs to the Christians, the Talmud belongs to the Jews, the Vedas belong to the Hindus, the Dhammapada to the Buddhists, the Tao Te Ching to the Taoists. But this small book, *The Secret of the Golden Flower*, belongs to no one in particular, or, it belong to all.

It is deeply based in Taoist teachings. It is a flowering of the Taoist approach to life and existence. But it is not only that--Zarathustra has played a role. Zarathustra's teachings have been incorporated in it Buddhist teachings have also been incorporated in it. And a certain esoteric school of Christians, the Nestorians, they have also played their part. So Christianity and Judaism also have become part of it.

It is one of the most synthetical approaches. It combines all that is beautiful in all the traditions of the world. For centuries it was only transmitted orally, and the book remained esoteric. It was not available to the public because it has something very secret to teach; it was available only to the disciples. The Master would tell to the disciple only when the time was ripe, because it gives you such a potential secret that if you don't understand rightly, if you do something wrong with it, there are found to be harmful effects from it. It has to be understood rightly, and it has to be worked at only in the presence of a Master. It is a powerful method it is as powerful as atomic energy.

Now, the secrets of atomic energy are kept hidden from the public. Once they start leaking out to the public there is going to be great danger. If people can manufacture atom bombs privately, there is bound to be great chaos. Great secrecy is maintained about atomic research. Exactly in the same way this book teaches you one of the most potential methods of inner explosion. For centuries the secrets were guarded--only given to the disciples in privacy, in intimacy. And the people who followed this particular

esoteric school resisted all temptations to write the book. In fact, all the religions of the world have long resisted writing their spiritual teachings.

There is some beauty when something is transferred orally. It is alive--

one thing--the Master is behind it. it is not a dead word, the word has soul, wings. The experience of the Master supports it; the master is a witness to it. It is not just speculation, not only a philosophy, but something existential, experienced, lived. And the Master has travelled the path; he knows the dangers of the path, he knows the pitfalls, he

knows the points at which people go astray, and he will take every care so that the disciple cannot go astray....

...Why have I chosen to speak on it?--so that it can still grow. It is such a beautiful message to the world, it should not die. I would like to revive it.

And now I can talk to people who are disciples, who have come to me and who are ready to die in order to be reborn, who are ready to die for flowering. The seed has to die, only then can it grow. The seed has to disappear, only then can the tree happen.

I will be speaking to you on this small but immensely valuable book so that the book can become alive again. It can become alive between me and you. It can again start flowing. And it has something of immense importance. If you understand it and if you practise it, you will be enriched. *sos101*

Persecution by Morarji Desai

In October 1978, Osho exposes Prime Minister Morarji Desai's fanatical persecution Just a few days ago, Maneesha asked a question: "Osho, was the idea of moving to Kutch just a device?"

It was not, Maneesha. I wanted to move to Kutch, everything was planned. But the politics of the country made it almost impossible to move. It is because of the mischief of Morarji Desai that we could not move. But *why* should the prime minister of this country be interested where I am going, where my people are going, what we are doing? We are not making any

politics--my people are the most non-political in the world; we think politics is just stupidity.

But that's why. Suspicion arises, doubt arises: if I am right, then they are all wrong. And if this idea spreads...and it can spread like fire. Truth has a potential--even if you crucify it, it spreads.

Jesus was not destroyed by crucifixion. In fact it helped: Jesus became a great force in the world because of the crucifixion. Truth cannot be killed. But it can be delayed.

People will be against you. Hence it is courageous to be with me. And I cannot give you anything--except nothing. That's what Ikkyu says: "I would like to give you everything, but we Buddhas don't have anything else except nothing."

I can give you only nothing--that is my present. And you will be risking your all. Your life, your respectability, your family, your finance--you will be risking all. Risking all for nothing? You must be crazy. *easy213*

You ask: *Kindly let me know whether there is a law in India prohibiting Indian citizens to inhabit, dwell or live in a house or houses or an ashram in any part of India, to study and lead a blissful human life for the growth of religion and science?*

There is no law prohibiting us from establishing a commune. But the people who are in power always think they are beyond law. There is no law that goes against establishing a commune, an ashram. But the people who are in power can always find ways to delay it--that's what they are doing....

Mr Morarji Desai has been a deputy collector: he still functions like a deputy collector. That's what is being done with us--just delaying tactics.

They go on asking about this, about that, and there is no end to it.

For example, the Maharajah of Kutch donated four hundred acres of land in Kutch. It is desert land, of no use; nothing can be cultivated on it.

That's why nobody has ever been interested in purchasing it, that's why the

Maharajah easily donated it to us.

Then the delaying started--it is almost one and a half years ago now.

First they said they had to study the case, because the land is too close to Pakistan: in times of war they might need it. In times of war--when that war is going to happen, nobody knows--but in times of war they might need the land.

Somehow we convinced them that it was not likely. Then they started writing letters saying that because there would be so many foreigners and it is on the boundary of the country, it was a question of safety and security: spies might enter.

We convinced them. Then they started telling us that just close by it--not very close, thirty miles away--there is an army camp. And they didn't want us to be so close to the army camp.

Now there is no law, but you can always find these things. So we dropped that idea. Still it is continuing, but we dropped the idea because this seemed to be too much of a hassle.

So we purchased seven hundred and fifty acres of land (in Saswad), just close to Poona--fifteen miles away. Now problems have started--delaying tactics.

First they asked that we should produce a certificate from the medical board as to whether the climate is such that people can live there. Just fifteen miles from Poona! And just beside the land, two miles away, there are villages, and people are living there. Just close to the land, two hundred people are living.

So we produced a certificate. That took two or three months--because the board consists of six members and unless those six members meet and agree.... So they delayed and delayed; finally it happened. Then they asked for another medical certificate to say whether the water and the land are such that people can live there.

There is no law against it, but these are tricks and strategies. They can't

say no, they don't want to say yes.

We inquired. All the authorities said that this has never happened before.

Nobody ever asks about the water and the land and the climate--but if they are asking then we have to fulfill their requirements. So the paper work goes on and on.

Now we have managed that. The land is barren, no cultivation has ever been done on it. But in their files it is mentioned as agricultural land.

Now they have created some new trouble: we cannot construct on agricultural land; first we have to produce a certificate stating that it is non-agricultural land. Nobody has ever done any agriculture there; we took the officers to see, it is barren land, anybody can come and see--

rocky, barren, absolutely useless. But they say that because in the file...

So first we have to apply to transfer the land from agricultural to non-agricultural. That is taking time; now they are delaying that. This could be done easily, within a single day--that is how it is done. Four months have passed: all the officials have been ordered to delay as long as they can. And when they cannot delay any more and it becomes a legal problem over which we could go to court--"Now you are delaying us too much"--then that officer simply sends the file to a higher official. He says, "Because it is such a complicated phenomenon and a political issue, and your master is a controversial man; and I am such a small official, I cannot decide it. Go higher."

Now the whole process starts again with the higher official. It was to be done by the Tahsildar, the lowest. It moved to the S.D.O. Now the S.D.O.

has taken his time; now his time is finished and it has moved to the collector. And the people in the collector's office say that it is going to move to the commissioner. And the commissioner is very friendly, he says it is beyond his power to do it: "You will have to ask the revenue minister of Maharashtra."

Now the revenue minister says, "Your master is so controversial that I

cannot take the risk of deciding anything, for or against, because there will be political repercussions from it. And I don't want to lose my chair, so you had better decide with the chief minister." And he said, "Even the chief minister cannot decide on his own; he will have to ask the whole cabinet."

And my feeling is that they will say, "This cannot be decided by the Maharashtra government, it has to be decided by the central government in Delhi."

And I am not only a nationally controversial figure, I am an internationally controversial figure. So my fear is that this will have to be decided by U.N.O.! So now as to when it will be decided, nothing can be said. These are delaying tactics and strategies. If they say no they can be caught immediately, because it is illegal to say no. But they don't say no.

I can understand your anxiety, your problem. That is the anxiety of every sannyasin. It is becoming so difficult here, the space is so small. And thousands and thousands more are going to come: I have given the invitation to them, they are on the way.

Even this land we are sitting on: we have been here for five years, and have still not yet legalized it. We are already here, they cannot throw us out, but they have not legalized it. We don't have the papers with us, the papers are with the government. They go on saying, "We are going to do it, we are going to do it"--but it never happens.

This is how Morarji Desai is behaving, in a fascist way--but very legally; you cannot find any legal flaw....

But if because of his personal disagreement he obstructs my work in such cunning and vicarious ways, then he is destroying democracy from the very roots. And then independence is simply a slogan, not a reality.

I have not yet thought of leaving this country. But if this continues and the work becomes impossible, I will have to leave this country. And they should know perfectly well that once I leave this country it will prove to

the whole world that this country only claims to be a democracy--it is not.

And my leaving the country will not be only a single individual leaving: thousands will leave with me. That will show the whole world that the Indian claim of being the greatest democracy in the world is just hocus pocus.

If I decide any day to leave this country--which they are *forcing* me to decide--that will be a calamity. Because my millions of sannyasins all around the world will become the living proof that this country is not independent, and this country is not democratic either.

Thirty years ago, when India became independent, Winston Churchill said in the British parliament: "What we are doing is not right. Although it is every human being's birthright to be free, to give freedom to India is not right, because the time is not ripe. And within thirty years it will fall a victim to rogues, scoundrels and thugs."

And I wonder--thirty years have passed: it seems Churchill's prophecy has come true. *unio204*

One government officer, one S.D.O. had come to investigate the morality of my sannyasins, and Sheela was showing him around the ashram.

When he found that Sheela and he were alone he asked Sheela, "Can I kiss you?" And he had come to investigate the morality of the ashram!

And because Sheela reacted and shouted at him he had written a very nasty and wrong report about the ashram, and he has been one of the causes that we could not get the Saswad land for the commune. He created every possible trouble. And he was sending messages that "If Sheela comes to me, then I will help you!"

Now these are the people...! Buddha had to work with these people, and Jesus, and Mahavira. They can be forgiven. They wanted to help man and woman both, but the trouble was the society. *ithat08*

While Morarji Desai was prime minister*, he was phoning almost three times a week to the chief minister of Maharashtra, early in the morning, at six o'clock, saying "Do something--Osho's work should be stopped; his ashram should be somehow destroyed. Create legal problems--do anything

that you can."

This was reported to me by the chief minister himself: "What can I do?

Three, four times every week, at six o'clock, I hear the phone. I know it is about you and your ashram. Whether he sleeps or not, whether he goes on the whole night thinking about you and your ashram.... It seems that if your ashram is destroyed, India will have no problems at all; you are the only problem."

He created as many problems as possible. *zara103*

*Note: Morarji Desai was Prime Minister from August 1977 to January 1980

In fact, in Poona our commune attracted thousands of people from the world, and the government of Maharashtra would not allow me to leave Poona and move the commune to another place in India. They forced the central government that I should not be allowed to purchase any quantity of land anywhere, because "If these people move, then our whole tourism will flop." And that's what happened. When we moved, their whole tourism simply flopped. We were bringing in so much money to them, and we had made such a beautiful place that every day thousands of people were coming just to see the place. *last226*

A journalist asks: There are reports that the Poona ashram owes the government something like 1.5 crores of rupees in unpaid taxes. Is this true? Are your tax hassles over, or has there been some kind of understanding with the government?

Two things. One: those taxes have nothing to do with me because I have never been a part of any commune. And I don't have any post in the commune so any income tax or anything has nothing to do with me. I have always been a guest in every commune. I am not even a member.

So there is no question of me being arrested.

Secondly, those 1.5 crore--that is the creation of Morarji Desai. Morarji Desai has been against me for as long as I remember, for the simple

reason that I am against Gandhism and he thinks he is the successor of Gandhi. He wants to be Mahatma Morarji Desai....

When he became prime minister he immediately took away the tax-exempt status of the ashram in Poona. That created the trouble. Once the tax-exempt status was taken away, then income tax started arising.

The Poona commune has been fighting for tax-exempt status, but as time goes on the income tax goes on growing. It is a legal matter, and it will be solved--it has nothing to do with me. *last412*

Morarji Desai has been against me all along. The conflict has continued at least for fifteen years, but because he was not in power, he could not do a thing. Now he is in power, so the fascist in him surfaces....

He said, somewhere, just a few days before, that he is willing to appoint a commission to inquire into the activities of my ashram, of this commune, but he said, "That is not going to profit Rajneesh and his work." Now what kind of commission will this be if he has already decided that that is not going to profit the ashram? A commission means an open inquiry.

If the decision has already been taken, if he has already concluded that this is not going to help my work, that this is going to harm my work, what kind of inquiry will this be?

That's what he is doing with other people, with Indira. He has already decided, and then a commission is made. The commission only goes through empty gestures; the conclusion has already been reached. The commission has only to make a show that justice is being done.

This is not the way of a democratic person. This is the way of a fascist. *secret10*

You say: *The Navabharat Times of October 13th carried a news item from Surat, Gujarat, according, to which the Prime Minister, Morarji Desai, said that he had read the book From Sex to Superconsciousness by Acharya Rajneesh and found it indecent and distasteful.*

Shree Morarji Desai is a very repressed person as far as sex is concerned.

Now, this seems very strange. My discourses have been collected in two hundred books, books on Vedanta, books on Tao, books on Yoga, books on Sufism, books on the Upanishadas, books on the Geeta, the Bible, the Tao Te Ching, but he has been reading only one book-- *From Sex to Superconsciousness*. An eighty-three-year-old man, has remained celibate for almost fifty years, why should he be interested in the book *From Sex to Superconsciousness*? Certainly he is not interested in superconsciousness, because I have written two hundred books on superconsciousness. His interest seems to be sex. That's how it happens. *secret04*

The Australian TV was coming to film the ashram, they were stopped.

The BBC people had come, they had filmed half, and now they have been stopped by the government and they cannot film. And people call this the greatest democracy in the world.

Journalists are being prevented from coming here--the world should not know what is happening here, people should not come here. But the reason is clear, obvious. The reason is: whatsoever they have been thinking is religion, I say is *not* religion. In fact, what they say is religion is exactly anti-religion.

I am teaching you a new religion, a new dispensation, new in the sense that the priests have not allowed you to see it up to now--old and the ancientmost in another sense, because those who have awakened have always taught the same. *easy203*

Osho in the World Press

A sensation in the press precipitates Osho into the world news. In October 1978, Osho responds: One German film actress (Eva Renzi) had come to India to my commune there. Her image in Germany was falling down; she was getting fewer and fewer films to work in. She wanted some attention so she could again become a great star.

She came to my commune, She did a few groups, meditated, and then suddenly--not saying anything to anybody--she disappeared. And while

leaving Bombay airport, she gave a press conference in which everything that she said was a lie: that she has been beaten, she has been raped, that they were going to kill her; somehow she has escaped. In Germany, she became again a great famous star.

Her husband wrote a letter to me. I want you to know what was in that letter. Her husband wrote, "I don't believe what my wife is talking about, because every day she goes on adding more and more against you and your commune. I don't believe that any such thing has happened to her.

If it had happened, she should have gone to the police department nearest to your commune. There was no need to go to Bombay, one hundred miles away, give the press conference and get into her plane."

But he said, "I don't believe any of these things have happened, but if they have happened I am immensely pleased, because this is what I have always wanted to do to her but I could not gather courage. She is a bitch!"

What kind of life are people living if the husband carries such ideas about his own wife? And the wife must be doing things to him; otherwise, why should he carry these ideas in his mind? *dless10*

This is part of the human mind: *anything* written and people believe it.

The written or the printed word has a hypnotic power over people. I say something: if it goes against your scripture you come immediately to me to say that it is not written in the Bible--as if just by writing something it becomes true. If it is not written in the Bible, so what? So it is not written in the Bible! Improve upon the Bible--write it. At least you can write it in your own copy.

But people believe the written word very much; it is almost hypnotic.

That's why you can go on believing even stupid newspapers, because a

printed thing, a written thing?--then it must be true. All kinds of falsities and lies go on being circulated.

Just the other day I was reading one German newspaper. It says I have two

wives, one Indian, one Western. Looks very relevant...because that's why I say "the meeting of the East and the West"! And the more amazing thing is that the picture that he has chosen to show of my two wives--one of them is Shiva! Shiva has long hairs; he is standing with his back towards the camera, so he is my Indian wife! It is really nice of these people....

The other newspaper I was reading has written that I fly in a helicopter. I liked it. I never leave my room...and I fly in helicopters? True, I fly, but I fly without helicopters! And even a greater discovery is there--that I eat only eggs, meat, lobsters, and nothing else! Now millions of people in Germany will believe it: a written thing is a written thing after all.

Another newspaper has a report that the reporter came to the ashram early in the morning, at five-thirty. He knocked on the door. A naked, utterly beautiful woman opened the door, hugged him, welcomed him,

"Come in," plucked a fruit from this tree--looked like an apple--gave the fruit to the reporter, and told the reporter, "Eat it. It rejuvenates sexual energy."

And you will be surprised--letters have started arriving. One man writes from Austria: "I am sixty and I have a young wife. Please, Osho, be kind to me. I can come to India. I have heard that in India things like that happen. Can you give me that fruit?"

It is believed, and all kinds of rubbish, all kinds of falsities and lies go on being written. And many believe. *secret11*

From Germany my friends have written that you should be alert, because so much of this kind of false information is spreading here, its effect will be that all kinds of mentally ill people, psychological insane people will start reaching the ashram. *death10*

A journalist asks: *You are still regarded as the guru of free sex in many parts of the world. Is that a misnomer?*

It is simply a misnomer; I have never been a guru of sex. On the contrary, I am the only person in the whole world who has been trying to transform people's sexual energy into spiritual energy. I am against repression

because repression of sexual energy means there is no chance of spiritual growth.

The people who have been with me have become less and less sexual, and have become more and more spiritual. Those who have been with me longer have lost all interest in sex.

If you want to call me something, I am the guru who is absolutely antisex. But you know third-rate journalism which thrives on sensationalism--they created the misnomer. *last408*

Strange things they go on saying--and not only saying, but believing. And now it is not only in India that they are saying hard words about me, it is almost all over the world.

Just yesterday I received an article published in London. They say that I brainwash people here and when their brains are washed away completely, then the men are sent for smuggling jobs and the women are sent for prostitution. That's what I am doing to you, so beware! Once your brain is washed completely these two alternatives are left. And the man who writes it, writes it with great confidence as if he knows.

Just the other day I received a news from Bombay. A sannyasin has come across a few photographs in a studio. The sannyasin could see in the pictures somebody who looks like me. At the first glance he was shocked; when he looked closely then he could see that it was somebody else, but with some similarity. Now, they have bribed this man to be naked among naked women, and they have taken his pictures, and now they are going to publish them all over the world. Great idea! I really loved it. Some imagination.

But this is how they have been doing always. And I am not saying that they do it knowingly. No, they may be thinking that they are serving humanity, they are making people aware of the danger that I am. They may have every good intention behind all these things; that makes it more complex. They are simply servants of humanity. *dh0903*

Just the other day, I was reading a report in the *Indian Express.* Their journalist had come here for just two or three days. He writes in his report that thousands of people were sitting so silently that you could hear the birds chirping in the trees. They were so silent, it was as if there was nobody there.

And what is his conclusion? He thought it was all managed, that it was a

performance. He thought it was a performance to impress the poor journalist from the *Indian Express!* He could not believe it, because he knows Indians, and he knows Indian meetings.... That Indian journalist must have seen many many such meetings. So, seeing three thousand

people sitting silently here, nobody stirring, nobody talking with each other, it was natural to conclude that it was just to impress him.

When I was leaving that day, I saw two persons sitting here who looked absolutely out of place. And when I bowed down to you, they did not respond. Now, if many such people are here around me, nonresponsive, I will not be able to pour out my heart; it will be impossible. *wisdom06*

A small anecdote:

A little boy and his father are in front of the lion's cage at the zoo.

Suddenly the little boy comes too close to the cage and the lion is almost on the boy.

A man standing by with a swift movement grabs the boy and saves him.

A journalist happens to be among the crowd, so he decides to write an article about the man's courageous act. Among other questions he asks him, "What religion do you belong to?"

"I am agnostic," replies the man.

The next day the newspaper carries the following headline: "Pinko Commie snatches lunch from hungry African immigrant." *ggate209*

Perhaps Satyananda is here. He came as a journalist from *Stern* magazine in Germany. He was one of their topmost journalists, but he wanted to *feel* it--the meditations, the groups, silent sittings with me, discourses...he remained there for a few weeks. He wanted an inside story, not just a story from an outsider. He collected so much material and he was so happy when he went...before leaving he became a sannyasin, too. But as he reached the *Stern* office they started laughing.

They said, "He is completely hypnotized! Look at his red clothes, mala...he is not the man we sent."

When they saw his report they simply said, "Not a single word from this report can be published. You have been brainwashed, you don't know what you are writing. You are under hypnosis, you are being used as a medium; you don't know what you are doing."

He said, "What nonsense are you talking? I have not been hypnotized."

But what can he do? The report belongs to *Stern,* not to the writer. The writer is paid for it.

He went on struggling, negotiating--"This much you can cut...this much you can cut.... " And finally only one sixth remained. They distorted his whole beautiful article.

But he was disillusioned completely--this freedom of expression, all these democratic values are just words. He resigned his position on the grounds that they had been printing things which were not true, and because they had inserted whatever they wanted into his article.

He told them, "I cannot serve here like a slave anymore. You have not purchased my mind."

He wrote a book, which became a best seller in Germany. He came back to live in India, and then he was in America with me. *sermon11*

Rich Man's Guru Accusation

Just a few days ago I told Laxmi to purchase the most costly car possible in the country. One thing good about Laxmi: she never asks why. She purchased it. It worked--it was a device. Laxmi was knocking on the doors of the banks to get money for the new commune. We need much money; nearabout five crore rupees will be needed. Who is going to lend that much money to me? The day she purchased the car, seeing that we have the money, banks started coming to her office, offering, "Take as much money as you want." Now she is puzzled: from whom to take?

Everybody wants to give on better terms, and they are after her.

I have been working in India for twenty years continuously. Thousands of people have been transformed, millions have listened to me and many more have been reading what I am saying, but the *Times of India,* the most conventional newspaper of India, still the most British, has not published a single article about me or my work. But the day Laxmi purchased the car there was a big article--on the car, not on me!

Now they are all interested. The news of the car has been published all over the country, in all the newspapers, in all the languages. Now what kind of people are these? Their interest is not in me, not in meditation, not in the thousands of people who are meditating here. They are completely unaware of what is happening here, but they became interested in the car.

They come here. Many people come to the office not to see me or to see you: they inquire, "Can we see the car?" Laxmi says to them, "You can come to the early morning discourse, and you can see the car too." And poor fellows--they have to come and listen for ninety minutes just to see the car. What a torture! And these are rich people, educated people. Can you think of a more materialistic country?

And they are very worried, and editorials have been written on the car: they ask, "Why? Why can't you live a simple life?" My life is absolutely simple: so simple really, that I am always satisfied with the best kinds of things. It is absolutely simple. What more simplicity is possible? In a single sentence it can be said: the best kinds of things. There is no complexity about it. I like quality. I'm not interested in how much it costs but in the quality. I like quality in people, not quantity. I like quality in everything, not quantity. We could have purchased thirty Indian cars instead of this one, but that would have been quantity--and even thirty wouldn't have been of any use.

But their puzzle, why they can't understand it, is that they pretend to be religious, but deep down their whole obsession is materialistic. They carry a hypocrisy, and to fulfill their hypocrisy the whole Indian religious world has to compromise. If somebody wants to become a saint he has to live in utter poverty. It is almost a kind of masochism; he has to torture himself. The more he tortures himself, the more people think he is religious: "See how

religiously he is living!"

To live religiously means to live joyously. To live religiously means to live meditatively. To live religiously means to live this world as a gift of God, but their minds are obsessed and they can't understand. Once the purpose of the car is served, it will be gone. The purpose is almost served, but it can show you.

I can even come in a bullock cart. It would be even more colorful, and I would enjoy the ride more.

They come here and they look, and their whole point is "Why such a beautiful ashram?" They want something dirty, shabby, a sloppy place, and then it is an ashram. They cannot believe that the ashram can be clean, beautiful, with trees and flowers, and comfortable. They cannot believe it. And not that they don't want comfort for themselves; they are hankering for it. They are, in fact, jealous. The Indian mind has become materialistic, grossly materialistic.

A spiritual mind makes no distinctions between matter and spirit; it is undivided. The whole existence is one: that is the spiritual mind. The materialist, even if he loves a woman, reduces her to a thing. Then who is

a spiritualist? A spiritualist is a person who, even if he touches a thing, transforms it into a person.

You will be surprised by my definition. A spiritual person is one who, even if he drives a car, the car becomes a person. He feels for the car, he listens for its humming sound. He has all affection and care for it. Even a thing starts becoming a person, alive; he has communion with the thing too. And a materialistic person is one who, even if he loves a man or a woman, a person, immediately reduces them into a thing. The woman becomes a wife--the wife is a thing. The man becomes a husband--the husband is a thing, an institution. And all institutions are ugly, dead. *sos204*

I receive every day hundreds of letters saying "If you are really a *Bhagwan* then you should open hospitals, schools, houses for the poor, for orphans, for widows." But nobody asked Buddha, nobody asked Krishna, nobody

asked Mahavira, how many hospitals they had opened and how many schools they had opened. All that we asked them was whether they have achieved blissfulness. If they have achieved that, then all is achieved. Then their very presence is a healing force, then their very presence is educative, then their very presence is nectar. Then their very presence gives eyes to the blind and ears to the deaf and tongues to the dumb and hearts to the dead--their very presence!

But Christianity has contaminated the whole world. Now even Hindus think that Mother Teresa is a *real* saint. Jainas think, Buddhists think, that unless you serve the poor, unless you serve the old, you are not a really religious person.

The East has defined the religious person in a totally different way and I *insist* that the East is right, Christianity is wrong. First one has to become blissful oneself, then only can one share. *ultima08*

Just the other day, somebody asked, "Beloved Master, are you not a hypocrite? Because you live comfortably, you live in a beautiful house, you move in a beautiful car, you live like a king."

Now, he does not understand what the word 'hypocrisy' means. This is my whole teaching--to live as beautifully as possible. I am not a hypocrite. In fact I am living the way I am teaching. If I was teaching to live in poverty, and I was living in a palace, that would be hypocrisy. But I am not teaching to live in poverty; poverty is not my goal.

You can go and tell Morarji Desai that he is a hypocrite. Or tell Sanjiva Reddy, the president of this country, "You are a hypocrite." You cannot say that to me. You can say to the president, Sanjiva Reddy, "You are a

hypocrite, because you teach Gandhiism and you still go on eating meat.

You talk about nonviolence and you go on eating meat! This is hypocrisy-

-pure hypocrisy, unpolluted hypocrisy!"

But you cannot say that to Jesus. He eats meat, but he has never propounded vegetarianism; he has never talked about that kind of

nonviolence. You cannot tell him that he is a hypocrite. Jesus drinks wine you cannot tell him that he is a hypocrite, unless he teaches otherwise.

My whole approach towards life is that of total acceptance, is that of celebration, not of renunciation. How can you tell me that I am a hypocrite? I may be the only person on this earth who is not a hypocrite, because I have no ideals.

The first necessity for the hypocrite is to have ideals. I have none; I am a nonidealist. I live naturally--and it is very natural to live in comfort and convenience. It is simply stupid, if comfort is available, not to live in it. If it is not available, that is another thing. Then whatsoever is available, live in it comfortably, manage to live in it comfortably.

I have lived in many kinds of situations but I have always lived comfortably. When I was a student I used to walk to the university, four miles every day. But I loved it. I walked those four miles every day with great comfort; I enjoyed it. When I was a teacher I used to go on a bicycle to the university; I enjoyed that too.

Whatsoever has been the situation, whether I have had only a bicycle or a Mercedes Benz, it doesn't make any difference: I have lived in comfort.

Comfort is an attitude of mind, it is an approach towards life. I have lived in very very poor houses. When I became a teacher in a university, I started living in one single room with no windows, no ventilation. The rent was just twenty rupees per month. But I loved it, I enjoyed it, it was not a problem at all.

Whatsoever the moment allows, I have squeezed the moment to its totality. I have drunk fully of the moment, I have never repented and I have never desired for something else; if something else started happening I enjoyed that too.

You can never say to me that I am a hypocrite. It is impossible for me to be a hypocrite, because I have no ideals to fulfill, no oughts, no shoulds.

The 'is' is all that is, and I live in it. *unio108*

You ask: *Are you not a rich man's guru?*

I am--because only a rich man can come to me. But when I say 'a rich man' I mean one who is very poor inside. When I say 'a rich man' I mean one who is rich in intelligence; I mean one who has got everything that the world can give to him, and has found that it is futile.

Yes, only a rich person can become religious. I am not saying that a poor person cannot become religious, but it is very rare, exceptional. A poor person goes on hoping. A poor person has not known what riches are. He is not yet frustrated with it. How can he go beyond riches if he is not frustrated with them? A poor man also sometimes comes to me, but then he comes for something which I cannot supply. He asks for success. His son is not getting employed; he asks, "Bless him, Bhagwan." His wife is ill, or he is losing money in his business. These are symptoms of a poor man, one who is asking about things of this world.

When a rich person comes to me, he has money, he has employment, he has a house, he has health--he has everything that one can have. And suddenly he has come to a realisation that nothing is fulfilling. Then the search for God starts.

Yes, sometimes a poor man can also be religious, but for that very great intelligence is needed. A rich man, if he is *not* religious, is stupid. A poor man, if he is religious, is tremendously intelligent. if a poor man is not religious, he has to be forgiven. If a rich man is not religious, his sin is unpardonable.

I am a rich man's guru. Absolutely it is so....

If it were not for your money, you would not have been here. You are here because you are frustrated with your money. You are here because you are frustrated with your success. You are here because you are frustrated with your life. A beggar cannot come because he is not yet frustrated.

Religion is luxury--the last, ultimate luxury I call it, because it is the highest value. When a man is hungry, he does not bother about music, cannot. And if you start playing sitar before him, he will kill you. He will say, "You are

insulting me! I am hungry and you are playing sitar--is this the time to play sitar? Feed me first! And I am so hungry I cannot understand music. I am dying!" When a man is dying of hunger, what use is a Van Gogh painting? or a Buddha's sermon? or beautiful Upanishads, or music?--meaningless. He needs bread.

When a man is happy with his body, has enough to eat, has a good house to live in, he starts becoming interested in music, poetry, literature, painting, art. Now a new hunger arises. The bodily needs are

fulfilled, now psychological needs arise. There is a hierarchy in needs: the first is the body; it is the base, it is the ground-floor of your being.

Without the ground-floor, the first storey cannot exist.

When your bodily needs are fulfilled, psychological needs arise. When your psychological needs are also fulfilled, then your spiritual needs arise. When a person has listened to all the music that is available in the world, and has seen all the beauty, and has found that it is all dream; has listened to all the great poets, and has found that it is just a way to forget yourself, just a way to intoxicate yourself, but it does not lead you anywhere; has seen all the paintings and the great art--amusing, entertaining, but then what...? Then hands remain empty, more empty than they ever were before. Then music and poetry are not enough. Then the desire to meditate, the desire to pray, a hunger for God, a hunger for truth arises. A great passion takes possession of you and you are in search of truth, because you now know: unless you know what the secretmost truth of this existence is, nothing can satisfy. All else you have tried and it has failed.

Religion is the ultimate luxury. Either you have to be very rich to come to this luxury, or you have to be tremendously intelligent. But in both the cases you are rich--rich with money or rich with intelligence. I have never seen a person who is really poor--poor in intelligence, poor in riches--ever become religious.

Kabir becomes religious. He was not a millionaire, but he was tremendously intelligent. Buddha became religious because he was tremendously rich. Krishna and Ram and Mahavir became religious

because they were tremendously rich. Dadu, Raidas, Farid, they became religious because they were tremendously intelligent. But a certain sort of richness is needed.

Yes, you are right: I am the rich man's guru. *trans310*

Osho comments on the Jonestown Massacre

In December 1978, Osho speaks about the recent Jonestown massacre. American Christians, Reverend Jim Jones and his followers in Jonestown, Guyana, committed suicide or were massacred*.

*Note: Later a book implicates the CIA, as Jones' group was in the process of defecting from the USA to the USSR

Reverend Jones was able to kill nine hundred people, innocent people, for a simple reason: he was training them for death. You will be surprised to know that in Jonestown, lovemaking among the members of the sect was not allowed. Celibacy was enforced. There were hard strict rules: the people were not allowed to go outside the commune, no contact with outsiders was allowed. They were living in isolation, they were all ascetics.

And it is because of this asceticism that they were ready to commit suicide. Now people are searching for the causes. Somebody thinks that he hypnotized people, somebody thinks something else--a thousand and one reasons are being found. The simple reason is, he diverted their eros-

-that's all. And eros can be diverted very easily....

I am against ascetic attitudes, because they are ill attitudes, unhealthy, unwholesome. I am all for eros, I am all for life--because life is the temple of God, the only temple. And eros is the only way God is expressed in the world.

If you move totally into eros, into love of life, into life-affirmation, into rejoicing, you will find, deep down hidden in life, God himself. Life is his manifestation; he is the hidden source of it. Don't go away from life--

going away is going away from God. Hence my sannyasins are not to

renounce but to rejoice.

Now people have asked me a few questions: "Can the same thing happen here as happened in Reverend Jones' commune?"

This will be the last place in the world where it could happen, because I teach you love, I teach you life. My whole effort is to make your energy move through life totally--nothing is left. And if you move totally through life, death disappears. Even when you die, you will not see that death is happening to you--you will see only that you are changing your abode, you are changing your garments. You are on an eternal pilgrimage.

I teach you life, I teach you abundant life. This cannot happen here--I am not teaching you suicide. It can happen in any ascetic society, in any ascetic commune. But my commune is not ascetic at all. That's why Christians are against it, and Hindus are against it, and Jainas are against it, and Mohammedans are against it, and everybody is against it-

-because they are all death-oriented. And my love is unconditionally for life.

I teach you to love and to live. Death is impossible here--what to say of suicide? Even death is impossible here. If you die the way I am teaching

you, if you live the way I am teaching you, you will never know death.

Even dying, you will know that the flame goes on burning forever. *unio202*

Just the other day I received a letter from Canada saying that the Canadian government is becoming concerned, very much concerned, about my sannyasins and the people coming to me from Canada. And they are seriously inquiring into the whole phenomenon, because they are afraid that my commune may turn into another Jonestown. Now, I feel happy, because when governments become concerned that means something *is* happening. When a faraway country becomes so much concerned that they are thinking of sending a team to investigate the whole phenomenon, that mean things are on the way, that I am becoming some kind of disturbance to them. I must be popping up in their dreams.

And on what grounds are they becoming so much afraid? Because one

American sannyasin committed suicide, another American sannyasin went mad. These two instances are enough.... Now, Americans are all mad! And have you seen an American who has never pondered the possibility of committing suicide? The psychologists say that every American, at least four times in his life, thinks of committing suicide.

The greatest rate of suicide is in America.

Out of one hundred thousand sannyasins, one sannyasin commits suicide--that is enough! And that too an American sannyasin. What else were you expecting from an American sannyasin? Another American goes mad...it is absolutely normal! But the negative catches our attention immediately. How many Americans have gone sane, nobody bothers. And how many Americans have been prevented from committing suicide, nobody counts. They will never be counted. *dh0102*

Now my sannyasins are in great trouble all over the world. Just a few days ago many letters have come that in Australia, the school, college, university authorities are very much disturbed by my orange-people, because many teachers, many professors, have become sannyasins. And a problem is being created by the parents and their leagues. The problem is being created that these orange people and their presence may corrupt their children, so the parents are against them. The Catholic priest comes in his robe; he is accepted, he does not corrupt. But my sannyasins, just because they are coming in orange robes, can be a dangerous influence.

Anybody who is not behaving like you, not living like you, is hated. This is your experience in Poona too. The people are not really in any way *harmed* by you--my sannyasins are the most harmless people you can

find anywhere--but people are against you just because you look different. *bestil10*

One woman from America has written to Morarji Desai that her daughter is caught by an Indian Master, hypnotized. 'Save my daughter, send her back to me.' The papers have not said who this man is who has hypnotized her, the possibility is that it must be me. And the daughter must be here. Where else?

Now parents are forming associations, societies, groups, to protect their children from getting into any Eastern trip. They are more afraid of meditation than drugs. In America there now exists an organization of parents to kidnap their children if they become meditators. And then those children have to be given to deprogrammers, to psychoanalysts, to deprogramme them--a kind of mindwash. This is illegal. And one psychoanalyst has been sent to jail in California for deprogramming, because he was too enthusiastic. At first parents were giving him the authority to kidnap their children, then he started on his own. Not even a parent has the authority to kidnap the child--once the child is of age no parent has the authority. But maybe they can manage it. They have lobbies in the parliament. They can manage it, because the judge is also a parent, a father, and the police and the lawyers--all are parents; they can manage, they can enforce it.

But the psychoanalyst became a missionary on his own; he started kidnapping. He had an organization of kidnappers and he started mindwashing programmes--he called them 'de-programming'--so that a person becomes anti-meditation, anti-East, and falls back into the old fold. If he is a Catholic, then he becomes a Catholic and goes to the church; if he is a Protestant, then he becomes a Protestant and reads the Bible.

These people are afraid--not only now, they have always been afraid.

Buddha's story is just a logical extreme. Parents are afraid their children may renounce the world, that is the eternal truth in it. *sos116*

It is not only that the Indian government is afraid of me. It is so absurd that other governments of other countries are becoming afraid. Now here are German agents from the German government, watching what is happening. Now the Indian government is afraid of why German spies are here! Now Indian spies are following the German spies: there must be something, otherwise why should Germany be interested in me? And soon other spies will be coming!

And this is a place where nothing is happening for anybody. They're all fools! German, Indian, et cetera, they're all fools. They are unnecessarily wasting their time.

But I am not saying don't send your spies. Go on sending. A few of them are bound to become sannyasins! A few of them have already become!

Just the other day I received a letter from a very well-known professor in Germany just to inform me that the Protestant Church of Germany has sent spies here. Now they are becoming afraid because Christians are becoming sannyasins. That is dangerous.

You will soon see all kinds of spies here. Be very loving to them, and help them to know as much as they can know about me. A few of them are bound to become sannyasins, and that will shock their governments and their churches very much.

From a very reliable source in New Delhi, I have just received information that Eva Renzi was here as a German government spy. Now, this is what Indian spies have discovered! You see the paranoia? You ask me, "Why do politicians go on misunderstanding you?" To understand me, a little intelligence is also needed. *secret20*

Discourses

In November and December 1978, Osho introduces Hakim Sanai's *Hadiqa* or *Garden* Hakim Sanai: this name is as sweet to me as honey, as sweet as nectar.

Hakim Sanai is unique, unique in the world of Sufism. No other Sufi has been able to reach to such heights of expression and such depths of penetration. Hakim Sanai has been able to do almost the impossible.

If I were to save only two books from the whole world of the mystics, then these would be the two books. One would be from the world of Zen, the path of awareness: Sosan's *Hsin Hsin Ming.* I have spoken on it; it contains the quintessence of Zen, of the path of awareness and meditation. The other book would be Hakim Sanai's *Hadiqatu'l Haqiqat:* The Walled Garden of Truth--in short, *The Hadiqa:* The Garden. This is the book we are entering today.

The Hadiqa is the essential fragrance of the path of love. Just as Sosan

has been able to catch the very soul of Zen, Hakim Sanai has been able

to catch the very soul of Sufism. Such books are not written, they are born. Nobody can compose them. They are not manufactured in the mind, by the mind; they come from the beyond. They are a gift. They are born as mysteriously as a child is born, or a bird or a rose flower. They come to us, they are gifts.

So first we will enter into the mysterious birth of this great book *The Hadiqa:* The Garden. The story is tremendously beautiful....

(Hakim Sanai meets a madman, Lai-Khur, who admonishes his hypocrisy yet prophesies a great destiny for him. Hakim Sanai experiences a satori...)

So he went to Mecca on a pilgrimage, to meditate, to be silent, to be a pilgrim unknown to anybody, to be anonymous. The thing had happened, but it had to be absorbed. The light had happened, but one has to get accustomed to it.

And when he became accustomed to the new gestalt, to the new vision, he came back to Lai-Khur and presented him this book, *The Hadiqa.*

That's what he wrote on the way back from Mecca.

He poured his experience, his satori, into this book. These words are saturated with satori. This is how this great book was born, like a child is born, mysteriously; like a seed becomes a sprout, mysteriously; like a bird comes out of the egg, mysteriously. Like a bud opens early in the morning and becomes a flower, and the fragrance is spread to the winds.

Yes, this book was not written. This book is a gift from God. This book is a gift from God, and a gratitude from Hakim Sanai to that strange madman, Lai-Khur. *unio101*

In December Osho talks on Pythagoras' Golden Verses

Pythagoras represents the eternal pilgrim for *philosophia perennis*-- the perennial philosophy of life. He is a seeker of truth par excellence. He

staked all that he had for the search. He travelled far and wide, almost the whole known world of those days, in search of the Masters, of the mystery schools, of any hidden secrets. From Greece he went to Egypt--

in search of the lost Atlantis and its secrets....

It was a great effort in those days, to travel from Greece to China. It was full of dangers. The journey was hazardous; it was not easy as it is today....

By the time Pythagoras came back, he was a very old man. But seekers gathered around him; a great school was born. And, as it always happens, the society started persecuting him and his school and his disciples. His whole life he searched for the perennial philosophy, and he *had* found it! He gathered all the fragments into a tremendous harmony, into a great unity. But he was not allowed to work it out in detail; to teach people he was not allowed.

He was persecuted from one place to another. Many attempts were made on his life. It was almost impossible for him to teach all that he had gathered. And his treasure was immense--in fact, nobody else has ever had such a treasure as he had. But this is how foolish humanity is, and has always been. This man had done something impossible: he had bridged East and West. He was the first bridge. He had come to know the Eastern mind *as* deeply as the Western mind....

But his whole life's effort was destroyed by the stupid people, by the mediocre masses. These few verses are the only contribution left. These verses can be written on one postcard. This is *all* that is left of that great man's effort, endeavour. And this too is not written by his own hand; it seems all that he had written was destroyed.

The day Pythagoras died, thousands of his disciples were massacred and burnt. Only one disciple escaped the school; his name was Lysis. And he escaped, not to save his life--he escaped just to save something of the Master's teachings. These *Golden Verses of Pythagoras* were written by Lysis, the only disciple who survived.

The *whole* school was burnt, and thousands of disciples were simply

murdered and butchered. And all that Pythagoras had accumulated on his journeys--great treasures, great scriptures from China, India, Tibet, Egypt, years and years of work--all was burnt.

Lysis wrote these few verses. And, as it has been the ancient tradition that a real disciple knows no other name than his Master's, these verses are not called *Lysis' Verses*-- they are called *The Golden Verses of Pythagoras.* He has not written his name on them....

If we can learn something from the past history, if we can learn something from Pythagoras.... People could not use Pythagoras and his understanding, they could not use his great synthesis, they could not use the doors that he had made available. A single individual had done something immense, something impossible, but it was not used.

I am trying to do exactly the same again; I feel a very deep spiritual affinity with Pythagoras. I am also bringing you a synthesis of East and

West, of science and religion, of intellect and intuition, of the male mind and the female mind, of the head and the heart, of the right and the left.

I am also trying in every possible way to create a great harmony, because only that harmony can save. Only that harmony can give you a new birth.

But there is every possibility that what was done to Pythagoras will be done to me. And there is every possibility what was done to Pythagoras'

followers will be done to my sannyasins. But still, even knowing that possibility, the effort has to be made again. Because this is a valuable time. It comes only once in twenty-five centuries when the wheel can move in a new way, can take a new direction.

You all have to risk, and you have to risk all that you have. And risk it with great joy! because what can be more joyous than to give birth to a new man, to become vehicles for a new man, for a new humanity?...

My sannyasins can become an energy womb, an energy field. A great synthesis is happening here. East and West *are* meeting here. And if we can make this impossible thing happen, man will live in a totally different

way in the future. He will not need to live in the same old hell. Man can live in love, in peace. Man can live in great friendliness. Man can live a life which is nothing but a celebration. Man can make this earth divine.

Yes: this very earth can become the paradise and this very body the Buddha. *peren101*

Pythagoras says: *Revere the memory of the Illustrious Heroes...*

...of Buddha, of Lao Tzu, of Krishna, of Christ, of Moses, of Mohammed, of Mahavira. Remember! That's *why* I am talking on so many Masters: so you can remember that you are not alone on the path. Many have succeeded before you. You will also succeed. If *so* many have succeeded, why not you? Many have preceded you and reached. You are not moving alone; many are ahead of you. It is a *long* procession of truth-seekers.

You are part of a great chain. You may be a small drop, but you are part of a great river--the river of Buddhas, of all the enlightened people of the world.

That's why I am talking about *so* many enlightened people: to give you courage, to give you confidence; to give you the sense that you are in a great chain, part of a golden chain, and you are not moving alone. There is no need to be afraid. You cannot be lost! *peren101*

New Phase in Osho's work: Energy Darshans

In February 1979, Osho announces he wil not wait to move to the new commune; he wil start a new phase with energy darshans. Up to 200 people are present in evening darshans. Instead of answering personal questions Osho now gives 'come close energy darshans', using mediums and live music. The 'guest' sannyasins sit in front of Osho, surrounded by mediums, who may place their hands on the guest, and sway or dance in place. Osho touches the guests and sometimes the mediums on the third eye. The ashram lights are turned off so everyone can participate. Some guests are so overwhelmed, they need to be assisted or carried back to their places.

Before beginning the 'energy darshans' Osho speaks to the mediums: With me you have to be in a relationship which is not a relationship at all. So if I put my hand on your head, it is not somebody else's hand, it is your own hand. And when I put my head on your head it is not somebody else's head, it is your own head. That feel has to grow. As it grows, you will become more and more open vehicles for my energy. That has to be remembered, then your being mediums will become your great meditation. It will not only be helpful to the guest, to the person who has come for the close-up; it will be a tremendous upsurge in your being too.

The second thing: this is the beginning of a new phase of work. I will relate many more things to you--many more that you cannot imagine, many more that you have never dreamt about--but the first basic you have to learn before that can be conveyed to you is: let this relationship with me be absolutely exclusive. This has not to become your gossipping.

The temptation will be there, because when you know something and somebody else does not know about it, there is great temptation to play the role of the knower, and to say it. It is a human temptation. But this has to be remembered, that whatsoever transpires between me and you is an absolute secret.

And remember, it is not the matter that is important; the matter may not be important at all. It is your capacity to keep it secret that is important.

I may have simply told you that two plus two are four--that is not the point. It is immaterial whether you convey it to somebody or not; that is not the question. The content is not the question, the question is: your capacity of keeping it absolutely to yourself, your not revealing it even to your own spouse, your friend, your lover....

So that is not the point--the content, or any secret--but your capacity to contain it. That you have to remember. If any of you starts gossipping, it is bound to reach me, remember: gossip has wings! And those who do

that will automatically be dropped, slowly slowly. The higher work is not for them; they are childish.

And the third thing: Vivek will be your chief, so you have to listen to her, to whatsoever instructions she gives to you. I have been working on her for seven years; now she is ready.

So you have to surrender to her, you have to listen to her; whatsoever information she conveys to you, you have to follow.

And I am in search of creating a big group of mediums, because as the commune grows I will need much bigger groups of mediums to help people. Thousands are going to come, and they are going to come so fast that you will not be able to manage them!

So remember these three things. *join27*

Again, before giving the 'come close energy darshans', Osho addresses all the mediums.

While you are absorbing my energy feel utterly sexual, sensuous. In the beginning it will look very sexual. Soon there comes a point of intensity when it starts changing, when it starts becoming something that you have not known before at all, something that can only be called spiritual-

-but only later on, and only if you go totally into it. If you inhibit, your taboos come in and you stop yourself, then it remains sexual, it never becomes spiritual.

All taboos, all inhibitions, have to be dropped; only then at a certain intensity does the transformation happen....

This is the first thing to remember. The second thing to remember is: when you are joyous your energy flows into the other; when you are sad you start sucking energy from the other. So while functioning as mediums, be as joyous, ecstatically joyous, as possible; only then will your energy start moving into the guest. Only then will you shower your energy into the guest, only then will *he* start overflowing. Joy is contagious. So you are not to be a medium out of duty; it has to be a joyous celebration.

The third thing: your bodies are musical instruments. The medium has to be just a harp in the hands of the master, so I can play on the music of your

body, so I can help the music become awake in you. It has to be a very musical process, very graceful, very caressing, loving. When you play upon a musical instrument, you caress it with each touch. You have

to become my harps, and you have to remember that--to be very very soft, open, vulnerable, available.

A little resistance from your side and the music will disappear. Then you can go on moving in an empty gesture. It will be empty, of no use; it will make you tired. If you are not making an empty gesture, the guest is going to be helped and you are going to be helped; both are benefited. In fact the mediums will be benefited more, because they will be available every day.

The fourth thing: the first medium, on whom I will be working more, has to function as a triggering point. So whatsoever starts happening in the first medium, you have to fall in tune with her, you have to just move with the first, you have to be just one with the first. And you will be surprised: what is happening to the first will start happening to you all, exactly the same, because it is not a question of the physical body, it is a question of an energy-field. I am just creating an energyfield: if you are ready, the first will be the triggering point and soon you will be taken possession of. So wherever you are--a few people will be standing here behind the guest, a few mediums will be sitting.... Those who are sitting, they can also participate just by sitting there.

The fifth thing: this is not only a small experiment to help the guest; this is to transform the whole energy-field of the commune. Right now it is a small commune.

I was waiting for the new commune, but I think it will be delayed a little more, hence I decided that the work has to start. But in a way it is good: if you can fill these six acres of land with your energy, then it will make you able to fill the new commune. The new commune will be big, at least three square miles. But if you can fill six acres of land with your energy, it will not be difficult to fill the three square miles. It is not a question of how big the place is; the question is whether you have got the knack of it.

So before the new commune happens I am trying to give you the knack of

it. And it has started happening: the whole commune is affected. Even people who have not participated, who have not been here at all, even in their rooms they are affected.

From tomorrow, the time for energy communion will be the time when all the lights in the ashram will go off. All activities will stop; for that half hour or forty-five minutes there will be utter darkness and all activities will stop.

People, wherever they are, have to sit silently and be in a receptive mood, and whatsoever starts happening to them--there in their room, in the garden, wherever they are sitting, on the roof--they have to allow.

So this will be the beginning, and once the experiment succeeds here, then I can prepare a bigger group for the new commune, because then there will be the need of a bigger group.

The sixth point: the people who are sitting here in silent darshan, they can also participate. But they have to be aware: when the group is ecstatic, they can be ecstatic; when the group falls silent, *they* have to fall silent; when the group becomes absolutely quiet, they have to become quiet, otherwise they will be a disturbance. But when the group is going into ecstasy, into movement, into wild laughter, they can also. So you can also participate with closed eyes.

Just two things to be remembered: when the group stops, you have to stop immediately; and the second thing, you are not to disturb somebody else who is sitting by your side, you are not to touch somebody else by your side. You have to be alone, on your own.

So these things to be remembered. Good. *join28*

Osho addresses the guests:

What I am trying to do here is to give you a few moments, those peak moments when life becomes suddenly comprehensible. It is possible only if you move to the optimum; it is possible only when your energy pulsates totally. It is possible only when you are not holding anything back, when you are drunk, when you are madly drunk--drunk with your own energy, drunk

with your own existence.

Just the sheer beauty of being, the sheer beauty of existing, the sheer beauty that "I am breathing and my heart is beating", is more than enough to be grateful, to be absolutely thankful to God or to the whole.

These "close-ups", these energy communications are just moments for you to move with me to the optimum. If you relax, if you fall in rhythm with me, if you don't keep yourself apart, the impossible becomes possible. And once you have tasted a few moments then you know that it is within your grasp. Then you can try those moments on your own. I can only give you a flavor, then you have to work it out.

This is not the end of the work, this is only the beginning. I can simply open the window for a moment so that you can see that outside is the

infinite sky and the stars. But then you have to work it out. Slowly, steadily you have to move and open your own windows, your own doors.

But those first glimpses are absolutely necessary. Without those glimpses you will never have the idea of what life can be, what life is. And without the idea there will be no longing. Once you have tasted something, once you have chewed a little experience, once you have digested something of the unknown and it has entered your bloodstream, then you cannot remain at rest. Then you are going to become aflame.

Then the great longing to attain to those moments again and again...and then finally not only to attain to those peaks but to abide there.

So while you are here with me in these intimate energy communions don't remain separate. Fall utterly in tune with me. Dance, sway, hum, and be taken away from yourself. Allow me to take you away from yourself. Allow me to pull the earth from beneath you so that you can start falling into the abysmal. Allow me to turn you on into a totally different dimension of which you are not even aware, which you have not even dreamed about. Let me give you a dream, a vision. But it all depends on you: you can be just a spectator and then you will miss the whole thing. You have to be participants, you have to fall en rapport with me.

This is subtle work, very subtle. You cannot see it from the outside. You will see the mediums moving and swaying, but that is nothing. That is only the visible form of something mysterious that is happening within them. Even they will not be able to explain it to you; it is not explainable.

It can only be experienced and cannot be explained.

So be participants, and not just so-so; that is meaningless--either one hundred percent or nothing. Below one hundred percent nothing ever happens. If you can keep this in mind then I can take you to the ultimate Himalayan peaks of consciousness. And once you have seen those sunlit, virgin peaks you will not like to come back, you will like to remain there.

That longing--to abide there forever--is religion. Jesus calls it the kingdom of God, Buddha calls it nirvana; you can choose any name you like. But life is utterly meaningless without those peaks. And life is a turmoil if you go on living in the dark valleys, the dark valleys of mundane existence.

These moments are sacred. I am trying to take you to the holiest of the holies, to the innermost shrine of your being. Come with me! Don't remain spectators. *corner22*

When a true disciple comes to me and I touch his third eye, there is an energy connection. I become plugged into him, he becomes plugged into me: immediately an exchange of energy happens. It is an actual life-energy exchange. But a few people come, I touch their third eye...but they are just pretenders, they are not disciples.

When a disciple bows down and touches my feet, immediately there is an energy exchange. My feet can immediately feel his touch. It is not just a touch of his hands, his whole life is pouring there. But then there are others who simply touch as a formality. Their touch is ugly, their heart is not in it.

In close-up sessions the same thing happens. There are many who are moved to their very depths. Yogi and Rakesh have to carry them. They are so moved, so thrilled, they become so liquid, that they cannot move on their own. It is impossible for them to walk back to their places. They have to be carried. *wlotus07*

Silent Satsangs and the Dhammapada

In June 1979 Osho conducts a ten-day experiment in silent communion, satsangs with music and sitting meditation instead of discourses. On 21st June Osho introduces his 12-part series of commentaries on Gautama Buddha's Dhammapada.

My beloved bodhisattvas.... Yes, that's how I look at you. That's how you have to start looking at yourselves. *Bodhisattva* means a buddha in essence, a buddha in seed, a buddha asleep, but with all the potential to be awake. In that sense everybody is a bodhisattva, but not everybody can be called a bodhisattva--only those who have started groping for the light, who have started longing for the dawn, in whose hearts the seed is no longer a seed but has become a sprout, has started growing.

You are bodhisattvas because of your longing to be conscious, to be alert, because of your quest for the truth. The truth is not far away, but there are very few fortunate ones in the world who long for it. It is *not* far away but it is arduous, it is hard to achieve. It is hard to achieve, not because of its nature, but because of our investment in lies....

You have moved towards that risk. You have taken a few steps--

staggering, stumbling, groping, haltingly, with many doubts, but still you have taken a few steps; hence I call you bodhisattvas.

And *The Dhammapada,* the teaching of Gautama the Buddha, can only be taught to the bodhisattvas. It cannot be taught to the ordinary, mediocre humanity, because it cannot be understood by them.

These words of Buddha come from eternal silence. They can reach you only if you receive them in silence. These words of Buddha come from immense purity. Unless you become a vehicle, a receptacle, humble, egoless, alert, aware, you will not be able to understand them.

Intellectually you will understand them--they are very simple words, the simplest possible. But their very simplicity is a problem, because *you* are not simple. To understand simplicity you need simplicity of the heart,

because only the simple heart can understand the simple truth. Only the pure can understand that which has come out of purity.

I have waited long...now the time is ripe, you are ready. The seeds can be sown. These tremendously important words can be uttered again....

My talking on Buddha is not just a commentary: it is creating a bridge.

Buddha is one of the most important masters who has ever existed on the earth--incomparable, unique. And if you can have a taste of his being, you will be infinitely benefited, blessed.

I am immensely glad, because after these ten days of silence I can say to you that many of you are now ready to commune with me in silence.

That is the ultimate in communication. Words are inadequate; words say, but only partially. Silence communes totally.

And to use words is a dangerous game too, because the meaning will remain with me, only the word will reach you; and you will give it your own meaning, your own color. It will not contain the same truth that it was meant to contain. It will contain something else, something far poorer. It will contain your meaning, not my meaning. You can distort language--in fact it is almost impossible to avoid distortion--but you cannot distort silence. Either you understand or you don't understand.

And for these ten days there were only two categories of people here: those who understood and those who did not. But there was not a single person who *mis* understood. You cannot misunderstand silence--that's the beauty of silence. The demarcation is absolute: either you understand or, simply, you don't understand--there is nothing to misunderstand.

With words the case is just the opposite: it is very difficult to understand, it is very difficult to understand that you don't understand; these two are almost impossibilities. And the third is the only possibility: misunderstanding.

These ten days have been of strange beauty, and of a mysterious majesty too. I no longer really belong to this shore. My ship has been waiting for me

for a long time--I should have gone. It is a miracle that I am still in the body. The whole credit goes to you: to your love, to your prayers, to your longing. You would like me to linger a little while longer on this shore, hence the impossible has become possible.

These ten days, I was not feeling together with my body. I was feeling very uprooted, dislocated. It is strange to be in the body when you don't feel that you are in the body. And it is also strange to go on living in a place which no longer belongs to you--my home is on the other shore.

And the call comes persistently. But because you need me, it is the compassion of the universe--you can call it God's compassion--that is allowing me to be in the body a little more.

It was strange, it was beautiful, it was mysterious, it was majestic, it was magical. And many of you have felt it. Many of you have felt it in different ways. A few have felt it as a very frightening phenomenon, as if death is knocking on the door. A few have felt it as a great confusion. A few have felt shocked, utterly shocked. But everybody has been touched in some way or other.

Only the newcomers were a little at a loss--they could not comprehend what was going on. But I feel thankful to them too. Although they could not understand what was going on, they waited--they were waiting for me to speak, they were waiting for me to say something, they were hoping.

Many were afraid that I might not speak ever again...that was also a possibility. I was not certain myself.

Words are becoming more and more difficult for me. They are becoming more and more of an effort. I have to say something so I go on saying something to you. But I would like you to get ready as soon as possible so that we can simply sit in silence...listening to the birds and their songs...or listening just to your own heartbeat...just being here, doing nothing....

Get ready as soon as possible, because I may stop speaking any day. And let the news be spread to all the nooks and corners of the world: those who want to understand me only through the words, they should come soon,

because I may stop speaking *any* day. Unpredictably, any day, it may happen--it may happen even in the middle of a sentence. Then I am not going to complete the sentence! Then it will hang forever and forever...incomplete.

But this time you have pulled me back.

These sayings of Buddha are called *The Dhammapada. ... dh0101*

The meditation that prevailed for ten days was with a difference--and that is the difference between Buddha's and my approach--a little difference, but of tremendous import. And that has to be understood by you, because I am not a mere commentator on Buddha. I am not only echoing him, I am not simply a mirror to reflect him; I am a response, not a reflection. I am not a scholar, I am not going to make a scholarly analysis of his statements--I am a poet!

I have seen the same nothingness that he has seen, and, certainly, I have seen it in my own way. Buddha has his own way, I have my own way--of seeing, of being. Both ways reach the same peak, but the ways are different. My way has a little difference--little, but of profound import, remember.

These ten days were not only of silent meditation--these ten days were of music, silence, and meditation. Music is my contribution to it. Buddha would not have allowed it. On that point we would have quarreled. He would not have allowed music; he would have said that music is a disturbance. He would have insisted on pure silence, he would have said that is enough. But that is where we agree to disagree.

To me, music and meditation are two aspects of the same phenomenon.

And without music, meditation lacks something; without music, meditation is a little dull, unalive. Without meditation, music is simply noise--harmonious, but noise. Without meditation, music is an entertainment. And without music, meditation becomes more and more negative, tends to be death-oriented.

Hence my insistence that music and meditation should go together. That adds a new dimension--to both. Both are enriched by it....

I started these Buddha lectures with a ten-day silence deliberately. It was a device to start with silence--Buddha would have been very happy. He must have shrugged his shoulders a little bit because of the music, but what can I do? It can't be helped.

My religion has to be a religion of dance, love, laughter. It has to be life-oriented, it has to be life-affirmative. It has to be a love affair with life. It is not a renunciation but a rejoicing. *dh0102*

New Phase: Osho Criticizes the Masters

At the end of June 1979 Osho develops the new phase of his work; he will now criticize Buddha and other masters, where he does not agree with them

You ask: *Every time You have spoken on a master, I have felt You to be in love with that master and You flowing through his sutras. In this series though, I feel You standing apart from the Buddha and not really in love with his work. Is something changing or am I imagining things?*

You are not imagining things. With me, you will have to be always on the move--things will be changing. As you grow up I will be telling you things which I could not tell you before. It is not that my love for Buddha is less--my love cannot be less or more; my love is just love, it is a quality, it has no quantitative dimension to it. It can never be less or more--it simply is.

I love Buddha, I love Jesus, I love Zarathustra, I love Lao Tzu, I love Patanjali-- *because* I love...because I love you, because I love the trees, because I love the birds. My love is not less.

And you are perfectly right that I am standing apart--I will be standing apart more and more in the future. I am preparing for the new phase.

The work has to take a quantum leap, and much preparation is needed.

The work has to take on a totally different quality now. Now I have people

with me of great trust, of love, people who are committed and surrendered.

In the beginning I was talking to the masses. It was a totally different kind of work: I was in search of disciples. Talking to the masses I was using their language; talking to the masses was talking to a primary class. You can't go very deep; you have to talk superficially. You have to look to whom you are talking.

Then, slowly slowly, a few people started turning from students to disciples. Then my approach changed. It was now possible to communicate on higher levels. Then disciples started changing into sannyasins--they started becoming committed, they started becoming involved with me, with my destiny. My life became their life, my being became their being. Now communication took a jump: it became communion.

Now I have got enough sannyasins...the work will have to move deeper.

I was talking about Buddha before, and I was talking as if I was simply allowing him to flow through me. Now this is not going to be the case.

This series is the beginning of a new phase.

You have suspected rightly. Now I will have to make it clear what the points are in which I differ from Buddha, from Jesus, from Krishna. I have to make it very clear where I differ from them.

Twenty-five centuries have passed since Buddha. Much has happened since then--much water has flowed down the Ganges. *Everything* has changed! If Buddha comes into the world he will not be able to recognize that it is the same world that he had left.

I belong to *this* century. In these twenty-five centuries many new things have been added. For example, Buddha knew nothing about science--he could not. I am not saying that he should have known--he could not! It was impossible. Albert Einstein had not happened yet. Buddha was not aware of many things of which we are aware, I am aware. I have to incorporate all those things. Sigmund Freud and Karl Marx and Albert Einstein and many more have to be incorporated. Religion has to become more and more rich

every day.

I will have to make it clear where I differ. I will have to make clear what *more* I am trying to add to the religious heritage. I will not be just a vehicle anymore. That phase is complete. It was needed up to now, because I wanted...the people who loved Buddha, I wanted to approach them; the people who loved Mahavira, I wanted to approach them; the people who loved Jesus, I wanted to approach them.

Humanity is divided: a few are with Jesus, a few are with Buddha, a few are with Krishna...and so on and so forth. There are no free human beings available. I had to pick and choose from different sects, from different communities, from different religions. The only way was: to speak the way Buddha spoke, then only would a few Buddhists become involved with me; otherwise it would have been impossible for them, they would not have understood me. Now they have become involved with me it is going to be a totally different matter. Now their love has arisen for me, it is easy for me to say where I differ from Buddha and they will be able to understand. It won't create any trouble for them, it will not be confusing to them.

But remember, my love is not less because I am standing apart: my love is the same. My love is not going to change; it is not something that can change. But more and more it will happen: I will stand apart and separate.

Now I have got my own people. And I have to make it very clear where I differ, where I am trying to give something new, something more; where I am trying to enrich the heritage, where I am contributing. And sometimes I will have to criticize too--but I love so much that I can criticize.

Sometimes I am going to criticize Buddha, Mahavira, Jesus. Not that I don't love them--I love them, otherwise why should I speak on them?

Even if I criticize them, that means my love is so much that I will take even that trouble, to criticize them.

Buddha has given much to humanity, but humanity is an on-going process. And everything that happens to humanity brings its advantages and also brings its disadvantages....

Many times I will criticize. Many times I will tell you about all the advantages and all the disadvantages that have happened. Buddha is the purest religious dimension, the purest possible, but how can I avoid saying that he is a one-dimensional man? If I don't say it, it will be untrue. If I don't say it, my love for truth is not total then. I have to say it, that he is one-dimensional--the purest in his dimension, but he lacks the other dimensions.

He has no appreciation of beauty, not at all. He has no appreciation of music, not at all. He has no appreciation of love, not at all. The aesthetic dimension is missing, he has bypassed it. And he has no scientific approach; he cannot have--science was not yet developed enough. He is one-dimensional purity, but one-dimensional.

And because he is one-dimensional, this whole country has remained one-dimensional. Buddha is one-dimensional, Mahavira is one-dimensional, Patanjali is one-dimensional. All the great religious masters of this country were religious people. They reached to the purest religious experience, and they tried to convert the whole country to their vision.

But the disadvantage was that the country became poor. Without science no country can ever become rich. The country became outwardly ugly, starving, ill. Without science and technology, no country can be outwardly beautiful, healthy, affluent.

Now, I cannot avoid mentioning it--that will not be true, and that will not be right either. That will be deceiving you! That will be a crime against humanity. It is time that somebody should have the guts to say it!

Nobody in the whole world is doing it, and the time is ripe that somebody should shout and say that Buddha, Mahavira, Patanjali, Lao Tzu, are immensely beautiful people, and they have contributed much--humanity would not have been what it is without them--they are our very soul, that

is absolutely true, but there is a disadvantage because they are all one-dimensional. Other dimensions have remained paralyzed, crippled. And now the time has come: other dimensions have to be fulfilled too....

Buddha has contributed immensely, but as a side effect he has been one of the causes of India's poverty. I cannot ignore that fact. I have to state it. I have not stated it up to now, but now I have my own people who will understand....

Now I have to say it. And I know I am going to suffer much because of these statements, because in India people are not accustomed to hearing any criticism of Krishna, Mahavira or Buddha--no, not at all.

First I will make it clear to you where I differ. And soon I will start criticizing the side effects too.

Wait a little more, because I have to tell you the whole truth--the whole truth as it is, whatsoever the consequences. I will appreciate whatsoever is worth appreciating and I will condemn whatsoever needs to be condemned....

We have to put things absolutely clear. We have to be very very dispassionate. That's why you are feeling there is a certain difference--

there is. You are not imagining things. My work is going into a new phase, I am entering into a new phase. Before the new commune happens, I am preparing for it. *dh0108*

Osho and Public Relations

Osho uses new technology to send his message world-wide. Discourses are video-taped. The Press Office expands. Osho's address to the World Symposium of Humanity is televised in Britain, Canada and USA. A full-length feature film, Bhagwan, wins an award at Miami and Cannes International Film Festivals. Osho's meditations feature on a BBC Radio education program. The BBC refers to the ashram as the 'largest growth centre in the world'

You ask: *Why should there be a Press Office in the ashram?*

Why not?

You know I am an ancient Jew--I answer a question with another question;

that is an ancient Jewish habit....

I am a modern man--in fact a little ahead of my time! I am going to use every possible means to spread the truth: newspapers, video, tape recorders, films, radio, television, satellite transmission, everything.

Buddha had to go to every village. You didn't ask him, "Why do you go on walking from one village to another village?" That is a primitive way of spreading the message. For forty-two years he was travelling and travelling. Now to do that would be foolish.

I can be in my room, and I can fill the whole earth with my message. It would be very unintelligent to go on walking from one village to another village. Buddha was helpless. If I had been there in Buddha's time, I would have done the same. If Buddha were here now he would do the same.

The Press Office creates a question in many people's minds. They think truth need not be declared. It needs to be declared! Jesus said to his disciples, "Go in every direction and shout from the housetops! Only then will people hear, because people are deaf."

I will not tell you to go and shout from every housetop; better means are available. Man has invented great technology. Everybody else is using that technology, but when it is used for truth, questions start arising. If you use it for business, good, if you use it for politics, good, if you use it for evil, perfectly right, but if you use it for God, then questions start arising.

I am going to use all kinds of media. *guest09*

You ask: *Don't you have enough disciples? What is the need for videotapes of you and your commune?*

I have got only one hundred fifty thousand sannyasins in the world--that is just a drop in the ocean of humanity. And if you want to transform the consciousness of man it is nothing; it is just the beginning, it is just a seed. We have to go on spreading this new message--new in a sense, because of the so-called religions, and yet the ancientmost, because whenever anybody has known he has known the same truth.

Truth never changes; it is always the same. Who knows it makes no difference, when one knows it makes no difference. Time and space don't matter.

And this is a very special moment in the history of humanity: either man will destroy himself totally or a new man will be born. It has never been so important to transform the consciousness of man, to bring a radical

change in the very vision of man as it is today. And we have to do it quickly because time is short. The politicians are piling up atom bombs, hydrogen bombs and whatnot. Just within ten years the power to destroy man has increased seven hundred times. Ten years ago it was enough to destroy humanity; now it is enough to destroy seven hundred earths of the same size. It seems to be simply mad. What is the point?--because we don't know any other earths yet. Yes, scientists say there are fifty thousand planets with life, but that is only a hypothesis. We may never reach them--we have only reached the moon....

In such a mad world where mad politicians are so powerful, meditation can be the only way to defend life on earth. The inner revolution has to be spread as quickly and as fast as possible. Moreover, I am a twentieth-century man--I don't believe in bullock carts. You can see my Rolls Royce!...

I don't go anywhere; there is no need now--that is out of date. I cannot reach many people by traveling, but now we have the media available. My word can go to the farthest corner of the earth--it is reaching already.

Books are also old ways of reaching people; their days are also over. New methods have been evolved.

A videotape is a far better way to reach people because they can hear me the same way as you are hearing me. And just hearing the word without seeing the person is one thing; seeing the person also makes a lot of difference. It is totally different because when you are listening to me on a tape recording or on records you will not be able to see my hand, which says more than I can say with my words. You will not be looking at my eyes, which have much more to say than words can convey. Something will

be missing, something of immense value--the person will be missing.

You will be hearing only a ghostly voice.

I will use films, television, videotapes, tapes, every modern technique to spread the message. I belong to the twentieth century totally, wholeheartedly. And I love this century; I am not against it. I love science and its technology. It is in the wrong hands, but that always happens.

Whenever something significant is discovered it always falls into the wrong hands first for the simple reason that they are very quick people, cunning people....

Science has released tremendous power, but it has fallen into the wrong hands and the right hands are not there. We have to create the right hands; we have to create the right consciousness for that.

Hence, I will go on working with all the modern media to reach as many people as possible. I am already reaching. You can see here people from

almost every country. There is not a single country in the world now where my sannyasins are not. And they are creating a stir everywhere.

They are bound to create a stir, they are bound to create a new kind of revolution--the real revolution.

Political revolutions are not revolutions; only spiritual revolutions are revolutions because unless the inner being changes, no outer change is going to help.

And, remember it, I am not an old type of saint: "Why bother about disciples and why bother about reaching many people?" It is not a question of bothering at all--I am enjoying it tremendously! It is not in any way work for me; it is play. And it is urgently needed, too. *ggate104*

New Phase: Mystery School

In July 1979, Osho explains the new phase in his work as a Mystery School, and its relevance in world history

You ask: *Would You please speak more about the new phase of Your work?*

Gurdjieff lived a life which was very mysterious; it was not public. His school was a hidden school. What was happening there, people were simply guessing.

And that's what is going to happen in the new phase of my work. My commune will become hidden, underground. It will have a façade on the outside: the weavers and the carpenters and the potters...that will be the façade. People who will come as visitors, we will have a beautiful showroom for them; they can purchase things. They can see the creativity of the sannyasins: paintings, books, woodwork.... They can be shown around--a beautiful lake, swimming pools, a five-star hotel for them--but they will not know what is really happening. That which will be happening will be almost all underground. It has to be underground, otherwise it cannot happen.

I have a few secrets to impart to you, and I would not like to die before I have imparted them to you--because I don't know anybody else now alive in the world who can do that work. I have secrets from Taoism, secrets from tantra, secrets from yoga, secrets from Sufis, secrets from Zen people. I have lived in almost all the traditions of the world; I have been a wanderer in many lives. I have gathered much honey from many flowers.

And the time, sooner or later, will come when I will have to depart--and I will not be able to enter again in the body. This is going to be my last life.

All the honey that I have gathered I would like to share with you, so that you can share it with others, so that it does not disappear from the earth.

This is going to be a very secret work; hence I cannot speak about it. I think I have already spoken too much! I should not have said even this.

The work will be only for those who are utterly devoted.

Right now, we have a big press office to make as many people as possible aware of the phenomenon that is happening here. But in the new commune

the real work will simply disappear from the world's eyes. The press office will function--it will function for other purposes. People will go on coming, because from the visitors we have to choose; we have to invite people who can be participants, who can dissolve in the commune.

But the real work is going to be absolutely secret. It is going to be only between me and you.

And there will not be much talk between me and you either. More and more I will become silent, because the real communion is through energy, not through words. As you will be getting ready to receive the energy in silence, I will become more and more silent. But I am keeping a great treasure for you. Be receptive....

And as my work goes underground and becomes more secret and more mysterious, more and more rumors and gossip are bound to spread all over the world. People become very suspicious of anything secret, and because they cannot find any clue, they start inventing their own ideas about what is happening there. So be ready for that too.

But don't be worried about it. It is going to be a mystery school. Such schools existed when Zarathustra was alive; he created such a school.

Many such schools existed in Egypt, India, Tibet. When Pythagoras came and visited this country he noted the fact of the mystery schools. He was initiated into many mystery schools in Egypt and in India. Jesus was trained by the Essenes, a very secret mystery school.

All that is beautiful and all that is great in human history has happened only through a few people who put their energies together for the inner exploration. My commune is going to be a mystery school for inner exploration. It is the greatest adventure there is, and the greatest dance too. *dh0202*

My effort here is to create a Socratic inquiry again, to ask again the fundamental questions that Buddha raised.

In the new commune we are going to have seven concentric circles of

people. The first, the most superficial circle, will consist of those who come only out of childish curiosity, or out of already accumulated prejudices, who are, deep down, antagonistic--the journalists, etcetera.

They will be allowed only to see the superficial part of the commune--not that anything will be hidden, but just because of their approach they will not be able to see anything more than the most superficial. They will see only the garments. Here also the same goes on happening. They come and they see only the superficial.

Just the other day I was reading a journalist's report; he was here for five days. He writes, "for five days," as if it is a very long time to be here; five days, as if he has been here for five lives! Because he has been here for five days he has become an authority. Now he knows what is happening here because he has watched people meditating. How can you watch people meditating? Either you can meditate or not, but you cannot watch people meditating. Yes, you can watch people's physical gestures, movements, dance, or their sitting silently under a tree, but you cannot *see* meditation! You can see the physical posture of the meditator, but you cannot see his inner experience. For that, you have to meditate, you have to become a participant.

And the basic condition for being a participant is that you should drop this idea of being a watcher. Even if you participate, if you dance with the meditators, with this idea that you are participating only to watch what happens, then nothing will happen. And, of course, you will go with the conclusion that it is all nonsense--nothing happens. And you will feel perfectly right inside yourself that nothing happens, because you even participated and nothing happened.

That man writes that he was in darshan and much was happening to sannyasins--so much was happening that after a deep energy contact with me they were not even able to walk back to their places--they had to be carried away. And then he mentions, "But nothing happened to me."

That is enough proof that all that was happening was either hypnosis, or people were pretending just because the journalist was there, or it was just an arranged show, something managed--because nothing was happening

to him.

There are things which can happen only when you are available, open, unprejudiced. There are things which can happen only when you put aside your mind.

The journalist writes again, "The people who go there, they leave their minds where they leave their shoes--but I could not do that. Of course,"

he says, "if I had left my mind behind, then I would have also been impressed." But he thinks the mind that he has is something so valuable--how can he leave it behind? He feels himself very clever because he didn't leave his mind behind.

Mind is the barrier, not the bridge. In the new commune, the first concentric circle will be for those who come like journalists--prejudiced people, who already know that they know. In short, for the fools.

The second concentric circle will be for those who are inquirers--

unprejudiced, neither Hindus nor Mohammedans nor Christians, who come without any conclusion, who come with an open mind. They will be able to see a little deeper. Something of the mysterious will stir their hearts. They will cross the barrier of the mind. They will become aware that something of immense importance is happening--what exactly it is they will not be able to figure out immediately, but they will become aware vaguely that something of value *is* happening. They may not be courageous enough to participate in it; their inquiry may be more intellectual than existential, they may not be able to become part, but they will become aware--of course, in a very vague and confused way, but certainly aware--that something more is going on than is apparent.

The third circle will be for those who are sympathetic, who are in deep sympathy, who are ready to move with the commune a little bit, who are ready to dance and sing and participate, who are not only inquirers but are ready to change themselves if the inquiry requires it. They will become aware more clearly of deeper realms.

And the fourth will be the empathic. Sympathy means one is friendly, one is not antagonistic. Empathy means one is not only friendly; one feels a kind of unity, oneness. Empathy means one feels with the commune, with the people, with what is happening. One meets, merges, melts, becomes one.

The fifth circle will be of the initiates, the sannyasins--one who is not only feeling in his heart but who is ready to be committed, to be involved.

One who is ready to risk. One who is ready to commit, because he feels a great, mad love--mad, mad love--arising in him. The sannyasin, the initiate.

And the sixth will be of those who have started arriving--the adepts.

Those whose journey is coming closer to the end, who are no longer sannyasins only but are becoming *siddhas,* whose journey is coming to a full stop, is getting closer and closer to the conclusion. The home is not far away, a few steps more. In a way, they have already arrived.

And the seventh circle will consist of *arhatas* and *bodhisattvas.* The arhatas are those sannyasins who have arrived but are not interested in helping others to arrive. Buddhism has a special name for them: arhata--

the lonely traveler who arrives and then disappears into the ultimate.

And the bodhisattvas are those who have arrived but they feel a great compassion for those who have not yet arrived. The bodhisattva is an arhata with compassion. He holds on, goes on looking back and goes on calling forth those who are still stumbling in darkness. He is a helper, a servant of humanity.

There are two types of people. The one who is at ease only when he is alone; he feels a little uncomfortable in relationship, he feels a little disturbed, distracted, in relationship. That type of person becomes an arhata. When he has arrived, he is finished with everything. Now he does not look back.

The bodhisattva is the second type of person: one who feels at ease in relationship, in fact far more comfortable when he is relating than when he is alone. He leans more towards love. The arhata leans more towards

meditation. The path of the arhata is of pure meditation, and the path of the bodhisattva is that of pure love. The pure love contains meditation, and the pure meditation contains love--but the pure meditation contains love only as a flavor, a perfume; it is not the central force in it. And the pure love contains meditation as a perfume; it is not the center of it.

These two types exist in the world. The second type--the follower on the path of love--becomes a bodhisattva. The seventh circle will consist of arhatas and bodhisattvas.

Now, the seventh circle will be aware of all the six other circles, and the sixth circle will be aware of the other five circles--the higher will be aware of the lower, but the lower will not be aware of the higher. The first circle will not be aware of anything other than the first circle. He will see the buildings and the hotel and the swimming pool and the shopping center and weaving and pottery and carpentry. He will see the trees, the whole landscape...he will see all these things. He will see thousands of sannyasins, and he will shrug his shoulders: "What are these people doing here?" He will be a little puzzled, because he was not thinking that so many mad people can be found in one place: "All are hypnotized!" He will find explanations. He will go perfectly satisfied that he has known the commune. He will not be aware of the higher--the lower cannot be aware of the higher. That is one of the fundamental laws of life-- *aes dhammo sanantano*-- only the higher knows the lower, because he has passed from the lower.

When you are standing on the sunlit mountain peak, you know everything down in the valley. The valley people may not be aware of you at all, it is not possible for them. The valley has its own occupations, its own problems. The valley is preoccupied with its own darkness.

The fool can come to a master but will remain unbenefited because he will see only the outer. He will not be able to see the essential, he will not be able to see the core. The fool comes here too, but he listens only to the words--and he goes on interpreting those words according to his own ideas. He goes perfectly satisfied that he knows what is happening.

There are many fools who don't come here--they don't feel the need. They simply depend on other fools' reports. That's enough. Just one fool can

convince thousands of fools, because their language is the same, their prejudices are the same, their conceptions are the same...there is no problem! One fool has seen, and all the other fools are convinced. One fool reports in the newspaper and all the other fools read it early in the morning, and are convinced. *dh0207*

In the new commune I am going to give you methods to go to the deep collective unconscious. But it is a very dangerous trip and great arrangements are needed before somebody can enter the collective unconscious, because so much is there, millions of experiences and they will suddenly explode.

A commune is needed. A closed commune is needed, the closed Garden is needed--because it is not a question for the ordinary masses to know about; they will not be able to understand. And that's why if something reaches to the masses, some naked photographs reach to the masses, they are immediately against me. They cannot understand what is happening here.

We are trying to penetrate into the deepest layers of consciousness. But this is an alchemical lab; the ordinary masses will not be able to understand it. And if they do understand, they will understand it according to themselves.

I am waiting for the new commune: much more has to be done. But then things will become much more bizarre and you will need a field, an energy-field, that surrounds you like a soothing energy, that keeps you anchored with me so that you are not lost into the collective unconscious. Only then can the doors of the collective unconscious be opened.

They *can* be opened, and it is tremendously helpful if they can be opened. If you can know your whole past, you will be freed from it.

Knowing something is to be free from it: knowing the truth liberates. If you can be allowed to go into your past, to the very end, you will be finished with everything. Because millions of times you have accumulated wealth, and each time you have failed. If you can remember your past lives and you can see that millions of times you have been playing the same stupid game,

to no point at all, then how can you go on playing it in this life again? It will be impossible.

If you can see all your sexual experiences, it will be so ridiculous to still go on playing the same game.

But for that, a totally secluded atmosphere and a great trust, and absolute trust, will be needed. Hence I am trying to create a commune which will be a world apart, and where we can go into the deepest possible experiments that have ever been done.

And once you have gone backwards, you become capable of going upwards and forwards, because the process is the same. Backwards, it is easier because it is a known path; you have forgotten about it but it is still a known path, you can go backwards.

Going upwards to superconsciousness and the cosmic mind is an unknown path. If you become capable of going backwards you will have learned how to penetrate the dangerous realms of your being. And then the next step higher can be taken: you can move from the conscious the the superconscious.

It is the superconscious in which all the experiences of angels and *devatas* and gods and kundalini and chakras and lotuses opening happen; they are all contained in the superconscious. It is a beautiful world, it is psychedelic. Beyond that is the world of the cosmic mind where all experiences disappear--neither ugly nor beautiful, where the experiencer is left alone. Total, absolute aloneness. And that is the ultimate goal of consciousness, that is where evolution is moving towards.

But before you can take that quantum leap into the world that is above you, you will have to get deeper into the roots, into the dark roots of your unconscious and your past experiences.

Buddha and Mahavira both tried; they did great experiments. Those experiments are called *jati smaran:* remembering the past. And the past is vast--if you go on remembering it, it goes on revealing secrets.

The man who has gone into his whole past will come back absolutely healthy and psychologically whole. He will not have any perversions. His

whole life will be transformed just by going there and coming back. Then all that he can ever imagine doing, he had done many times, and it was all futile and it was all in vain.

That very understanding, and all starts changing. And when you are free from the past you are capable of moving into the present: you can dive deep into the now and the here.... *unio108*

The function of a mystery school--a mystery school just like this--is higher than the function of a university. Its function is to make you conscious of your consciousness. To be conscious of one's consciousness is meditation; it is the first step to being really human. *guest15*

Once we have moved away from the world, once we have our own small world, once we drop all the bridges, time will start disappearing. My effort is to give you a taste of timelessness. Once you have tasted it, then you can go back into the world and it will remain with you. The most important thing is to taste it once at least--no-time--and suddenly you are transported into another world.

This world consists of time and space. That's how Albert Einstein defines it: spaciotime. He makes one word out of the two, because he says time is nothing but the fourth dimension of space. So this world consists of space and time, and in meditation you disappear from both, or both disappear from your being. You don't know where you are. *You are,* certainly, more than you have ever been; you are totally there but there is no space confining you and no time defining you. A pure existence.

Once tasted, all foolishness disappears.

The fool lives in time, the wise man lives in timelessness.

The fool lives in mind, the wise man lives in no-mind. *dh0207*

The greatest miracle in the world is to be so intelligent that nobody, no society, no state, no church, can hypnotize you.

My work here consists of dehypnotizing you. Hence, all the societies will be against me. Beware of it! To be with me is dangerous--all the governments will be against you. And this has to be known and accepted.

This has to be simply accepted, because this is going to be the case. The more I start working deeply on you.... It is just the beginning of the work: I am preparing the ground from where to take off.

Once the dehypnosis starts functioning within thousands of people, all the societies, all the governments, all the states, all the churches, are

going to be against me and my people--because this has never been done before. This is the greatest rebellion ever tried! This is true revolution.

And if you pass through this revolution you will know from where freshness comes. It comes from your own innermost core. God is not outside you; it is your very center, your very ground. Freshness comes from it, life comes from it, love comes from it, bliss comes from it. All that is significant--poetry and music--they all arise from it.

And when the dance comes from within, it has a totally different quality to it: it is spiritual, it is divine. *dh0702*

Sannyasins are Friends not Followers

The real master creates masters, not followers. The real master throws you back to yourself. His whole effort is to make you independent of him, because you have been dependent for centuries, and it has not led you anywhere. You still continue to stumble in the dark night of the soul.

Only your inner light can become the sunrise. The false master persuades you to follow him, to imitate him, to be just a carbon copy of him. The real master will not allow you to be a carbon copy, he wants you to be the original. He loves you! How can he make you imitative? He has compassion for you, he would like you to be utterly free--free from all outer dependencies.

But the ordinary human being does not want to be free. He wants to be

dependent. He wants somebody else to guide him. Why?--because then he can throw the whole responsibility on the shoulders of somebody else.

And the more responsibility you throw away onto somebody else's shoulders, the less is the possibility of your ever becoming intelligent. It is responsibility, the challenge of responsibility, that creates wisdom.

One has to accept life with all its problems. One has to go through life unprotected; one has to seek and search one's way. Life is an opportunity, a challenge, to find yourself. But the fool does not want to go the hard way, the fool chooses the shortcut. He says to himself,

"Buddha has attained--why should I bother? I will just watch his behavior and imitate. Jesus has attained, so why should I search and

seek? I can simply become a shadow to Jesus. I can simply go on following him wherever he goes."

But following somebody else, how are you going to become intelligent?

You will not give any chance for your intelligence to explode. It needs a challenging life, an adventurous life, a life that knows how to risk and how to go into the unknown, for intelligence to arise. And only intelligence can save you--nobody else--your own intelligence, mind you, your own awareness, can become your nirvana.

Be a light unto yourself and you will be wise; let others become your leaders, your guides, and you will remain stupid, and you will go on missing all the treasures of life--which were yours! And how can you decide that the other's character is a right character for you to follow? *dh0209*

People even follow, but then too they follow out of misunderstanding.

Just by becoming a follower it does not change anything in your life. It is not a question of following somebody: it is a question of understanding somebody who is awakened. Hence, I don't call you my followers but only my friends. If you can be my friends, if you can be in deep love and trust here in my presence, if you can be present to my presence, if we can face each other and mirror each other, tremendously important things will start

happening of their own accord--because your heart will understand, and when the heart understands, *immediately* transformations happen. *dh0205*

You say: *I watch myself as I act superior around non-sannyasins, and inferior around those who have been with you longer than I.*

This is what has been told to everybody: that you have to put yourself higher and higher, that you have to climb the ladder, that you have to be ambitious, that you have to be the first.

My whole effort here is to tell you that you have to be just yourself, neither first nor last. And you are so unique that nobody, has been like you before, and nobody is going to be like you again. Hence, there is no question of comparison at all; you are so unique that you are incomparable. So drop this whole idea of comparison.

It is comparison which creates trouble; then somebody is higher than you and somebody is lower than you. If you drop this comparative habit, then nobody is higher than you and nobody is lower than you. Then suddenly you recognize everybody's uniqueness. And the moment you can see everybody's uniqueness, your life has a different flavor. It becomes non-ambitious, it becomes non-egoistic. Then you are not trying

to imitate, then you are not trying to compete--then you are simply being yourself, relaxing with yourself, and a great love for yourself arises. And not only for yourself: a great love--for everyone else also, because everyone is so unique. And it is because of the uniqueness of individuals around the world that the world is so beautiful....

Drop this whole attitude, this whole approach. With me, nobody has to play the game of holier-than-thou. To me there is no division between the profane and the sacred, between the holy and the unholy--it is all one. *wildgs11*

You say: *In the old days you used to hammer us fiercely. Now you come into lecture looking around happily, like a farmer looking on his golden cornfields. Are you happy with us?*

I absolutely happy with you. I am one of the most fortunate Masters in the world, because a great many intelligent, alive, loving people have gathered around me. The *very cream* of the modern mind has gathered around me. I am tremendously happy, yes, just like a farmer when he looks on his golden cornfields.

You are my golden cornfield. The crop is becoming more and more ripe every day. Many are blossoming, many are coming to fruit. Many are growing--in love, in awareness, in trust, in *every* possible way. I am tremendously happy that you are here with me....

Jesus was not very fortunate. Buddha was far more fortunate. But I am even more fortunate than Buddha, because Buddha had only one kind of people around him. My disciples are multi-dimensional; they come from every nook and corner of the world. This is a universal brotherhood. This is for the first time that religion is taking off--from local limitations, becoming airborne. This is for the first time that religion is losing racial associations, national associations--Indian, Chinese, Japanese, German, Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian, Buddhist. We are creating a kind of religiousness without any name; a nameless religion can only be true to a nameless God.

Yes, I am tremendously happy. The moment I look at you my heart dances with immense joy. And this is only the beginning. Many, many more are going to come, they are on the way. You are just heralding the coming of millions more. Hence your responsibility is great, because you will be preparing the way; the others who will come will learn from you.

The others will learn love, awareness, discipline, spontaneity, individuality, freedom, all of these dimensions, from you.

The new commune will have at least ten thousand sannyasins resident, and thousands and thousands will come and go. You are also fortunate because you will be the first bricks: out of you this great temple is going to be created, you will be in the foundation. Remember that responsibility, and remember that such a responsibility comes only as a benediction. *guest08*

Death of Osho's Father and his Mahaparanirvana

On 8th September 1979, Osho's father, Dadaji or Swami Devateerth Bharti, dies enlightened. At the death celebration in Buddha Hal , Osho places flowers on his father's body and touches his head. Osho creates an annual festival on 8th September, Mahaparanirvana Day, to celebrate al sannyasins, past and future, who have died and will die.*

*The book Be Stil and Know describes this celebration, il ustrated with colour photos.

You ask: *Would you say something about your father's death yesterday?*

Vivek, it was not a death at all. Or it was the total death. And both mean the same thing. I was hoping that he would die in this way. He died a death that everybody should be ambitious for: he died in samadhi, he died utterly detached from the body and the mind.

I went to see him only three times during this whole month he was in the hospital. Whenever I felt that he was just on the verge, I went to see him.

The first two times I was a little afraid that if he died he would have to be born again; a little attachment to the body was there. His meditation was deepening every day, but a few chains with the body were still intact, were not broken.

Yesterday I went to see him: I was immensely happy that now he could die a right death. He was no more concerned with the body. Yesterday, early in the morning at three o'clock, he attained his first glimpse of the eternal--and immediately he became aware that now he was going to die.

This was the first time he had called me to come; the other two times I had gone on my own. Yesterday he called me to come because he was certain that he was going to die. He wanted to say goodbye, and he said it beautifully--with no tears in the eyes, with no longing for life any more.

Hence, in a way it is not a death but a birth into eternity. He died in time and was born into eternity. Or it is a total death--total in the sense that

now he will not be coming any more. And that is the ultimate achievement; there is nothing higher than it.

He left the world in utter silence, in joy, in peace. He left the world like a lotus flower--it was worth celebrating. And these are the occasions for you to learn how to live and how to die. Each death should be a celebration, but it can be a celebration only if it leads you to higher planes of existence.

He died enlightened. And that's how I would like each of my sannyasins to die. Life is ugly if you are unenlightened, and even death becomes beautiful if you are enlightened. Life is ugly if you are unenlightened because it is a misery, a hell. Death becomes a door to the divine if you are enlightened; it is no more a misery, it is no more a hell. In fact, on the contrary, it is getting out of all hell, out of all misery.

I am immensely glad that he died the way he died. Remember it: as meditation deepens, you become farther and farther away from your body-mind composite. And when meditation reaches its ultimate peak, you can see everything.

Yesterday morning he was absolutely aware of death, that it had come.

And he called me. This was the first time he had called me, and the moment I saw him I saw that he was no more in the body. All the pains of the body had disappeared. That's why the doctors were puzzled: the body was functioning in an absolutely normal way. This was the last thing the doctors could have imagined, that he could die. He could have died any day before. He was in deep pain, there were many complexities in the body: his heart was not functioning well, his pulse was missing; there were blood clots in the brain, in the leg, in the hand.

Yesterday he was absolutely normal. They checked, and they said it was impossible; now there was no problem, np danger. But this is how it happens. The day of the danger, according to the physicians, didn't prove dangerous. The first twenty-four hours when he was admitted to the hospital one month before were the most dangerous; they were afraid that he would die. He didn't die. Then for the next twenty-four hours they were still hesitant to say whether he would be saved or not. A suggestion had even come from a surgeon to cut the leg off completely, because if blood clots started happening in other places it would be impossible to save him.

But I was against cutting off the leg, because one has to die one day--

why distort the body and why create more pain? And just living in itself has no meaning, just lengthening the life has no meaning. I said no.

They were surprised. And when he survived for almost four weeks they

thought I was right, that there had been no need to cut off the leg; the leg was coming back, becoming alive again. He had started walking also, which Dr. Sardesai thought was a miracle. They had not hoped for that much, that he would be able to walk.

Yesterday he was perfectly normal, everything normal. And that gave me the indication that now death was possible. If meditation happens before death, everything becomes normal. One dies in perfect health, because one is not really dying but entering into a higher plane. The body becomes a stepping-stone.

He was meditating for years. He was a rare man--it is very rare to find a father like him. A father becoming a disciple of his own son: it is rare.

Jesus' father did not dare to become a disciple, Buddha's father hesitated for years to become a disciple. But he was meditating for years.

Three hours each day, in the morning from three to six, he was sitting in meditation. Yesterday also, in the hospital also, he continued.

Yesterday it happened. One never knows when it will happen. One has to go on digging...one day one comes across the source of water, the source of consciousness. Yesterday it happened; it happened in right time. If he had left his body just one day before he would have been back in the body again soon--a little clinging was there. But yesterday the slate was completely clean. He attained to no-mind, he died like a Buddha. What more can one have than Buddhahood?

My effort here is to help you all to live like Buddhas and die like Buddhas. The death of a Buddha is both! It is not a death, because life is eternal. Life does not begin with birth and does not end with death.

Millions of times you have been born and died; they are all small episodes In the eternal pilgrimage. But because you are unconscious you cannot see that which is beyond birth and death.

As you become more conscious, you can see your original face. He saw his original face yesterday. He heard the one hand clapping, he heard the soundless sound. Hence it is not a death: it is attaining life eternal. On the other hand it can be called a total death--total death in the sense that he will not be coming any more.

Rejoice! *bestil09*

And my father, before he died, told me, "Please forgive all of us--we were trying to make you part of the society. If you had not resisted so strongly we would have succeeded. But you were so strong in your struggle that we failed. But now I can say with great joy that our failure was good. Our failure gave you your individuality."

He died as a sannyasin, enlightened. In the whole history, it has rarely happened that a father has become a disciple of his own son. And the moment he became a sannyasin he behaved like a sannyasin--not like a father. *dless33*

You say: *When you came to say farewell to Dadaji on the podium in Buddha Hall, suddenly the area where you and Dadaji's body were became like a film. You both seemed to be without substance. The other half of the podium where Mataji sat, and the rest of Buddha Hall where we were all sitting, seemed normal. Just the part where you were seemed different. What happened?*

Death, if it happens with enlightenment, is a tremendous experience. On the one hand the man dies; on the other hand he achieves the totality of life.

When I touched my father's seventh chakra, just on the top of the head, those who were perceptive, silent, meditative, may have experienced something strange happening. According to the centuries-old science of inner reality, a man's life energy is released from the center, the chakra, at which he was living.

Most people die from the lowest chakra, the sex center. There are seven chakras in the body from where life can go out of the body. The last is on top of the head, and unless you are enlightened life cannot go out from that chakra.

When I touched my father's seventh chakra, it was still warm. Life had left it, but it was as if the physical part of the chakra was still throbbing with the tremendous happening.

It is a rare happening. And in that moment it may have appeared to many that the small section on the podium where I was with my father's body was in a different world. It was, in a sense, because it was on a different level. Just by his feet was my mother...and ten thousand sannyasins in Buddha Hall--that was the normal world.

But something abnormal had happened. The chakra was still warm, the body was as if it was still rejoicing in the phenomenon. If you had eyes to see, then this distinction was bound to be seen.

It is good that it came to your vision, the difference. It is a difference of levels. The lowest is where most people are living, and the effort here is, in this mystery school, to bring everybody to the highest. *psycho19*

Osho refers to when he was a child with long hair which his father cut short; Osho went to the barber and had his whole head shaved, which caused his father much embarassment, as people thought he had died.

And this time when my father actually died, a friend inquired of me, wrote a letter, "What are you going to do about it? Are you going to shave your head?"

I said, "I did it in advance, forty years ago! And one can do it only once.

Moreover, this time my father has not died; in fact, he has been dead up to now. This time he has entered into eternal life; he has tasted for the first time what life is. I don't consider him as dead: he has never been more alive." *special06*

My father is no more, but I remember him in such moments, when I

suddenly see that I am behaving just like him. When I see his picture I know that when I too am seventy-five, God willing, then I will look just like him. And it is so good to feel that I will not betray him, that I will represent him even to my very last breath....

My body functions exactly like my father's even in its illnesses. I am proud of it. My father suffered from asthma, so when I suffer from asthma I know this body comes from my father, with all its faults, flaws and errors. He was a diabetic, so am I. He loved to talk, and I have done nothing else all my life than talk. In every way I have been his son.

He was a great father--not just because he was my father but because even though he was a father, he touched the feet of his son and became his disciple. That was his greatness. *Books08*

I was worried about my mother when my father died. I could not believe that she would be able to survive. They had loved each other so much, they had almost become one. She survived only because she also loves me.

I have been continuously worried about her. I wanted her to be near me just so that she can die in utter fulfillment. Now I know. I have seen her, I have seen into her, and I can say to you--and through you it will one day reach the world--she has become enlightened. I was her last attachment. Now there is nothing left for her to be attached to. She is an enlightened woman--uneducated, simple, not even knowing what enlightenment is. That's the beauty! One can be enlightened without knowing what enlightenment is, and vice versa: one can know everything about enlightenment and remain unenlightened. *glimps02*

Although local authorities continue to create problems, in October 1979 the first sannyasins move to Saswad to set up a new commune. On Osho's birthday celebration 7,000 sannyasins visit for the day. Later, in March 1981, several ashram departments move there. Osho does not talk about this directly.

Discourses: Bodhidharma

In November 1979, Osho introduces one of his favourite masters,

Bodhidharma I am ecstatic because just the name of Bodhidharma is psychedelic to me. In the long evolution of human consciousness there has never been such an outlandish Buddha as Bodhidharma--very rare, very unique, exotic. Only in some small ways George Gurdjieff comes close to him, but not very close, and only in some ways, not in all ways.

There have been many buddhas in the world, but Bodhidharma stands out like Everest. His way of being, living, and expressing the truth is simply his; it is incomparable. Even his own master, Gautama the Buddha, cannot be compared with Bodhidharma. Even Buddha would have found it difficult to digest this man.

This man Bodhidharma traveled from India to China to spread the message of his master. Although they are separated by one thousand years, for Bodhidharma and for such men there is no time, no space--for Bodhidharma Buddha was as contemporary as Buddha is contemporary to me.

On the surface you are my contemporaries, but between me and you there is a long long distance. We live on different planets. In reality, Buddha, Lao Tzu, Jesus, Pythagoras, Bahauddin, Bodhidharma--these are my contemporaries. Between them and me there is no gap either of time or of space. Superficially there is a one thousand years' gap between Buddha and Bodhidharma, but there is not even a single moment's gap in reality, in truth. On the circumference Buddha was already dead for one thousand years when Bodhidharma arrived on the scene, but at the center he is together with Buddha. He speaks the essence of Buddha--of course he has his own way, his own style, but even Buddha would find it strange.

Buddha was a very cultured man, very sophisticated, very graceful.

Bodhidharma is just the opposite in his expression. He is not a man but a lion. He does not speak, he roars. He has not that grace which belonged to Gautama the Buddha; he is rough, raw. He is not polished

like a diamond; he is just from the mine, absolutely raw, no polishing.

That is his beauty. Buddha has a beauty of his own, very feminine, very

polished, very fragile. Bodhidharma has his own beauty, like that of a rock--strong, masculine, indestructible, a great power.

Buddha also radiates power, but his power is very silent, like a whisper, a cool breeze. Bodhidharma is a storm, thundering and lightning.

Buddha comes to your door without making any noise; he will not even knock on your door, you will not even hear his footsteps. But when Bodhidharma comes to you he will shake the whole house from its very foundations. Buddha will not shake you even if you are asleep. And Bodhidharma? He will wake you up from your grave! He hits hard, he is a hammer.

He is just the opposite of Buddha in his expression, but his message is the same. He bows down to Buddha as his master. He never says, "This is my message." He simply says, "This belongs to the buddhas, the ancient buddhas. I am just a messenger. Nothing is mine, because I am not. I am only a hollow bamboo who has been chosen by the buddhas to be a flute for them. They sing; I simply let them sing through me." *wlotus01*

While Bodhidharma was talking, his disciple must have been taking notes....

For nearabout fourteen hundred years the notes were lying deep down in the earth. Just at the beginning of the century they were excavated. But if they had disappeared in the earth then too nothing would have been lost. Without them Bodhidharma's teaching has flowed, has blossomed in many people's lives. Through direct transmission from one master to another disciple, Bodhidharma's chain is still alive. The flame that he lit is still alive. There are still people who are gaining much from Bodhidharma's message. But still these words can be useful to you, not as words but as triggers for meditation.

Speaking on Bodhidharma is just like speaking on myself. I don't see any difference, not at all. It is the same message. Bodhidharma is very close to my heart. This unique man, unique not only amongst men but unique amongst buddhas, is very close to my heart *because* of his uniqueness.

He is a rare flower--wild, but very rare.

Meditate over these words. Each word is pregnant. Each word is a seed.

Each single word, if allowed to fall into the heart, can transform you totally. *wlotus07*

In November 1979 a program of positive publicity begins with a theatre group, which later goes on tour. This is followed by music recitals by an orchestra, as wel as fashion, art and craft shows.

Osho does not talk about these directly; they are an expression of his teachings on creativity.

Osho's First Rolls Royce

In December 1979, for the first time, a Rolls Royce conveys Osho to Buddha Hal for his discourse.

You ask: *What is so funny about Your driving to discourse in a Rolls Royce?*

There is a long story behind it! I was driving...I was coming in an Impala, and people like you started writing letters to me saying that, "This is a plumber's car!"

I told Laxmi, "Change it!" So she bought a Buick--and people started writing to me that "This is a pimp's car!"

So I told Laxmi, "Change it!" So she was bargaining for a Lincoln Continental. And people wrote to me, "This is good--this is a president's car!"

I said, "That is worse--worse than being driven in a plumber's or a pimp's car!" So I told Laxmi, "Now, for a poor man like me, only a Rolls Royce will do!"

Now, please don't make any objection to it...because coming from Lao Tzu to Buddha Hall, a helicopter won't do. Don't create troubles for me! *dh0702*

I have been suffering because my sickness is not something that I can say I am cured of. It is allergy, so it can erupt any moment.... Dust can create it, perfume--most dangerous. And there are a few things which I should not eat--any things which have acids. So if I just avoid them....

And in the commune everybody is aware of my trouble, so nobody will use perfume, nobody will come close to me if he has been smoking.

Nobody will come to me if he has been perspiring, because any smell is enough to provoke it. And what it does is it starts breathing trouble; my breathing becomes abnormal, difficult.

And then coughing starts. Then the coughing will continue at least for two hours to six hours. It is a problem in the night; then I cannot sleep.

So this disease is such that I can never say I am cured. And I can never say that I am sick; only once in a while when something happens I am sick for a few hours. Otherwise I am perfectly okay.

The second problem I had was my back. So my people have arranged for that too, because no medical treatment was helping. In India we had called experts from England who had worked their whole life only on backs, but they also said that, "This is strange."

I knew that they would not help and I told them that, "The problem is, it is not a sudden thing--somebody slips and falls down and the back comes out. Then you can fix it. My problem is that I have been sitting in this kind of chair for almost thirty years. The chair changes but the shape remains exactly the same. So the back has got a certain curve, and if that curve is disturbed, then I am in trouble."

I cannot sit on your chair. It is more comfortable, but my back will not fit with it. I can use only one car. I have used all the cars, the best in the world; the seat of just one car, one of the models of Rolls Royce, the Silver Spur, fits with me perfectly. It is not their costliest car; their costliest is the Corniche, then the Carmargue. And then the third is the Silver Spur. So I tried a Corniche--they didn't work, my trouble started.

But with the Silver Spur it has settled completely. *last224*

Osho blesses Indira Gandhi

In January 1980, Indira Gandhi is elected Prime Minister

You ask me, Karanjia*: *You appear to have made a point of attacking the prime minister, Morarji Desai, and backing Indira Gandhi, the former prime minister, with all the spiritual power at your command. What is the background? Do you wish to replace Mr. Desai with Mrs. Gandhi?*

Yes. Absolutely yes. Again I would like to remind you that I have no

personal attachment to Indira Gandhi. But she represents something far better than Morarji Desai represents. She has more progressive policies, a better vision of the future, and more understanding of the present. She is a contemporary woman, with immense intelligence and grace. She is

not a faddist, she is not a dogmatist. She is flexible, open, vulnerable, ready to receive anything new, ready to understand anything that is happening in the modern world. Her doors and windows are open to the sun, to the moon, to the wind, to the rain.

I have met both persons....

While Indira Gandhi was prime minister, thrice she wanted to come to this commune. Thrice she informed us, "I am coming"--and again and again it was postponed. And the reason was that the people who were around her would not allow her. They said to her, "It is dangerous to go to Acharya Rajneesh; it will affect your political future."

Even to come to see me seems to be dangerous. And I can understand: if she had come here, then all the *shankaracharyas* and all the pundits and all the priests would have been against her. So her advisers wouldn't allow her to come here. Again and again, she wanted to come.

Even the desire to come, even the desire to be here and meditate and sit silently with me, shows a great openness. She has been reading almost all the books that are published, and she has been listening to the tapes.

When I say it would be better if Indira comes back, I simply mean that I would like an open mind, contemporary, modern, humble, receptive to the new waves that are arising in the world so that this country also becomes contemporary and modern--which this country is not yet.

I have great appreciation for her courage in implementing new programs even though those programs were against the traditional mentality of this country. I would like her to be back. In fact, anybody, any Tom, Harry and Dick, would be better than Morarji Desai....

All politicians are evil. Then what should be done? Choose the lesser evil.

Morarji Desai is a bigger evil than Indira Gandhi. Indira Gandhi is a lesser evil; that's why I say it will be better if she comes back. If I can find somebody else who is an even lesser evil than Indira Gandhi, then I am going to support him. But my support simply means a spiritual sympathy.

I am not going to the masses to tell them to vote for this or that; I am not going into any activity. I have far better things to do: my energy has to remain involved with my sannyasins. I am here to create millions of mystics in the world. That's my sole purpose, and that's my joy and my celebration.

On the margin I am going to comment on many things, but those are all just marginal things. And I am a spiritual person, not in the sense that I am against the world; I am a spiritual person because I *rejoice* in the world. The world is the manifestation of God.

My whole teaching is: Rejoice--never renounce. Rejoice in the totality of life, the wholeness of it. Rejoice, and rejoice again. It is natural. People have always thought that spiritual persons have to remain far away from worldly affairs. To me, there is no affair which is worldly; all affairs are the same, all affairs belong to the one center. The ordinary life is also the extraordinary life. It is only a question of seeing, right seeing; then even pebbles on the street are transformed into diamonds.

I love life in its totality, as it is. Politics is also part of it. It is not my concern--but because it is part of life, I am going to comment on it. *unio208*

*Note: Karanjia is editor of the *Blitz* magazine

A great meditative energy has to be released first. If millions of people become meditators then, slowly slowly, the structure of the energy on this earth will change--will start moving from the political mind to the religious mind. I am against the political mind, but I know that this cannot happen right now. It may take thousands of years. The beginning has to happen right now, the seed has to be sown right now. But the fruits will come only later on. You can become a non-political person right now, and your life will have a flowering. But as far as the whole earth is concerned, it is going to take time.

What are we going to do meanwhile?

I have blessed Indira Gandhi because to me she seems to be the least political amongst the Indian politicians. It will again look strange to you, because whatsoever has been said about her, spread about her, rumored about her, is just the opposite. But my own observation is this, that she has the least political mind. *unio106*

Osho's Jokes

Osho has indicated that his discourses would become more il ogical, irrational, more like poetry.

Sometimes Osho's words in discourses and darshans are published in verse form. At this time he tells many jokes.

Life is not economics, nor is it politics. It is a poetry, and the poetry is by its very nature, by its very definition, illogical. The poetry is beautiful because there are sudden leaps and jumps. The prose is not so beautiful, because there are no sudden jumps and leaps. The prose moves on plain ground, in a logical sequence.

Sooner or later, when you are ready, I am going to drop talking in a sequential way. Sooner or later, when my sannyasins are ready, my talks will be more like a collage. You will have to find out what he means. You will have to find out your own meaning. I will say a few things, but I will go on jumping and I will not connect as I connect right now. Once you are ready--more attentive, more aware, more alert--I will not connect with logic, I will drop the logic. The unity will be there, but not on the surface.

The unity will be there because they will all be my statements--the unity will consist in *me.* And the unity will be there because they are to be understood by your awareness--the unity will come in your awareness.

But taken directly, if a visitor comes, he will think this man is mad. Right now I connect. I connect because I know you will not be able to understand the absurd yet. I am waiting for the day you are ready, so I can be as absurd as life is.

Have you seen anywhere any symmetry in nature? It is not there. Man makes things in a symmetrical way. If he makes a house he makes it symmetrical. But in nature there is no symmetry. A great pine tree, and just by the side a small rosebush. And you cannot ask what is the connection between the rosebush and the pine tree. Existence will laugh; it will say, "Who said that there is any need for any connection? The rosebush is a rosebush and the pine is a pine--and both are happy.

There is no need to bridge them."

Sooner or later I am going to become just like life; I will say something and then I will forget about it and I will tell a joke which is completely unrelated. Then it is for you to work it out. Then it will be more beautiful, certainly more beautiful, because it will be more playful. That is the meaning of a collage, so many fragments from so many dimensions together. On the surface, no unity; but if you look deep there is an organic unity. That unity exists in the painter, not in the painting.

If you really want to know the meaning of the poetry, you will have to go deep into the heart of the poet. For prose you need not go into the heart.

Prose is plain, prose is worldly, prose is of the marketplace, prose is human. Poetry is divine. That's why all the great scriptures of the world are in poetry--the Upanishads, the Vedas, the Koran, Dhammapada.

They are all poetry, beautiful poetry, outpourings of a singing heart.

Logic, there is none; love, there is much. *ecstas02*

You ask: *Why are You not serious? Why are You always joking?*

God is not serious--what can I do? God is always joking. Look at your own life--it is a joke! Look at other people's lives, and you will find jokes and jokes and jokes.

Seriousness is illness; seriousness has nothing spiritual about it.

Spirituality is laughter, spirituality is joy, spirituality is fun. *come07*

Just the other day one person has written to me, "You must be the first enlightened one who is telling jokes." Yes, that is true--at least I can claim that much originality! Otherwise it is very difficult to claim any originality in this world; there is nothing new under the sun. For millions and millions of years man has existed and thousands and thousands of enlightened people have existed; they have done almost everything that can be done. I was really searching what to do--something new! Then I stumbled upon jokes. I said, "This is right!" *dh0408*

You ask: *Are you pushing my pleasure button? When I sit in lecture I am all smiles and it takes me hours to wipe it off my face.*

You fool! Why do you try to wipe it off? I make so much effort to create it and you take hours to wipe it off! Never do it again--so that it becomes something permanent, something essential with you, something natural, something that surrounds you.

But I know people are afraid of smiling, because if you are caught red-handed by others smiling for no reason at all, they think you are crazy.

So people repress their smiles. That's why you must have been trying to wipe it off.

But when I push the button I really push the button, and now I am going to push harder! You will not be able to wipe it off even if you make effort for hours or for days! Enjoy it! And what does it matter if people think you are crazy? Why be worried about it? There is nothing wrong in being crazy. Here, at least, everything is crazy!

Just the other day somebody asked, "Osho, there are so many clocks in the ashram. Why do they all show different times?" Just crazy--cuckoo

clocks! And if they all show the same time, then what would be the need for so many clocks? Then one would be enough! *inzen05*

What I am trying to show you is this: that we laugh only when there is some reason which is forcing us to laugh. A joke is told, and you laugh--

because a joke creates a certain excitement in you. The whole mechanism

of a joke is: the story goes in one direction, and suddenly it takes a turn; the turn is so sudden, so drastic, that you could not have imagined it. Excitement grows and you are waiting for the punchline.

And then suddenly, whatsoever you were expecting is never there--

something absolutely different, something very absurd and ridiculous, never fulfilling your expectation.

A joke is never logical. If a joke is logical it will lose all its sense of laughter, the quality of laughter, because then you will be able to predict.

Then by the time the joke is being said, you will have reached the punchline because it will be a syllogism, it will be simple arithmetic. But then it will not have any laughter. A joke takes a sudden turn, so sudden that it was almost impossible for you to imagine it, to infer it. It takes a jump, a leap, a quantum leap--and that's why it releases so much laughter. It is a subtle psychological way to tickle you.

I have to tell jokes because, I am afraid, you are all religious people. You tend to be serious. I have to tickle you so sometimes you forget your religiousness, you forget all your philosophies, theories, systems, and you fall down to earth. I have to bring you back to the earth again and again, otherwise you will tend to become serious, more and more serious.

And seriousness is a canceric growth....

Now, even medical science says that laughter is one of the most deep-going medicines nature has provided man with. If you can laugh when you are ill you will get your health back sooner. If you cannot laugh, even if you are healthy, sooner or later you will lose your health and you will become ill.

Laughter brings some energy from your inner source to your surface.

Energy starts flowing, follows laughter like a shadow. Have you watched it? When you really laugh, for those few moments you are in a deep meditative state. Thinking stops. It is impossible to laugh and think together. They are diametrically opposite: either you can laugh or you can think. If you really laugh, thinking stops. If you are still thinking, laughter will be just so-so, it

will be *just* so-so, lagging behind. It will be a crippled laughter.

When you really laugh, suddenly mind disappears. And the whole Zen methodology is how to get into no-mind--laughter is one of the beautiful doors to get to it.

As far as I know, dancing and laughter are the best, natural, easily approachable doors. If you really dance, thinking stops. You go on and on, you whirl and whirl, and you become a whirlpool--all boundaries, all divisions are lost. You don't even know where your body ends and where the existence begins. You melt into existence and the existence melts into you; there is an overlapping of boundaries. And if you are really dancing-

-not managing it but allowing it to manage you, allowing it to possess you--if you are possessed by dance, thinking stops.

The same happens with laughter. If you are possessed by laughter, thinking stops. And if you know a few moments of no-mind, those glimpses will promise you many more rewards that are going to come.

You just have to become more and more of the sort, of the quality, of nomind. More and more, thinking has to be dropped.

Laughter can be a beautiful introduction to a non-thinking state. *thund09*

And I have to tell jokes, because the things that I am saying are so subtle, so deep and profound, that if I simply go on telling you those things, you will fall asleep and you will not be able to listen or to understand. You will remain almost deaf.

The profounder the truth I have to tell you, the worst joke I choose for it.

The highest the truth I am trying to relate, then the lowest I have to go in search for a joke. That's why even dirty jokes...I don't bother. Even a dirty joke can be helpful--more so because it can shock you to the very roots, to the very guts. And that's the whole point! It helps you to come again and again to your alertness. When I see you are alert, I again go relating that which I would like to relate to you. When I see again you are slipping into your sleep, I have to bring in a joke again.

If you really listen with alertness, there will be no need--I can say the truth directly. But it is difficult. You start yawning...and it is better to laugh than to yawn. *trans302*

The insistence in the East is on god's sweetness, his loving qualities, his feminine face. In the East god is depicted as a dancer, as a lover, a flute player, a singer. He is not a very ferocious father-figure, sitting on a golden throne, just waiting for you to be caught and punished and thrown into hell, for small, tiny reasons...in fact, silly reasons that don't mean much.

What great sins can man do? Somebody drinks alcohol, somebody smokes cigarettes, somebody plays cards and somebody has fallen in love with somebody else's wife--things like that. What do you call it in Italian? 'Peccadillos'?...

Peccadillos? That's right...just small sins. God must be very mean if he counts these things, *really* mean.

The Eastern concept is that god is love, sweet. Yes, god is your uncle.

And god is not an earthquake but a flute player. From there you can start becoming more and more available to god. *halle19*

love is juice

we in the east have defined god

as god has been defined nowhere else

i have never come across a better definition

and i don't think there exists any

the upanishads say *raso vai saha*-- god is juice

this is a very strange definition

sometimes i wonder

i may have written that upanishad

maybe in a past life

otherwise who would do it?

i cannot find anybody else doing it *clapp13*

Osho recommends laughing at oneself rather than others; he often makes jokes about himself If you can laugh at yourself, everything is okay. People laugh at others, but never laugh at themselves. It has to be learned. If you can laugh at yourself, seriousness is already gone. It cannot make its abode within you if you are capable of laughing at yourself.

In Zen monasteries every monk has to laugh. The first thing in the morning to do is to laugh, the very first thing. The moment the monk becomes aware that he is no longer asleep, he has to jump out of bed,

stand in a posture like a buffoon, like a circus joker, and start laughing, laughing at himself. There cannot be any better beginning of the day.

Laughing at oneself kills the ego and you are more transparent, more light, when you move in the world. And if you have laughed at yourself, then others' laughter toward you won't disturb you. In fact they are simply cooperating, they are doing the same thing that you were doing.

You will feel happy.

To laugh at others is egoistic; to laugh at oneself is very humble. Learn to laugh at yourself--about your seriousness and things like that....

Let the laughter be a belly laughter, not a head-thing. One can laugh from the head: then it is dead. From the head everything is dead; the head is absolutely mechanical. You can laugh from the head: then your head will create the laughter, but it will not go deep in the belly to the *hara*. It will not go to your toes, it will not go to your whole body. A real laugh is just like a small child laughs. Watch his belly shaking, his whole body throbbing with it--he wants to roll on the floor. It is a question of totality. He laughs so much that he starts crying; he laughs so deeply that the laughter becomes tears,

tears come out of him. A laughter should be deep and total. This is the medicine that I prescribe for seriousness.... *foll104*

What is Your message in short?

Buddha's message in short is: Be a light unto yourself. And mine? Be a joke unto yourself! *wisdom28*

What is your English--British or American?

It is certainly not British. To be British is not easy. One has to be born British at least seven times. It takes a very long time to be British. And it is not American either because I am not a tourist. You know I don't even leave my room--what kind of American can I be?

And why should my English be British or American? My English is *my* English--Osho English! And this is a democratic country and the constitution declares freedom of speech as one of the fundamental rights.

I speak my own language. Why should I speak American or English? In fact, English is too uptight, it is too tense, and American has become too lousy--just the opposite; it is a reaction....

So I simply speak whatsoever way comes to me, whatsoever way comes spontaneously to me. You will have to be a little patient with me *inzen10*

Why did You decide to speak instead of writing Your philosophy?

My spelling is far worse than my pronunciation! *dh0910*

Beloved Osho, Don't You know how to count? One day after the fourth question You said, "Now the seventh question."

It is really difficult for me. You should be happy that I don't say after the seventh, "The first question."...

It is really difficult for me to count. I cannot count on my fingers. To keep my fingers at the back will be very difficult, and I don't have pockets! *wisdom27*

Why do you make so many mistakes when you quote other people or refer to Biblical events or to scientific discoveries? I have answered this question many times myself in various ways. Now I would like to hear your answer.

So allow me to commit a few more mistakes.

First: my memory is marvellous.

Mulla Nasruddin was talking to a man and he said 'My wife has a very bad memory.'

And the man asked 'Do you mean she forgets everything?'

Mulla Nasruddin said 'No, she remembers everything!'

If Mulla Nasruddin's wife has a bad memory, I have a marvellous memory. I forget everything. And I enjoy this forgetfulness; I am not worried about it.

Secondly: I am an ignorant person. I am not a scholar. I enjoy reading books, but I read the Bible, the Gita, the Koran just as one reads novels; they are ancient, beautiful stories. Krishnamurti says he never reads any scripture; he reads only detective stories. I read the scripture, but I read in the scripture just the detective story and nothing else. And I would suggest to Krishnamurti that it would be good if he should look into the Bible; you cannot find a more beautiful story full of suspense. Everything is there: love, life, murder; everything is there. It is very sensational.

Scriptures, to me, have nothing special. Scriptures are as sacred as the trees and the rocks and the stars--or as secular. I don't make a distinction so I am not very serious about scriptures. The only thing I am serious about is jokes. So when I quote the scripture I quote from

memory, when I quote a joke I have it written here in front of me. I never want to make any mistake about the joke--I am really serious. About everything else I am absolutely non-serious....

Scholars become too serious. I am not a scholar and I have no respect for scholars. In fact my attitude is exactly the same as Mulla Nasruddin's.

Once it happened:

A man came to Mulla Nasruddin and said 'Nasruddin. have you heard?

The great scholar of the town has died and twenty rupees are needed to bury him.'

Mulla gave him a hundred rupee note and said 'Take it, and while you are doing it, why not bury five?

'Remember, these scholars are very calculating and cunning people--

bury them as deep as possible, otherwise they will come back. And if you need more money, come to me, don't be shy about it!' I am neither a scholar nor am I in any way respectful towards scholars or scholarship.

That is all bullshit.

I was reading a beautiful poem by E.Y. Harburg. A few lines are of tremendous import. Meditate over them.

Poems are made by fools like me,

But only God can make a tree;

And only God who makes the tree

Also makes the fools like me.

But only fools like me, you see,

Can make a God, who makes a tree.

I am tremendously ignorant, and I am happy as I am, and I have no idea to improve upon myself. So if sometimes you are in an awkward situation: somebody says that 'Osho has said this and this is not correct'. It is your problem: then your Master is found faulty; you feel a little disturbed, your ego is hurt. As far as I am concerned I am perfectly okay. And I will continue to create problems for you! Now you find the answers: invent

something, be a little imaginative or inventive. When I can invent so much, why can't you? You can find some esoteric, occult

meaning in it. It is always easy: when you cannot find anything else, always try to find some esoteric, occult meaning in it--there must be....

Don't be bothered too much about facts there are none, all are fictions.

Remember, *all* are fictions, even my being here and your being here is a tremendous fiction. Nothing ever happens. Truth is. All that happens is fictitious; history is a fiction because whatsoever is, is... nothing ever happens there. God has no history and God has no biography. God only is, there is no 'was' and there is no 'will be'. There is no past and no future. *tao110*

You say: *I have heard that you sometimes make up questions to fit your jokes. Is this so? Please be truthful!*

It is very difficult for me to be truthful. I don't believe in anything, not even in truth! I am not a serious person at all! I believe in playfulness.

So...how does it matter whose question it is? And do you think when you write a question it is better than when I write a question? And do you think that when you are writing a question you are really writing or am I writing through you?

If I have to tell a joke tomorrow I can say something today and many questions will come tomorrow! There is really no need for me to write them--I can create questions in you; there is no difficulty. Otherwise, how do these many many questions come?

But you seem to be serious. And I am serious only about jokes! I am not serious about anything else. That's why you never see me laughing at the jokes--I am really serious!--because jokes are not a laughing matter. It is not a laughing matter. It is not a joke! It is one of the most serious things in life, in fact, the only serious thing.

You ask me: *I have heard that you sometimes make up...*

Sometimes! Always, every day! because whenever I come across a good joke I cannot wait for tomorrow. Who knows? Tomorrow may come, may not come. I may not be here, you may not be here--and the joke *has* to be told!...

And you ask me: *Is this so? Please be truthful!*

Even this question is invented by me! What more truth is needed to prove it? You have not asked it, but I have answered it! *guida10*

You ask: *I overheard someone say that you had problems--do you?*

Not one but many--you are my problems, one hundred thousand problems! And as sannyasins will be coming more and more, the problems will go on growing. Each sannyasin brings many problems. And I am here: you can surrender your problems to me. I can take all of your problems because I have none of my own. And because I have none of my own, you can drop your problems into me and they disappear. They have no place to cling to. They simply disappear into the abyss that I have become. *fish15*

You ask: *What did we do to deserve you as our guru, our master?*

I don't know anything about you, but I must have done terrible karma to deserve you! *trans202*

Are You a black magician or a white magician?

I am an orange one. *dh0606*

Can a madman become a Buddha?

Only a madman can become a Buddha! The so-called sane people at the most can become Buddhists but not Buddhas, they can become Christians but not Christs. Only a madman....

My invitation is for the mad people of the world. I am a madman's guide to enlightenment! *goose09*

What is Your dogma?

Peter, I believe you must be a tourist here; otherwise you cannot ask such a question. I don't have any dogma. In the first place I don't like dogs at all! And 'dogma' means mother of dogs! Neither do I like any sonofabitch, nor do I like any mother of dogs! There are Christian dogmas and Hindu dogmas and Mohammedan dogmas, and what do they do? They go on barking at each other! I don't have any dogma at all.

Even my kids understand it here, my small sannyasins. You can ask them. *dh1206*

Do you partake of intoxicating beverages?

How can I answer this question?--because before I answer I must know if it is an enquiry or an invitation! *parad108*

Why are you called the Master of Masters?

It is a difficult question. I had to look in the Akashic records, and not in the past Akashic records--because it is not recorded there--but in the future Akashic records. This is a future story. Listen carefully.

It happened in Moksha, the ultimate resting place of the awakened ones.

A journalist for the local newspaper, *The Nirvana Timeless,* was desperately seeking material to fill up the center page of the next edition which was due to appear in twenty-five hundred years. There was not much news around in Moksha, and soon he realized that he would have to make something up himself if the center page was not to be left empty again, as it had been for countless ages.

Finally, he hit on the idea of choosing which of the many Buddhas, Arhatas, Bodhisattvas, Christs, Kutubs and other enlightened beings abounding in the lotus paradise was the Master of Masters--in short, a spiritual Mr. Universe competition.

He summoned all the enlightened ones together and asked them to encapsulate in a short phrase the essence of their teaching, which would entitle them to the title of Master of Masters. There was, as usual, a deep silence which lasted a few hundred years. Finally a Zen Master stood

forward and hit the journalist hard on the head. This was considered to be well deserved, but not very original.

Another hundred years passed and then a Sufi stood up and began to whirl. Unfortunately he was out of training, and after a couple of months he fell flat on his face, causing some merriment among the Hassidic Masters, who had been surreptitiously pouring oil on the floor to bring the uppity Arab down.

After some goading by Manjushree and Subhuti, Buddha slowly stood up and addressed the gathering in the following way: "There is no teaching and no one to be taught. There is no Master and nothing to master.

Nothing can be said; there is no one to hear it." Then he held up a flower and Mahakashyap giggled as usual. Many applauded the Buddha, but to the journalist it did not appear like the kind of news which would help him to sell his paper.

One after another the enlightened ones came forward to make their bids for the title. Moses gave a few new commandments. Bodhidharma stared at a wall for ninety years. Jesus made a mountain out of a molehill, and delivered a sermon from it. Diogenes displayed his suntan. Shiva and Parvati ran through one hundred twelve new positions they had invented. Gurdjieff drank twenty bottles of brandy, then walked on his hands on a tightrope over the plenum void, smiling with the left side of his face and grimacing with the right. Lao Tzu had a good belly laugh at

all these antics. Mansoor would not stop shouting, "Ana'l Haq! Ana'l Haq!" and finally had to be put in a straitjacket and given a couple of valium. Vatsyayana gave himself a blow job to demonstrate existentially that sex and samadhi were manifestations of the same energy--and so on.

It proved impossible to choose which of the awakened ones was the Master of Masters, since even the journalist had attained to choiceless awareness long ago. But the day seemed saved when Teertha, a relative newcomer from England, stood up and declared with typical British diplomacy, "The greatest Master is the one who has yet to come."

Suddenly an Indian mahatma jumped to his feet and cried triumphantly,

"Then that must be me--for I have been celibate for eighty-four million lives."

By unanimous agreement the awakened ones decided that the mahatma's samadhi was not yet "seedless", and he was dispelled back to samsara to spill his seed once and for all.

Just as the mahatma disappeared from sight, Osho came out of his room, where he had been sitting all this time, and made his way towards a small marble podium in the corner of the hall. A deathly hush gripped the audience, and even Mansoor shut up. If a look of dread could be said to cloud those tranquil eyes, this is what happened to the gathering.

As Osho sat down and leaned towards the microphone, a cry arose from Mahavira, "Wait! Wait! We proclaim you Master of Masters! Now please go back to your room."

Osho smiled innocently and left the hall. There was a sigh of relief.

The journalist turned to Mahavira in consternation: "I don't understand.

Why did he get the title? What did he do?"

"Nothing," said Mahavira, "but last time he spoke here it took us seven hundred years to get him to stop, and send him to Poona!" *ggate210*

Ethnic Jokes

Osho teases sannyasins, and makes jokes about ethnic origins

You ask: *Are there great differences between the different races of mankind?*

Essentially there are no differences at all. Essentially there cannot be any differences. The whole of mankind is one species of being. But different

races have evolved different qualities. They have lived in different climates,

they have encountered different situations, they have passed through different histories; naturally they have learned to behave in different ways....

So there are great differences on the surface--and the surface is all that comes in contact with others. Intrinsically no two human beings are different; in their innermost core all human beings are just human beings.

So we have to understand both things. Essentially, all human beings are one, but accidentally they are not one. And it is not bad that they are not one. Variety is beautiful, it enriches the world, it makes the world more beautiful. It will be an ugly world where only Hindus live, where only Jews live, or where only Negroes live. It will lose all charm, it will lose all beauty.

It is such a beautiful mess.... Italians and Polacks and the Germans and the French, and they all have their own ways, their own understandings, and they have all developed different styles.

So although everybody, every human being belongs to one species, still we have been able to create a variety--different flowerings on the same bush. It makes the world really rich. I would not like to destroy these differences, I would like to enhance them--still with this understanding that human beings are human beings. Nobody is higher and nobody is lower; we should drop the idea of hierarchy, but variety is good. *dh1208*

I love Italians--as much as I love others--but naturally many people are feeling jealous of Italians, for the simple reason that I am telling so many jokes about Italians. But the reason is not that I love Italians more than the Dutch or the Australians; the reason is simply that my librarian happens to be Lalita, an Italian, so she goes on finding Italian jokes for me! So rather than you desiring to be an Italian, just desire that I may get one assistant for Lalita from every country. In the new commune, I am thinking Lalita must have at least a dozen assistants! But beware of having this desire....

Just the other day all the orange Italians and all the orange Polacks gathered together to decide who is really the greatest. Of course, there was no question of intellectual discussion...it had to be something existential! So they decided to go to the football ground by the side of the railway station and play football--whoever wins....

For two hours everything happened--except football. Karate chops were flying and yoga was done and boxing and wrestling and Dynamic

Meditation and Kundalini Meditation. And they had forgotten completely that they needed a few referees as well; there were no referees at all.

After two hours even the football lying by the side started laughing!

"What is happening?" Then a train passed by and hearing the whistle of the train the Italians thought the game was over, so they left the ground, thinking, "We are equal and the game is over."

But the Polacks were bent upon winning, and now, because the sun was going down, the game became even more fierce. And finally after one hour's effort the Polacks were able to score one goal--without the Italians, but that doesn't matter! *dh1206*

Pope John Paul has stated recently that if a man looked lustfully even at the woman who is his wife he could likewise commit adultery in his heart.

What do you say about it?

What can be said about it? A Polack is a Polack is a Polack! Pope or no pope, a Polack remains a Polack. Now this is the ultimate in stupidity, one cannot surpass it: even to look at your own wife with desire is adultery! Then why in the first place one should get married? Just to commit adultery?

In a way he has made a very difficult thing simple. One of Milan's newspapers seems to be far more wiser. The newspaper writes: "Life is hard for the adulterer--an endless round of cover-ups, tricks, juggling of the daily calendar and the need to buy useless and expensive presents for two women at once. Now the Pope has removed all these vows, because you can have infidelity in your own house!" This seems to be far more intelligent. It is really beautiful and juicy to have adultery with your own wife. A great idea!

But these repressed people are bound to do such things.

I have come to know that for the whole year, the whole past year, in his every weekly sermon he has been talking about sex--for the whole year condemning, condemning...Now why he should be so much concerned about sex, for one year continuously condemning? There must be something inside him, some wound which has not healed. *ithat16*

You have sussed me out. Now is the time to tell my dreaded secret! I am one of Your Polacks. What to do?

Prem Veechi, that's the most beautiful thing about Polacks I love and like. You are not the first Polack who has declared it. Asha wrote a note saying that, "Beloved Master, I am also a Polack." Anupama wrote a note

saying that her lover, Amitabh, is a Polack. And many others. This is beautiful!

And see what the British are doing. One British lady, Prem Lisa, has written saying, "We *are* superior so what can we do?"

Veechi, it is beautiful to be a Polack. It is beautiful to be a little foolish, not so superior as the British. *dh1202*

So many questions have come from British ladies and British gentlemen saying, "The British lady is just a myth and you should not be so interested in a myth. It is not a reality--the British lady exists nowhere."

But these same people believe that the Polack exists, the Italian exists, the Jew exists. They are not myths, because when I am joking about Jews or Italians or Polacks, no British lady or gentleman writes to me that these are myths--they are realities.

Now, no Jew, no Italian, no Polack is writing to me that the British lady is a myth. Why are only the British writing to me about it? Can't you see the point? And if it is a myth--and I know it is a myth!--why not enjoy it?

Why become so much worried about it? Somewhere deep down you believe it is not a myth, otherwise why? Have a good laugh and it is finished!

But your concern to make me aware of the fact that the British lady does not exist...I *know* it! I am surrounded by British ladies! I have more British ladies around me than I have Jews or Polacks or Italians. I know it is a myth--but a beautiful myth! *dh1203*

Nobody here wants to be forgotten. I am being reminded every day. The Australians are writing every day, "Have you forgotten us?" Norwegians, Swedish, Swiss, they are all writing letters, "Beloved Master, when is our turn coming?" *dh1204*

People are shocked at Osho's Jokes

Is there any joke that even you would not dare to tell?

I have never come across any such joke yet. If you can find one, send it to me! To me all jokes are beautiful--the more outrageous they are the more beautiful--because my work here consists of shattering all your conceptions, your prejudices. So there is not a single joke that I have come across which I would not dare to tell. There is no question of daring--I simply enjoy! *zzzzz09*

You say: *In the past few days you have told some jokes that shocked me.*

But good--that at least one person is not asleep here. But you misinterpreted. It is natural because interpretations come from our own mind. He misinterpreted because he thought that they are crude and racist, because I joke so much about Jews.

I love Jews! I am myself an old Jew, so it is difficult for me to forget them.

They are the most beautiful people on the earth, hence so many jokes exist about them. And jokes exist because Jews are so intelligent. You joke only about a certain community because you cannot compete with it. The joke is a compensation.

Jews are really intelligent, one of the most intelligent races in the world, and everybody feels incompetent with them--then you take revenge in your jokes. Jokes are very indicative. They don't say anything about the object of the joke, they simply say who has created the joke; they say something

about who has created the joke. Wherever Jews exist people joke about them--because there is no other way to take revenge; in actual life they are far superior. It happens always.

So your interpretation is your interpretation. You think that I am against Jews or something? I am a lover. But I can understand.

You say, 'These are the stories I told when I was a boy. And when I told them it was with cruel intentions.' So of course you must be projecting your own cruel intentions on me. The stories may be the same, but the storyteller is not the same. Remember that, don't forget it.

Ordinarily Buddhas have never joked. It is for the first time a Buddha is joking. It is something very new, so you are a little puzzled. But to me everything is sacred. There is nothing profane. From sex to sahasrar, I accept everything. My acceptance is total. My acceptance is absolute.

So sometimes the joke can look crude, it can look obscene, but to me, nothing is obscene. Everything is just beautiful as it is. The obscene is an interpretation of the mind.

Drop your interpretation. The shock is very good, but interpretation has to be dropped otherwise you will misunderstand me, and you will miss an opportunity....

All my jokes are there purposefully to shock you, and those people who are very weak, weaklings, they have disappeared. They don't come to listen to me, they cannot come. Now only people who are courageous and who are ready to absorb these shocks can come close to me. But that is done knowingly. *trans106*

Are You an anti-Semite?

Levin, me? An anti-Semite? You must be crazy! *dh1004*

I feel shocked when You use the word 'fuck'. What to do?

It is one of the most beautiful words. The English language should be proud of it. I don't think any other language has such a beautiful word.

One Tom from California has done some great research on it. I think he must be the famous Tom of Tom, Dick and Harry fame....

He says:

One of the most interesting words in the English language today is the word 'fuck'. It is one magical word: just by its sound it can describe pain, pleasure, hate and love. In language it falls into many grammatical categories. It can be used as a verb, both transitive (John fucked Mary) and intransitive (Mary was fucked by John), and as a noun (Mary is a fine fuck). It can be used as an adjective (Mary is fucking beautiful). As you can see there are not many words with the versatility of 'fuck'.

Besides the sexual meaning, there are also the following uses:

Fraud: I got fucked at the used car lot.

Ignorance: Fucked if I know.

Trouble: I guess I am fucked now!

Aggression: Fuck you!

Displeasure: What the fuck is going on here?

Difficulty: I can't understand this fucking job.

Incompetence: He is a fuck-off.

Suspicion: What the fuck are you doing?

Enjoyment: I had a fucking good time.

Request: Get the fuck out of here!

Hostility: I am going to knock your fucking head off!

Greeting: How the fuck are you?

Apathy: Who gives a fuck?

Innovation: Get a bigger fucking hammer.

Surprise: Fuck! You scared the shit out of me!

Anxiety: Today is really fucked.

And it is very healthy too. If every morning you do it as a Transcendental Meditation--just when you get up, the first thing, repeat the mantra

"Fuck you!" five times--it clears the throat. That's how I keep my throat clear! *dh1104*

One Indian friend has written--his name is Iqbal Kureshi--he says: *Osho, what you say between the jokes is beautiful, religious and spiritual, but the jokes destroy your image in the public eye. After all, what is the purpose of all these jokes?*

Iqbal Kureshi, that's exactly the purpose: to destroy the image! I don't want to be known as a saint--that's exactly the purpose. And I am not worried about what others think of me--I am not a politician. Only politicians are worried, continuously worried, about what others are thinking about them, because they have to depend on others--the others have the votes. I don't depend on anybody's votes, anybody's opinion. I am simply whatsoever I am. Why should I be bothered about my image?

The very worry about the image is egoistic, but your saints are worried, I know that. I have known all kinds of your saints--Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian, Sikh Jainas, Buddhists--I have come across all kinds of your saints. They are far *more* political than your politicians, because this very idea is politics: what people are thinking, remain respectable.

Respectability is nothing but nourishment for the ego.

I don't want to be respectable. Either you love me or you don't love me; respect is simply meaningless. Respect and the desire for it is egoistic. So those who love me, they will love me as I am. I am not going to compromise, I am not going to accommodate. And I could create that accommodation so easily: I could not use a few words--'fuck' and 'shit'--

and I could become a saint. You see how cheap it is! But I am not interested in such cheap saintliness. If I am a saint then whatsoever I say is saintly; if I am not a saint then I may go on reciting the Gita and the Koran and the Vedas but I am not a saint, I am just a parrot.

I am not interested at all in mirrors. I know my original face--and the original face is not known through mirrors. Public opinion is only a mirror.

Iqbal Kureshi must be worried about my image. He says, "It puts your image upside-down." What is wrong with being upside-down? That's what they call in yoga *sirshasan*-- the headstand. And as far as I am concerned, I know that you are upside-down, so when you see me upside-down that simply means I am standing on my legs and you are standing on your head!

The whole of humanity is standing upside-down, but because all are standing upside-down whosoever tries to stand on his feet will look upside-down--he will be a minority. The Buddha is always a minority.

Iqbal Kureshi has asked in a friendly way...he must be in love with me so he is worried. He says: *Whatsoever you say between the jokes is beautiful, religious and spiritual.*

I don't think so--that is really bullshit! Only the jokes are beautiful, religious and spiritual. But we cannot agree. I cannot agree with you because you are absolutely unconscious, and you cannot agree with me because I am absolutely conscious. We are living in totally different dimensions....

He asks: *What is the purpose of all these jokes?*

I also ask, "What is the purpose of all these religious and spiritual things that I go on saying?" Just old habit, I think. Otherwise there is no point!

And sooner or later you will see--I will only tell jokes....

But Kureshi is worried because he thinks the jokes are sometimes dirty. I have never come across a dirty joke. The idea of the dirty comes from your interpretation, otherwise what is dirty? If you think sex is dirty, then any joke which implies some sexuality becomes dirty. It is your idea that makes it dirty. To me sex is as sacred as anything else--to me the whole of life is

divine. And these so-called saints have always been telling you that the whole of life is divine, but it seems they don't mean it. I really mean it! *ultima04*

Attempted Assassination of

Osho by Hindu fanatic

During morning discourse on 22nd May 1980, a Hindu tries to assassinate Osho A man threw a knife at me in the morning meeting...And it seems it was an absolute conspiracy, because just before the meeting, fifteen minutes before, the police informed the office, "Today there is a danger; a man is going to throw a knife at Osho. So twenty police officers should be allowed in."

Now, this is stupid. If they knew that a certain man was going to commit a crime, they should have arrested him. Rather than that, they informed the office. As the story went on it became clear that it was absolutely a conspiracy. Those twenty police officers with loaded guns surrounded that man. The sannyasins thought that perhaps they were for our protection--that was wrong. They were for the protection of the man who was going to throw the knife. They were afraid that ten thousand sannyasins would kill that man if anything happened.

And that man shouted--which is on record--"Shree Rajneesh, you are against Hinduism and we cannot tolerate your existence anymore." And he threw the knife at me. Because he was shouting I stopped and listened to him, what he was saying. It is on tape. He threw the knife from just fifteen feet away and it was strange, that the knife fell away from me--eight feet away. Not only did it not touch me, it did not even touch anyone in the crowded Buddha Hall; nobody was touched by the knife.

And then the police said, "It is a police case. We will arrest this man and bring him to the court."

This was all strategy. You can see how politicians work--cunningly, inhumanely. They prevented us from putting a case against the man.

They said, "There is no need. Ten thousand witnesses, his words are recorded, even the sound of the falling knife is recorded, and twenty police officers of high rank are witnesses--you need not be worried. It is going to be a police case. We will take him and produce him in the court."

They took him away, presented him before the court, and the court released him, saying, "Such a thing has not happened at all." And because we had not put any case against him, then it was too late. The police managed it in such a way that they did not insist that the case happened.

But I have been thinking about it: in such a crowded place even if a blind man throws a knife it is going to hit somebody. The knife behaved exactly like the rock and the elephant.* It was a police conspiracy and you can see the justice. When twenty police officers are present, when ten thousand people are ready to be witnesses; the knife is there, his shout is recorded, the sound of the knife falling on the floor is recorded....

And what was the judge's reason to reject the case? The reason was, "If it was an attempt on Osho's life then why have they not brought the case?

Why have they not reported the case to the police? And secondly, if a man was trying to murder Osho, those ten thousand sannyasins would not have let him go so easily." And we had not done anything because the police had prevented us, saying, "There is no need."

Still, one of the most important criminal advocates of the supreme court of India, Ram Jethmalani was there--we had asked him to be present. He wanted to say something; the judge said, "You cannot speak, it is not your case." And certainly it was not our case. *hari08*

*Note: refers to two attempts on Buddha's life which miraculously did not harm him.

The Poona magistrate has given his judgment concerning the case of one madman who had thrown a dagger at me, obviously intentionally to kill me. He has freed him, and the reason that he has freed him, the most basic reason that he has given, is really worth consideration. I laughed at it, I enjoyed it!

The reason that he has freed him is that if it was an attempt to murder me, then I would not have continued my discourse! Who can continue talking when somebody is trying to murder you? But he does not know me. I would have continued even if I had died--I would not have finished before ten!

But he cannot understand, and I can understand him--he cannot understand. When somebody is trying to kill you, can you go on speaking the same way? His argument seems to be very valid. So what to say about the ordinary masses?--even an educated magistrate thinks in the same way. *ithat08*

The magistrate must have felt guilty, seeing the whole thing. It was absolutely certain--his own police officers were saying it, and ten thousand witnesses were there. The knife was there that the man had thrown. On the knife you could have found his fingerprints--but nothing was done. No witness was called. The case was dismissed.

The magistrate must have felt guilty.

Through a common friend he informed me, "Please forgive me. There is so much political pressure and so much religious pressure on me, because that man belongs to a fanatic Hindu group and he has immense political power.

"I am a poor man, and my promotion is due. If I do anything against him my promotion will be postponed forever. And they will send me to the ugliest, dirtiest place they can possibly find."

In India you can find everything. There is a place, Cherapunji, where it rains five hundred inches in a year. You cannot get out of the house--it is always raining! Five hundred inches--that is the record in the whole world! Nowhere else does it rain so much. It simply rains the whole year!

Nothing can be done. And whenever they want to punish somebody, they send him to Cherapunji.

So he asked my forgiveness. I told the intermediary, "Tell him, don't feel guilty. I can understand--even without his saying--that the man who has

tried to kill me has the support of the politicians, of the religious leaders.

And don't lose your promotion--I have not lost my life! Don't be worried, you just get your promotion, get a better salary.

"And as far as I am concerned, it does not matter whether I am killed or not. I have lived my live. I have enjoyed each moment of it, I have relished everything. I have never repressed any desire. What more can tomorrow bring me? There is no promotion for me.

"I have experienced the ultimate; now, nothing more can happen. So life or death, both have become the same. And one day anyway I will have to die. This is far better."

Ninety-nine percent of people die on their beds. That is the most dangerous place--just looked at mathematically, a simple calculation.

Never sleep on the bed! Sleep on the ground. Ninety-nine percent of people have died on the bed--don't take the risk. But wherever you sleep, you will die--death is certain from the very moment one is born.

And in fact, I am a nonserious man. I would love the drama--somebody killing me. *dless29*

And the people of Poona are so orthodox, so prejudiced, so fanatic. It was not a coincidence that it was a man from Poona who assassinated Mahatma Gandhi. Only Poona was capable to do that. Poona tried to assassinate me too. *last610*

Just a few days ago a man threw a knife at me to kill me. Now, such a knife can be thrown only in India! When it fell just in front of me I thought it was a stone. My eyes are not bad, I don't need glasses yet: I can see very clearly. I thought it was just a stone--it looked so dirty! And when I saw the pictures of it I was very much puzzled--you could not even cut vegetables with it! This is the beauty of being in India. Now, in America or in Germany they would have done it with more sophisticated means. India is the best place at the moment to do my work, my kind of work. *theolo02*

Ashram Security Increases

In response to the assassination attempt and violence, ashram security is increased with extra guards, metal detectors and frisking before discourse

The guards on the gate are for outsiders so that they cannot enter inside unless they are ready; the guards are not for the insiders to prevent them from leaving. That is the difference. In a jail the guards are for the insiders so that they cannot get out.

Here there are guards, but they are not for the insiders. If somebody wants to get out he gets out with all my blessings. It was his decision to be in; it is his decision to drop out of it. He is a free soul. It is nobody else's business to impose anything upon him. *dh0813*

If someone makes a noise during discourse, they are gently escorted outside where they can listen without disturbing others.

You say: *During lecture recently, I sometimes get this almost irresistable urge to jump up and down, wave my arms and sing or make noises. I am scared that one day I won't be able to contain it and I will cause a disturbance. What should I do?*

You need not worry. That is the responsibility of the guards! That is for them to think what to do. What can you do? If it becomes irresistible, if you cannot contain it anymore, what can you do? What can I do? That's why we have the guards, just to divide responsibility--that is their responsibility....

What makes you so excited? So leave it to the Medical Center and to the guards, and don't bother me about such problems. Once in a while I expect such things to happen! *theolo15*

One Indian friend has asked: *When you say that not a single blade of grass moves but by God's will, why is there a metal detector and so many security arrangements here?*

It is because of his will! If not a single blade of grass moves, how can the metal detector move? It is so simple! If not a single blade of grass moves, how can so many guards move? But he thinks he is asking a very wise question. He must be thinking he is asking something which is

unanswerable.

You know nothing of God nor of his will, but you go on repeating cliches.

You have heard these things and you start repeating them like gramophone records. You don't see the absurdity of it. If it is your understanding, the question cannot arise. The question is absolutely meaningless if it is your understanding. But it is not *your* understanding; somebody else has planted it in you. And all parents are doing it. and I am not saying that they are doing it knowingly; they are as unconscious as you are. These ideas have been planted in them by others, their parents, and so on and so forth. But you have to jump out of this vicious circle. *ggate110*

Local Violence against Sannyasins

Just the other day a young woman sannyasin was attacked by four Indians. Of course she screamed, and some sannyasins reached in time; otherwise they were going to rape her--they had torn her dress apart.

And this is not just one accident, it has been happening every once in a while for almost six years.

The Indian mind is so sexually repressed that it cannot love, it can only lust. And once the lust is there you start looking at everybody else in the same way; that is your language.

When two Western sannyasins are hugging each other and the Indian--

any Indian--sees them, the only idea in his mind is that of sex and lust; he cannot understand love. Not a single sannyasin from the West in these six years--and thousands have come, at least fifty thousand people come every year--has raped any Indian woman. But hundreds of attempts have been made by the Indians on Western women, and not only by ordinary people but even by police officers. Even to go to the

police station is dangerous! Everywhere there are wolves--and these are very spiritual wolves, very religious! *theolo15*

A sannyasin woman has her arm in a sling after being knocked down in the

street by some hostile Indians. She says she is tired of violence around her and how to get rid of it.

And violence *is* there. It is not around you; it is around everybody. Man has lived very violently; he has not lost his inner animality. Man is still wild inside; only on the surface does he look civilized. So violence is everywhere, the whole of life is full of violence. And where you don't see violence that is just a facade. If you go deep into it you will find violence there too. Even behind the name of love there is violence, so what to say about other things? But this is how life is!

And you have to learn to live without violence in such a violent world. It is difficult to live sanely in an insane world but that is the only life there is and one has to find one's way to live through it. All that we can do is to never become violent against violence, because that is not going to help.

Have deep compassion. If one has to suffer, one should suffer through compassion. And people who are violent are completely unaware; they don't know what they are doing. That's what Jesus has to say to the people; it is his last message to the world. He asks God to forgive these people because they don't know what they are doing.

So one can pray, one can love and one can have compassion, but the violence is there. And you cannot change it because the world is so big; how can you change it? One has to accept it. With tears, but one has to accept it. And one can go on doing whatsoever one can do on one's own--

a little bit, whatsoever one can spread. Spread your love. The world is like a desert but even if you can sow a single seed and only two flowers come to it, even that is something. In this vast desert land if two flowers or even a single flower comes up, that too is good.

So don't be too concerned about it. Just be concerned about one thing: how you can love people who are violent and how to live in a world which is not sane at all. Find ways. And this is the whole effort here--through meditation, prayer, groups. These are ways to seek and search for some secrets so that you can go unscratched, uncontaminated by people's violence. But it is possible. The world will remain violent, you can become non-violent...and

that is all that can be done. So don't be worried about it. *opense10*

Just a few days ago a sannyasin, Meeten, was murdered. But he died beautifully, he died as a sannyasin. When he was murdered his last words were, "I can understand you--why you are killing me. I know that

nobody has loved you in your life." He said these words to the murderer!

"I know that nobody has loved you in your life and you are angry with society. You are not killing me, you are taking revenge on society. But remember, these are my last words," he said, "that I am dying with immense love for you. I love you!"

These were his last words when he closed his eyes and died: 'I love you!'

This is compassion! This is love!

And the next day the huts of six sannyasins were burnt down. The sannyasins had come to the ashram and then somebody set fire to their huts. Now, nobody was caught red-handed and the police suspect that because there is a great antagonism among the Catholic Christians in Poona against me because I have spoken against the Pope and against Mother Teresa...the suspicion is that some Catholic hand is behind it.

They cannot do harm to me, but they can do harm to my sannyasins; that is an indirect way of harming me. And these people talk about public service, serving the poor--all these murderers!

If you look at the history of religion you will be surprised: all the religions have proved murderous. The whole history of man is full of blood because of these so-called religions and these so-called saints and these so-called enlightened people. *zzzzz07*

Persecution of Osho

I have come across people who are dead against me. They have not seen me, they have not read a single book, they have not listened to me, they don't know what I am doing and they are dead against me. Sometimes it is surprising. Even to be against, one has to come a little nearer, to know, to

watch, to judge. They have not even seen me. They will not recognize me if suddenly they come across me. But they would like to kill me.

What has happened to them? A deep fear--the volcano inside and the ego is sitting on top of it. And they are afraid to come near. Even to hear they are afraid; to read, they are afraid, because, who knows, you may be caught in the trap. So it is better to protect yourself and protect your ignorance. *justlt06*

I receive letters and telegrams from all over the world. Just the other day Laxmi brought a telegram from Milan, Italy. This is the third from the same man, who goes on sending a message that "I want to kill you!" Now Milan is so far away, why he is so worried about me? And he means business--three times in a month he has telegrammed. I hope that he comes sometime.

So many letters come, saying, "We would like to kill you." Why are people offended--and offended by a man who never leaves his room? Why am I disturbing people in Milan and Berlin and New York and Delhi and Calcutta? Why?--for the simple reason that they feel hurt. *dh0605*

The whole world goes on saying things about me. I don't even read them.

Every day Laxmi brings hundreds of reports appearing in different languages from different countries. Who cares? If they are enjoying rumors, let them enjoy; they don't have anything else to enjoy in their lives. Let them have a little fun. Nothing is wrong in it, they cannot harm me. They can destroy my body, but they cannot harm *me.* And I have no image of my own; they cannot destroy that either. And I don't react, I act.

My action springs out of my self, it is not to be manipulated by others. I am a free man, freedom. I act of my own accord.

Learn the art of acting of your own accord. Don't be worried about criticisms and don't be interested in praises. If you are interested in being praised by others, then you cannot be unconcerned about criticism. Remain aloof. Praise or criticism, it is all alike. Success or failure, it is all alike. *Aes dhammo sanantano. dh0210*

The more people become meditators, the more people become sannyasins, the less is the possibility of oppressing them, of exploiting them. And the orange people are spreading all over the world. It is an atomic explosion! Within six years thousands of people around the world have been transformed to a new vision, to a new lifestyle. They have been given back their individuality, their authenticity, their intelligence. Now nobody can exploit them.

Hence it is certainly a rare phenomenon that I am condemned by Christians, Hindus, Mohammedans, Jainas, Sikhs, Parsis, Jews, everybody--I am condemned by the religious, the so-called religious-- *and* by the politicians, by the journalists, by the so-called intelligentsia, the writers, the critics, because they are all part of a conspiracy against man.

And I want to destroy that conspiracy totally. Only then can a new man be introduced on the earth. And the earth is waiting for the new man.

The new man will be the salt of the earth. He will bring with him joy, dance, celebration. *guida12*

Discourses: The Classic of Purity

The Classic of Purity is one of the most profound insights into nature. I call it an insight, not a doctrine, not a philosophy, not a religion, because it is not intellectual at all; it is existential. The man who is speaking in it is not speaking as a mind, he is not speaking as himself either; he is just an empty passage for existence itself to say something through him.

That's how the great mystics have always lived and spoken. These are not their own words--they are no more. they have disappeared long before; it is the whole pouring through them. Their expressions may be different, but the source is the same. The words of Jesus, Zarathustra, Buddha, Lao Tzu, Krishna, Mohammed are not ordinary words; they are not coming from their memory, they are coming from their experience.

They have touched the divine, and the moment you touch the divine you evaporate, you cannot exist any more. You have to die for God to be.

This is a Taoist insight....

This profound insight is also one of the smallest treatises ever written. It is so condensed--it is as if millions of roses have been condensed in a drop of perfume. That's the ancient way of expressing truth: because books were not in existence, people had to remember it.

It is said that this is the first mystic treatise ever written down as a book.

It is not much of a book, not more than one and a half pages, but it existed for thousands of years before it was written. It existed through private and personal communion. That has been always the most significant way to transmit truth. To write it down makes it more difficult because then one never knows who will be reading it; it loses all personal contact and touch.

In Egypt, in India, in China, in all the ancient civilizations, for thousands of years the mystic message was carried from one person to another, from the Master to the disciple. And the Master would say these things only when the disciple was ready, or he would say only as much as the disciple could digest. Otherwise words can also produce diarrhea they certainly do produce it--our century suffers very much from it. All the mystics for centuries resisted writing down their insights.

This was the first treatise ever written; that's its significance. It marks a certain change in human consciousness, a change which was going to

prove of great importance later on because even though it is beautiful to commune directly, person to person, the message cannot reach many people; many are bound to miss. Yes, it will not fall in the wrong hands, but many right hands will also remain empty. And one should think more of the right hands than of the wrong hands. The wrong people are going to be wrong whether some profound insight falls in their hands or not, but the right people will be missing something which can transform their being.

Ko Hsuan, who wrote this small treatise, marks a milestone in the consciousness of humanity. He understood the significance of the written word, knowing all its dangers. In the preface he writes: "Before writing down these words I contemplated ten thousand times whether to write or

not, because I was taking a dangerous step." Nobody had gathered that much courage before.

Ko Hsuan was preceded by Lao Tzu, Chuang Tzu, Lieh Tzu. Even they had not written anything; their message was remembered by their disciples. It was only written after Ko Hsuan took the dangerous step.

But he also says, "Ten thousand times I contemplated," because it is no ordinary matter. Up to that moment in history no Master had ever dared to write anything down, just to avoid the wrong people....

Ko Hsuan is simply writing it, remember it; he is not the creator of the treatise. He has also experienced the same truth because the truth is always the same whoever experiences it. Whenever one experiences it it is always the same, it does not change; time makes no difference. But what he is saying has been transferred by word of mouth for centuries, maybe for thousands of years. That's why we don't exactly know whose words they are. *ggate101*

But when such great truths are put into language, difficulties arise because our language is made by us. It is not made by people like Lao Tzu, Chuang Tzu, Lieh Tzu, Ko Hsuan, it is made by the mediocre people the world is full of. Obviously, language is their invention and it carries their meanings, their attitudes towards life. So whatsoever you say is going to be somewhere inadequate--not only inadequate but deep down wrong also.

This has to be remembered, and even more so about these sutras because these sutras were written originally in Chinese. Chinese is a language totally different from any other language, it is the most difficult language in the world for the simple reason that it has no alphabet, it is a pictorial language. Pictorial languages are the most ancient languages; they must have come from the very dawn of human consciousness, because when man is a child he thinks in pictures, he cannot think in

words, so his language is pictorial. That's why in children's books there are so many colored pictures; the text is not much but pictures are many....

And that's the difficulty with the Chinese language: it is a dream language,

a pictorial language--each picture can mean many things.

Hence there are translations of Chinese scriptures, many translations, and no two translations ever agree, because a picture can be interpreted in as many ways as there are people to interpret it. The Chinese language is only symbolic; it indicates. It is very poetic, it is not like arithmetic.

If you remember this, only then will you not fall into the trap in which almost all the scholars have fallen.

These sutras were not written in an alphabetical language so whatsoever is being said in these sutras is an interpretation. And I myself don't agree in many places; if I were to translate it it would be a totally different translation. I will tell you where I differ and why. *ggate109*

If you can meditate, start from within, then look around and then look into things at their deepest core. First mind disappears, then form disappears, then matter disappears. Then what is left? That which is left is Tao, is nature. And to live in that nature is to live in freedom, is to live in eternal bliss.

"Tao" is the word of Ko Hsuan for God. "Dhamma" is the word of Buddha for Tao. Buddha says: *Ais Dhammo sanantano*-- this *is* the eternal law.

Once you have seen the eternal law you become part of eternity. Time is transcended, space is transcended. You are no more and for the first time you are. You are no more as a separate entity, but for the first time you are the whole.

This is my vision too. My agreement with Tao is absolute. I cannot say that about other religions; with Tao I can say it without any hesitation.

Tao is the most profound insight that has ever been achieved on the earth. *ggate109*

About Enlightenment

Why does everybody think enlightenment is a joke?

Sarito, it is! But only a child can ask such a beautiful question--Sarito is only twelve years of age. Enlightenment is a joke because it is not something that you have to achieve, yet you have to make all possible efforts to achieve it. It is already the case: you are born enlightened.

The word "enlightenment" is beautiful. We come from the source, the ultimate source of light. We are small rays of that sun, and howsoever far away we may have gone, our nature remains the same. Nobody can go against his real nature: you can forget about it, but you cannot lose it.

Hence attaining it is not the right expression; it is not attained, it is only remembered. That's why Buddha called his method *sammasati.*

Sammasati means right remembrance of that which is already there.

Nanak, Kabir, Raidas, they have all called it *surati.* Surati means remembering the forgotten, but not the lost. Whether you remember or not, it is there--it is there exactly the same. You can keep your eyes closed to it--it is there. You can open your eyes--it is there. You can keep it behind your back--it is there. You can take a one-hundred-and-eighty-degree turn and see it--it is there. It is the same.

George Gurdjieff used to call his method self-remembering. Nothing has to be achieved, nothing at all, but only to be discovered. And the discovery is needed because we go on gathering dust on our mirrors. The mirror is there covered by the dust. Remove the dust, and the mirror starts reflecting the stars, the beyond. Krishnamurti calls it awareness, alertness, attentiveness. These are different expressions for the same phenomenon. They are to remind you that you are not to go anywhere, not to be somebody else. You just have to find out who you are, and the finding is not difficult because it is your nature--just a little reshuffling inside, a little cleaning.

It is said that when Bodhidharma attained enlightenment, he laughed for seven days continuously. His friends, his disciples, thought he had gone mad. They asked him, "Have you gone mad?"

He said, "I *was* mad, now I have become sane. I have gone sane!"

"Then why are you laughing?" they asked.

He said, "I am laughing because I have been searching for thousands of lives for something which was already within me! The seeker was the sought, and I was looking everywhere else--I was looking everywhere except inside."...

Sarito, in that sense enlightenment is certainly a joke. If you understand it, there is no need to seek and search; you can just close your eyes and find it. But this question coming from a small child is beautiful. The grown-up person will not be able to ask such a sane question. The grown-up person will ask, "What is enlightenment? How has it to be found? What are the right methods, ways and means? How should one

live? What virtues should be cultivated? What prayers should be said?"

And all those questions look very relevant.

Sarito, your question does not look very relevant, but it *is* relevant, more relevant than any grown-up person can ever ask. Grown-up people ask questions which look good in the asking, but they are not really interested in asking an authentic question--they are *afraid* of asking the authentic question....

Children have their own interests and they must be wondering, "Why?

What is this enlightenment? And why are so many people interested in it? It must be some kind of joke!"

In fact, it is a cosmic joke. It is God seeking himself. It is a game of hide-and-seek: God hides himself and then tries to find himself! Being alone, what else to do? *come14*

Gunakar is one of my most beloved sannyasins. He is immensely talented...a keen intelligence, and an authentic search. He had come to me many years ago, and he has remained with me in many ups and many downs.

The biggest problem with him was that he is a German, and a German

finds it easier to be a master than to be a disciple, naturally.

So while he was here with me in India he was intelligent enough to understand that he is not a master, and he worked as a disciple. But whenever he would go back to Germany, the trouble would arise: in Germany he would become enlightened.

There are no outer criteria for enlightenment, so he would get a few Germans to support him also as the enlightened master. And once he got into the trip then it was not only that he would sit silently--that is very difficult for a German--he had to *do* something. Now that he was enlightened, he started enlightening the whole world: writing letters to prime ministers, presidents, all the ambassadors of all the countries, to the UNO, convincing them that except for enlightenment there is no way out.

And when he would be going full-fledged, I would send him a message,

"Come back to India because you have done enough. A little rest will be good." And coming back to India, his enlightenment would disappear.

Sitting in front of me, he had to become a disciple again. He started feeling very strange because it happened once, twice, thrice....

Then he said, "This is a strange thing. We think Osho helps people to become enlightened. I become enlightened when I am in Germany, and whenever I go back to Osho he finishes my enlightenment--I am back to zero!" So for almost six years, he had not come.

Who wants to lose enlightenment? You come to me to be enlightened, and poor Gunakar had to come here to *lose* enlightenment.

But a false thing is a false thing, an imagination is an imagination.

You can brag, you can deceive, you can become a con man, but deep down you will know what you are doing.

And finally he realized, in Germany, that once a man becomes enlightened he cannot become unenlightened; that is impossible, that has never happened in the whole of history--except to Gunakar. There is no other

precedent. And he is intelligent enough and courageous enough; he dropped it himself. *upan07*

Desiderata

In August 1980, Osho comments on Desiderata of mysterious origin We enter today into one of the most beautiful worlds, that of a small document called the *Desiderata*. It is strange because it has appeared many times and disappeared many times; hence nobody exactly knows who wrote it. Truth has the capacity to appear again and again; because of human stupidity it is lost again and again too.

The Desiderata seems to be one of the most ancient documents available today, but it is copyrighted by a poet, Max Ehrmann. In his book of poems it is also given as a poem authored by him, copyrighted in 1927 in America, although in the first edition he talks about the legend that this small document was discovered on a plaque installed in St. Paul's Church in Baltimore when built in 1692, but it was lost. There is no proof any more whether it was installed as a plaque in St. Paul's Church or not. The legend is there; it has persisted. It seems Max Ehrmann again had the vision of it. It came to him as a vision. He is not really its author but only a receptacle, a medium.

This has happened to many other documents too. It happened in the case of Blavatsky's *The Voice of Silence:* she is known as the authoress of the book, but the book is very ancient. She discovered it in her meditations; it appeared to her.

Many parts of Friedrich Nietzsche's *Thus Spake Zarathustra* are also very ancient, and the same is the case with Omar Khayyam's *Rubaiyat.* Mabel Collins' Light on *the Path is* of the same category, Kahlil Gibran's *The Prophet* also.

I have looked into all Max Ehrmann's poems but no other poem has the same quality, not even a single poem. If the Desiderata was written by him then many more poems of the same quality would have flowed. It has not happened. In fact, the *Desiderata* seems to be so different from all his poems that it is impossible to believe that it has come from the same

person.

The same is true about Mabel Collins' *Light on the Path.* These are strange documents. The possibility is that they have always existed--

again and again lost visibly, but truth manifests itself.... Whenever there is a vulnerable soul, a receptive person, truth again starts flowing through him. And of course the person will think, " *I* am writing it."

It is because of this fact that the Upanishads have no names of authors; nobody knows who wrote them, because the people who received them were very alert and aware. There were mystics, not only poets.

This is the difference between the poet and the mystic: when something happens to the mystic he is perfectly aware that it is from the beyond, it is not from him. He is immensely glad; he rejoices that he has been chosen as a vehicle, as a medium, but his ego cannot claim it. In fact, you become a mystic only when you have dropped the ego. But the poet is full of the ego--not always but almost always. Once in a while, when he forgets his ego, he touches the same world that is the mystic's world. But the mystic lives there; the poet once in a while gets a glimpse of it. And because his ego is not dead he immediately claims it as his creation. But all the ancient seers were aware of it.

The Vedas, the Bible, the Koran, the three greatest scriptures of the world, are known not to have been written by anyone. The Vedas are known as apaurusheya--not written by any person. Certainly somebody wrote them, but they are from God, from the beyond, from some unknown source. The mystic becomes possessed by it, he dances to its tune. He is no more himself--he is it. The poet once in a while gets a glimpse of it, a faraway glimpse....

...Once in a while the mystic is also a poet; that is a coincidence.

Whenever it happens--as in the case of Lao Tzu, Zarathustra, Mohammed--then we have something of the beyond available to us. But a mystic is not necessarily a poet; to be a poet is a different talent. One

can be a mystic without being a poet, one can be a poet without being a mystic.

When a mystic is a poet an Upanishad is born, a Srimad Bhagavad Gita is born, a Koran comes to the earth. But it is not always so. So many times it happens that the truth has to find the way through the poet because the mystic is not available.

That's what happened with this small document, the *Desiderata.* No mystic seems to be available who can sing this song; hence Max Ehrmann is chosen to be a vehicle--but he is an unconscious person. He thinks he is writing a poem of his own; it is not his own, it has nobody's signature on it. And as you enter into this small document you will understand: it cannot be from a poet. It has the same quality as the Koran, the same quality as the Upanishads.

It is also a strange document because in such a small space it says so much. It is really made of sutras--just a few hints. Nothing is said very solidly: just a few hints, fingers pointing to the moon. It is so small that after Adlai Stevenson's death in 1965 it was discovered that he had intended to send out the *Desiderata* as a Christmas card to his friends. It can be printed on a small card, a postcard, but it contains infinity--a dewdrop that contains all the oceans.

It can be of immense help to you on the path; hence I call it *Guida Spirituale.* It begins: *guida01*

New Phase: Osho Speaks His Own Truth*

In mid December 1980 Osho announces a new phase: he will state his own truth. This he does in a new series, *Philosophia Ultima,* commentaries on *Mandukya* and *Isa Upanishads*.

*Note: Osho introduced this new phase before going into silence, and continued it when he commenced speaking three years later.

I don't agree with Jesus Christ. I have tried my best to agree with Jesus, with Buddha, with Patanjali, with Mahavira, with Lao Tzu. Now my new

phase of work starts. I am fed up with agreeing, tired of it! So now I will simply say the truth. Enough is enough! *ultima07*

It is a long story. The moment I became capable of seeing I started talking about truth as it is--naked. But nobody was ready even to listen to it. I was puzzled: I had found the original face, I had seen it, I wanted

to share with those who were searching for it, but they were not ready to listen to it.

For a few years I struggled hard, but then I saw that they were not wrong, I was wrong. They could not digest truth raw and naked; when you have been eating cooked food for many many lives you cannot digest raw food. I was wrong, they were not wrong.

Then I started cooking things! Then I started saying things which they could digest. I became less and less concerned about truth and more and more concerned about the people who were to digest it; I had to see how much they could digest. And I had to prepare the food in such a way that it was sweet, not bitter, that it tasted good, it looked good. Whether it was nutritious or not, that was secondary. Who bothers whether Deeksha's cakes are nutritious or not? whether the ice cream is going to make you healthy or ill? Who bothers about these things? It *tastes* good.

It may destroy you finally...

And I was amazed--when I started serving cooked food people became very much interested and excited. That was a device: that's how I have been able to hook you all! Otherwise I was sitting on the riverbank day in, day out--not a single fish! Once I started serving cooked food--cooked according to your desires, not according to your needs.... I didn't need to think at all about the truth in the beginning days, I forgot all about it. I stopped going to the river--the fish started coming to me on their own, walking long distances.

So don't be too bothered about what I have said in my earlier works. I have said many things which I don't mean! What I am saying today is closer to truth than what I said yesterday, and every day it will become closer and

closer to the truth. Before I am gone I will again have told you the naked truth.

I had to take such a long route because there was no other way; I had to be very indirect. The moment I became enlightened I started telling people that there is no God--and they were shocked! Then I cooked it. I said, "There is God, but God is not a person, only a presence." This is cooked food. I am simply saying there *is no* God. But now it tastes sweet-

-no person, only a presence.

But what else can you do? If people are foolish you have to be careful with them....

I wanted to say the naked truth from the very beginning, but to whom to say it? I had to drop that. For a few years I tried my hardest, but all the doors remained closed; nobody was even ready to listen. Then I changed

the whole strategy, I became a little more diplomatic. Then whatsoever I wanted to say I started saying through Mahavira, through Buddha, through Zarathustra, through Lao Tzu, through Jesus.... I continued to say things but I was using other people's names. And Christians became very much interested when I said the same things in the name of Jesus!

Whatsoever I said in the name of Jesus is simply my own; it has nothing to do with Jesus at all. And if I meet Jesus there is going to be a great argument. They all must be waiting for me--let this guy come!--because I have been telling things in the name of Buddha which he never meant...but Buddhists became very happy.

Fools are fools! The earth is so full of them.

I started saying things in the name of Mahavira which are absolutely the opposite of what he said--because if I had to live with Mahavira in the same room, either I would leave or he would leave! We could not have tolerated each other. First, his smell...because he never used to take a bath. He was against taking baths because when you pour so much water on your body, so many small germs in the water die; that is violence. So he never took a

bath....

One thing is certain: I could not have tolerated him in the same room.

And he would not tolerate me either. He would simply go mad seeing my air-conditioned room my Rolls-Royce--he would simply go mad!

He was an ascetic. According to me he was a masochist--now this is raw food!--he was torturing himself, he enjoyed torturing himself. And I am not a masochist or a sadist; neither do I want to torture myself nor do I want to torture anybody else. He was both, a sadomasochist: he was torturing himself and teaching people to torture themselves.

But I have spoken on Mahavira. I had to play with words to manage my meaning in his words. It was a difficult task but I *did* it, and the Jainas were very happy.

The same I have done with Krishna. I think my commentary on Krishna is the biggest in the whole of history. Lokman Tilak's commentary on Krishna, his Gita, was thought to be the biggest--it must be more than one thousand pages. But my commentary is twelve times bigger. And I *don't* agree with Krishna really! Whatsoever I have said--the words are his, the meanings are mine.

But this can be done very easily with the saints who are dead. What can they do? And when we meet later on somewhere--if that meeting ever happens--then I can simply apologize; there is no problem in it. And I

hope they will understand--because they themselves had done the same thing, and I am doing the same thing. There is no problem in it.

So one thing: whenever you want to try to understand me, don't bring in what I have said in the past; that is not going to help. The *latest* has to be taken into account. And when tomorrow I say something, that will be even better. Before I enter into my grave, my last statement will be just the naked truth.

But I had to take this long route for the simple reason that--whom to get hold of, with whom to share your experience? With whom? There are

Hindus, there are Mohammedans, there are Christians, there are Buddhists, there are Sikhs, there are Parsis...not a single human being is available, all are already divided. The only way is to catch the Christians through Jesus and the Jews through Moses and the Hindus through Krishna. Once they are with me then they will be able to understand.

And now I have found my people so I don't care much. Now I can start giving you my original experience.... *ultima15*

What I am doing here is pure Zen. I am helping you to get rid of your mind.

Mind has many characteristics, many aspects. And each religion has chosen one aspect of the mind and made much fuss about it, has dragged that aspect to its ultimate, logical conclusion. This is something to be very deeply understood because it is fundamental for the understanding of the Zen approach....

Zen is a transcendence of the mind. It does not develop any aspect of the mind, it takes you beyond the mind. And the only way to go beyond the mind is to enter into life hero and now. You are not to be a sadomasochist, you are not to be an escapist, you are not to be a fanatic, you are not to be a phony, a 'holier than thou', an egoist, you just have to be ordinary, utterly ordinary, in tune with life, harmonious with life....

Zen is not a religion--drop that idea. Zen is not a church--drop that idea.

Zen is a totally different approach. It is life; it is synonymous with life. It is living life with such intensity that your ego disappears in it, is burnt out, that you dissolve into life, that you are consumed by the fire of life.

And only then can you know what a beautiful existence has been given to you as a gift. It is a sheer joy then, each moment...Each moment then is paradise. Paradise is *now* or never. *zzzzz01*

The gods of the past are dead. And they cannot be revived again. They have become irrelevant to human consciousness; they were created by a very immature mind. Man has come of age. He needs a different vision of the gods, he needs a different kind of religion. He needs to be freed from

his yesterdays, because only then can the tomorrow become possible.

The old has to die for the new to be. *revol01*

You ask: *Why did You stop reading in 1980 and how do You stay informed on world events?*

I don't read any more. Otherwise I was perhaps the most educated man in the whole world. My own personal library was one hundred fifty thousand volumes, of immense value, and I was reading continuously.

But then I began to speak my own truth and all those books started seeming rubbish. Slowly slowly they became meaningless. Once in a while one book may turn out to have some significance, but five years before (in 1980) I stopped reading. It was too much.

You read one hundred books and one book sometimes turns out to be of any meaning. And that too is not going to increase my consciousness, my being.

So for five years I have not read anything--no newspaper, no radio, no television. Once in a while if my sannyasins see a film which they feel has something significant, then I see it. But very rarely. *last304*

Osho exposes Mother Teresa

Mother Teresa was awarded the Nobel Prize for her charitable work in India, which Osho criticizes. At the end of December 1980, Mother Teresa writes to Osho.

The politicians and the priests have always been in deep conspiracy, they have divided man. The politician rules the outside and the priest rules the inside: the politician the exterior and the priest the interior. They are joined in a deep conspiracy against humanity--they may not even be aware of what they are doing. I don't suspect their intentions; they may be absolutely unconscious.

Just the other day I received a letter from Mother Teresa. I have no intention of saying anything against her sincerity; whatsoever she wrote in

the letter is sincere, but it is unconscious. She is not aware of what she is writing; it is mechanical, it is robot-like. She says, 'I have just received a cutting of your speech. I feel very sorry for you that you could speak as you did. Reference: the Nobel Prize. For the adjectives you add to my name I forgive you with great love.'

She is feeling very sorry for me...I enjoyed the letter! She has not even understood the adjectives that I have used about her. But she is not aware, otherwise she would have felt sorry for herself.

The adjectives that I have used--she has sent the cutting also with the letter--the first is 'deceiver', then 'charlatan' and 'hypocrite'....

Now I have criticized her and said that the Nobel Prize should not have been given to her, and she feels offended by it. She says in her letter,

'Reference: the Nobel Prize.'

This man Nobel was one of the greatest criminals possible in the world.

the First World War was fought with his weapons; he was the greatest manufacturer of weapons....

Mother Teresa could not refuse the Nobel Prize. The same desire to be admired, the same desire to be respectable in the world--and the Nobel Prize brings you the greatest respect. She accepted the prize....

That's why I have called the people like Mother Teresa 'deceivers'. They are not deceivers knowingly, certainly, not intentionally, but that does not matter; the outcome, the end result is very clear. Their purpose is to function in this society like a lubricant so that the wheels of the society, the wheels of exploitation, oppression can go on moving smoothly. These people are lubricants! They are deceiving others and they are deceiving themselves.

And I call them 'charlatans' because a really religious person, a man like Jesus...Can you conceive of Jesus getting the Nobel Prize? Impossible!

Can you conceive of Socrates getting the Nobel Prize or Al-Hillaj Mansoor

getting the Nobel Prize? If Jesus cannot get the Nobel Prize and Socrates cannot get the Nobel Prize--and these are the true religious people, the awakened ones--then who is Mother Teresa?...

The really religious person is rebellious; the society condemns him.

Jesus is condemned as a criminal and Mother Teresa is respected as a saint. There is something to be pondered over: if Mother Teresa is right then Jesus is a criminal, and if Jesus is right then Mother Teresa is just

a charlatan and nothing else. Charlatans are always praised by the society because they are helpful--helpful to this society, to this status quo.

Whatsoever adjectives I have used I have used very knowingly. I never use a single word without consideration. And I have used the word

'hypocrites'. These people are hypocrites because their basic life style is split: on the surface one thing, inside something else.

She writes: 'The Protestant family was refused the child not because they are Protestant but because at that time we did not have a child that we could give them.'

Now, the Nobel Prize is given to her for helping thousands of orphans and there are thousands of orphans in the homes she runs. Suddenly she ran out of orphans? And in India can you ever run out of orphans?

Indians go on creating as many orphans as you want, in fact more than you want!

And the Protestant family which has been refused was not refused immediately. If there was no orphan available, if all the orphans had been disposed of, then what is Mother Teresa doing with seven hundred nuns? What is their work? Seven hundred nuns...then whom are they mothering? Not a single orphan--strange!--and that too in Calcutta! You can find orphans anywhere on the road--you find children in the dustbins. They could have just looked outside the place and they would have found many children. You can just go outside the ashram and you can get orphans. They will come themselves, you need not find them!

Suddenly they ran out of orphans...And if the family had been refused immediately it would have been a totally different matter. But the family was not refused immediately; they were told, 'Yes, you can get an orphan. Fill in the form.' So the form was filled in. Till they came to the point where they had to state their religion, up to that moment, there were orphans, but when they filled in the form and wrote 'We belong to the Protestant Church,' immediately they ran out of orphans!

And this reason was not given to the Protestant family itself. Now, this is hypocrisy! This is deception! This is ugly! The reason given to the family itself was that because these children...because the children *were* there, so how could she say, 'We don't have any orphans'? They are always on exhibition!

She has invited me also: 'You can come any time and you are welcome to visit our place and see our orphans and our work.' They are constantly on exhibition!

In fact, those Protestants had already chosen the orphan, the child that they wanted to adopt, so she could not say to those people, 'It is because there are no more orphans. We are sorry.'

She said to them, "These orphans are being raised according to the Roman Catholic Church and it will be bad for their psychological growth because it will be such a disruption. Now, giving them to you will make them a little disturbed and it will not be good for them. That's why we cannot give the child to you, because you are Protestant."

Exactly that was the reason given to them. And they are not stupid people. The husband is a professor in a European university--he was shocked, the wife was shocked. They had come from so far away just to adopt a child, and they were refused because they are Protestants. Had they written 'Catholic' they would have been given the child immediately.

And one thing to be understood: these children are basically Hindu. If Mother Teresa is so concerned about their psychological welfare then they should be brought up according to the Hindu religion, but they are brought

up according to the Catholic Church. And then to give them to Protestants, who are not different at all from Catholics...What is the difference between a Catholic and a Protestant? Just a few stupid things!...

Just a few days ago there was a bill in the Indian Parliament Freedom of Religion. The purpose of the bill was that nobody should be allowed to convert anybody to another religion: unless somebody chooses it out of his own free will no conversion should be allowed. And Mother Teresa was the first one to oppose it. In her whole life she has never opposed anything; this was the first time, and maybe the last. She opposed it. She wrote a letter to the Prime Minister, and there was a heated controversy between her and the Prime Minister: 'The bill should not be passed because it goes against our whole work. We are determined to save people, and people can be saved only if they become Roman Catholics.'

They created so much uproar all over the country--and the politicians are always concerned about votes, they cannot lose the Christian votes--so the bill was dropped, simply dropped....

If Mother Teresa is really honest and believes that converting a person disturbs his psychic structure, then she should be against conversion unless a person chooses it by himself.

For example, you have come to me, I have not gone to you. I don't even go outside the door....

I have not gone to anybody, you have come to me. And I am not converting you to any religion either. I am not creating any ideology here, I am not giving you any catechism, any doctrine. I am simply helping you to be silent. Now, silence is neither Christian or Hindu nor Mohammedan; silence is silence. I am teaching you loving. Now, love is neither Christian nor Hindu nor Mohammedan. I am teaching you to be aware. Now, awareness is simply awareness; it belongs to nobody. And I call this true religiousness.

To me Mother Teresa and people like her are hypocrites: saying one thing but doing something else behind a beautiful facade. It is the whole game of politics--the politics of numbers.

And she says, 'For the adjectives you add to my name I forgive you with great love.' First of all, love need not forgive because in the first place it is not angered. To forgive somebody first you have to be angry; that is a prerequisite.

I don't forgive Mother Teresa at all, because I am not angry at all. Why should I forgive her? *She* must have been angry. This is why I want you to start meditating on these things. It is said that Buddha never forgave anybody for the simple reason that he was never angry. How can you forgive without anger? It is impossible. She must have been angry. This is what I call unconsciousness: she is not aware of what she is writing,...she is not aware of what I am going to do with her letter!

She says, 'I forgive you with great love'--as if there is small love and great love, and things like that. Love is simply love; It cannot be great, it cannot be small. Do you think love is a quantitative thing?--one kilo of love, two kilos of love. How many kilos of love makes it great? Or are tons needed?

Love is not a quantity at all, it is a quality. And quality is immeasurable: it is neither small nor great. Whenever somebody says to you, 'I love you very greatly,' beware! Love is just love; it cannot be less than that, it cannot be more than that. There is no question of less and more.

And what crime have I committed that she is forgiving me for? Just old Catholic stupidity--they go on forgiving! I have not confessed any sin, so why should she forgive me?

I stick to all the adjectives, and I will add a few more: that she is stupid, mediocre, idiotic! And if anybody needs to be forgiven it is she, not I, because she is committing a great sin. She is saying in this letter, 'I am fighting through adoption the sin of abortion.' Abortion is not a sin; in this overpopulated world abortion is a virtue. And if abortion is a sin

then the Polack Pope and Mother Teresa and company are responsible for it because they are against contraceptives, they are against birth control methods, they are against the pill. These are the people who are the cause of all the abortions; they are responsible. To me they are great criminals!

In this overpopulated world where people are hungry and starving to be against the pill is just unforgivable! The pill is one of the most significant contributions of modern science to humanity--it can make the earth a paradise....

I would like to destroy poverty, I don't want to serve poor people. Enough is enough! For ten thousand years fools have been serving poor people; it has not changed anything. But now we have enough technology to destroy poverty completely.

So if anybody has to be forgiven it is these people. It is the Pope, Mother Teresa, etcetera, who have to be forgiven. They are criminals, but their crime is such that you will need great intelligence to understand it.

And see the egoistic 'holier than thou' attitude. 'I forgive you,' she says. 'I feel sorry for you,' she says. And she asks, 'May God's blessings be with you and fill your heart with his love.' Just bullshit!

I don't believe in any God as a person, so there is no God as a person who can bless me or anybody else. God is only a realization, God is not somebody to be encountered. It is your own purified consciousness. And why should God bless me? I can bless all your gods! Why should I ask for anybody's blessing? I am blissful--there is no need! And I don't believe that there is any God. I have looked in every nook and corner and he does not exist! It is only in ignorant people's minds that God has existence. I am not an atheist, remember, but I am not a theist either.

God is not a person to me but a presence, and the presence is felt when you reach to the climax of your meditativeness. You suddenly feel a godliness overflowing the whole existence. There is no God, but there is godliness.

I love the statement of H. G. Wells about Gautam the Buddha. He has said that Gautam the Buddha is the most godless person yet the most godly too. You can say the same thing about me: I am the most godless person you can find, but I know godliness.

Godliness is like a fragrance, an experience of immense joy, of utter

freedom. You cannot pray to godliness, you cannot make an image of godliness, you cannot say, 'May God's blessings be with you'--and that

too with a condition: 'May God's blessings be with you during 1981.'

Such misers! And what about 1982? Great courage! Great sharing! Such generosity!

'...and fill your heart with his love.' My heart is full with love! There is no space for anybody else's love in it. And why should my heart be filled with anybody else's love? A borrowed love is not love at all. The heart has its own fragrance.

But this type of nonsense is thought to be very religious. She is writing with this desire that I will see how religious she is, and all that I can see is simply that she is an ordinary, foolish person, just the same as you can find anywhere among the mediocre people.

I have been calling her Mother Teresa, but I think I should stop calling her Mother Teresa because I am not very gentlemanly but I have to respond adequately. She calls me Dear Mr Rajneesh, so from now onwards I will call her Dear Miss Teresa--just to be gentlemanly, mannerly!

The ego can come in from the back door. Don't try to throw it out. *zzzzz13*

I have received a newscutting from Calcutta. The reporter says that he went to Mother Teresa with a cutting from a newspaper about my statement that she is idiotic. She became so mad she tore the cutting and threw it away. And she was so angry that she was not even willing to make any comment. But she *has* made the comment, tearing the newspaper cutting.

And the reporter said, "I was puzzled. I asked that, 'the cutting belonged to me. I had just come to show it to you and to know your comment?'"

And these people think they are religious people. In fact, by tearing the cutting she simply proved what I have said was right: she is idiotic--this is idiotic. I receive so many "compliments"--in inverted commas--from all over the world that if I start tearing them it will be enough exercise for me--and I

hate exercise! *wildgs10*

Religious Hostility

Osho comments on the reaction to him of 'religious' people around the world, and exposes orthodox religions

A new sannyasin has just written to me saying, "I am feeling very good here but when I go out, there are Christians who hand out pamphlets to me about Christianity, about Jesus, and they tell me that you are an anti-Christ. So what should I do?"

It is natural. Christians are becoming afraid, because so many Christians are coming to me. The fear is natural, they have a vested interest.

Hindus are afraid, Jainas are afraid; their fear is understandable. To take anybody from any group to which he has belonged is to offend the group, because their number is reduced. And number means power. In this world, the more people belong to your group, the more powerful you are. In the name of religion, much power politics goes on.

So they will tell you that I am anti-Christ. They were telling Jesus'

followers that Jesus was anti-Moses, they were telling Buddha's followers that Buddha was anti-Veda. That has been an old story; it is nothing new. *unio110*

One bishop in England has written to one of my sannyasins who is also a priest--he is a chaplain at the University of Cambridge. The bishop has written to him: "We have heard that you have also become involved with this dangerous man, and this is not right for a Christian priest. Please explain." Our sannyasin--Chinmaya is his name--has written a beautiful letter to the bishop saying: "Listening to this man I became convinced that Jesus was a reality. Coming closer to this man, for the first time I became aware that Jesus is not a myth." Now, from a chaplain at Cambridge University, an important person...the bishop must be feeling very disturbed: 'What to do with this man?' And now Dynamic Meditation is being done in his church in Cambridge! *inzen07*

Just the other day I received a letter from a Christian missionary, well-known all over the world. He writes, "Whatsoever you say is beautiful, logical, appealing, but still, you are an evil force because you are not a Christian, and Christ has said that many false messiahs will come, and you are one of those. And they will be very convincing and their words will look like truth, but it will not be true." The missionary asked, "Can you prove that you are the second Christ? If not, then you are a false messiah."

Buddha is a false messiah then, because he is not a second Christ; and Krishna too, and Kabir, and Bahaudin--all are false messiahs. That's what Jewish rabbis were saying to Jesus!--that he is a false messiah.

"Can you prove," they were asking, "that you are the messiah we have

been waiting for?" They were asking for proofs. Jesus was not proof enough; they wanted some proofs, solid proofs, maybe a written letter from God saying, "Yes, I appoint him; he is not a self-appointed messiah, he is appointed by me."

Jesus was present. They could not look at him, they could not feel him, they could not see him, they could not hear him, and they were asking for proofs.

Now the same thing again?

I am not a Christian. Certainly, I am not a Christian. Why should I be a Christian? My whole approach is either be a Christ, or don't be a Christ, but what is the meaning of being a Christian? Christ-consciousness is one thing; being a Christian is just a plastic flower. I am not a Christian.

And I am not the second coming of Christ! Why should I be anybody else's coming? I come on my own. I am not anybody's carbon copy. Now the Christian is going to be against me, naturally. *secret13*

You ask: *Why are you being compared with Rasputin rather than with Jesus, Krishna, Mahavira or Buddha?*

Do you think that when Buddha was alive people were thinking that he was a god? Then you are wrong. Do you think Mahavira was worshipped by the people as a god? Then you are wrong. Of course, he was accepted by a

few disciples as divine, but the major part of the society condemned him. They condemned Buddha, they condemned Krishna, they

condemned Jesus, in the same way they are condemning me. In fact, in a roundabout way they are putting me in the same category with Jesus, Krishna, Mahavira and Buddha, by calling me Rasputin--because in their minds Rasputin is nothing but an evil spirit, a very powerful evil spirit. And of course, they are accepting one thing: that there is some power which is working here.

Just the other day I received a letter from a sannyasin saying that a few months ago a television company had made a film of the ashram, and now a Christian priest is doing the commentary on it. And the sannyasin has seen the commentary and the film, and the priest is just stating lies, absolute lies. He has never been here. The film was made by the television company; the priest has never been here and he is commenting on the film, he is giving a running commentary on the film. So when in darshan people are moved, and they are dancing and they are singing and they go ecstatic, his commentary is: "Look! This is black magic! This man is an incarnation of the Devil. What he is doing is hypnotism, mesmerism."

They are bound to compare me with Rasputin, just to condemn me. Once they have crucified me, the same people will worship me, but first they have to crucify me. And I am not in any way in a hurry--that's why there are so many guards and security arrangements. Naturally, twenty centuries after Jesus I am a little more alert about what they can do!

Jesus was not alert about this, that they would go to such lengths. I know they can go--I know they *will* go--but I would like to linger on a little more so I can infect as many people as possible!

So they will make every effort to destroy me--but because they cannot destroy they become enraged. Then at least they can write in newspapers and spread rumors--and I love it! I love all those rumors! Even respected newspapers, news agencies go on doing stupid things, but it creates sensation and they live on sensationalism. This is absolutely natural; it has to happen in this way. It can only happen in this way--this is inevitable.

Only my people will understand what I am, and I don't care what others say--not a bit! In fact, I would like them to create as many rumors as possible, because their rumors bring people to the ashram--and once they are here I can always hypnotize them! Those rumors are bringing many people here. Once they are here their vision changes, their perspective changes. They start seeing that it is a totally different phenomenon: what is happening here is something totally different from what they have heard. What they have heard helps me because that becomes a contrast.

If you come to me thinking that here is a Rasputin, and then you see and you listen and you sit in silence with me, suddenly the contrast is clear: where is Rasputin? Here is a simple man, talking in simple language, pouring his heart and his love sharing his joy, neither interested in any politics nor interested in any organized religion, only interested in one thing--how people can become more aware, more alert, more meditative.

The priests are afraid--their business can be destroyed by me. The politicians are afraid because I can create, through creating consciousness, rebellious people. Hence they are going to conspire against me, but all their conspiracy is ultimately a help.

It is my observation that truth cannot be killed. You can kill me, but truth cannot be killed. You can crucify Jesus, but how can you crucify truth? In fact, the crucifixion becomes a background in which the truth shines forth more clearly, more definitively than ever. So I enjoy their rumors. I never say anything against their rumors....

But these fools are bound to do such things--this is expected. And I am not worried, because I have nothing to worry about. I have found that which is the fulfillment of my life. Now whether I am famous or notorious does not matter. Whether I am Rasputin or Buddha does not matter. A few people will think of me as Buddha, a few people, and the majority will think about me as Rasputin. That's beautiful.

One thing I am certainly interested in is that everybody should think something about me! *guida11*

You say: *At this moment the Christian Broadcasting Company, NCRV, in*

Holland, has started a series of eight programs on spiritual movements entitled: Not To Be Believed. *The producer-minister, Sipke van der Land, who has been here with his crew to film you and life at the ashram, called the first program:* Bhagwan, Sex Guru from Poona....

Because it is a Christian broadcasting company they must have come with prejudiced ideas, they must have come with a closed mind. They had come already with conclusions, hence whatsoever they say only shows something about them, nothing about me. And remember, their title is right: *Not To Be Believed!*

They have received many letters--I have received many letters too--and there have been many comments in the newspapers in Holland. And almost all the newspapers have asked one question: that their whole program about me does not give any indication about the title, *Bhagwan, Sex Guru from Poona.* Their whole program has nothing to do with the title. People are meditating. People are sitting silently listening to me, people are working...It has no relationship at all with the program. What they have filmed and what they have tried to project is totally irrelevant!

But they were not even aware, it seems, that the title has no relevance with the program--it has nothing to do with sex!

And what this director has replied?--because the newspapers asked the director, "Why you have given such a title, which has no reference with the program at all? It shows a prejudiced mind!" So he has answered that, "That was our very purpose, that's our very purpose of a Christian broadcasting company: to expose everything that is not Christian." They are not concerned with truth--as if truth is Christian! Truth is neither Hindu nor Christian nor Mohammedan.

And he should be reminded that Jesus was not a Christian himself!

Christianity never existed in those days. Jesus was born a Jew, lived a Jew, died a Jew! I may be a little bit of Christian--in fact, more Christian than Jesus!--but Jesus cannot be Christian at all. First they should

condemn Jesus--why he was not Christian; that will serve their purpose

more accurately.

And they should make a film on Jesus. Jesus was moving with a prostitute, Mary Magdalene--must have been a sex guru! He was always in the company which this director would not approve of--gamblers, drunkards, prostitutes. He himself was a drunkard! He should make a film on Jesus. And there are rumors that he was a homosexual! I don't know how far they are true, but there is a possibility...because he was constantly moving with those twelve boys! And religious people are known, very well-known, to be homosexuals. Homosexuality is a religious phenomenon! When you keep men separate from women and women separate from men, homosexuality is a natural byproduct.

He has also said in one interview to a newspaper, that "Bhagwan's sannyasins say that, 'We feel immense energy, that we feel the presence of Bhagwan transforming us.'" And he says, "I lived there for a few days--

I didn't feel anything!"...

But he had come with a particular idea. In a way it is good that people are becoming so much afraid of me. It is good: it shows that the impact is making them tremble. Holland is becoming one of my most important orange countries. Christians are becoming afraid--it is good. Make them as much afraid as possible! Make everybody afraid of you! Let them all tremble--before they collapse! It is good... *ithat02*

I have been in tremendous love with Buddha; I think there is no other man on the earth today who has loved Buddha as much as I. But just the other day I was reading in the newspapers: the president of the Buddhist Society of India is going to raise questions against me in the parliament in the coming session. I can understand, these people must be feeling very much offended because I am giving Buddha a new color--

his color, Buddha's color. I am trying to bring his reality to you. And these people have distorted his image totally; they have made him look so sad, they won't allow him to laugh. If he laughs, they will raise questions against him in the parliament.

I am offending people because I am trying to live religion not according to their ideas. *dh0208*

Just the other day I received a very angry letter from someone who was here for a few days. He is the librarian in Dharamsala of the Dalai Lama's library--must be a scholar!

He writes to me, "You are saying things which are not Buddhist at all. In Mahayana sutras," he quotes, "Mahayana scriptures, it is perfectly and

clearly stated that one has to live life ascetically. And you are changing the whole color of Buddha--you are making him look as if he is a hedonist!"

I don't care about the Mahayana sutras and the scriptures, but I know Buddha, I know his heart. I know that space from my own experience. I am not a scholar; in fact I have never read these sutras before! Every day I have to look at them and start talking to you. I am not concerned much with what Buddha said, but I know what Buddha *would* have said. I cannot believe that he was a pessimist. He believes, of course, in a totally different kind of life. He does not believe in the ordinary, unconscious life--dishonest, unauthentic, unloving, unmeditative. He calls that life misery, but only a certain kind of life he calls misery. True life cannot be misery, true life is bliss....

But you cannot expect anything else from a scholar. A scholar is bound to be stupid, otherwise why should he be a scholar in the first place? An intelligent person will seek and search for truth. He will not bother about Mahayana sutras and scriptures. I have no respect for scholarship.

And this man became very much disturbed, so much so that he has left already. If he had been here I would have hammered him a little more, but I received his letter just the other day when he had left. I hope that sometime again he will come, because to me the space of Buddha is a totally different space from what Buddhist scholars think it is.

He said, "Whatsoever you are saying is illogical and against the scriptures." So far so good! If it is against the scriptures it must have some truth in it. If it is illogical then it must be closer to truth, because truth *is* illogical. Life is

illogical. Those who think that life is logical are simply befooling themselves. Life is absolutely illogical because life contains contradictions and logic cannot contain contradictions. Logic is stupid. *dh0907*

Whenever a Master arises, wherever, the priests are always angry, because when somebody starts speaking from the heart, the people who live in the head start losing their customers. Naturally, the priest is in business, he becomes very much angered.

You will find millions of people angry with me. And a miracle! The Mohammedan priest is angry, the Hindu priest is angry, the Buddhist priest is angry, the Jaina priest is angry, the Christian priest is angry.

This is a miracle! At least on one thing they agree: that I am wrong. That is their only agreement. Otherwise they don't agree on anything. Why should they be so much angered?--because whenever the real coin is there, the pseudo-coin starts feeling embarrassed.... *parad301*

People ask me why the society is against me. The society is *not* against me-- *I* am anti-social. But I can't help it--I have to do my thing. I have to share what has happened to me, and in that very sharing I go against the society. *ahthis01*

I cannot be supported by the society. It is a sheer miracle that I am existing, it is very illogical. I should not be here at all. The society does not support me, it *cannot* support me. In every possible way it will create-

-it *is* creating--hindrances for my work.

Just the other day I was reading in the newspapers, one man has suggested to the government that I should be expelled from India. He must be a very religious man, because he says I am destroying religion.

And he is not satisfied with just my expulsion--he then suggests my tongue should be cut out, so that I cannot speak; and my hands should also be cut off, so that I cannot write. And he thinks he is a *religious* man! *unio202*

Just the other day I was seeing the newspapers. One article suggests--a very religious person who has written the article--that Osho should be given

electroshocks. This is Indian culture, religiousness, nonviolence, celibacy, great heritage, the country of the great seers--asking the government to give me electroshocks.

The second article I saw yesterday was that I should be deported immediately. The third article was that the Indian government should throw me into the Arabian Ocean--not even in the Indian Ocean, because I may pollute the Indian Ocean. "Throw him in the Arabian Ocean, so if he pollutes, he pollutes the Arabs!"

My suggestion is: all these three things can be done together; there is no need to do separately. First, give me electroshocks, then deport me and don't give me any passport, so of course I cannot go outside the country; and because you have deported me, then throw me into the Arabian Ocean. And this will save your country, your religion, your culture, your great heritage!...

Not a single argument is said against me. Now, do you think these are arguments against me?--electroshocks, deportation, throwing into the Arabian Sea...these are arguments? Not a single argument is there. They are feeling very impotent, and out of their impotency great rage is arising. *wildgs14*

Osho advises sannyasins on responding to negativity

You ask: *Working at Amitabh, your Amsterdam center, for the last few years, I have become aware that in our contacts with the media or government agencies we have been on the defensive and have been trying to be acceptable. Now the pressure is building up, specifically with the recent Dutch government inquiry into what they call 'sects'.*

It is coming to a point where becoming still more defensive would be a denial of our innermost experience. It feels that the time has come to be less accommodating, less compromising and less defensive. Could you give us your guidance, please?

Anand Niketana, The most important thing to remember is truth cannot be defensive; it is against the nature of truth to be defensive. Just think: if

Jesus has been defensive, then humanity would have missed all that is valuable. Truth has to assert itself. There is no need to be aggressive, remember that too. Truth is neither defensive nor aggressive, but truth has to be assertive....

So, Niketana, you have been doing something wrong from the very beginning. There is no need to be defensive, there is no need to compromise, there is no need to be accommodating. it is better to be destroyed than to compromise, because when truth is crucified that's its victory, when truth is crucified it is crowned.

So don't be afraid of crucifixion. It is beautiful to die on the path of truth, it is ugly to survive through compromising. Each compromise means you have fallen from the truth into the ditch of lies. What else can a compromise be?

I have come across the news that the Dutch Government has made a commission of inquiry to investigate 'impartially' about sects. Now, this is sheer stupidity! How can they inquire impartially? And the people, the majority of the people, who have been appointed to the commission are Christian Democrats. Now, how can Christians be impartial? and they call it 'an inquiry into *sects'* . The very word 'sect' is condemnatory.

Christianity is a religion--and my sannyasins are a sect, a cult! That is the beginning of prejudice. Now, how do you define a cult or a sect?

When Jesus was alive, whatsoever he was teaching, and the people who were following him, were they a religion or a cult, a sect? Of course, in the eyes of the Jews--the established religion--it was a cult, a sect; it was not a religion. If it was religion, then Jesus could not have been crucified.

A cult is something that takes you away from religion, that distracts you from the true religion, from the main path.

Jesus was a cult when he was alive. Now, how can Christianity be a religion? If in the source it is a cult, if the seed is the cult, how can the tree be religion? And when Jesus was alive, *then* it was a cult, and now he has been dead for two thousand years and around his corpse a religion has grown. When Buddha was alive it was a cult, a sect; now Buddhism is a

religion. So what is the definition?

When the Master is alive, when he is living, when the truth is breathing, then it is a cult--it has to be condemned. And when the Master is dead...and with the Master's death the truth disappears, because truth needs an embodiment. It is an experience; it has to exist in the person who has realized it. When the person is no more, the truth is no more.

If Jesus, Buddha, Lao Tzu, Zarathustra, Mohammed, while they are alive are only creating cults and sects, then the definition of religion is: the corpse of truth--rotten, stinking....

So, Niketana, tell those fools there that "You are cults and we are a religion!" And make a commission of inquiry, because only *my* sannyasins can be impartial. Here are Christians and Hindus and Mohammedans and Parsis and Buddhists and Jainas; in my sannyasins all the rivers are meeting and merging. It is an ocean! Only my sannyasins can be impartial--how can these Christians be impartial?

They have already shown their faces that they are Christians. They are already prejudiced that Christ is right, that the Christian dogma is right, that anything that goes against it is wrong. How can they inquire?

Inquiry needs no *a priori* assumptions, no conclusions.

So you can make, Niketana, a commission of inquiry to look into what Christianity has done in two thousand years. All kinds of crimes have been committed--murder, rape, arson--all kinds of crimes have been committed by these so-called religious people. In fact, they have proved the greatest calamity to humanity.

Be assertive! Drop all ideas of being defensive! But you are still talking in terms of defence.

You say: *It feels that the time has come to be less accommodating, less compromising and less defensive.*

Less defensive or *more* defensive, *less* accommodating or *more* accommodating, *less* compromising or *more* compromising, is only a

question of quantity. It is not a change of your vision, of your perspective. Change the whole perspective! It is not a question of less or more--simply drop being defensive. And don't move to the other extreme:

don't become aggressive--but be assertive. Open up your heart, say the way you feel, explain it to the people the way you feel.

You say: *It is coming to a point where becoming still more defensive would be a denial of our innermost experience.*

Never betray your own innermost experience. If you betray it you are committing suicide. A person who kills himself physically is not really committing suicide, because he will be born again; he will have a new body that's all, a new model. But the person who goes against his own inner experience is committing a far deeper suicide--he is destroying his very soul. It is better to suffer; it is *beautiful* to suffer on the path of truth. Even death on the path of truth has a beauty of its own.

And these governments are going to do the same thing everywhere, all over the world it is going to happen, because my sannyasins are now in almost all the countries of the world. Sooner or later everywhere the same problems are bound to arise. In Germany the government has appointed a commission, now it is Holland, soon it will be Italy, and so on and so forth. You are going to be tortured everywhere! That's how it has always been....

So, Niketana, change your attitude totally. You are not to be defensive at all. But let me remind you again--because mind moves to polar opposites--I am not telling you to be aggressive, I am not telling you to be violent. I am telling you to be simply *in* the middle, *exactly* in the middle, neither defensive nor aggressive but assertive--standing naked in the sun, in the rain, in the wind and telling the world what sannyas is all about. *ultima04*

You ask: *I have heard that the German Chancellor, Helmut Schmidt, declared on television that sannyasins were very dangerous people for the state and society, and should not be engaged for public service or by respectable companies any more....*

I don't enjoy the idea of not getting a job because of my orange clothes or

being molested by people on the street, as they very often become aggressive towards outsiders. You said that sannyasins are meant to be a provocation for the world, but do you want us to fight or to go underground?

It is a good news! The politicians become afraid only when something really significant is happening--and they *are* becoming afraid all around the world. It is a good sign. It is immensely beautiful that my sannyasins are not being ignored. That's the ugliest thing that can happen to anybody.

What the German Chancellor has said is right: sannyasins are very dangerous people! Religion is always dangerous; the moment it is not dangerous it is no more religion at all. Jesus is dangerous, Christianity is not dangerous--hence Christianity has nothing to do with Jesus. Buddha is dangerous, Buddhists are not dangerous. They have turned against their Master; they have compromised with the society--with all that is rotten, dead, traditional.

It is bound to be so if you are trying to live life authentically, lovingly.

Then the politicians are bound to be against. They have created a society which is based on hatred, violence, division, distrust, cunningness, hypocrisy. And to be religious simply means to be against all these things.

To be religious means to live a life full of love, joy, innocence, freedom, individuality, to the extent that even if life has to be sacrificed for the higher values of freedom, love, truth, then one sacrifices it joyously. It is worth! Freedom cannot be sacrificed, bliss cannot be sacrificed, love cannot be sacrificed, and life is significant only if these things are flowering, blossoming. The moment these things are sacrificed there is no point in living. Then life is simply vegetating.... *(here Osho repeats what he said to Niketana above)*

My sannyasins will have to suffer, but suffering in itself is not bad, suffering in itself is not misery. If you are suffering because you cannot compromise, if you are suffering because you want to live your truth, it is a joy, it is a bliss. You have to become the very salt of the earth!

And I know people believe the politicians. They will create all kinds of troubles for you, but I know only through those troubles you will grow.

So whenever I hear that people are going to create trouble for you, secretly I giggle! I say, "Hee-hee!"

You have also asked: *And do you think it is cowardly that I am considering staying in India not only to be close to you but also to avoid these troubles?*

It depends. It is up to you to be clear. If you want to be here just to be close to me then there is no question of cowardliness, because here also you will have to face troubles--in fact many more...because the main troublemaker is here! I have always enjoyed mischief and I still enjoy--I don't want to hide it from you! From my very childhood I have enjoyed all kinds of mischief, and my enlightenment has not made any difference. At the most it has made my mischiefs a little bit enlightened, that's all, but the basic foundation remains the same. Of course I make mischiefs now on vaster, greater planes, my canvas is bigger, but I enjoy.

So if you want to be here just to be close to me it is beautiful. but you will not be avoiding any trouble. In Germany you will be far better, because I have not heard yet that any sannyasin has been molested in Germany, raped in Germany, murdered in Germany, but in India all these things have happened. And many cases happened, because India is far more uncultured, far more uncivilized, far more irreligious than anybody else in the world, for the simple reason because Indians believe that they are religious. Their belief of being religious hides their irreligiousness. They are the greatest hypocrites in the whole world. But if you want just to avoid trouble, don't be here. Germany is far better.

Secondly: if you are here only to avoid troubles there you will not be close to me; it will be a negative kind of closeness, and unless it is positive it is meaningless. If you are here to *be* with me, then it is perfectly beautiful.

Otherwise, go to Germany and earn a positive relationship--accept the challenges there.

And I am not for going underground--there is no need.

Only in China and Russia I have allowed my sannyasins to remain underground. Now, two of my sannyasins from Russia are here. They have been underground there; somehow they have escaped. Only in China and Russia it can be understood that it will impossible to declare openly, but few Russian sannyasins are still doing it openly; they have found a beautiful way. If you are really ready, then you can always find a way.

They are moving in red clothes and they say, "This is the color of communism!" And they are moving with a picture of mine in their malas and they say, "This is nobody but Karl Marx!" If one wants to find a way one can find a way! And they are enjoying, and I love the idea--nothing is wrong in it--because nobody knows about me so they think, "Maybe this is Karl Marx." And red is certainly a communist color so there is no problem about it. And you can always read my books hiding them inside Das Kapital, Communist Manifesto!

But except China and Russia I will not allow underground work anywhere else. Remain above ground and give a good fight! And I am giving you so many weapons to fight. In fact, the people you have to fight with are already dead. Just a little push and they will fall flat on the ground. Much wrestling is not needed at all! They have been dead long...

just they are standing there because nobody pushes them! *wildgs02*

Osho's Books

By 1981 there are over 240 books of Osho's discourses, and 46 darshan diaries, plus over 100

titles by foreign publishers, with translations into 13 languages.

You may love to read a book which the Vatican has put on the black list.... My books are on the black list. Even the books in which I have spoken on Jesus, and spoken very considerately so that nobody is offended--even those books!

By mistake, one Christian press in England, Sheldon, which is owned by a

Christian association, published my books. First they published *The Mustard Seed,* then they became interested in me. Then they published other books, and the Sheldon Press people became involved with me.

They forgot they are part of the Christian association, they are owned by the Christians, and they are publishing the books which the Vatican has put on the black list! Eight books they published. Then it was made clear to them that there had been some mistake. Now they have dropped all the eight books, they have returned all the copyrights.

Every year, the Vatican goes on putting together the black list, which books you should read, which books you should not read. Right now they cannot do what they used to do in the past: in the past they used to burn the books. In the basement of the Vatican, just in the basement of St. Peter's church, there is an immense library of all the books that they have burned in the past. One copy they have saved, but thousands...that means they have burned thousands of books, completely removed them from the whole earth. Wherever those books were found, they were burned. And whosoever resisted was killed or he was also burned with the books.

In the library of the Vatican they don't allow anybody. That library should be taken over by UNO, immediately. It is not the property of the Vatican. And that library may reveal thousands of truths, inventions, discoveries which the popes down the ages have prevented from happening by burning the books. Now they cannot do that, but at least they can do one thing: they can publish, secretly, a black list. And they can put any book on that black list; then no Catholic is allowed to read it. If you read it you are committing a sin, a great sin--disobeying the pope, who is infallible. *unconc26*

Just the other day a friend from Rome sent me a letter saying that the new Pope has released a five-page epistle, very stern, very hard, cruel.

And the friend writes, "It seems that the epistle has been written keeping *you* in mind." Of course the name is not mentioned, but whatsoever is said seems to show that the Pope must have some idea of me in his

mind. He must be reading *The Mustard Seed, Come Follow Me...* because he says, "There are people now on the earth who are claiming that *their*

interpretation of Jesus is more right than the Vatican's interpretation.

Beware of these people! Don't even listen to them and don't read them. If you read and listen to them you are bound for eternal hell."

Now these people create a certain mind--but not a soul. Catholics have a certain mind, Mohammedans have a certain mind, Hindus have a certain mind. People who have no individuality start having a certain mind--the mob mind. *bestil08*

The Protestant Church of Germany has circulated an order to all Protestant churches in Germany that my name should not be mentioned in any church. No books, no quotations should be quoted. That simply shows that they must be being used, people must be quoting me, otherwise why should they get worried? A committee was appointed to investigate and just the other day the West German government published a pamphlet to make people aware of the danger, particularly young people. The pamphlet says: "Although this man says that you need not leave the marketplace, that you need not renounce your home, your job, still people become so magnetized that they leave their jobs. And so many people are missing from Germany that it is not a small problem; it is taking on epidemic proportions."

When a government becomes worried--and a faraway government....

Seminars are being arranged all over the world, for and against me. I don't even go outside my room, but they cannot even ignore a man who just lives in his room, who never goes outside. I have even stopped walking in the garden--it may be objectionable to somebody! But this is, in a way, a good sign. *inzen07*

I receive many letters from Russia. My books are being smuggled into Russia. People are reading, the books are moving from hand to hand, but underground. *guest11*

There are nearabout fifty sannyasins in Russia, but they cannot wear orange, they cannot wear the mala--they cannot show that they are sannyasins. They meditate but they have to meditate underground in some friend's basement; they cannot make it public. They cannot publish a book

of mine--and they want to publish books there. They have translated at least five books into Russian--handwritten, typed, cyclostyled. They are mixing with thousands of people, but underground.

If even a single copy is seized they will be in trouble.

Now, in such a society, how can you think of tackling the problems to change them? There is no freedom to think at all. And the same is true about Mao Zedong's China. *come09*

I have spoken on many things in Hindi which I have not spoken on in English out of necessity, because it was not possible. And vice versa too.

I have spoken in English about many things which were not possible to speak on in Hindi. My work has been a little strange. When all my books are translated from Hindi to English, and from English to Hindi, you will be even more bewildered than you are, more puzzled than you are--and I will have a good laugh. Whether I am in the body or not, it does not matter; I will have a good laugh, I promise it, wherever I am. I am bound to be somewhere in the cosmos. Seeing you puzzled, bewildered, shaking your heads not being able to believe, because I have spoken in both these languages in different dimensions... I only chose to speak in English because there is a dimension which cannot be expressed in Hindi. *books05*

Death of Vimalkirti and his Mahaparanirvana

In January 1981, Swami Vimalkirti, formerly Prince Welf von Hannover, dies from an hereditary condition. Osho announces that he died enlightened, and his Mahaparanirvana is celebrated.

Just the other day one of our beautiful sannyasins, Vimalkirti, who belongs to the royal family of Germany, he is the great-grandson of the last German Emperor, suddenly collapsed. He was doing karate and his breathing stopped. His heart is functioning perfectly well, but the brain centre that controls the breathing is no longer functioning. There has been a haemorrhage; some blood has covered the breathing centre in the brain.

I went to see him last night and although he is in a coma a part of him

immediately felt my presence. When I touched him he responded. That response is not of the brain, that response is not of the body. The body is in a mess, the brain is no longer functioning, but man is more than the body and the brain. That something more, that plus, immediately danced with joy. I am part of him, he is part of me. In his life he is part of me, if he goes he is part of me. *zzzz11*

Vimalkirti is blessed. He was one of those few of my chosen sannyasins who never wavered for a single moment, whose trust has been total the whole time he was here. He never asked a question, he never wrote a letter, he never brought any problem. His trust was such that he became by and by absolutely merged with me. He has one of the rarest hearts; that quality of the heart has disappeared from the world. He is really a prince, really royal, really aristocratic! Aristocracy has nothing to do with birth, it has something to do with the quality of the heart. And I experienced him as one of the rarest, most beautiful souls on the earth....

The day he had the haemorrhage I was a little worried about him, hence I told my doctor sannyasins to help him remain in the body at least for seven days. He was doing so beautifully and so fine, and then just to end suddenly when the work was incomplete...He was just on the edge--a little push and he would become part of the beyond.

In fact, that's the reason why I want one of the most modern medical centres to be in the commune. If somebody is just on the verge and can be helped medically to remain in the body for a few more days, then he need not come back to life again.

Many questions have come to me about what I think of living through artificial methods. Now, he is breathing artificially. He would have died the same day--he almost did die. Without these artificial methods he would have already been in another body, he would have entered another womb. But then I will not be available here by the time he comes. Who knows whether he will be able to find a Master or not?--and a crazy Master like me! And once somebody has been so deeply connected with me, no other Master will do. They will look so flat, so dull, so dead!

Hence I wanted him to hang around a little more. Last night he managed:

he crossed the boundary from doing to non-doing. That 'something' that was still in him dropped. Now he is ready, now we can say goodbye to him, now we can celebrate, now we can give him a send-off.

Give him an ecstatic *bon voyage!* Let him go with your dance, with your song!

When I went to see him, this is what transpired between me and him. I waited by his side with closed eyes--he was immensely happy. The body is not at all usable anymore...The surgeons, the neurosurgeons and the other doctors were worried; they were asking again and again, enquiring about what I was up to, why I wanted him to be in the body, because there seemed to be no point in it--even if he somehow managed to

survive his brain would never be able to function rightly. And I would not like him to be in that state. It is better that he goes.

And they were worried about why I wanted him to go on breathing artificially. Even his heart stopped once in a while and then, artificially, his heart had to be stimulated again. His kidneys began to fail yesterday, his skull has been drilled--there was such a great swelling inside. This was something congenital; it was bound to happen--it was a programme in his body.

But he managed beautifully: before *it* could happen he used this life for the ultimate flowering. Just a little bit had remained; last night even that disappeared....

...So today you will have to give a beautiful send-off to Vimalkirti. Give it with great laughter. Of course, I know you will miss him--even I will miss him. He has become such a part of the commune, so deeply involved with everybody. I will miss him more than you because he was the guard in front of my door, and it was always a joy to come out of the room and see Vimalkirti standing there always smiling. Now it will not be possible again.

But he will be around here in your smiles, in your laughter. He will be here in the flowers, in the sun, in the wind, in the rain, because nothing is ever lost--nobody really dies, one becomes part of eternity.

So even though you will feel tears, let those tears be tears of joy--joy for what he has attained. Don't think of yourself, that you will be missing him, think of him, that he is fulfilled. And this is how you will learn, because sooner or later many more sannyasins will be going on the journey to the farther shore and you will have to learn to give them beautiful send-offs. Sooner or later I will have to go, and this is how you will also learn to give me a send-off with laughter, dance, song.

My whole approach is of celebration. Religion to me is nothing but the whole spectrum of celebration, the whole rainbow, all the colours of celebration. Make it a great opportunity for yourself, because in celebrating his departure many of you can reach to greater heights, to new dimensions of being, it will be possible. These are the moments which should not be missed; these are the moments which should be used to their fullest capacity. *zzzzz15*

When Vimalkirti came to me and became a sannyasin I had no idea that he was the great-grandson of the German emperor--he never told me. He was a rare human being: being a part of the oldest royal family in Europe, he was just working as a guard in front of my house. You will be

surprised--for years he was there, meditating, doing his work, but he never told anybody.

When he died, only then did we become aware that he was the great-grandson of the German emperor....

When he came to me and I asked him, "Vimalkirti, what work would you like?" he said, "You simply say--anything."

I loved the man from the very first moment I saw him. He had a certain quality. So I said, "Okay, you be my guard, because you are so silent you will not create any disturbance. You just sit by my door."

And he said, "I will remain grateful forever, because I would have never thought I would be so fortunate as to be so close to you. You will be sleeping just inside the door, and I will be sitting outside. You will be working inside, and I will be sitting outside. Just this closeness is enough

for me; I don't ask for more. You have given me everything."

You have to understand that in the world the program that says you have to do much to get anywhere is perfectly right. If you are after money, if you are after position, power, then you have to do much. But if you are just to realize yourself, you have not to do anything, because you have got it already. Just a relaxed moment, a peaceful moment when your mind is not wandering anywhere and just settles within itself--in that settling is liberation. *socrat01*

Vimalkirti was a rebellious spirit. He married out of love--Turiya, a commoner. The whole family was against it--not just his own family but many families in Europe, royal families, because it is against their tradition. And naturally, because they're all connected, Vimalkirti became almost an outcast.

If the empire had still been there, Vimalkirti would have been the emperor of Germany. His mother is the daughter of the Queen of Greece.

She is also the sister of England's Queen Elizabeth's husband, Prince Philip. She must have other sisters, other brothers, who have entered into other royal families. They were all against it, they tried hard to stop Vimalkirti from marrying Turiya. But he was a man of integrity and intelligence. He could not understand the superstition. Nobody, no expert, if given few samples of blood can find out which is the royal blood. Blood is blood.

And when Vimalkirti and Turiya came here, that was really outrageous--

that the great-grandson of the German emperor, the oldest royal family in Europe, should become a sannyasin and be a bodyguard of a beggar

like me who has nothing of his own. They have been so furious that when the Queen of Greece died--and she had become the Queen Mother because she had so many children; almost all the royal families had become connected through her children--her last words were, "Somehow bring Vimalkirti, Turiya and their daughter back from that dangerous man."

But Vimalkirti died--and he died because this stupid idea of royal families marrying. Then you are really marrying your sisters, your brothers--they are all closely connected. And the closer is the connection, the more dangerous; this is the finding of modern science, medicine, physiology, chemistry. Marriages should be between people who are as far away as possible; then children are healthier, more intelligent, more beautiful. Otherwise, certain diseases go round and round in twelve or fifteen families....

Still the mother, and later on the father who came, were angry at me.

Their whole anger against Vimalkirti turned towards me. They were consulting legal experts about how they could sue me in the court for the death of their son. They had to stop that, because they would have given me a chance to prove to the whole world that this nonsense of royal marriages should be banned.

They stopped suing me because Vimalkirti had died from a disease that he had inherited. Just after a few days, his uncle died in the same way--

suddenly fell unconscious, brain hemorrhage, and finished. And later on, I came to know that their grandfather had also died in the same way. For no reason, no disease--just from nowhere the brain hemorrhage, and the man is gone.

They stopped suing me, seeing the situation that I would bring into the court: Your father was not my sannyasin, Vimalkirti's uncle was not my sannyasin. Rather than suing me, take care of yourself because you will be dying in the same way, it is only a question of time. The disease is inherited. *mess108*

Prince Charles is deeply interested in meditation. He is also interested in exploring the inner world. But in the West, unfortunately, such people are thought to be a little crazy--a little loony....

When he was in India, he had specially called Vimalkirti and his wife, Turiya--they both were my sannyasins. Vimalkirti was one of his cousins.

Vimalkirti was the great-grandson of the German emperor, and he was directly connected to Prince Philip; Prince Philip was his mother's brother.

He talked for hours about me, about meditation, about what is happening here. Vimalkirti and Turiya both invited him to come; he was very interested, but very afraid of the royal family. He was specially told by Queen Elizabeth not to go to Poona. He went to see the shankaracharya, he went to see Mother Teresa, but Queen Elizabeth was more afraid of Poona than anything. *golden35*

World Expansion of Osho's vision

Recently there has been a move to spread Osho's vision around the world. The sale of books, audio and video tapes has moved to USA. Sannyasins overseas are encouraged to support the meditation centres and communes. There are programs to train new group leaders. In March 1981 a one-day event is held in London: therapists trained in the ashram lead meditations and group structures, which is very successful. This is followed by similar events in other capitals in the world.

My effort is not only to create the buddhafield here but to create small oases all over the world. I would not like to confine this tremendous possibility to this small commune only. This commune will be the source, but it will have branches all over the world. It will be the root, but it is going to become a big tree. It is going to reach every country, it is going to reach every potential person. We will create small oases; we have started creating small communes, centers, all over the world.

Almost two hundred small families are functioning all over the world, but this is only the beginning. Thousands of communes are bound to happen once this commune has become really and totally established. It is going to create such an impetus, it is going to create such a longing all over the world, that we will have many many communes all over the world. And wherever my sannyasins are together, I am there. Wherever they will sit in meditation, my presence will be felt.

So first we have to create the root, and then the branches. The whole world cannot come here, but we can send our messengers, our apostles; we can

send our branches far and wide. We can cover the whole earth.

We *are* going to cover the whole earth! *dh0606*

The time has come when thousands of communes can erupt, explode all over the world. And that's what I am intending to do by creating so many sannyasins and then sending them back to their countries so that thousands of communes start functioning.

I would like to create a chain of communes all around the world, so this commune does not remain only one oasis in the vast desert but becomes interlinked with many communes. That type of interlinking has never been done before; that will be new. Communes have always existed, but many communes functioning all around the world was not possible before; it is possible only today. Science has made it possible. The world is now so small, it is almost like a village, a global village. Man has come so close that now this possibility exists.

I have got two hundred thousand sannyasins working all around the world, two hundred communes slowly growing. Soon there will be thousands of communes all around the world, and this will be the first chain of communes surrounding the whole globe! And the possibility of their success is becoming more and more than it was ever before, for the simple reason that science has come to such a growth that unless religion also reaches to the same point, humanity is doomed. Everything has become lopsided. It was never so before, in fact just the opposite was the case.

Buddha's commune was far more advanced than the technology and the science of Buddha's day. Mahavira's commune was far more advanced, far ahead than the society, than the inner growth of man; there was a big gap. Now the gap is there, but it is a totally different gap. The society, science, technology, have gone far ahead than man's inner growth. Now the society and the science and the technology have prepared the ground; we can use this opportunity. We can help man come to the same growth, and that will he a balancing thing. All those communes in the past created an imbalance; they were out of tune. They were far ahead of their time, hence they were doomed to fail.

But this time we can hope we may succeed, for the simple reason that we are not going against or too ahead of time. Time is ready and ripe and we are in tune with it. Only we are in tune with it; the whole society is falling behind--the modern technology, the modern science. All your so-called churches, religions are far behind modern science.

What I am doing here is a very balancing phenomenon. Now religion can exist on a far higher level than it has ever existed, because science has provided the right background. And moreover, science has created a tremendous fear in the world that science can destroy the whole humanity. And now the only hope is that religion can save it. And when it is a question of survival, millions of people are bound to become interested in meditation because only meditation can save them; nothing else can save. If man remains the same and science goes on developing, then the very developing science will become a mountainous burden on man.

It is a well-known fact that somewhere in the past, one hundred thousand years back, there were huge animals, far bigger than elephants, ten times bigger than elephants. What happened to those huge animals? They suddenly disappeared from the earth; only their skeletons are discovered. What calamity happened? No calamity from the outside, but they became too huge. The burden of their bodies became so much that they could not carry it; they became incapable from inside.

Their inner being remained very small and their outer body became too big; it lost balance.

The same is happening today with man: his inner soul is too small and his outer technology, his science, has become too huge. It can bring a Third World War, a total war, because it is a question of life and death; it has never been such a question before. There is a hope that religion can explode, and millions of authentic seekers are searching for it.

We can create a chain around the world of such communes, and the whole world can be transformed into a Buddhafield. Then only there is a possibility of a communism arising out of love and arising from the highest sources, from the Everests--not a dictatorship of the proletariat, but a trust, a surrender to a Buddha. And out of that trust and surrender a totally new

kind of communism can be given birth.

In that sense I am for communism--but communists will be very much against me because if my type of communism succeeds then their type of communism is bound to fail. *ithat15*

And if you cannot feel your own truth how can you share it with others?

And that is the basic purpose of our coming into the world--to bring something of god from the beyond and share it.

It has to be rediscovered. We have to destroy all the barriers that have grown around it. And that's the whole process of sannyas: sannyas means a total process of deconditioning. Whosoever someone is--

Christian, Hindu, Mohammedan, German, Japanese--it does not matter; we have to decondition him. The Christian will have to be deconditioned as well as the Hindu, as well as the Mohammedan. We will have to destroy all that has grown around your natural self. And once all the barriers are removed a great joy arises. Suddenly one recollects who one is and what one's purpose is here.

In that very moment life becomes significant because you have come to your own truth--and that is god's message. Then you can share it with others, then you can also help others.

My effort here is to create as many sannyasins as possible so they can be spread all over the world and they can start triggering many many people into self-discovery. I am not creating a church or a creed, I am simply emphasizing a process. If one passes through that process one will come to one's own natural self. That is our truth, and that's also god's truth, because truths cannot be separate; our truth and god's truth are the same.

Truth is one, but first it has to be discovered within oneself, only then can we see it in others too. And if you can discover it within yourself you can help others because the process is the same. *thunk28*

You ask: *Do you have a message for sannyasins and friends gathering at the Cafe Royal, London, for the "March Event"?*

My message, Anand Poonam, for the March Event in London, where thousands of sannyasins are gathering together for the first time to celebrate a new opening: the British Buddhafield... This is my message, tell them: Get rid of the past and the future, and live herenow! It is suicidal to live anywhere else than herenow, because each moment that is passing is precious, so precious that you cannot get it back. Don't waste it!...

I say to you, there is no other God than life, hence the question of choice does not arise at all. Live! Live totally, live passionately, live intelligently, live lovingly. Become a flame so intense, so total, that each moment starts having the flavor of eternity....

My sannyasins have to live as individuals. I am not giving you any discipline, because every discipline creates perversion, every discipline only fits to the person who evolves it. Just look at all the disciplines that have been propounded down the ages...

My approach is of freedom. My sannyasins should live a life-affirmative philosophy, accepting, respecting whatsoever one is, not creating shoulds and should-nots. They are ugly, they are monstrous!...

Anand Poonam, tell my British Buddhafield sannyasins...

Be natural, be simple, be ordinary! There is a danger... because once you become a sannyasin you can start having an old, holier-than-thou outlook. My sannyasins are not to be holier-than-thou. Remember, I don't make any distinction between the sacred and the profane. To me the ordinary life is the only life. Yes, there is a way to live it with beauty or ugliness, with insight or blindness, with awareness or unawareness.

One can live this same ordinary life in such an exquisite, extraordinary

way that it becomes sacred, but there is no other life than this. You have to learn the art of transforming this very ordinary life into something beautiful.

So don't become theologians, don't become missionaries. I hate missionaries! My sannyasins are not to be missionaries. Be contagious, but not missionaries! Infect people, but don't be missionaries!...

Be simple, be natural, be spontaneous. I teach ecstasy--and ecstasy in the ordinary life. The life has not to be in any way renounced but transformed. Renunciation is escapism, it is cowardliness. And you have worshipped cowards as saints up to now. You have worshipped people who were not courageous enough to accept all the challenges of life. And there are millions of challenges--every moment there is a challenge. The coward escapes. The coward has to be condemned, not respected.

My sannyasins have to live in the world, totally in the world, responding to every challenge, because the more you respond to the challenges of life the more intelligent you become. Intelligence is like a sword: the more you use it the more it remains sharp. If you don't use it, it starts getting rusty, it loses its sharpness--it becomes absolutely useless.

Hence your saints look dull, dead. But we have been conditioned to respect these dead corpses. We have been told for thousands of years that these are the real people. They are not real at all! They are very plastic, very phony. A coward can never be a real person. Reality needs all the challenges of life, all the dangers of life, all the insecurities of life.

Only then integrity arises, authenticity arises, responsibility arises.

Be in the world but don't be of it. Live in the world, but don't allow the world to live in you. That's my message.

There is a Zen saying:

The wild geese do not intend

to cast their reflections.

The water has no mind

to receive their image.

The wild geese has no desire to cast its reflections in the water, and the water has no desire or no mind to receive its image--although it happens!

When the wild geese flies, the water reflects it. The reflection is there, the

image is there, but the water has no mind to reflect and the wild geese do not hanker to be reflected either.

This should be the way of my sannyasins. Be in the world, live in the world, live totally, without ambitions, without desires--because all desires distract you from living, all ambitions sacrifice your present.

Don't be greedy, because greed takes you into the future; don't be possessive, because possessiveness keeps you clinging to the past. A man who wants to live in the present has to be free of greed, of possessiveness, of ambitions, of desires.

And that's what I call the whole art of meditation. Be aware, be alert, so all these thieves have no possibility to enter and contaminate you. Be meditative, but be in the world. And this is my experience: that the world helps *immensely*-- it helps immensely to make you meditative. It gives you all the opportunities to be distracted, but if you don't get distracted then each success becomes a tremendous joy. You remain centered, you become the center of the cyclone. The cyclone goes on roaring around you, but your center remains unaffected.

Be a lotus flower. In the East the lotus flower symbolizes the essence of sannyas. The lotus flower grows in the mud, dirty mud. It does not escape, it remains there. It floats in the lake in water, but there is a beauty, a tremendous phenomenon: it is in the water, but the water never touches it. It is so velvety that in the morning if you go... and you will find dewdrops gathered on the petals of the lotus, on the leaves of the lotus, and they shine like pearls in the early morning sun. But they are not touching. The lotus leaf or the lotus petal remains dry, it does not become wet. The dewdrops rest there, but they remain separate.

That's the way of a true sannyasin: being in the world but remaining untouched, unaffected by it.

Anand Poonam, when meditation--and this is what I call meditation: being in the world and remaining untouched--happens, love comes as a

byproduct.

These are the pillars of my sannyasins: first, life-affirmation, unconditional life-affirmation--these are the four pillars of my temple--

second, meditation; third, love; and fourth... cannot be expressed in words. It can only be called the fourth, turiya. If you live life totally, meditatively, lovingly, you come to experience something which is inexpressible. Lao Tzu calls it Tao, Buddha calls it Dhamma, Jesus calls it Logos: different names indicating towards the nameless experience. If you prefer you can call it Cod. My own liking is to call it "godliness", not

"God", because God gives you the idea of a person and godliness simply gives you the idea of a presence.

These are the four pillars of my temple, and each sannyasin has to grow these four pillars because each sannyasin has to become a temple of godliness. *wildgs01*

Osho will go into Silence

You say: *Your talk seems to get more and more crazy from day to day.*

That's my feeling. Is the day coming closer when you will not talk at all?

It is absolutely impossible for me to predict the future. Who knows?

Everything is possible! You see...? Any moment! But one thing can be said: before I stop talking completely I will start talking more and more in a crazy way. That is what I call heart-to-heart talk! *zzzzz08*

Can silence be heard and understood?

Only silence can be heard and understood. Words can be heard but only superficially, and can be understood--but only intellectually. Silence is heard existentially and is understood from your innermost being. It is a total understanding.

I can see why you have asked the question, because ordinarily we

understand only words. We are prepared to understand only words, not silence. We are educated to understand language and all its complexities.

Nobody helps us to go beyond language, to go beyond words, to reach the wordless space within us.

The society is against it, because if you can hear silence you will not be a part of the crowd mind, of the collective mind. You will become an individual immediately. And an individual is a danger to the state, to the church, to the society. An individual is always dangerous, because an individual is nothing but rebellion. His very presence is a risk for all the vested interests, for the establishment. The establishment wants you to be obedient: he wants you to understand the orders. The establishment wants you to be slaves, servants--efficient, of course, but not too intelligent; just intellectual, not intelligent.

Silence is the explosion of intelligence. Silence means: inside you, you are just spaciousness, uncluttered spaciousness. Silence means you have put aside the whole furniture of the mind--the thoughts, the desires, the memories, the fantasies, the dreams, you have all pushed aside. You are just looking into existence directly, immediately. You are in contact with existence without anything in between you and existence.

That is silence.

And to be in tune with existence even for a single moment--is enough to make you aware of many things. One is that you, are deathless, and the person who is deathless cannot be forced to be a slave. He would rather like to die than to become a slave. He would rather like to risk everything than to risk his freedom because death means nothing to him....

The moment you understand that you are eternal, all fear disappears.

And the society exists through exploiting your fear; hence, it teaches you from the school to the university, it devotes almost one-third of your life in learning words, language, logic. It is not concerned at all that you should understand silence. That's the function of a Master: to undo all that the society has done to you, to help you to go beyond words.

And you can experience it happening here--you can hear the silence. And when you hear it, there is immediate understanding. Understanding comes like a shadow following silence.

To understand words and to hear words is very simple. Anybody can do it; just a little education about language is needed, nothing much. But a tremendous transformation is needed to hear silence and to understand silence.... Silence is the basic requirement of understanding God, the basic requirement to know truth....

Silence can be profane too. Silence can be sacred too. Silence has as many nuances, as many dimensions as your being has. It is multidimensional, and it is tremendously pregnant.

Being here with me, being a sannyasin, can be defined very simply as learning to be silent--sitting in silence with me. I am using so many words for the simple reason so that words can give you the gaps. I can simply sit here...one day I am going to do that, when I will be just sitting with you.

It is really a torture for me to talk. I would like as quickly as possible just to sit silently with you. But if you are not ready to understand it, you will fall asleep: you will start dreaming, you will start dozing away. You will not be able to understand it.

My words keep you awake, and just between the words I give you gaps.

And those are the real, essential things. Waiting for another word, you have to listen to silence. I tell you one joke, that wakes you up, then just searching for another joke.... Not that I have to search for it--I know where it is. And it does not matter much, any joke will do, I can manage-

-but just searching for another joke, you are awaiting breathlessly, utterly silent...even though sometimes Monkeyjibhai Desai comes with his colleagues on the roof and they start doing their thing.* But you are not distracted; in fact, those monkeys help you to become more silent, more alert, so that you cannot miss any word that I am going to say to you.

All this situation is being used to hand over to you few pieces of silence.

It will look very strange to the newcomers that I am talking just to make you able to hear silence and to understand silence. But that has been always the way of the Buddhas.

The day you are ready...and slowly slowly many people are getting ready.

The day is not far away when I will have enough people ready; a certain quantity is needed. Just as at a certain temperature, a hundred degrees, water evaporates, there is a certain quantity which is needed for silence.

And when so many people are here, then anybody who wants to fall asleep when I am sitting silent will not be able to fall asleep either. The silence all around will go on goading him to keep alert. The silence all around will not in any way allow him to fall asleep. Silence has its own tremendous force, its own power.

So I am waiting for the right quantity--and people are coming. The moment I see that my commune has enough silent people and I can sit silently, and the newcomers will be transformed by the silent people--just sitting amongst them will be enough for them to have a taste, they will be drowned in your silence--then there will be no need for me to talk at all.

Few people have fallen asleep...for them:... *(jokes) wildgs09*

*Note: a group of monkeys sometimes make a noise on the roof of Buddha Hall during discourse

Osho's Last Words before going into Silence

On 20th March 1981, Osho gives his last English discourse, and on 24th his last Hindi discourse, before going into silence. On 23rd March 1981, Osho gives his last darshan in English; his last words are:

meditation means

becoming detached from the mind

becoming a witness of the mind

looking at the mind as separate from you

that's what actually it is

you can see thoughts passing by

you can see desires passing by

you can see the whole traffic

that goes on in the mind

the memories, the fantasies, the past, the future

all kinds of things are passing

you can just stand by the side of the road

and you can see the whole traffic--you are not it

you are the watcher, you are the witness

and the witness is beyond

the seer is never the seen

the observer is never the observed

this very experience is transcendence

and once you know that you are not the mind

the fear of death simply disappears

as if it has never been there in the first place

suddenly you are in the world

of the deathless, the eternal

there is no anxiety any more

one is at ease with existence

in a deep let-go

a tremendous relaxation

that relaxation is the ultimate goal of sannyas

to know it is to know all

to miss it is to miss all *clapp23*

The Ultimate Stage: Silence

On 10th April there is an announcement that Osho is entering the ultimate stage of his work and that from this date he will speak only through silence. He continues to meet with his secretary.

On 11th April, darshan is held with Teertha, and Satya Vedant initiating sannyasins.

Later, a journalist asks: On April 11, 1981, it was announced in Poona that beginning May 1, 1981 you would speak only through silence and that a new phase of your work would begin. This is correct?

Osho: This is correct. One month in Poona while I was there. I was simply sitting and people were sitting by my side. Seven thousand sannyasins were living with me there. This was only one hour every day in the morning. Here also, once or twice, we have sat together. Slowly slowly, it will come again, everything, every day...it is kind of a prayer in silent communion.

This was your decision to go into this silent stage?

My decision.

Okay, how long will this silent stage continue?

It will continue.

Until when?

Until I feel again to speak. I have spoken so much that I felt I was speaking to the walls. It is almost futile.

Then you would not be able to give me a specific date in the future that you would resume speaking?

I cannot even say anything about tomorrow....

Was the silent phase of your work, so to speak, in any way connected with your medical condition?

No, not at all. I had been telling it for years, that one day I'm going to stop speaking and just communicate through silence. *silent02*

Why did You enter Your long stretch of silence?

I have never lived with any plan in my life. It has been something spontaneous, moment to moment. As I feel, I do it. I felt to be silent, I went into silence. I may have remained my whole life silent. There is no way to say why I started speaking again. The same spontaneity. Three and a half years silence and suddenly one day I felt that much has remained to say. I have not yet said that for which I am here. So better say it now, because who knows about tomorrow?

But it is all spontaneous. There is no reason of going into silence or coming out of silence. But those three and half years created a beautiful gap.

I was speaking for thirty years continuously. I think I deserve at least three years silence after thirty years continuously speaking....

These three and half years silence has given me another opportunity that is just a byproduct. The silence was not meant for it.

There were many people who were just hanging around me because of their intellects were convinced. My arguments were important to them although I was insisting that truth cannot be found by arguments. But they

became addicted with my words, with my explanations. These three and half years, by and by they left, seeing that now I am not going to speak and silence they could not understand.

Only those remained for whom it did not matter at all whether I speak or I am silent. Just my presence, and something transpires between my being and their being. It is a wordless communion. *last404*

Silent Satsangs

On 1st May, Satsangs, heart to heart silent communion with Osho begin. At the beginning and end the gauchchamis are chanted; there is a period of silent meditation; the satsang ends with music singing and dancing; Osho makes a namaste on arriving and leaving.

In the tradition of Buddha there are three famous shelters: *Buddham sharanam gachchhami:* I go to the feet of the buddha, I surrender myself to the buddha. *Sangham sharanam gachchhami:* I go to the feet of the

commune, I surrender myself to the buddhafield. *Dhammam sharanam gachchhami:* I surrender myself to the ultimate law which is personified by the buddha and is searched for by the commune, which has become actual in the buddha and is an inquiry in the commune. These three are the most important things for a seeker: the master, the commune, and the dhamma, Tao, logos, the ultimate law.

Unless you are in contact with one who has already realized, it is almost impossible for you to grow. The hindrances are millions, the pitfalls many, the false doors many, the temptations are many; there is every possibility of going astray. Unless you are in the company of someone who knows the way, who has traveled the way, who has arrived, it is almost impossible for you to reach. Unless your hands are in the hands of someone whom you can trust and to whom you can surrender, you are bound to go astray. The mind creates so many temptations--so alluring they are, so magnetic is their power--that unless you are in the power-field of someone whose magnetism is far more powerful than any other kind of temptation, it is impossible to reach. That is the meaning of disciplehood.

Buddham sharanam gachchhami: I surrender to the master.

The master is such a magnetic force that your surrender to the master becomes your protection; hence it is called the shelter. Then you are secure, then you are guarded, then you are protected. Then your hand is in those hands which know where to take you, what direction to give to you.

The second thing is the commune. Each buddha creates a commune, because without a commune a buddha cannot function. A commune means his energy field, a commune means the people who have become joined with him, a commune means an alternate society to the ordinary mundane society which goes after spurious comforts--it is there available to everybody.

A small oasis in the desert of the world is what is meant by a commune created by a buddha--a small oasis in which life is lived with a totally different gestalt, with a totally different vision, with a totally different goal; where life is lived with purpose, meaning, where life is lived with method--even though to the outsiders it may look like madness, but that madness has a method in it--where life is lived prayerfully, alert, aware, awake; where life is not just accidental, where life starts becoming more and more a growth in a certain direction, towards a certain destination; where life is no more like driftwood.

And the third is the dhamma. Dhamma means truth. Buddha represents the dhamma in two ways: one, through his communication, verbal, and second, through his presence, through his silence, through his communion: nonverbal. The verbal communication is only an introduction for the nonverbal. The nonverbal is an energy communication. The verbal is only preparatory; it simply prepares you so you can allow the master to communicate with you energywise, because energywise it is really moving into the unknown. Energywise it needs great trust, because you will be completely unaware where you are going-

-aware that you are going somewhere, aware that you are being led somewhere, aware that something is happening of tremendous import; but what exactly it is you don't yet have the language for, you don't have any experience to recognize. You will be moving into the uncharted.

The buddha represents dhamma, truth, in two ways. Verbally he communicates with the students; nonverbally, through silence, through energy, he communicates with the disciples. And then there comes the ultimate unity where neither communication nor communion is needed, but oneness has been achieved--where the master and the disciple become one, when the disciple is just a shadow, when there is no separation. These are the three stages of growth: student, disciple, devotee. *wisdom17.*

Osho flies to America for Medical Treatment

Osho's health becomes more fragile. Besides his allergies he now has severe back pains. A specialist is brought from London to examine him; he recommends a treatment which is only available in the West. Osho is invited by his sannyasins in the United States of America to visit them. On 1st June 1981, he flies from Bombay to New York.

When, in India, my back started giving trouble to me, they started giving me traction. I told them--Devaraj (my physician) was there--"Do you know from where the word traction comes, and what you are doing to me?"

He said, "No. Traction is a perfectly good medical device and it is used everywhere."

I said, "It was invented by Christians in the Middle Ages to torture people. It was a Christian device to *torture* people! You pull their hands at one end, their legs at the other end, and naturally, if you want any

confession they will have to confess. If you want the woman to accept that she is a witch, on traction she is going to accept it because there is a point where she sees, 'Now my hands are going to be pulled off my body, my legs are going to be pulled off my body. It is better to say, "Yes, I am a witch," and get finished with this traction.' But once she has accepted she is a witch she is going to be burned alive."

It was a torture device. It was just by coincidence it was found.... *person04*

You ask: *You left India and went to America for health reasons?*

Even before my going there, the American sannyasins were trying to find a

place for a commune. When I reached there, they thought it will be better that the commune should be in such a place which would be healthful for me as long as I stay there. And it will help them also to consolidate the commune.

But I had not gone there to stay. The problems with my health are such that no cure is possible. All that can be done is, a controlled environment, so I am protected. For example, I have allergies for few things. If they don't come close to me there is no problem, and there is no disease. For example, perfume, dust, any kind of strong smell; now they can be avoided. So for four years in America it was possible to avoid them in the commune. It is difficult to avoid them in any other city. You cannot tell everybody not to use perfume. It was not said to the commune either, but people understood it.

The allergy triggers coughing, sneezing, cold, and finally asthmatic attacks. And then it becomes a longer fit. Then it may take few days to get over it. Then I cannot sleep the whole night, the breathing is difficult.

Humidity can cause it. The American sannyasins have chosen a place which was not humid, but still cold, dry.

I have a bad back, and everything that can be done has been done. But whatever is done to make it better, it becomes worse. Finally we called one of the experts, Dr. Syriax from England, who worked for two days. He is a miracle worker. He has treated people--his hands have a magic touch--and his whole life; he must have been nearabout eighty when he came to see me.

For two days he worked, and finally he said to me that, "You will have to live with it. All that can be done is that you should sit in a certain posture, in a certain chair, so you will not feel the pain. The pain can be avoided just by maintaining a certain posture and a certain chair, a certain angle to the body; but it cannot be cured. So there was no question of going to America for cure.

We had been asking here for a palace in Kutch....

Coincidentally, the Maharaja of Kutch had exactly the same problems, and that palace was made for him, to give him a controlled atmosphere--

dry, non-humid, cool, and far away from society, city; and he lived in that palace as long as he lived. And he lived without any troubles; all troubles disappeared. Since he has died, nobody has used that palace.

But Morarji Desai was prime minister at that time, and we have been fighting on each point, for almost thirty years....

When I saw that they will not allow any place to me in India where I can live without unnecessary suffering from allergies, back pain, asthma, it was at that point that I decided that it is better to look somewhere else.

America had a good number of sannyasins, and they were already looking for a place to make a commune, so it was very reasonable to tell them to look for a place with all these conditions. And they found in Oregon desert exactly the same conditions as exist in Kutch.

But I had not gone to stay there forever. They had given me visa for few months as a tourist. *last429*

When we were leaving Poona, there was so much preparation--

particularly for Vivek, because she had to be concerned with my body, my food, and small details like that. I don't think she could sleep the whole time, she was so concerned that nothing should be left behind, and that everything should be available on the journey. Vivek was right when she told me, "Osho, you are like a huge mountain of gold which has to be taken from one place to another."

I said to her, "That is true, exactly true. Just one thing has to be remembered: that the mountain, although golden, is alive and conscious too. So be very careful." *glimps22*

When Osho travelled to the States, he gave gifts to his sannyasins: *The other morning, when you mentioned about a pocket watch being the last present for people who retire, I was amazed, because when you left for America I was at my village, and I received by mail a unique present from*

you--a very beautiful Seiko pocket watch! I was delighted by this rare gift, but today I feel a bit shaky!

Sardar Gurudayal Singh, I remember the pocket watch that I have sent you. I have been giving watches to hundreds of my sannyasins. The significance is simple, so you need not be worried by what I said yesterday.

It was not a retirement gift; a sannyasin is never retired! He becomes enlightened, but retirement is not possible neither before enlightenment nor after enlightenment. Retirement does not exist in the world of a sannyasin, so you can drop your fear and worry; it was not a retirement gift. I have been giving watches to many people because my whole message is: *Be watchful!*

So don't misunderstand me....

But when I have given watches--and I go on giving--that does not mean that you are retired. That does not mean that your days are finished,

'Just count the hours on your watch.'

It means: Be watchful, be aware and alert. Every moment is full of danger and full of ecstasy. If you can use it for awareness and watchfulness, it becomes a great ecstasy, the juiciest experience of life. *invita22*

Rumours about Osho

There are many rumours in the press about Osho visiting the States, which he later refutes in press interviews:

Why did You leave India?

For health reasons. I never wanted to leave. India may be poor, may have its troubles and problems, but it has a beauty of its own. *last101*

I have denied the invitation to visit America for years. My first Western disciples were American. Mukta has been asking me to go to America, and she could manage it because she belongs to one of the richest families in the Greek world. But I said, "No, Mukta." *notes02*

Didn't you speak against India when you left India?

No, I have been speaking against the orthodoxy of India, the traditionalism of India, the caste system of India, the poverty of India. My whole life I have been speaking against these, because I love India and I want all these things to be immediately destroyed. It is my motherland and I would like it to be one of the best in the world--materially, spiritually, in every sense....

I hate poverty; not poor people.

In fact, I hate poverty because I love poor people. I don't want them to be poor. *last410*

What about the income tax cases which have been pending against you when you left this country?

There has been no case against me because I have never been part of any organization, I had never been on any posts. There has been no case against me. There cannot be. I don't earn anything. You cannot put income tax on me. I don't move out of my house. What case can be against me. If freedom of speech is a crime, then I am the greatest criminal in the world. *last410*

There were stories at the time that You were forced out. Is that true?

That is nonsense. I can go back there. Nobody can force me out of anywhere....

Nobody forced me out of India. In India I was living with my commune, ten thousand sannyasins were living with me. It was my health that was getting worse and worse. *last101*

It has been said to me that You left Poona in the dead of night. Is this true?

Certainly true!

The implication being that You sneaked away, as opposed to announcing it....

That is wrong.

Can You explain for me how You left Poona?

I left in my Rolls Royce, and not in the dead of the night. I left Poona in the day, in the midday sun, with two Rolls Royces, three Mercedes Benz.

With five cars I left in the middle of the day. I left *Bombay* at midnight, because the plane leaves at midnight. What could I do? *last113*

PART VIII

1981-1985 United States of America

1. 1981 Osho visits New Jersey and the Commune in Oregon

2. Osho enjoys Driving again

3. Dental Sessions and three new books

4. Osho's personal daily life

5. 1982 Osho gives darshan on the four Celebration Days

6. Osho is interviewed by INS (Immigration and Naturalization Service)

7. Rajneeshism

8. 1984 Osho advises AIDS precautions

9. Osho declares twenty-one people enlightened

10. Armed Guards

11. Osho's deposition for a local court case

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13. How Osho speaks:

14. Topics on which Osho speaks

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22. Conspiracy to destroy Rajneeshpuram

23. Security at the ranch increases

24. International reaction to Osho and the Communes

25. Osho's secretary, Sheela leaves, and information about crimes

26. Further information about crimes

27. Osho exposes travesty of FBI and police agencies' investigation

28. Reaction in the Commune and the end of Rajneeshism, orange and malas

29. Government and State conspiracies escalate

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31. Osho is kidnapped, tortured and ransomed by the US Government

32. First Bail Hearing
33. Osho is transported to Oklahoma Country Jail
34. Help from the media
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37. Bail Hearing in Portland and bomb threat
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PART VIII

United States of America

1981-1985

Osho visits New Jersey and

the Commune in Oregon

1 June 1981, Osho arrives at Kennedy Airport, in the United States of America.

The day I entered America, the first question the immigration department asked me was: "Are you an anarchist?" I had been told beforehand that anarchists are not allowed in America.

I told the man, "I am something more."

He said, "My God, for something more there is no regulation." He had his book open: communists, anarchists are not allowed...but something more...?

He looked at me and he said, "You look like something more, but you will be in trouble and you will create trouble for us."

I said, "I am a silent man. I don't even leave my room."

He said, "That is the danger, but because in the rules there is no provision for preventing something more than the anarchist, I have to allow you."

And from that very moment the struggle began that lasted for five years. *orig01*

Osho stays in a converted 'castle' in Montclair, New Jersey. Sheela, now Osho's secretary, purchases a large ranch in central Oregon, and sets up a

commune there. On 29th August Osho visits the commune and remains there for the next four years.

I had not come to America with the intention to stay here. First, we had purchased a very beautiful castle, one hundred year old, in New Jersey.

Montclair. It was a beautiful castle and somebody who had made it was himself a very creative architect. We made it completely new, renovated it totally. It became really a beautiful palace. But it was going to be just for the time being before we can find a place--because New Jersey was not the right place, it was humid, very humid. It was beautiful, it is *really* a garden state--the whole state is a garden--so I loved it, but my allergy was giving trouble. Then the ranch in Oregon was found, and this suited me. Just as I entered here I felt a great relief, as if my heart and my lungs, both felt a burden removed. And for these four years, I have not had a single attack, otherwise it was almost three, four times per week.

That means three, four nights per week sleep was impossible--just

coughing, sneezing--and the pain with the neck, with the back was there, and this diabetes was there, so.... *last317*

When my secretary Sheela was searching for a place for me, I said that,

"Not California. Anywhere is okay but not California, because all the idiotic Indian gurus who don't have any hold in India, who don't have any intelligence--I don't want to get mixed up with that lot."

I have chosen Oregon because this poor state has not known a single enlightened man in the whole of history. *last224*

Had you ever thought that we were going to land up in Oregon, in America? I don't think anybody, howsoever dreaming and imaginary and hallucinatory, had thought of Oregon. But we landed here. *unconc28*

Later Osho is asked: What was Your impression when You first came and saw the land here?

I did not like it, because I have always liked greenery and this was a desert,

so I was not impressed. I told my people that they have to change this place into an oasis... *last113*

Osho stays in a new Lao Tzu House, set in its own private valley. Vivek and personal attendants, who came with him from Poona, take care of him.

Do you prefer here to Poona?

No. For me it makes no difference: wherever I am, I never go out.

Rajneeshpuram* may be in the Soviet Union, or in America or in India. It does not matter to me, I don't know who is living outside. *last113*

*Note: one valley area is incorporated as the city of Rajneeshpuram to comply with land-use regulations in constructing residences and utilities

Sheela lives in the commune centre two miles away. She visits Osho in the evening to ask questions and take any messages.

I was in silence and in isolation, and my instruction was that only Sheela will come every evening for one hour; that too only when she has urgent work that she cannot handle. And she should inform me only of things which are absolutely necessary and have to be told. So for three and a half years I was completely out of the world: not a single newspaper, no book, no television, no radio, no information about what is going on, what is not going on. *last229*

Osho chooses a new symbol for his movement, of two birds flying together.

I have chosen the symbol for the seekers who have gathered around me of two birds. One is the Master, the other is the disciple. Both are the same kind of bird. Both have the same wings. Just seeing the Master fly, immediately the disciple gets the idea, "I have also got the same wings which I have not been using." He tries. Maybe once or twice he may fall.

Maybe once and twice he may get discouraged. But even if he starts fluttering, that gives him the first glimpse that what is today just fluttering, tomorrow can become flying. It needs just a little discipline, a little more training, a little more time. And to come to this point, you are already

beyond fear. *last321*

Osho enjoys driving again

In New Jersey and at the ranch, Osho makes a daily drive.

When I came to America I started to drive again, and sitting with me in the car people would feel annoyed once in a while. I am not a driver, what to say of a good driver--so naturally I did everything that was wrong. Although they tried not to interfere, I could understand their difficulty. They kept control of themselves. I was driving and they were controlling themselves--that was a great scene. But still, once in a while they forgot and started saying something to me in which they were often right. About that I have nothing to say. But right or wrong it does not matter--when I am driving, I am driving. If I am going wrong then I am going wrong. How long could they control themselves? It was dangerous, and they were not concerned about their own life. They were concerned about my life, but what could I do? I could simply state the fact that if I was driving wrongly I would continue to do so. At that moment particularly I did not want to be taught. It was not any egoism.

I am simple in that way. You can always tell me where I am wrong, and I am open to listen. But when I am doing something, I hate interference.

Even though the intention may be good, I don't want it even for my own good. I would rather die driving wrongly than be saved by somebody's advice. That's the way I am and it is too late to change. *glimps18*

I am myself a reckless driver. In my whole life I have committed only two crimes, and those were speeding. *upan17*

I have been caught twice in America speeding, because I cannot drive at fifty-five miles per hour when the car is made to go one hundred and forty miles per hour! Do you see the inconsistency of the governments?

You make the car to go a hundred and forty miles per hour, and you

make the rule that nobody can go faster than fifty-five. Then why do you *create* these cars?--just let them go fifty-five miles per hour. There is no

need to make any law, there is no need to put signs on every crossroads that you should not go beyond fifty-five. And you are allowing car factories to create cars which are meant to go one hundred and forty miles per hour....

What kind of intelligence is ruling the world?

I was moving as fast as the car could go, and when I was stopped by the police, the cops, they said, "You are going beyond the speed limit."

I said, "Look at my speedometer. I cannot move beyond the speedometer."

They said, "We are not concerned with your speedometer. Don't you see the sign boards?"

I said, "When I am driving I look ahead! And when a person is moving at one hundred and forty miles per hour, do you want him to look sideways?"

They said, "You are a strange person."

I said, "Ask your government that all factories should create cars which go only fifty-five miles per hour. There will be no question of so many cops on the road. I listen to my engine, not to your signs!"

They talked with each other, "What should we do?" They gave me a ticket, that I had to be present in court.

I said, "It is better I don't appear in the court; otherwise your judges will be embarrassed just as you are embarrassed. So my attorney will deal with it. It is not much of a matter--fifty dollars."

And exactly fifty dollars I was fined.

I said, "That does not matter. Once in a while you can catch me. And why bother the court?--I can give you fifty dollars on the spot. But my speed will remain according to my speedometer!"

Then I made arrangements for one car ahead of me, one car behind me.

And I had made arrangements...There are mechanical devices which give you a signal when the cops are around. I continued to move at my speed!

Only in Salt Lake City you can move freely...or in Germany. Adolf Hitler will be remembered in history for making the greatest road, for the first time, on which you can drive at any speed you want.

Rather than increasing the roads, making better roads, you prevent people from speeding. And unless the car moves beyond one hundred, you don't have the feeling of a great ecstasy: you are almost flying! *christ02*

And there are rumors about me that I am hypnotizing people. When I used to go driving on the highways, sometimes I was stopped by a police car, but the police officer would not look directly into my eyes--afraid of getting hypnotized! *false23*

Dental Sessions and three new books

During the winter, Osho has dental work in his own house. In the sessions he talks with his attendants, and reminisces about his life. His dentist, Devageet, makes notes of these talks, which are later published.

My dentist chair is not just a dental affair...."

With me everything is a little strange. From the dental chair, I have created three books! It must be absolutely unprecedented, because people are so afraid of the dental chair and the dentist. I have enjoyed it so much--but it created difficulties for poor Devageet, because you cannot work on the teeth while I am talking. What he could have done in ten minutes would take two hours!...

I was talking to only two persons, Devageet and Ashu *(my dentist and dental nurse).* And I have my own games to play. I had put Ashu against Devageet--she is his dental nurse. I can experience whatever is happening, even under a high dose of laughing gas, and I used to remind Ashu again and again: "Don't listen to Devageet. As far as this dental room is concerned, I am still your master." Even with closed eyes...because they tried that too. They blindfolded me so I could not see what was going on,

but I could see that the gas was not at the maximum.

And I was beating Ashu continuously--"You are listening to Devageet!"

Devageet stopped talking. He managed to give messages by signal.

It was a beautiful time, and many things that I would have never bothered to talk about, I talked about in the dental chair. I was creating difficulty for them--because how can you work inside the mouth when I

am speaking? But my sensitivity is such that just a lower degree of gas and I would hit Ashu immediately. She was in a great difficulty...she has to listen to the doctor, but as far as I am concerned the doctor and the nurse both are my disciples. I have beaten Devageet so much that sometimes I feel sad about the poor fellow. He has been doing his best, but he was doing it according to his medical understanding. With me, things cannot be in any way ordinary. *mani14*

Osho addresses his dentist: Don't be afraid. I am always in favor of danger, and this is dangerous because you are on the very verge of consciousness. This is the time you want to stop, but this is the time I want you to go on, because danger is beautiful, you cannot have too much.

But I see you are already going back, you are backing away. What is there to fear? Chemistry is there, the body is there; I can talk--what does it matter if I am not in the body? One man is not important...but what I am saying matters. What I am saying will remain, it will stay; it is of the essence. I don't matter. What matters is what I am saying.

If the time is over, okay, but five minutes for my silence.... I was just trying to feel the chair, because I am so in the sky, to be in this chair at the same time is wonderful. I am not joking. I have never joked in my life.

All those jokes...I have forgotten them. *notes01*

Never act out of fear. Don't be worried about my body, it is okay. Don't listen to my body but to me. My body is always a little strange...it's bound to be.

Once you are aware, the body starts losing its grip over the consciousness. Once you are aware, you are no more of this world. That is why the awakened one dies and is not born again. He cannot be born, it is impossible. He cannot have another body. This is my last body.

You are fortunate to be with a person who is in the last body. I will not be again because I *am* Being. Once you are Being you cannot be born again. It is Being which matters. It is Being which is eternal. Bodies come and go; Being remains. Bodies are born and die; Being is neither born nor dies.

The music is beautiful but stop it. I am unpredictable. It is beautiful, but a hindrance to the ultimate flight. It is a bridge and you cannot make your home under a bridge. The bridge needs to be dropped. Mohammed was averse to music because the very beauty of music can keep one rooted. It is just between this and that, but I want only that. I hear music during the day but only to keep myself rooted in the body a little more

because I love you so much. I want to create a home for the people I love.

I do not want history to say I dreamed but could not make my dream become a reality. Just for this I want to linger in this body. All who are gathered in this room are helping me. Thank you all. *notes01*

Remembering the snow falling from the trees, just like flowers falling from madhumalti, a haiku flashed....

The wild geese

Do not intend to make their reflections.

The water has no mind

To receive their images.

Ahhh, so beautiful. Wild geese not intending to make their reflections, and the water not intending to receive them either, and yet the reflection is there. That is the beauty. Nobody has intended, and yet it is there--

that's what I call communion. I have always hated communication. To me

communication is ugly. You can see it happening between a wife and a husband, the boss and the servant, and so on and so forth. It never really happens. Communion is my word.

I see Buddha Hall with all my people...just for a moment like a flash, so many moments of communion. It is not just a gathering; it is not a church. People do not come to it formally. People come to me, not to it.

Whenever there is a master and a disciple--it may be only the master and just one disciple, that does not matter--communion happens. It is happening right now, and there are only four of you. Perhaps with my eyes closed I can't even count, and it is good; only then can one remain in the world of the unaccountable... *glimps01*

Sheela was thinking of buying a plane for me. A million dollar plane so I can fly...but I *am* flying, flying without a license, and flying to the highest, where there are no limits. Otherwise there are always limits....

This is beautiful. Without wasting a million dollars....

Good. I am now high. It is so good. *notes01*

I myself have come to the point where you cannot go any higher.

Howsoever high you go, you are still on the same height. In other words, there comes a moment in spiritual growth which is untranscendable.

That moment is called, paradoxically, the transcendental. *glimps15*

I love to be on these peaks. I love the heights. This beauty, this is *sundram.* This is something that I can only explain to my lovers. It is beautiful. This is not a story, it is not a novel, it is reality. My tear is a proof. Truth has to be proved by one's tears, by one's existence, by one's way of living. *notes01*

My eyes are beginning to collect dewdrops. Please don't interrupt....

Good. Don't be worried about me and my tears. It is good to have tears once in a while, and I have not wept for so long. *books13*

Now poor Devageet simply writes his notes, and he does it perfectly. Once in a while I check by asking, "What was I saying?" and he reminds me exactly what it was that I was saying. He does his work, and because he is so full of love for me he cannot resist sighing, and breathing as if something he could never believe would happen has at last happened--

and he cannot believe it still. And my difficulty is that I think that he is giggling! He is not giggling, just the sound of his excited breathing makes me feel that he is giggling.

He has written to me about it. I know it, but whenever he does it--I am also a diehard--immediately the word that comes to me is giggling. So again he is giggling. This too is an old habit from when I was a professor.

And you can understand: a professor is, after all, a professor, and he cannot allow giggling in his class. I don't mind it now, I enjoy it. *glimps38*

I will wait...Devageet's ink has run out. What a fountain pen you have!

My God, it seems it must have belonged to Adam and Eve! What a noise it makes! But one cannot expect anything else in this Noah's Ark. *books10*

Osho's talks form four series, the first two series under the title *Notes of a Madman:* Vivek calls your notes *"The Ramblings of a Madman"...* written by a madman, but not ramblings. If I am mad, then who is sane? If I am mad then who can say he is not mad? Nixon? Who can claim sanity? This poor earth is full of mad men, so I appear to be mad. A sane man among the insane always appears so....

I am surrounded by madmen. I am in a whole world of madmen.

Certainly I will look mad...mad, even to my own people....

At least I cannot go mad. And I am not going to die at this moment. I have a few more strange things to do yet. *notes01*

Go to the stars,

the rainbows,

to the world which is beyond...

which I cannot describe, nobody can describe. I am a madman. It is not easy to deal with me. *notes01*

I like this light, it is good. It is something like what I am facing. I am facing such tremendous light...this is nothing. I am facing so much music I am almost drowned in it. To be close to beauty is to be close to death. I cannot forget that. I have been close to death again and again. I have been coming close to death many times in my life, knowingly. You may not know but we have faced death infinite times, but with such fear we have not seen its beauty; otherwise death is another name for God. I am amazed nobody has said it yet. It is another name for God, for light, for joy, for beauty.

So I go on and on,

into myself.

Deep into the beyond,

and the beyond is all there is.

All else is going to disappear.

Only that which is beyond

will remain forever.

I am talking of the beyond. *notes01*

If you all put your energies together you can help a buddha make millions of buddhas in the world. I am mad; otherwise just to think of one buddha is enough, and I always think of millions of buddhas. Less than that is not enough. I always think big. We have to create millions of buddhas, only then a new man can be born. Only then can we make Christians disappear and christs appear. The beginning of the buddhas will be the death of the Buddhists.

I am a beginning and also an end.

I am an end...end in the sense that after me there can be no Christianity, Judaism, Hinduism, Mohammedanism. After me there is no possibility of any ideology. With me ends the old and begins the new--the New Man.

Man with no ideology, no religion, no philosophy, no concept to live, but only a joy to live, a celebration. *notes02*

The second series of talks in the dental chair are about mantras: Om Mani Padme Hum

I can repeat this mantra forever. Its beauty is such and you are so deaf that it has to be repeated again and again. Truth by its very necessity has to be repeated, because those who are hearing are not hearing. They have lost that sensitivity, that receptivity. So I will go on repeating this mantra. The day I see that it has penetrated to your unconscious, beyond you, within you, where right now you cannot reach...but I can....

The moment I see it has reached, the seed has found its soil, I will say it no more. That will be the end of the series.

Om Mani Padme Hum...

Om Mani Padme Hum.

Just the vibe of it is thrilling, tremendously thrilling, just overwhelming; one is drowned in it.

This mantra was not composed by a poet. Poets can say beautiful things but those beautiful things are sweet nothings. This mantra was conceived, not composed, conceived just as a woman conceives a child, conceived by the mystics....

This mantra, Om Mani Padme Hum, was conceived like a child, in the hearts of the mystics on the peaks of the Himalayas. The Himalayas are covered with snow from eternity; it has never melted. It has remained the same.

This mantra comes from Tibet, the hiddenmost part of the Himalayas.

And on these heights I hear it: it is a sound like the sound of bees buzzing. And the humming is so beautiful. One cannot be grateful enough to the mystics who tried to make this humming sound into a mantra. Om Mani Padme Hum...aahhh, the Jewel in the Lotus. *notes02*

In the third series, *Books I have loved,* Osho talks about 176 of his favourite books: In the library there are thousands of books; there are over one hundred thousand volumes in the beautiful library. I love the library; it contains all the best that has ever been written. I am giving it all to our university.

Of all the thousands of books I have told Vivek to carry only one. That is my only book now. It is written by a man who has not reached but has

come very close, very, very close--Khalil Gibran. I wanted to talk about his book many times but did not. The time was not yet right. The man was only a poet and not a mystic, not one who really knows, but he reached to heights in his imagination. *notes01*

But there is a queue standing at the door. You don't know what a fix I am in. I had not thought of it before, because I am not a thinker and I never think before I jump. I jump, and then I think. It was just by the way that I mentioned ten beautiful books. I was not thinking so many others would start bugging me. So, ten more. *books04*

Okay, how many books have I talked about in the postscript--forty?

"Thirty, I think, Osho."

Thirty? Good. Such a relief, because so many books are still waiting. You could understand my relief only if you had to choose one book out of a thousand, and that's exactly what I am doing. The postscript continues. *books10*

I also remembered Mikhail Naimy's book *The Book of Mirdad.* That book is just unbelievable. I feel jealous of only one man, Mikhail Naimy.

Jealous not in the ordinary sense, because I cannot feel jealous in that sense; jealous in the sense that he has written it already, otherwise I would

write it. I would have written it...it is of the same heights I am flying to. *notes02*

I apologize because this morning I did not mention a few books that I should have mentioned. I was so overwhelmed by Zarathustra, Mirdad, Chuang Tzu, Lao Tzu, Jesus and Krishna that I forgot a few of the books which are even far more significant. I could not believe how I could forget Kahlil Gibran's *The Prophet.* It is still torturing me. I want to unburden--

that's why I say I am sorry, but not to anybody in particular.

How could I forget the book which is the ultimate: *The Book* of the Sufis!

Perhaps I forgot because it contains nothing, just empty pages. For twelve hundred years Sufis have been carrying *The Book* with tremendous respect, opening its pages and studying it. One wonders what they study. When you face an empty page for a long time, you are bound to rebounce upon yourself. That is the real study--the work.

How could I forget *The Book?* Now who will forgive me? *The Book* should have been the first to have been mentioned not the last. It cannot be transcended. How can you create a better book than one which contains nothing, and the message of nothingness?

Nothingness should be written in your notes, Devageet, as no-thing-ness; otherwise nothingness has a negative meaning--the meaning of emptiness, and that's not it. The meaning is 'fullness'. Emptiness in the East has a totally different context... *shunyata. books02*

Masnavi of Jalaluddin Rumi. It is a book of small parables. The great can only be expressed in parables. Jesus speaks in parables: so speaks the *Masnavi.* Why did I forget it? I love parables; I should not have forgotten it. I have used hundreds of parables from it. Perhaps it has become so much of my own that I forgot to mention it separately. But that is no excuse, apology is still required. *books02*

The *Isa Upanishad.* It is easy to understand why I forgot about it. I have drunk it, it has become a part of my blood and bones; it is me. I have

spoken on it hundreds of times. It is a very small Upanishad. There are one hundred and eight Upanishads and *Isa* is the smallest of them all. It can be printed on a postcard, on one side only, but it contains all the remaining one hundred and seven, so they need not be mentioned. The seed is in the *Isa*....

The *Isa Upanishad* is one of the greatest creations of those who have meditated. *books02*

I forgot to say something about Gurdjieff and his book *All and Everything*--perhaps because it is a very strange book, not even readable.

I don't think there are any living individuals except me who have read from the first page to the last. I have come across many Gurdjieff followers, but none of them had been able to read *All and Everything* in its totality....

I have read this book not once but many times. The more I went into it the more I loved it, because the more I could see the rascal; the more I could see what it was that he was hiding from those who should not know. Knowledge is not for those who are not yet capable of absorbing it.

Knowledge has to be hidden from the unwary, and is only for those who can digest it. It has to be given only to those who are ready. That's the whole purpose of writing in such a strange way. There is no other book stranger than Gurdjieff's *All and Everything,* and it certainly is all and everything. *books02*

J. Krishnamurti's *The First and Last Freedom.* I love this man, and I hate this man. I love him because he speaks the truth, but I hate him for his intellectuality. He is only reason, rationality. I wonder, he may be a reincarnation of that goddamned Greek Aristotle. His logic is what I hate, his love is what I respect--but his book is beautiful. *books03*

I want to bring J.Krishnamurti back to your notice again. The name of the book is *Commentaries on Living.* There are many volumes of it. It is made of the same stuff stars are made from.

Commentaries on Living is his diary. Once in a while he writes something in

his diary...a beautiful sunset, an ancient tree, or just the evening...birds coming back home...anything...a river rushing to the ocean...whatever he feels, he sometimes notes it down. That's how this book was born. It is not written systematically, it is a diary. Yet to just read it is enough to transport you to another world--the world of beauty, or far better, beautitude. Can you see my tears?

I have not read for some time, but just the mention of this book is enough to bring tears to my eyes. I love the book. It is one of the greatest books ever written. I have said before that Krishnamurti's *First and Last Freedom* is his best book, which he has not been able to transcend--of course not as a book, because *Commentaries* is only a diary, not a book in the real sense, but all the same I include it. *books10*

A man, Idries Shah. I will not mention any of his books because all of them are beautiful. I recommend every one of this man's books.

Don't be afraid, I am still insane. Nothing can make me sane. But one book by Idries Shah towers above all the others. All are beautiful, I would like to mention them all, but the book *The Sufis* is just a diamond. The value of what he has done in *The Sufis* is immeasurable....

Whenever I recognize something like this I always appreciate it. And this is beautiful--this is what you will understand if you can understand Idries Shah's book *The Sufis.* He is the man who introduced Mulla Nasruddin to the West, and he has done an incredible service. He cannot be repaid. The West has to remain obliged to him forever. Idries Shah has made just the small anecdotes of Nasruddin even more beautiful.

This man not only has the capacity to exactly translate the parables, but even to beautify them, to make them more poignant, sharper. I include all of his books. *books09*

I have always loved the books of P.D. Ouspensky, though I have never loved the man himself....

It is a small book, and its name is *The Future Psychology of Man.* He wrote in his will that the book should only be published when he was no more. I

don't like the man, but I must say, in spite of myself, that in this book he almost predicted me and my sannyasins. He predicted the future psychology, and that is what I am doing here--the future man, the New

Man. This small book must become a necessary study for all sannyasins. *books10*

I always wanted to talk about this book but was afraid that I was going to miss because there was no time. I did not plan, just as always I go unplanned. I had thought to talk about only fifty books, but then came the P.S. and it continued and continued. Again fifty titles were completed, but there were still so many beautiful books that I had to continue and start the P.P.S. That is why I can now talk about this book.

It is Dostoevsky's *Notes from the Underground.*

It is a very strange book, as strange as the man was. Just notes--like Devageet's notes, fragmentary, on the surface unrelated to each other, but really related with an undercurrent of aliveness. It has to be meditated upon. I cannot say anything more than this. It is one of the most ignored great works of art. Nobody seems to take note of it, for the simple reason that it is not a novel, just notes, and they too seem to the unmeditative to be unrelated. But to my disciples it can be of great significance; they can find treasures hidden in it. *books14*

In the fourth series, *Glimpses of a Golden Childhood,* Osho speaks for the first time in detail about his childhood; many stories have been used in this compilation I just had a golden experience, the feeling of a disciple so lovingly working on his master's body. I'm still out of breath because of it. And it also reminds me of my golden childhood.

Everybody talks of his golden childhood, but rarely, very rarely, is it true.

Mostly it is a lie....

First, one has to choose one's birth. That's almost impossible. *glimps02*

Forgive me, but I have decided to tell the whole truth whatsoever it is.

And mind you all, I am going to tell it howsoever long it takes. Devageet, Devaraj, and Ashu--it may take years for me to tell it and then I will tell you that you have to finish the book quickly, so don't go on piling it up.

Don't in any way depend upon tomorrows. Just do it today; only then will you be able to do it. *glimps35*

And this is for the first time that I have ever told the story of Shambhu Babu. I have kept it a secret all these years, forty years. It feels like a relief.

This morning Gudia said, "You slept so late."

Yes, last night I slept, for the first time in many years, as I would like to sleep every night. During the whole night I was not disturbed even for a single moment. Usually I have to look at my watch once in a while just to see whether it is time to get up. But last night, after many years, I did not look at my watch at all. I even had to miss Devaraj's concoction.

That's what I call his special breakfast mixture. It is a concoction but it is really good. It is difficult to eat because it takes half an hour just to chew it, but it is really healthy and nourishing. We should make it available to everybody--Devaraj's concoction for breakfast. Of course it is not fast, it is slow, very very slow. Can we call it a "break-slow"? But then it would not sound right.

I had to miss breakfast today for two reasons: first, I had to keep Devageet's time, and still I was five minutes late, and I don't like to be late. Secondly, if I had started that concoction it would have taken so much time to eat that by the time I had finished, it would have been lunch time. There would have been no gap, which is needed. So I thought I would miss it. But I really enjoy it, and in missing it, I really miss it.

Last night was one of the rarest for the simple reason that yesterday I spoke to you about Shambhu Babu, and it relieved me of a weight. I also talked about my father and the continuous struggle and how it ended. I felt so unburdened. *glimps21*

Love is good. Transcend it, because it can lead you to something better:

friendship. And when two lovers become friends, it is a rare phenomenon. One wants to cry just out of joy, or celebrate, or if one is a musician, play on the guitar, or if one is a poet, then write a haiku, a *rubaiyat.* But if one is not a musician or a poet, one can still dance, one can still paint, one can sit silently and look at the sky. What more can be done? Existence has done it already....

From love to friendship, and from friendship to friendliness--that can be said to be my whole religion. Friendship is again a "ship," a relation-ship, a certain bondage...very subtle, more subtle than love, but it is there; and with it all the jealousies and all the diseases of love also. They have come in a very subtle form. But friendliness is freedom from the other; hence there is no question of relationship.

Love is towards the other, so is friendship. Friendliness is only an opening of your heart to existence. Suddenly, at a particular moment, you may be opening it to a man, to a woman, a tree, to a star...at the beginning you cannot just open it to the whole of existence. Of course in the end you have to open your heart to the whole, simultaneously, unaddressed to anybody. That is the moment...let us just call it *the moment.*

Let us forget the words enlightenment, buddhahood, Christ-consciousness, just let us call it THE MOMENT--write it in capitals. *glimps24*

The other day I told you about Masto's disappearance. I think he is still alive. In fact I know he is. In the East, this has been one of the most ancient ways--to disappear in the Himalayas before you die. To die in that beautiful part is richer than to live anywhere else; even dying there has something of the eternal. Perhaps it is the vibe of the saints chanting for thousands of years. The Vedas were composed there, the Gita was written there, Buddha was born and died there, Lao Tzu in his last days disappeared in the Himalayas. And Masto did almost the same....

Masto...it is difficult to say goodbye to you, for the simple reason that I don't believe you are no more. You still exist. I may not be able to see you again; that is not very important. I have seen you so much, your very fragrance has become a part of me. But somewhere in this story I have to put a full stop as far as you are concerned. It is hard, and it hurts...forgive me for

that. *glimps33*

I have not played on musical instruments, but I have played on thousands of hearts. I have created a far deeper music than any instrument can--noninstrumental, nontechnical. *glimps29*

Now, Dale Carnegie may have written *How to Win Friends and Influence People,* but I don't think that he really knows. He cannot. Unless you know the art of creating enemies, you cannot know the art of creating friends. In that, I am immensely fortunate.

I have created so many enemies that you can depend on it, that I must have made a few friends at least. Without creating friends, you cannot create enemies; that is a basic law. If you want friends, get ready for the enemies too. That's why many, the majority of people, decide to have neither friends nor enemies, but just acquaintances. These are thought to be common-sense people; in fact they really have uncommon sense.

But I don't have that, whatsoever it is called. I created as many friends as I created enemies; in fact, in the same proportion. I can count on them both. They are both reliable. *glimps37*

I am reminded of a small anecdote. I used to use this anecdote as a joke.

Many of my jokes are perhaps painted a little here and there to make them look like jokes, but many of them come from real life. And real life is far more of a joke book than any joke book could ever be. How do I know this joke comes from real life? Because it cannot be otherwise, there is no other way. I remember I used to tell this joke and this is the way I remember it....

The small boy, already very afraid, completely drenched with water, somehow had still reached the school. But a schoolteacher is a schoolteacher. She asked, "Why are you late?"

He had thought it was enough proof. It was raining so hard...cats and dogs were raining, and he was completely wet, dripping. And yet she was still asking, "Why are you late?"

He invented, just like any child would, saying, "Miss, it is so slippery that as

I took one step forward, I slipped two steps back."

The woman looked even more stern and said, "How can that be? If you take one step forwards and then slip back two steps--you cheat--then you could never have got to school."

The small boy said, "Miss, please understand: I turned towards my house and started running away from school, that's how I got here."

I say it is not a joke. That schoolteacher is real, the boy is real, the rain is real. The schoolteacher's conclusion is real, and the small boy's conclusion could not be more real. I have told thousands of jokes and many of them came from real life. Those which don't come from real life also come from real life, but from the underground life, which is also real but never on the surface--it is not allowed. *glimps33*

How many houses have I lived in? It is almost impossible for you to imagine that in almost fifty years of life I have been just moving houses, and doing nothing else. Of course, the grass was growing--I was moving house, and doing nothing, and the grass was growing. But the whole credit goes to "nothing," not to my moving house....

I was saying I have never had a house. Even this house, I cannot call it my house. From the first one to the last--perhaps this is not the last, but whichever is the last, I cannot call it *my* house. Just to hide the fact, I call it Lao Tzu House. Lao Tzu has nothing to do with it.

And I know the man. I know that if he meets me--and someday a meeting is bound to happen--the first thing he will ask will be, "Why did you name your house 'Lao Tzu House'?" Naturally, the curiosity of a child--

and nobody could be more childlike than Lao Tzu, neither Buddha, nor Jesus, nor Mohammed, and certainly not Moses. A Jew being childlike?

Impossible!...

And I had to watch it happen, moving from one house to another. I can remember hundreds of houses, but not a single one where I could have

said, "This is my house." I was hoping, perhaps this one...that's been the way for my whole life: "Perhaps the next one."

Still...I will tell you a secret. I am still hoping to have a house somewhere, perhaps.... "Perhaps" *is* the house. My whole life I waited and waited in so many houses for the real one to come. It always seemed just around the corner. But the distance remained the same: it remained always just around the corner. I can again see it....

I know that no house is ever going to be mine. But knowing is one thing: once in a while, something which can only be called "being" covers it. I call that "all-knowing"; and in those moments, again I am searching for

"the home." I said it can be named only "perhaps"; I mean that is the name of the home. It is always going to happen, but never really happens...always just about to happen....

I have been continuously leaving, always packing for the new house. In a way it was good; otherwise I would have had nothing else to do, just packing and then unpacking, then again packing and unpacking. It kept me more occupied than any other buddha before, and more harmlessly.

They too were occupied, but their occupation implied others.

My occupation has always been, in a certain sense, personal. Even if thousands of people are with me it is still a one-to-one relationship between you and me. It is not an organization, and it can never be.

Certainly for managerial purposes it has to function as an organization, but as far as my sannyasins are concerned, each single sannyasin is related to me, and only to me, not via anybody else.

I am a very unoccupied man. I cannot say unemployed, hence I have used the word 'unoccupied', because I rejoice in it. I am not applying for any employment. I am finished with all employment; I am just enjoying.

But to enjoy a certain milieu is needed. That's what I am creating.

The whole of my life I have been creating it, gradually, in steps. I have

spoken again and again about the new commune. It is just to remind myself, not you, so that I don't forget the new commune--because the moment I forget it, I may not wake up the next morning.

Gudia will wait.... You will run; yes, I have seen you coming, almost running. You will wait, but I will not be coming because I will have lost the only small thread with which I was holding myself....

It started with my school, and it is just the second day. Life is so multidimensional. When I say so multidimensional, it may look absurd

because

just

multidimensional

covers

it.

Why

call

it

so

multidimensional? Life is multi-multidimensional.

You must be feeling hungry, and hungry ghosts are dangerous people.

Just two minutes for me....

Just end it now. *glimps37*

Osho talks about his personal daily life

Throughout these series, for the first time, Osho gives insights into his

personal daily life.

I can even talk in my sleep, so it is no trouble to talk like this.

Gudia knows I talk in my sleep but she does not know to whom. Only I know that. Poor Gudia! I am talking to her and she thinks and worries about why I am talking, and to whom. Alas that she is not aware that I am talking to her just like this. Sleep is a natural anesthetic. Life is so hard that one has to go under every night for a few hours at least. And she wonders whether I really sleep or not. I can understand her wondering.

For more than a quarter of a century I have not slept. Devaraj, don't be worried. Ordinary sleep.... I sleep more than anybody else in the whole world: three hours during the day, and seven, eight, nine hours at night-

-as much as anybody can afford. In all, in toto, I sleep twelve hours per day, but underneath I am awake. I see myself while asleep, and sometimes it is so lonely during the night that I start talking to Gudia.

But her difficulties are many. First, when I talk in my sleep I talk in Hindi. I cannot talk in English while asleep. I never will, although I could if I wanted to. Sometimes I have tried and succeeded, but the joy was missing....

In my sleep when I speak to Gudia, I again speak in Hindi because I know her unconscious is still not English. She was only in England for a few years. Before that she was in India, and now she is again in India. I have been trying to efface all that lies between these two. Of this later, when the time comes.... *glimps07*

In fact, for almost thirty years I have not dreamed at all. I cannot.

I can manage a sort of rehearsal. The word will seem strange--a

'rehearsal' dream--but the actual drama never happens, cannot happen; it needs unconsciousness, and that ingredient is missing. You can make me unconscious, but still you will not make me dream. And to make me unconscious needs not much technology; just a hit over my head and I will be unconscious. But that is not the unconsciousness I am talking about.

You are unconscious when you go on doing things without knowing why-

-during the day, during the night--the awareness is missing. Once awareness happens, dreaming disappears. Both cannot exist together.

There is no coexistence possible between these two things, and nobody can make it. Either you dream, then you are unconscious; or you are awake, aware, pretending to dream--but that is not a dream. You know and everybody else knows too. *glimps43*

I have received so many watches, but I have forgotten them. One of those watches is behaving strangely. When I need it, it stops. All the time it runs perfectly; it stops only at night between three and five. Is that not strange behavior?--because that is the only time when I sometimes wake up, just an old habit. In my younger days I used to wake up at three in the morning. I did it for so many years that even if I don't get up, I have to turn in my bed and then go back to sleep. That is the time when I need to see whether I should really get up, or I can still have a little more sleep; and strangely, that is when the watch stops.

Today it stopped exactly at four. I looked at it and went back to sleep; four is too early. After sleeping for almost one hour, I again looked at the watch: it was still four. I said to myself, "Great, so tonight is never going to end." I went to sleep again, not thinking--you know me, I am not a thinker--not thinking that the watch may have stopped. I thought, "This night seems to be the last. I can sleep forever. Great! Just far out!" And I felt so good that it was never going to end that I fell asleep again. After two hours I again looked at the watch, and it was still four! I said, "Great!

Not only is the night long, but even time has stopped too!" *glimps25*

I became aware of one thing this morning--not that I was not aware of it before, but I was not aware that it needed to be told. But now it needs to be told.

On the 21st of March 1953, a strange thing happened. Many strange things happened, but I am only talking about one thing. The others will come in their own time. It is, in fact, a little early in my story to tell you, but I was

reminded this morning of this peculiar thing. After that night I lost all sense of time. Howsoever hard I may try, I cannot--as everybody else can at least approximately--remember what time it is.

Not only that, in the morning, every morning I mean, I have to look out of the window to see whether it was my afternoon sleep or the night sleep, because I sleep twice each day. And every afternoon too, when I wake up, the first thing I do is to look at my clock. Once in a while the clock plays a joke on me; it stops working. It is showing only six, so it must have stopped in the morning. That's why I have two watches and a clock, just to keep checking to see whether any of them is playing a joke.

And one of the other clocks is more dangerous, better not to mention it. I want to give it to somebody as a present, but I have not found the right man to whom I would like to give this clock, because it is going to be a real punishment, not a present. It is electronic, so whenever the electricity goes off, even for a single moment, the clock goes back to twelve and flashes it: 12...12...12...simply to show that the electricity has gone off.

Sometimes I want to throw it out, but somebody has presented it to me, and I don't throw things away easily. It is disrespectful. So I am waiting for the right person.

I have got not only one, but two such clocks, one in each room.

Sometimes they have deceived me when I go for my afternoon sleep. I usually go at eleven-thirty exactly, or at the most twelve, but very rarely.

Once or twice I have looked out from a peep hole in my blanket, and the clock is showing twelve, and I say to myself, "That means I have just come to bed." And I go to sleep again.

After one or two hours I again look. "Twelve," I say to myself.

"Strange...today time seems to have finally stopped. Better to go to sleep rather than to find everybody else asleep." So I go to sleep again.

I have now instructed Gudia that if I am not awake by two-fifteen, she should wake me up.

She asked, "Why?"

I said, "Because if nobody wakes me I may go on sleeping forever."

Every morning I have to decide whether it is morning or evening, because I don't know--I don't have that sense. It was lost on that date I told you.

This morning when I asked you, "What is the time?" you said, "Ten-thirty." I thought, "Jesus! This is too much. My poor secretary must have been waiting one and a half hours already, and I have not even begun my story." So I said, just to finish it, "Give me ten minutes." The real reason was that I was thinking it was night.

And Devaraj also knows; now he can understand it exactly. One morning when he accompanied me to my bathroom, I asked him, "Is my secretary waiting?" He looked puzzled. I had to close the door just so that he could be himself again. If I went on standing there in the doorway, waiting--and you know Devaraj: nobody can be so loving to me. He could not say to me that it was not nighttime. If I was asking for my secretary, then there must be some reason; and of course she was not there and it was not the time for her to come, so what should he say?

He didn't say anything. He simply kept silent. I laughed. The question must have embarrassed him, but I am telling you the truth, just because time is always a problem for me. Somehow I go on managing, by using strange devices. Just look at this device: has any buddha spoken like this?
glimps40

Do you know that every morning I wake up and hurry to my bathroom to take a bath and get ready because I know everybody must be waiting?

Today I did not have my breakfast simply because I knew it would delay you all. I had slept a little longer than usual. Every evening I know you all must be getting ready, taking your shower, and the moment I see the light in your small room, I know the devils have arrived and now I must hurry.

And the whole day you are busy. Your time is packed the whole day. You could say that I am a completely retired man--not tired, retired and not

retired by anybody else. That is my way of life--to live relaxedly, not doing anything from morning to evening, from evening to morning. Keeping everybody else busy without business, that is my whole work. I don't think there is anybody in the world--or has ever been before, or will ever be after--who is so without business of any kind, like me. And yet, just to keep me breathing I need thousands of sannyasins to be continuously working. Can you think of a greater joke? *glimps22*

You know the Indian dust: it is omnipresent, everywhere, particularly in a village. Everything is dusty. Even people's faces look dusty. What can they do? How many times can they wash? Even here, although in an airconditioned room where there is no dust, just out of old habit, whenever I go to the bathroom--just to tell you a secret, don't tell anybody--I wash my face for no reason at all, many times each day...just an old Indian habit.

It was so dusty that I used to run to the bathroom again and again. *glimps31*

I have become so accustomed to being what I am that even in small things it is difficult for me to change. Gudia knows; she tries to teach me

in every possible way not to splash water all over the bathroom. But can you teach me anything? I cannot stop. Not that I want to torture the girls, or that they have to be tortured twice every day--because I take two baths, so naturally they have to clean twice.

Of course Gudia thinks I can take a bath in such a way that they don't have to remove water from everywhere. But finally she dropped the idea of teaching me. It is impossible for me to change. When I take my shower I enjoy it so much that I forget and splash the water all over. And without splashing it I would have to remain controlled even in my bathroom.

Now look at Gudia: she is enjoying the idea because she knows exactly what I am saying. When I take a shower I really take a shower, and I splash not only the floor, but even the walls, and if you have to clean, then of course it is a problem for you. But if you clean with love, as my cleaners do, then it is better than psychoanalysis, and far better than transcendental meditation. I cannot change anything now. *glimps42*

For the past few months now I have not read any book. I have stopped reading for the simple reason that what is beautiful has already been understood. Now it is pointless to read. I don't even read the *Vedas,* the *Bible,* the *Koran.* There is nothing that can be added to my experience, so I have stopped. Why waste your vision, your eyesight? It is not worth it.

When my doctors started saying that if I still wanted to study I would have to use spectacles, I said, "To hell with all books, because I hate spectacles." I hate all kinds of specs because they obstruct, they come in between. I want things face to face, directly, immediate. So I have stopped reading books. And the library is so rich, and so big, containing all that is great. But it no longer matters to me, I have gone beyond the words. *notes02*

You must be aware that every day I listen to a song of Noorjahan, the famous Urdu singer. Every day before I come in I listen to her again and again. It could even drive you crazy. What do you know of drilling? I know what drilling means. I drill that song into Gudia every day. She has to hear it, there is no way to avoid it. After my work is over I again play the same song. I love my own language...not that it is my language, but it is so beautiful that even if it were not mine I would have learned it.

The song that she hears every day, and will have to hear again and again, says: "Whether you remember or not, once there was a trust between us. Once you used to tell me, 'You are the most beautiful woman in the world.' Now I don't know whether you would recognize me or not. Perhaps you do not remember, but I still remember. I cannot forget the trust, and the words that you uttered to me. You used to say

that your love was impeccable. Do you still remember? Perhaps not, but I remember--not in its totality, of course. Time has done much harm.

"I am a dilapidated palace, but if you look, look minutely: I am still the same. I still remember the trust and your words. That trust that once existed between us, is it still in your memory or not? I don't know about you but I still remember."

Why do I go on playing the song of Noorjahan? It is a kind of drilling. Not

drilling of your teeth, although if you continue drilling long enough it will get to your teeth too, but drilling into her the beauty of a language. I know it will be difficult for her to understand or appreciate it. *glimps07*

The moment before I came in I was listening to one of the greatest flutists, Hariprasad. It stirred many memories in me.

There are many types of flute in the world. The most important is the Arabic; the most beautiful, the Japanese; and there are many others. But there is nothing comparable to the small Indian bamboo flute for its sweetness. And Hariprasad is certainly a master as far as the flute is concerned. He played before me, not just once but many times. *glimps27*

I was just listening again, not to Hariprasad Chaurasia, but another flutist. In India the flute has two dimensions: one, the southern; the other, the northern. Hariprasad Chaurasia was a northern flutist; I was listening to the polar opposite, the southern.

This man too was introduced to me by the same man, Pagal Baba. When he introduced me he said to the musician, "You may not understand why I'm introducing you to this boy; at least right now you will not understand, but perhaps one day, God willing, you may."

This man plays the same flute but in a totally different way. The southern flute is far more penetrating, piercing to be exact. It enters and stirs something in your very marrow. The northern flute is tremendously beautiful but a little flat--just as northern India is flat. *glimps28*

The whole night the wind went on blowing in the trees. The sound was so beautiful that I played Pannalal Ghosh, one of the flutists that Pagal Baba had introduced to me. Just now too I was playing his music, but he has a way of his own. His introduction is very long, so before Gudia called me it was still only the introduction; I mean he had not started playing his flute yet. The sitar and tabla were preparing the ground for him to play his flute. Last night I listened to his music again after perhaps two years. *glimps29*

One day while sitting in my room, Sheela just laughingly offered me a bottle of champagne, thinking that I would refuse, not knowing me at all.

I accepted it with a "thank you." She looked puzzled. Vivek laughed, everybody laughed when I poured the champagne into my glass and drank it. Vivek took pictures. They have been hiding those pictures, but I will persuade them to give the pictures to you because they are the tenth picture*. I want to add the tenth picture to a man himself, not to any story, not to any pack of cards.

In the East only the woman serves the wine. Ashu, don't be afraid.

Except fear, nothing has been the enemy of women. They were subjugated because of their fear. They were so ready, so willing to be subjugated, to be slaves, and for centuries. Don't be afraid. At least with me be fearless, because I teach nothing but fearlessness.

I want to bring back the ordinary man, with all his extraordinariness.

Naturally, first I have to be that ordinary man myself--and I *am* an ordinary man, extraordinarily ordinary...with a champagne bottle in the marketplace, rejoicing. That's what champagne represents.

Life is nothing but wine, and at such heights I know that I am a drunkard. I know the ultimate heights of Being and nothing can be higher than that, that much I know. *notes02*

*Note: of the Ten Zen Bulls allegory

My people in the commune made a small placard for cars. It said, "Jesus saves, Moses invests, Osho spends." I like that. What is the point of saving? Jesus seems to be like a banker. And of course, Moses invests.

For Moses, everything is business. And for me, certainly, everything is going to be taken away. Before it is taken away, use it, spend it, enjoy it.

Why wait for death to snatch it away? Certainly it is absolutely right. A one-hour religion, or even a Mohammedan who prays five times a day, is not going to help. *bodhi09*

My secretary collects all kinds of crazy car-stickers. One was: "Warning--I brake for hallucinations." I liked it. Really great! *glimps50*

I have never thanked Vivek for the simple things. Her service to me is just beyond words. It is useless to thank her, it cannot be deep enough, be true. The last few months have been very difficult, very difficult to stay in the body. Over the years she has served me so beautifully, being with me like a shadow, doing a thousand and one things. Before I can say it, she knows my need. I have not thanked her. How can I thank her? There is no way. The English word "thank you" is so far away, nor can I use it

for all of you who are taking care of my body, which is not just my body but my promise to thousands of people in the world. *notes01*

I like Gudia for many reasons; one is that she keeps everything so clean.

She even finds fault with me! And naturally, if she finds a fault--as far as cleanliness is concerned--I always agree with her. *glimps35*

I have never learned even the art of making a single cup of tea.

One day Gudia went for a holiday and Chetana was doing her duty here, serving me. In the morning, when I wake up, I push the button for my tea. Chetana brought it, and put the cup by the side of my bed, then went to the bathroom to prepare my towel and toothbrush, and everything that I need. Meanwhile, for the first time in ten years, do you know--one has to learn small things--I tried to pick the cup up from the floor, and it fell down!

Chetana came running, naturally, afraid. I said, "Don't be worried--it was my responsibility. I should not have done such a thing. I have never needed to pick up my cup from the floor. Gudia has been spoiling me for ten years. Now you cannot unspoil me in just one day."

I had so many years of spoiling. Yes, I call it spoiling because they never allowed me to do anything for myself. *glimps19*

Gudia is special in that way; she always tells me, "Wait. The tea is too hot." Perhaps it is my old habit. I again start taking the cup and so she says, "Wait! It's too hot." I know she is right, so I wait until she does not object, then I drink the tea. Perhaps the old habit of just drinking tea and rushing to the river is still there. *glimps27*

Gudia goes through tantrums once in a while but even then she has not harmed me. She cannot, it is impossible for her. Once in a while anybody can have a tantrum, particularly a woman; and more so if she has to live twenty-four hours a day, or maybe more, with a man like me, who is not nice at all; who is always hard, and always trying to push you to the very edge, and who does not allow you to come back. He goes on and on pushing and telling you to "Jump before you think!" *glimps10*

Poor Chetana, I have told her that my clothes have to be snow-white. She is my washerwoman. She does whatsoever she can, whatsoever is possible. *books13*

The other day I asked Chetana, "Chetana, how is my face looking?"

She said, "What?"

I said, "I am asking because I have not eaten anything but fruit for months, except for a few days of Devaraj's concoction. I don't know what it consists of; all that I know is it needs immense will-power to eat it. You have to chew it for half an hour, but it is very good. By the time I am finished I am so tired, utterly tired, almost asleep. That's why I am asking."

She said, "Osho, you are asking me, can I tell you the truth?"

I said, "Only the truth."

She said, "When I look at you I can't see anything except your eyes, so please don't ask me. I don't know how you looked before, or how you look now. All I know is your eyes." *glimps32*

I have been working the whole night because of a small remark I made which may have been hurtful to Devaraj. He may not have noticed it, but it has been sitting heavy on me all night. I could not sleep. I had said,

"No buddha has ever had a personal dentist, but Gautam the Buddha had a personal physician." That was not quite right so I consulted the records, the Akashic records.

I will have to say a few more things, which nobody cares about, particularly

the foolish historians. I was not consulting history. I had to go in what H.G. Wells called *The Time Machine,* back into time. It is the hardest work, and you know I am a lazy man. I am still huffing and puffing....

Devaraj, you may not have thought about it, but I felt sad that I had been a little cruel. I should not have said that. You are as unique as one can be. As far as having been a physician to a buddha is concerned, nobody can be compared to you, either in the past or in the future...because there is never going to be a man so simple, so insane that he calls himself Zorba the Buddha.

That reminds me of the story I was telling you. A great burden has been lifted from my heart. You can even see it in my breathing. I am really relieved. It was just a simple remark, but I am so sensitive, perhaps more than a buddha is supposed to be. But what can I do? I cannot be a buddha according to anybody else; I can only be myself. I am relieved of a great burden that you may not have felt at all, or perhaps deep down you were aware of it and you giggled just to hide it. You cannot hide anything from me.

But strangely, awareness becomes even more clear and unclouded by anything that helps the body to disappear. I am holding on to this chair

just to remind myself that the body is still there. Not that I want it to be there, but just so that you all won't freak out. There is not enough room in here for four people to freak out. Yes, if you freak in, there is enough room anywhere. *glimps12*

I have never liked shoes, but everybody insisted that I wear them. I said,

"Whatsoever happens I am not going to use shoes."

What I use are called *chappals* in India. They are not really shoes, not even sandals; they are the least possible covering. And I have chosen the ultimate chappal--you could not reduce it any more. My chappal-maker, Arpita, knows that there is no way to make them more perfectly. Even just a little less and my feet would be nude. It is just the most minimal: just a strap somehow holding my feet in the chappal. You could not cut it down any

more. *glimps36*

Strangely, whenever Arpita comes into my room I smell Boehme, I suddenly remember Boehme. Maybe it's just an association, because he was a shoemaker and Arpita is my shoemaker. But Arpita, you are blessed that you remind me of Boehme, one of the most beautiful Germans ever. Again, he was utterly poor. It seems one has to be poor to be wise; that has been the case up to now. But not after me. After me you have to be rich to be enlightened. Let me repeat it: you have to be rich to be enlightened....

Boehme says a few things, just a few. He could not say many things, so don't be afraid. The one thing I would like to mention is: The heart is the temple of God. Yes, Boehme, it is the heart not the head. *books09*

Vasant Joshi (Swami Satya Vedant) is writing a biography of me. The biography is bound to be very superficial, so superficial that it is not worth reading at all. No biography can penetrate to the depths, particularly the psychological layers of a man--especially if the man has come to the point where the mind is no longer relevant to the nothingness hidden in the center of an onion. You can peel it layer by layer, of course with tears in your eyes, but finally nothing is left, and that is the center of the onion; that is from where it had come in the first place. No biography can penetrate to the depths, particularly of a man who has known the no-mind also. I say "also" consideredly, because unless you know the mind, you cannot know the no-mind. This is going to be my small contribution to the world.

The West has gone deep in search of the mind, and has discovered layers upon layers--the conscious, the unconscious, the subconscious, and so on and so forth. The East has simply put the whole thing aside and

jumped into the pond...and the soundless sound, the no-mind. Hence East and West stand opposed. *glimps34*

Osho gives darshan on

the four Celebration Days

Osho continues to give a darshan on the four Celebration Days. A week-

long festival is arranged for July 1982, attended by twenty thousand sannyasins. Osho gives silent satsangs each morning. For the first time, Osho wears coloured robes instead of white. He is greeted by sannyasins lining the road on his daily drive, and on the last day, showered with rose petals. On the final evening Osho gives a celebration darshan, with music and dance. This festival is held annually for the next three years.

I do not have any celebration. Every moment is a celebration to me.

Talking to you, I am enjoying it so much!...

Really! My people celebrate--I remain the same. I am celebrating all the year round. *last220*

You say: *In one of the festival darshans I was sitting at your feet, bowing down to you, and suddenly found there was no you--there was only an empty chair*. And all the thousands of people were bowing down to an empty chair, sitting in silence with an empty chair, singing and celebrating with an empty chair. I nearly burst out laughing, seeing the ridiculousness of us needing you as an excuse to be able to do all this. But then comes the gratefulness of seeing the caring of existence to let us have beautiful, loving eyes to look at, a voice talking to us, a body we can give a dress to, a car to drive... to let us care about someone so totally, that this very love opens us up to be transformed. Buddham sharanam gachchhami--you are the feet of the whole world for me, where I can bow down in gratefulness.*

Gayan, that was the real experience of me as non-existent. Once in a while a disciple will come so close that he will be able to see that there is no "I" within me. It has died long ago. This body is empty, this chair is empty. But it will be only at rare, intimate moments, that you will be able to penetrate to my reality. I am simply a nothingness--of course covered with a body.

Ordinarily you will see the body. To see the nothingness within you need a deep insight. And one never knows in what condition it may happen.

You were dancing around me joyously, so deeply in the moment. With great love you were sitting in front of me, bowing down, repeating the greatest mantra there has ever been: *Buddham sharanam gachchhami,* "I go to the

feet of the awakened one". And thousands of people were creating a milieu around you. It was not an ordinary situation: an extraordinary device, so when you opened your eyes suddenly for a moment I was not there.

And your understanding is right, that it is just for your love that I am carrying the body. Howsoever difficult it may be, it is worth it if it can help you to realize your potential. Otherwise my body's work is long ago finished. It should not be there.

I am trying every effort to hang on to it, because most of you are not yet ready to see me. You see only the body. The day you all will be able to see me, there will be no need for the body to be carried continuously--which is for me just a burden, just a trouble. But I will wait until enough of you are aware of my nothingness.

Remember, the moment you are aware of my nothingness, you are also experiencing nothingness in you. Only two nothingnesses can recognize each other.

Gayan, you saw the chair empty, and the experience was so strange that you forgot to look within yourself. If you had done that, you would have found that the same nothingness is there.

We are not egos. We consist of universal nothingness. And nothingness is not a negative word; it simply means absence of everything, just pure existence. Of course the pure existence cannot have a form. So if you happen to see pure existence, you will see the body disappear, the chair empty.

If it happens again, then in the same moment look within yourself, and you will find your body is also absent--you are not. And to know that one is not is the door to know that one is eternal. This is the ultimate paradox of spiritual experience.

Shakespear is puzzled by the problem "to be or not to be," because he is absolutely unaware that the way to be is not to be. There is no question of choice. It is not that you have to choose one. If you choose to be, you will have to choose not to be. If you are ready to disappear, evaporate, you will

find your authenticity for the first time. It is certainly a paradox.

No logic can explain it, but experience can make it absolutely clear.

You had felt ridiculous. You had laughed, because thousands of people are bowing down to an empty chair chanting *Buddham sharanam gachchhami,* and there is nobody.

Your laughter, Gayan, was still half. If you had looked into yourself, your laughter would have been complete. Then you would not have only seen me not there, you would have seen yourself not there, you would have seen those thousands of people disappearing--an empty mandir resounding with the chanting of *Buddham sharanam gachchhami.*

Next time it happens, don't let it be incomplete. Because if it is complete, then you have come to a clear understanding which will follow you like a shadow in every act throughout your life. It will change your whole being.

It will give you a new aroma, a new aura--and not only to you, you will see it in others too; although those others are not aware of it. But you will be aware of it.

That's why the Japanese awakened soul Hotei has been called the laughing Buddha. For what is he laughing?--his whole teaching was laughing. Seeing this ridiculousness that people are not what they are thinking they are, and people are what they never dream about.... It is a cosmic joke, but one has to understand it to come to a point when one can become a laughing buddha.

And I want the world filled with laughing buddhas, not the serious ones.

We are sick of them.

We need the whole earth filled with laughter, and not ordinary laughter but cosmic laughter--a laughter that arises out of the understanding that it is a beautiful joke existence has played with us. *transm30*

*Note: Osho radiates so much light that his physical body becomes invisible to some, and only his chair can be seen; on photographs in

darshans this phenomenon looks like double exposure!

Osho is interviewed by INS

(Immigration and Naturalization Service)

A petition is made to the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) for Osho to remain in the States as a religious leader. The INS delays with excuses that Osho committed fraud by entering the country as a tourist with the intention of immigrating; that Osho cannot be a religious leader if he is in silence; that he is responsible for sannyasins marrying in order to obtain residency (issued with a 'green card').

I had not gone to stay in America forever. They had given me visa for few months as a tourist. Then I applied more, again for a tourist visa, because I was not thinking to stay there. But side by side, the commune was growing, my health was getting better, and then my people started forcing me that, "If your health is better here, why bother going anywhere else?" And there was no problem, because I fulfilled almost all their categories that are needed for a permanent residence. So I applied for a permanent residence.

There is no question of any fraud, as they proposed before the court, that I had a pre-intention to stay in America and applied for a tourist visa. If I had a pre-intention, I could have applied for direct residency. There is no problem in it. As a man of religion, as a man who is known all over the world, these are their categories, as a philosopher, I had every possibility.

There was no need to ask for a tourist visa but I had never thought of staying there.

And I applied again for a tourist visa second time, when the first tourist visa was finished. That time also there was no question of remaining there. Otherwise I would have applied for permanent residence. It was in the middle of the second time that was given to me for tourist visa that I applied for change of intention. Now nobody can say that it is a crime to change your intention. After... one and a half years living in good health, I have every right to change my intention. You have every right to reject it, but it is not a crime. *last429*

In October 1982, Osho is interviewed by the INS in Portland.

The interviewer asks: Okay, now I think this is an exact quote that occurred in July of 1979 from you "Book of the Books": *"This ashram is only a launching pad on a small scale. I am experimenting. The new commune will be on a big scale--10,000 sannyasins living together as one body, one being. Nobody will possess anything, everybody will use, everybody will enjoy. Everybody is going to live as comfortably, as richly, as we can manage, but nobody will possess anything." Did you say that?*

We have already started those communes in the world. Now we have communes: two communes in Italy and one in Sicily, one in England, two in Holland, two in Germany, one in France, one in Japan, one in India, one in Nepal and in many other countries.

Do you consider these one commune?

They are separate communes.

Is Rajneeshpuram the commune that you spoke of at that time?

It is the commune for America. *silent02*

Are you even consulted then in so far as the business matters of the Foundation go?

No, nothing.

Not so far as the purchase of any property?

No, I know also nothing.

You had nothing to say about the development or the construction of Rajneeshpuram?

No. *silent02*

Okay, do you consider yourself a teacher of religion?

I will have to explain it.

In India we have five categories of teachers. The first category is called the *Arihanta;* he's a teacher and also a master. Being a master means that he has realized what he says. For example, Jesus will be called an Arihanta because whatsoever he says is his own realization. He says, "It is on my own authority."

The second category is called the *"Siddha."* The Siddha is only a master.

He has realized but he's incapable of communicating it. He cannot say what he has realized; in a way he is dumb. And there have been many saints in the world who have not spoken because they cannot manage to bring the beyond within the words. That too is called a Buddha, a teacher.

The third category is called an *Acharya*-- who is only a teacher but not a master. He knows exactly what he's teaching, but not on his own authority. The Pope is an Acharya. If Jesus is an Arihanta, then the Pope is an Acharya. He is speaking on the authority of the Bible, not on his own authority.

The fourth category is called *Ubadhyay*-- one who is not even certain of what he says. Perhaps fragments are true. P.D. Ouspensky has written a book on Gurdjieff: *In Search of the Miraculous.* Its subtitle is *"Fragments of an Unknown Teaching",* and he's very true in writing the subtitle--only fragments, because he could understand only parts of it; parts were beyond him. He's also called a teacher.

And the fifth is called a *Sadhu.* A Sadhu is one who has not achieved but is trying sincerely to achieve. He may be just one foot ahead of you, but he can teach that much. He cannot claim the achievement; he cannot say with certainty that this is so.

English is poor in that way, it has only two words. English is poor in many ways, particularly as far as religion is concerned, but is bound to be so. Eastern languages are poor in scientific terms. So you have only one word, teacher, for everything. You can call me a teacher but to us it means a very lower category.

Where would you put yourself on this list of five categories?

I am an Arihanta. You can call me a super teacher, because I speak on my own authority. I don't have to rely on Jesus, or Buddha, or Krishna.

What I say, I know. If I don't know, I don't say it. *silent02*

Okay, how long will this silent stage continue?

It will continue.

Until when?

Until I feel again to speak. I have spoken so much that I felt I was speaking to the walls. It is almost futile.

Then you would not be able to give me a specific date in the future that you would resume speaking?

I cannot even say anything about tomorrow.

Was the silent phase of your work, so to speak, in any way connected with your medical condition?

No, not at all. I had been telling it for years, that one day I'm going to stop speaking and just communicate through silence.

When did you deliver your last discourse?

That date you mentioned.

Okay, all I know is that it was announced that you would stop speaking on May 1.

That must have been the last.

Who do you communicate with then during this silent stage, aside from the present company?

It is something difficult...less of the intellect and more of the heart.

I would like to know, who do you engage in conversation with?

I don't engage in anything, I simply sit there silently in a prayerful mood.

Okay, but do you talk with anybody during the silent mood?

No, but that prayerful mood is infectious.

Do you not talk with Sheela?

No, with Sheela I talk every day. That is a different matter.

Okay, that's what I'm interested in, who you verbally communicate with then during this silent stage.

Only with Sheela because she has to bring the work to me, and what she cannot decide I will seek an answer to. She has to ask me.

Then she is the only one that has conversation with you?

Yes. *silent02*

Are you aware that many sannyasins have recently married here in Oregon?

I have heard.

Did you approve of these marriages?

Nothing--I neither approve nor do I disapprove. That is their business if they want to marry here; it is perfectly for them...

In your opinion, should they go into this marriage with the idea that it be a life-long relationship?

No, nothing can be lifelong in this life. Only bogus and hypocritical things can be lifelong.

Well, I realize that things change in everybody's life...

Everybody changes, everything changes. Today maybe...it may look like we will be together for the whole life, tomorrow it may not look...

But should there not be that commitment at the time they enter into this marriage?

No, any commitment for the future is a bondage, and is a destructive bondage. You can commit only for the moment. I can say about this moment, I cannot say about tomorrow. What that tomorrow will bring, who knows?

So to me, marriage is only a working partnership. If it works, good; if it works your whole life, good. If it does not work, then say good-bye. I don't think it's anything sacred. It is just an institution and a working partnership like any working partnership of the business world; nothing to be bothered about so much.

And every marriage carried the divorce behind it. Either you have to become one day a hypocrite--you go on smiling and saying "dear" and

"darling" and you don't mean it--or the society condemns you if you divorce. Marriage brings divorce in. If you want no divorce in the world, then the marriage has to go. And it should be a working partnership: two person who want to live together, perfectly good. *silent02*

In December the INS denies the petition for Osho to stay as religious teacher. Applications are made under four other categories.

Rajneeshism

Meanwhile, Sheela announces the religion of Rajneeshism and publishes the book

'Rajneeshism', a compilation from Osho's earlier discourses. An Academy of Rajneeshism established as an ecclesiastical organization.

When I was talking to the INS, I insisted that I would like to call my philosophy a religiousness, but they said, "That is difficult because we don't have any category for religiousness. You can apply only under the category

religion. We don't have any category for religiousness."

I explained to them that there is a difference. A religion is a fixed dogma, a fixed belief system. A religiousness is just a quality like love. It is not an organized thing. It has no priests, no priestesses. It is rebellion against all that destroys human reason.

But they said, "We cannot accept the application unless You use the word religion."

It was just because of them. I said, "Okay. I will use the word religion just to fulfill to your stupid categories." That's why I used that word.

But in these three and half years silence, Sheela managed to create it in a more organized fashion: a religion, a hierarchy. *last308*

In a rare TV interview, while he is in silence, Osho is asked: What is your vision for the future of Rajneeshism?

Rajneeshism is not a religion like Christianity, Hinduism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, etc. The name should not be

misunderstood. It simply shows a poverty of language--to be exactly true, Rajneeshism is a religionless religion.

In other words it is a kind of religiousness, not a dogma, cult or creed but only a quality of love, silence, meditation and prayerfulness. Hence it can never end.

It is not beginning with me. It has always existed and it will always exist.

It is the very essence of human evolution, of culture consciousness.

Buddha, Jesus or Krishna are nothing but expressions of this spirit, but it was not possible in those days for religion to be manifested as well as it can be now. Because Jesus did not know about Buddha, Buddha did not know about Lao Tzu, and Krishna was also unaware of Lao Tzu, etc.

I have traveled all the paths and have looked at the truth from all the

windows. What I am saying is going to last forever because nothing more could be added to it.

Buddha was not so sure of his religion. He said that his religion would last for 5,000 years, and that too only if he didn't allow women to join his commune. And when women entered his commune he said, "Now the religion will only last 500 years".

All of these people have talked about some aspect for truth and their disciples have understood it as the whole truth. I am talking about the whole truth so the future of my religion is infinite. All other religions will disappear into it as all the rivers disappear into the ocean. *silent03*

Osho advises AIDS precautions

In March 1984 Osho is the first person to recommend AIDS precautions: celibacy, monogamy, or use condoms, rubber gloves, wash after sex, no oral or anal sex. He advises testing, and treatment for people HIV positive, and warns about the spread of AIDS worldwide.

In March of 1984, you said that two-thirds of the world's population would eventually die of the disease AIDS. I'm curious where that number came from, and why you believe this is true.

I am not an astrologer or a prophet. It is just simple arithmetic, the way AIDS is spreading and no adequate efforts are being made to prevent it.

On the contrary, governments are repressing the information, patients are repressing the information. Governments are making homosexuality illegal--that means they are making it go underground. In Texas alone, one million homosexuals have suddenly become criminals....

And the disease is no ordinary disease. It cannot be cured; there seems to be no possibility to cure it. Secondly, its way of spreading is very strange. Sexual intercourse, of course, is one of the ways, but even if that is prevented, kissing can be enough to spread it. Somebody's tears are enough to spread it--perhaps any liquid coming out of the body carries the virus. This is for the first time a disease is being spread in so many ways.

last215

Did you make the decision to implement AIDS precautions? Because they certainly affect the quality of life here...

This is the decision of the medical people in the commune. And we have the best medical experts, surgeons, who are capable--they take the decisions. Only in the beginning will it look a little odd that your hands have to be sprayed with alcohol*, but finally you will find it more hygienic in every way. Even if AIDS disappears, these arrangements are not going to disappear, because they will prevent other infections too.

So when they are new these measurements will seem to affect life, but the effect will be for the better. And not a single sannyasin has complained that he is not feeling good with these things. In fact, every sannyasin is excited that his commune is taking every care. Outside there is nobody to take care of you. This simply shows the carefulness, lovingness.

And the commune is an organic unity.

So in every possible way--people making love should use gloves, should use condoms. In the beginning it looks as if this is an unnecessary

complication. When you are making love to a woman, in that moment to think of condoms and gloves--it destroys the whole joy, it seems. But it is not true. In fact it is better: the slower you are, the better is the possibility of having an orgasm. It is good that the man is slower--he has to put the condom, he has to put the gloves. It is good. And it will increase people's sensitivity. *last222*

*Note: hands are sprayed with alcohol before serving food in the cafeteria, etc.

How has the AIDS epidemic caused You to reevaluate Your attitude towards sex between Your followers.

There is no problem, just people have to be a little more cautious. They have to take precautions.

Six thousand sannyasins have been tested. They are free of AIDS. These people have been given all the instructions to use condoms and gloves, stop kissing, start new ways of loving: for example, rubbing each other's noses, pressing each other's earlobes. But kissing is absolutely prohibited. *last304*

The commune members should be respectful, loving, compassionate, to anybody who is found to be suffering from AIDS. That has to be their basic attitude, because that is what the problem will be in the outside world: once a person is known to have AIDS he will be a condemned person--by his own family, children, parents, wife, friends--everywhere he will be an outcast.

So people are keeping the information repressed. Many more people are suffering from AIDS than are known. But it is human, because the moment people come to know you are condemned in everybody's eyes. So this is the first thing that I am teaching to my people: that he is simply a victim--the victim of neurotic religious ideologies, the victim of unnatural social institutions like marriage, prostitution. So he is a sufferer and close to death; now don't make him suffer more.

Help him, respect him; don't let him die in indignity--and teach him meditation. And I am telling my people that he is fortunate in a way: if he is going to live for two years, now for two years he is going to be one of the richest people in the world. Even the richest man cannot afford so much time for meditation. And we will arrange his food, his clothes, the best we can, and he should meditate, listen to the best music, see films, read novels--whatever he always wanted to do, let him do it. And let him feel that he is loved and respected and there is no discrimination.

There are two persons from the commune, and four more have arrived from outside, because in the outside there is no place for them. Even hospitals avoid them, even doctors are afraid; families don't want them anymore, their jobs are finished. But we have accepted them--that's perfectly good. We can take care of them, there is no problem. They can help in their own way. They can edit, they can paint, they can sculpt, or do whatsoever they are capable of. We have arranged the most scenic place for them to live.

And as far as sex is concerned, those who have AIDS can have sex amongst themselves. It is their responsibility towards the commune, which is taking care of them, giving them all respect and love, that they should not in any way affect anybody's life in the commune. And certainly, with such respect and love it is impossible for them to interfere in anybody's life here. They come to the discourses; they are allowed to move in the commune. They have been told just not to have any physical contact. And the commune has to take every care, because accidentally anything may provoke the thing. Tears can infect you, saliva can infect you; perhaps any liquid coming out of the body of an AIDS victim carries the virus--so just keep clean, make everything sterile.

So even in small things--in the restaurant, everybody who comes to eat there first has to clean his hands with alcohol, and anything that has been used for eating is sterilized after eating. Even a person making a phone call, by chance his saliva may fall on the phone--so after every phone call the phone is sprayed with alcohol. In this way we are taking every precaution that no infection spreads. *last222*

In my commune there are a few people who are suffering from AIDS, but they are getting more respect than they have ever got, and more love than they have ever got. And we are making every facility for them: better houses, a more scenic place for them to live--because they are going to live only for a few months, or at the most two years. This is rarely possible; six months may be the most possible for them. For six months we can make their life as pleasant as possible. We can teach them meditations, we can help them to be silent--to prepare for death.

In fact, I am telling these sannyasins to take it as an opportunity:

"Perhaps in your whole life you may not have had an opportunity to remain in silence for two years. And death comes unknown to others; to you it is coming with a notice. It is perfectly useful, because you can prepare. Nobody else is ready for death, everybody is caught unprepared; you can prepare. And the preparation is to go deeper into meditation.

Reach the point where death can never reach, and then let death come.

You don't die, you simply go on moving into new forms. *last215*

Two years later Osho was able to comment:

Just now I saw a clipping. In America, the churches were going to have conferences and meetings in churches all over America to find out ways and means to prevent the disease AIDS. They had declared their program; experts could explain, and how it can be avoided would be made more available to the public. But the archbishop of America has condemned this kind of thing, because in those programs of preventing AIDS, birth control is mentioned. Rubber condoms are mentioned. And he has taken it very seriously: "In a publication by the church, condoms are mentioned--not only mentioned, but pictures are shown to explain how they have to be used." He has declared, "No such conferences can be allowed to take place in my churches."

The church is absolutely against the condom. Strange...the condom is just a piece of rubber. Why should the church be against the condom?

And just because of the condom, the whole program against AIDS is in jeopardy.

AIDS can be prevented, but either the condom will have to be used...and the condom freaks out all the religious people of the world. Strange. Just a small piece of rubber, it is not harming anybody.

The condom is not doing any harm to anybody. It has nothing to do with Christianity--it is a question of the whole of humanity's survival. But those idiots are not concerned about humanity and its survival, their strange interests are a rubber condom. But if you don't in some way stop the meeting of the sperm and the female egg, it is impossible to prevent AIDS. Even if you stopped that, then too, it is going to be very difficult to get rid of this disease, because you can kiss somebody and you can transfer it.

There are a few scientists who think it is possible that the disease and the virus may be infectious just by talking with a person who has AIDS; just the breathing can bring the virus to you.

In the commune, I was the first man in the whole world who proposed all the preventive methods. And in the commune, we managed perfect control. And I was criticized by Christians, I was criticized by all kinds of journalists, I was criticized and laughed at by the politicians, who said that I was unnecessarily creating fear. And now they are all thinking on the same lines. *exactly* the same program is being given to all the countries all over the world. And the dishonesty is such that not a single country has said that I was the first to tell the world that at least two-thirds of the world's population can die if immediate steps are not taken to prevent AIDS.

The steps that we have taken are now being accepted by *every* government in the world, and nobody is laughing and nobody is criticizing. And nobody is mentioning who the person was who first brought this whole program. We not only brought the program, we practiced it for three years, and the whole commune was perfectly capable of rising above the ordinary masses. *sermon23*

Osho declares twenty-one people enlightened

In June 1984, Osho meets with 21 disciples and declares their enlightenment. He lists sannyasins who wil continue his work after his death, and sannyasins who will become enlightened before or at death. Later, Osho says this was a joke. Osho explains that disciples dying within the Buddhafield radius of 24 miles wil die enlightened.

Sometime in 1984 Maitreya became enlightened, but he had chosen to remain silent, so he remained silent. He did not even tell me what had happened to him. But the day it happened I called a small meeting of a few sannyasins in Rancho Rajneesh in America. I declared that there were going to be three special committees: one of mahasattvas, the great beings who are destined to become enlightened in this very life; the second of sambuddhas, who have already become enlightened; and the third of bodhisattvas, who will also become enlightened...but perhaps they will take a little longer than the other two categories, but certainly before their death.

Because I had included Maitreya's name, he was shocked. He wanted to keep it completely to himself, not to say anything about enlightenment to anybody. As he left the meeting, he told a few people outside, "It is very

strange, I have not said--I have been trying to hide it--but somehow he has seen it. And not only has he seen it, he has declared me enlightened."

And his response was truly a response of great love. He said, "Osho is really a rascal."

All these years before his enlightenment and after his enlightenment, he just remained absolutely ordinary, with no ego, with no desire, with no greed. *tahui06*

You declared a long list of sannyasins enlightened, and had set up three committees to continue Rajneeshism after You leave Your body....

This was just a joke. We enjoy everything, even we can make a joke of enlightenment....

It was nothing but once in a while the commune needs some entertainment. *press01*

You ask me: *I was one of those who was taken for a ride when the list of enlightened people was announced, because I thought, "If Osho says I'm enlightened, why not try it out?"... I tried to use what I saw as a really potential situation. The main thing I saw was that I really am okay. Am I kidding myself about that experience?*

No, if you can understand it you cannot be kidding.

First let me explain a few other things.

After I declared a few people enlightened--Santosh* was also one of them.

He wrote me a letter saying, "Your declaration of my enlightenment gives me no excitement, but my being accepted as a member of the committee of the enlightened ones makes me feel very great."

I sent him the message, "Why does your being enlightened not make you feel excited? The reason is that you think that you are already enlightened--and that is not true. That's why your becoming a member of the committee of the enlightened ones makes you feel great--at last your enlightenment

has been recognized. It is not a declaration for you but a recognition that you have been enlightened long before.

"But if enlightenment is not an excitement, then how can it be a great thing to be a member of the party, or the committee, of enlightened people? If enlightenment itself makes no sense to you, then being the member of the committee cannot make any sense, except this: that it fulfills your ego.

"You were enlightened, and nobody was taking note of it. Finally I have recognized it, and now you are part of the committee of enlightened people, so it is sealed. But you are wrong--because it was all a joke! The committee was a joke, the declaration was a joke. And it was a device."

Somendra* immediately sent a telegram to Teertha*, saying, "I have got it--what about you?" He was continuously in competition--that was his problem, that he should be higher than Teertha. And this was a good chance.

He has dropped sannyas, he has not been in any contact with us, but my declaration of his enlightenment--that he accepts. Sannyas he has

dropped--he

is

no

longer

part

of

my

family--but

enlightenment...immediately a telegram: "I have got it--what about you?"

It was a device to see how people would react.

Your response to it was perfectly beautiful.

Your response was, "If Osho says I am enlightened, I must be."

It simply shows trust, love. It has nothing to do with ego. And your throwing a party and rejoicing the moment with your friends was perfectly right.

And when I said it was a joke, you were not angry. You simply took it again the same way: "If Osho says I am not enlightened, and it was a joke, perhaps I am not enlightened and it was really a joke." And the six months that you lived as enlightened, the joy and the peace and the serenity that you felt was not of enlightenment--it was of trust and love.

It was a good experience for you.

But different experiences happen to different people.

There were only two Indians in the group who were declared enlightened, and they understand traditionally what enlightenment means. One was Vinod Bharti.

He became very nervous, was crying, came to Vivek to give me the message, "Osho, I am not enlightened. And you have created a trouble for me: I cannot say you are wrong, and I know perfectly well myself that I am

not enlightened. So what am I supposed to do? I am just torn apart.

You just tell me the truth!"

He knows about enlightenment. He knows that for centuries in India enlightenment has been the ultimate peak of spiritual search. In the West the very idea has never existed. So he cannot conceive of himself as Gautam Buddha, and he cannot deny me because he loves me and trusts me. So I can see his trouble. So I sent him the message, "Don't be worried, it was just a joke. You are not enlightened, relax!"

Until he heard that he was not enlightened, he could not sleep for two days. Then he relaxed--he is not enlightened; there is no problem.

The other man was Swami Anand Maitreya, who was the only one who understood the joke immediately, because as he left the room he said,

"Osho is really a rascal! Saying to me that I am enlightened, proves it!"

But he was also an Indian and particularly comes from Bihar where most of the enlightened people happened in India--Gautam Buddha, Mahavira, Parshvanatha, Naminatha, Adinatha...a long series of enlightened people.

All twenty-four enlightened masters of the Jainas...Gautam Buddha--

they all happened in Bihar. Bihar has the deepest understanding and experience of enlightenment. So naturally he said, "Osho is a rascal." But it was also his love.

He was not disturbed, because once you know that it is a joke, there is no question of any difficulty about it.

A few people simply remained silent: they neither reacted this way or that. That too is good. They were not affected by it; they simply remained themselves, as they were. "If Osho says it is enlightenment, it may be; if he says it is not, it may not be." But it did not make any difference to them; they remained aloof and detached.

And it was a good experience to see how people react to a single idea, with

their different minds. Those who were not included in the committee were angry. I received a few letters saying, "If these people have become enlightened, then why have I not become enlightened?" As if it were something..."You have given it to these people. Why have you not given it to me?"

Somebody wrote, "I have been with you longer than these people, and I am not enlightened yet. Have you forgotten me or what?" But it was good to know how people react.

Your reaction was perfectly beautiful on both ends. "If Osho says it is enlightenment, it must be"--that is a simple trust. "And if He says it is not...." Then you don't feel any contradiction or inconsistency, you simply accept it: "If he says it is not, then it must not be." You have transcended the world of consistencies, inconsistencies.

Love knows no contradiction.

It knows no comparison.

Each moment it is available. *psycho10*

*Note: Santosh, Somendra and Teertha are therapists

You say: *one would think that in all that time that perhaps at least one or two sannyasins might have achieved enlightenment?*

Yes, few sannyasins have achieved.

Their names cannot be told for the simple reason that will create unnecessary seriousness in them, jealousy in others. And I don't want that. It is perfectly good that they are enlightened and they are enjoying it. To make them serious is to make them sick. And to make them others'

objects of jealousy is also not good.

So I am not going to declare anybody to be enlightened unless I am just joking about some idiot. That's another thing. *last308*

Would You be prepared to name any of them?

They will remain anonymous, because it is dangerous. Others will start feeling jealous. Others will start feeling that, "They are superior and we are inferior." And I don't want to create any classes in sannyasins.

Somebody is enlightened, it is perfectly good. He should help others to be enlightened. But there is no need to declare your enlightenment. Let others feel that you are far advanced, and help them to advance farther and farther towards the goal--without declaring yourself.

So I declare somebody is enlightened only when he is dead, because with dead people it is good. Nobody feels jealous. *last315*

Those who can gather that much courage can become enlightened any moment. But when a sannyasin is dying it is easy for him. Now he knows that he is dying: what use is ambition? What use is hatred? What use is jealousy? What use is greed? What use is the ego?

Death standing in front of his eyes makes it clear that now he can drop all that unnecessary luggage: anyway, death is going to take all that away. It happens in a single moment--the whole idea, the revelation that now there is nothing to be lost--so why not try? "Osho has been saying,

`Drop this, drop that.' I could not do it while I was alive, but now there is no problem. Take a chance--see whether he was right or wrong."

And this is not a long process of thinking. It is a simple experience in a single moment before death. And the person simply slips out of the old, rotten bag in which he has been living; now he can feel the stink and everything. Death immediately becomes enlightenment.

Then death is no longer ordinary death, then death is a door to the divine. You can do it while you are living, there is no problem. In fact, to do it when you are dying is not of much use: you never got to enjoy it.

While you are alive, if you can do what I say, you will have time to enjoy enlightenment....

The enlightened man is always in the moment; hence, every experience becomes intense, enjoyed to the fullest.

It is better to die enlightened than to die unenlightened. At least there is one thing left for you to experience as an enlightened man: that is death.

But much more you have missed.

So I will not suggest to you to wait for death. Certainly those who are with me are going to become enlightened at the moment of death, but why wait for it when you are young and alive and full of juice? Becoming enlightened at the time of death, you are just a dry bone, there is no juice left; otherwise why should you die? When you are full of juice, full of life, with all the dimensions available, become enlightened.

And the process is so simple that even a dying man can manage it. It is really a shame that you are alive and you cannot manage it. Perhaps you only think you are alive. Perhaps you only dream you are alive, and death is such a shock that you wake up.

But I am here to give you any kind of shock you need. I am giving you them already without asking your permission, because the moment you become a sannyasin I take it for granted that now I do not need any permission to give this man a shock--any kind of shock.

Drop all that nonsense which is holding you back from experiencing life in its totality. Drop all that which is keeping you in a narcotic sleep. And what I am asking you to drop is worthless, perhaps *worse* than worthless. *false34*

You said that everybody who will die in a twenty-four-mile radius of Rajneeshpuram will automatically become enlightened.

Not everybody--there you are wrong. Only a sannyasin, not Oregonians.

(laughter) Only a sannyasin dying within a twenty-five-mile radius will become enlightened. This is not something new, it has been known in the East for thousands of years. Gautam Buddha said exactly the same thing. He said that within twelve *cosas* radius, any bhikkhu who dies and who is his sannyasin will become enlightened.

I was puzzled myself, that how--what is the mechanism? Twelve cosas are approximately twenty-five miles. But then I saw a few sannyasins dying around me and becoming enlightened. Their death was not death; I could see it. When Vimalkirti died, we celebrated his death as it is celebrated for an enlightened man. On his face you could have seen the joy, the marks of that orgasmic experience through which he had gone.

He was still radiant. The body was still somehow carrying the stamp of

the experience. And now, many sannyasins have died in these fifteen years.

Then slowly, slowly I became aware why it happens. I am continuously in contact with my people. They love me so immensely that it is not a question of believing in me--it is a simple unconditional love. So whenever a sannyasin is dying, these twenty-five miles are something like an existential law, like the law of gravitation or the law of water evaporating at a hundred degrees. Nobody asks why. And the scientist has no answer; he can say only that that's how it is. Never at ninety-nine degrees, never at a hundred and one degrees--exactly at a hundred degrees the water evaporates. But why has the water chosen a hundred degrees? It is simply a law.

Buddha has recorded these twenty-five miles, Mahavira has recorded these twenty-five miles--another founder of a great religion, Jainism, and a contemporary of Buddha. I have experienced it, and now I can feel that the energy of a commune...if it is a single enlightened person, then the radius will be only five miles at the most. But if it is a commune of thousands of sannyasins, the radius becomes twenty-five miles. Why?

Nothing can be said about it. That's how it happens.

And I don't know.... If the commune becomes bigger and still bigger, perhaps the radius will become greater. I hope one day you will see here a hundred thousand sannyasins, and then I want to see how big the radius can be. Can we cover the whole of America? Our effort will be to cover the whole world. We have communes all over the world which will soon have the same effect. They just need one enlightened person amongst them, and

then all the other sannyasins become kind of radiations, reflections of the energy field further and further away.

And when a sannyasin dies in this loving energy field, it is easier for him to be awake than otherwise. It is just as if you are sitting amongst a few people who are yawning and dozing: soon you will find yourself yawning and dozing. And you will be surprised--why are you doing it? Those people are creating a certain vibe. If you sit with people who are bored to death, soon you will feel a certain boredom entering you. You may sometimes have experienced being with someone and you feel as if you are nourished, and with someone else you find as if you have been sucked. These are very simple experiences. Everybody knows that with a certain person you gain energy, with a certain person you lose energy.

People avoid these people because they are parasites.

The enlightened person alone has an energy field of five miles; but if he has a commune around him then there is at least a twenty-five-mile radius ready to wake any sannyasin dying within it. Why it works there

is no way to say. It is just the same as other scientific laws--it is also a scientific law. *last125*

Armed Guards

In the July 1984 Festival, for the first time Osho is given an armed bodyguard of sannyasins who have been trained by the State police.

Why are there armed guards around you?

Those guards are the responsibility of the Rajneeshees, I am not concerned. I don't interfere in anybody's life. I have never interfered in any way. If somebody wants to assassinate me, I am the last person to give him any resistance. I will simply welcome him. I will say, "Glad to meet you. Shoot me and let me be free from the body and its cage." But if people who love me want to protect me, I am not going to interfere with their work, either. Those guards have nothing to do with me, they are managed by people who love me.

Now, I am an outsider to both the assassin and the guard. It is between them. They have to settle. I am simply an outsider. *last104*

Osho's deposition for a local court case

In an attempt to harrass Osho, and hold him responsible for Sheela's actions, Osho is cal ed to testify in a law-suit brought by Donna Smith Quick, a local woman who has been organising opposition to the commune. In August 1984, Osho's deposition is taken at his house. The jury dismiss the claim.

Your Honor, before I take the oath, I have to say few things, otherwise the oath will be a fraud. The first thing--I have always been against the ritual of oath-taking for the simple reason that if a man is capable fo lying he can lie even while he is taking the oath. His oath can be a lie, and if a man is a man of truth, the oath creates a dilemma for that man.

For the man of truth to take the oath means that he is capable of lying.

Without the oath he will lie and with the oath he will say the truth. You are putting me into a dilemma, but I am not a serious man. In life I never take anything seriously, except the jokes. I will take this oath just to play the game of this deposition. I will follow the rule, but I would like you to remember that by taking the oath I am lying in the first place. It is against my philosophy of life and you are forcing me to take the oath,

that means you are freeing me, giving me the freedom to lie later on although I am not going to lie. The oath allows me to lie, but in spite of that freedom I will only say the truth, because I am incapable of lying.

That is impossible, that is against my being and my existence. Now, just to play the game, I will take the oath. You can repeat what you want....

I take the oath on the book of Rajneeshism that I will speak only the truth. It is good that you have allowed me to take the oath on the book of Rajneeshism because these are my own words, but this is such ridiculousness that I am taking oath on my own words. These dead words on the paper mean more to you than my living words. But if it was a Bible, I

would have refused immediately, or Koran, or Gita, or any so-called holy book, because they are full of lies, out-of-date, un-scientific, sub-status. *silent06*

The interviewer reads extracts from a discourse given by Osho in Poona, to show that he is responsible for the commune. Osho responds:

It is absolute nonsense to read that big passage--you simply ask me the question. These are my own words, but they were spoken six years before, they were spoken in India; they were spoken in a totally different context.

I have been in different phases of work. First, I was working on myself.

Then I was working to find the right expression to allow people to know what I have known, so for 20 years I have been travelling all over India.

Third, when I have found my people then I remain in one place, in Poona.

That was a special experiment. It was not a political place, so the question of democracy does not arise at all. Jesus was not a democrat, nor was Buddha a democrat, nor was Moses a democrat. These people who have known the truth cannot depend on voting whether it is true or not. It is their own experience. I am not a democrat as far as my religion is concerned but that does not imply politics at all. Democracy is a political phenomenon. And democracy takes care of the last person in the society, the most ignorant. Democracy is really for the most ignorant. It is mobocracy. Religion takes care of the highest man, the Buddha, the enlightened, the Christ, who has known the truth. Now there is no question of deciding whether it is true or not by voting, by people who know nothing about it.

In that experiment there was no question of democracy. That does not mean that I am against democracy. In politics democracy is okay, but politics is a lower field. Religion is the highest phenomenon on the earth.

In religion it can only be dictatorial, and by dictatorial I don't mean the dictatorship of masses, communists, by dictatorial I mean simply the

master dictates and the disciple follows, there is no question of whether it is right or wrong. This was my third phase of work.

When that phase was over I moved out of India and I moved into silence.

Now the situation and the context is totally different. I am no more concerned with the Commune, its day to day work, its details, its economics, its finance. I am not concerned at all with any mundane worldly affairs. Now my disciples are prepared enough to take care of the Commune. I am just an outsider. They can ask only their spiritual questions to me, nothing else. And if you want to ask me spiritual questions you have to come here like a disciple, sit on the ground in total acceptance, not like the way you are sitting here, interrogating me. This is a different situation. *silent06*

Osho gives Discourses again

after three years' silence

On 30th October 1984, Osho ends his three-year silence. Each evening he gives a discourse to a small group of people, in his own house. The discourses are video-taped and replayed in the meditation hall the following evening for everyone. Before going into silence, Osho had started a new phase to speak his own truth, in place of commenting of earlier masters. Now he continues this phase. He names these discourse series: *The Rajneesh Bible* It is a little difficult for me to speak again. It has been difficult always, because I have been trying to speak the unspeakable. Now it is even more so.

After one thousand, three hundred and fifteen days of silence, it feels as if I am coming to you from a totally different world. In fact it is so. The world of words, language, concepts, and the world of silence are so diametrically opposite to each other, they don't meet anywhere. They can't meet by their very nature. Silence means a state of wordlessness; and to speak now, it is as if to learn language again from ABC. But this is not a new experience for me; it has happened before too.

For thirty years I have been speaking continually. It was such a tension because my whole being was pulled towards silence, and I was pulling myself towards words, language, concepts, philosophies. There was no

other way to convey, and I had a tremendously important message to convey. There was no way to shirk the responsibility.... *(Here Osho talks about his early work in India)*

Now (by 1981) I have found my people and I have to arrange a silent communion, which will help in two ways: those who cannot understand silence will drop out. That will be good. That will be a good weeding; otherwise they will go on clinging around me because of the words, because their intellect feels satisfied. And I am not here to satisfy their intellect. My purpose is far, far deeper, of a different dimension.

So these days of silence have helped those who were just intellectually curious, rationally interested in me, to turn their back. And secondly, it has helped me to find my real, authentic people who are not in need of words to be with me. They can be with me without words. That's the difference between communication and communion.

Communication is through words, and communion is through silence.

So these days of silence have been immensely fruitful. Now only those are left for whom my presence is enough, my being is enough, for whom just the gesture of my hand is enough, for whom my eyes are enough--for whom language is no more a need.

But today I have suddenly decided to speak again--again after one thousand, three hundred and fifteen days--for the simple reason that the picture that I have been painting all my life needs a few touches here and there to complete it, because that one day when I became silent everything was left incomplete. Before I depart from you as far as my physical body is concerned, I would like to complete it.

I have been speaking to Hindus, to Christians, to Jews, to Mohammedans, to Jainas, to Buddhists, to Sikhs, to people belonging to almost all the so-called religions. This is for the first time I am speaking to my own people: not to Hindus, not to Mohammedans, not to Christians, not to Jews. It makes a lot of difference, and only because of that difference can I give the finishing touch to the picture that I have been painting. What difference does it make? To you I can speak directly, immediately. To the Hindus I

had to speak through Krishna, and I was not happy about it. But there was no other way, it was a necessary evil.

To Christians I could speak only through Jesus. I was not at ease about it, but there was no other way. So one has to choose the least evil. Let me explain to you.

I do not agree with Jesus on all points. In fact, there are many questions which I have left unanswered, because even to touch them would have been destructive to those Christians who had come to me. Now they are clean. People say that I am brainwashing people. No, I am not brainwashing people. I am certainly washing their brains--and I believe

in dry cleaning. So I can say to you now exactly what I feel; otherwise, it was a burden on me. *unconc01*

You ask: *Have we failed You in any way, that You have to start speaking again?*

It is not because of your failing me that I have started speaking. It has nothing to do with you. I am just a man who lives moment to moment.

One day I felt like going into silence. I went into silence. Anybody in my place would not have gone into silence that way because so much was incomplete, so many things had to be done. But I couldn't care less. One day I will die, and things will be incomplete--have I to postpone my death too?

I live life as I will live death, moment to moment.

If things are incomplete, let them be incomplete. Perhaps that is their destiny. Perhaps somebody else will complete them. Who am I to be bothered?

So one day I stopped, because I felt like it. And one day I started speaking. I just told Sheela--that time also it was poor Sheela--I told her,

"I'm going to stop speaking." She was shocked. What would happen to the whole movement? How would the sannyasins survive? They had become

so accustomed to hearing me every day; it had become their nourishment, daily nourishment. But I never consider anything, I am very inconsiderate. Whatsoever I feel, I do, without thinking at all about the consequences. I am ready to accept any consequence happily.

Again it was poor Sheela. I told her, "I am going to speak today!"

She asked me, "But arrangements have to be made, and this and that....

Can't it be tomorrow?"

I said, "No. That is your business--arrangements and other things. I am going to speak today."

It has nothing to do with you. It is just my way of life, moment to moment, remaining spontaneous, remaining unpredictable. Not only to you or to the world at large--to myself I am unpredictable. I don't know, tomorrow I may not speak, I may stop again. I cannot guarantee about tomorrow because tomorrow is not in my hands, it is open, undecided.

We will see when it comes. We will see what it brings. And I have lived this way my whole life. *unconc23*

Somebody has asked if people are sending me jokes the way they used to in Poona. They started sending jokes. I said no, because now I don't need jokes. I needed jokes at that time because it was an entertainment. It is no longer entertainment. Just by the way, if a joke comes on its own I am not averse to it. But now I want to speak spontaneously, directly, immediately, the simple truth that is mine.

That's why the lectures have become so long, because to talk on others was tedious for me, to tell you the truth. I managed to tolerate sixty minutes, seventy minutes, at the most ninety minutes. With more than that it was possible I may have forgotten on whom I was speaking! I had to keep questions and notes in front of me so I could remember that this was a Zen series, that this was a Sufi series, that this was a Hassid series--and I didn't get mixed up. Teertha was reading the story and I kept another copy with myself so I didn't forget the story and get lost, because I could have easily

moved in any direction.

Now there is no problem. I don't have to remember anybody, I can simply say whatever comes; hence the lecture has become too long. And people have enquired as to why sometimes I finish abruptly--I never used to do that. That is true. When I was just entertaining you I gave the right beginning, gave the right middle and gave the right end; rounded, complete. But right now it is all raw, uncut--unpolished diamonds from the mine itself.

So there is no beginning in fact, and there is no end. Abruptly, I start.

Not to shock you I have persuaded Sheela to begin with a question, just to give you the feel that.... Otherwise if I begin speaking abruptly you will think I have gone completely out of my mind! Nobody is asking and I am answering!

But that's actually the case: nobody is asking the questions, most of the questions I have to tell Sheela to write down. They are not somebody else's. So poor Sheela has to write down a question, then ask it; and because it is my own question I don't need to keep it in front of me. And I am free to move in any way. Abruptly I am starting, and abruptly I am stopping--that's truly existential!

Beginnings are abrupt. If you look closely existence is abrupt, sudden--

and I want these discourses to be existential. Yes, I will be stopping anywhere I feel to stop; there is no other consideration. You can see now clearly why I had to use religious language, and why now I am continually telling you to flush God down the toilet, to forget all about heaven and hell, and that the law of karma is nothing but boo-boo.

And I am no longer showing any respect to Jesus, or Buddha, Mahavira, Krishna. I am just treating them as a headmaster treats his children. If they behave rightly then they will not be punished, that's all. If they don't behave rightly, then I am going to give them real hits that they will never forget.

Now I have no need for any camouflage.

I can stand fully naked, as I am, open to you.

There is no desire anywhere in me to say a single word that I cannot authenticate on my own authority. *person14*

I have found the people who are enough for my work to spread worldwide.

That's why I want to complete the circle. Now I want to say things which I wanted to say in the beginning but which were difficult to say because nobody was ready to listen.

Now I have my people--whose hearts are open to absorb me, to take me in.

And before I depart from the body, I would like to pour all that I have in you.

It is almost like lighting one candle by another candle.

You can go on lighting one candle by another candle:

Millions of candles you can light.

The first candle does not lose anything, remember. It is not that it has lost so much light because now one million candles are burning. No, it has not lost anything, it has gained.

It was a lonely candle in a dark world. Now, millions of candles are showering their light all over the space.

Their light is the same.

Their flames are different.

Each sannyasin has to be a flame unto himself

But the light of all the sannyasins will be the same:

The light that I want to be spread all over the earth--because that is the only hope. Without it humanity cannot last more than fifteen years. But if we can create the light I am talking about, if we can make this whole world afire--and we *can....*

I started the journey alone. People went on coming and joining me; now there are thousands of sannyasins. And do you see?--I have not been very long on the road, just twenty-five years. And the difficulties that I have been facing you will not be facing. The problems that I had to face, you will not be facing. One day, alone, I started. Now my candle is burning in thousands of candles.

Each candle has the same potential:

It can light up millions of candles.

In the coming fifteen years everything will become intense.

The danger will become intense.

The challenge will become intense.

The possibility of ultimate destruction will become intense.

And the possibility of ultimate transformation will become intense.

In these fifteen years everything is going to take the intense-most form possible because a planet that has been working for millions of years to create human consciousness has come to a space where either death or total transformation will be the only alternatives.

Old religions are just dead. They don't give any option; they are dying with the dying society, and there is nobody except you.

You should understand the gravity, the significance, the responsibility.

There is nobody on the whole earth like you, nobody who has dropped all rubbish that is old and who is ready to become a new kind of man. Don't be worried that you are such a small minority.

The day I started I was alone. Even at that time I did not think that I was a minority, because truth is never a minority.

Truth is always the whole--not even the majority but the whole, one hundred percent....

A single sannyasin--even a single sannyasin--is not a minority, because the truth that burns in him and the light that he holds in his hands, the torch that he holds in his hand, is enough to create the whole face of the earth.

And it is going to happen--and not with God's help, because God's help has been coming for thousands of years and you see what has happened.

This time, without God--at least give it a try this time without God, without heaven, without hell, without all that crap!

Just give a chance to pure humanity, to the ordinary, natural human being.

And I say to you it *is* going to happen--no God can prevent it. *person14*

It is time we burned the whole of history and started from the very beginning, fresh.

That's my whole work with you.

Talking to you I am really trying to burn your conditionings, trying to remove all the rubbish that you have been carrying your whole life...just trying to clean you and make you utterly blank so that you can start sprouting your self--otherwise you are so full of junk that there is no space for your self. *dark28*

Vivek was just asking me, "Why are your discourses called `The Rajneesh Bible'?"

They are called "The Bible" just to make it clear to the whole world the

"bible" simply means the book, it does not mean the holy book. That's why you say "bibliography". Is there anything holy in a bibliography? A bibliography simply means a list of books. It is really just "the book", and I want it to be clear to the whole world that a bible has nothing to do with holiness.

I am not a holy man because to me the word "holy" seems so phony, so bogus that I would prefer just to be a human being. Just to be a human being is so grand, so great; there is nothing greater than that. But strangely, man has been trying to become God. Rather than trying to become man he had been trying to become God. God he cannot become because there is no God, and nothing like God is possible.

But in making the effort to become God and trying hard to rise higher, he falls, is bound to fall. And when he falls, he falls below the human being.

That's where all your religious people have fallen, your so-called holy men and saints and sages. Trying to become God they have fallen even from being human beings, they have become subhuman.

Our effort is just to be alive human beings.

This is our religion. *dark13*

What you are saying now is quite different from what you were saying a few years ago...

I am a man of contradictions, and I am proud of it! Only an idiot is always consistent. The intelligent person goes on growing, finding new ground, new spaces. And when I go on finding new groovy spaces, naturally I have to talk about them. And if they contradict my past, so what? Past is dead anyway. *last113*

I am always contradicting myself knowingly, so that nobody can make a consistent philosophy out of me.

Those contradictions, if you pass through all of them, first will create confusion in you; second, will create a tremendous silence in you. If you persist, if you don't escape from the confusion, they will create a silence in you--and that silence will be a revelation. So I am not giving a philosophy to people; I am giving a device for them to discover the ultimate silence of existence--which is meaningless, as meaningless as a roseflower is. *last130*

You have said that all your words of the past are not important. So what

are all your books for?

Jesus! I have never said that my books of the past are not important! But you may have heard that. What I had said is that to me truth is not something unchanging. Anything unchanging is dead.

Truth is alive, breathing, moving. So when I am saying something to you now, don't be bothered about the past--what I said twenty years before.

And I say to you, if I am still here tomorrow, the truth will have become more potent, deeper, higher. My books of the past are not unimportant....

Whatever I have said in these thirty years--and I have been speaking continuously, except for those few years when I was silent--every single word is important, because they are all interconnected. You may find contradictions, you may find inconsistencies. Don't be afraid; life is full of contradictions, full of inconsistencies. And I don't know any other god than life itself.

I have never said that my books of the past are not important. But this goes on happening: I say one thing, you hear something else. I have said only that what I am saying now is the highest flower on the that I have been growing for thirty years. So if you have to decide, decide on this moment's statement, and don't be bothered about inconsistencies, contradictions.

And I have also said, remember this for tomorrow also. Tomorrow this day will be old, gone. Newer flowers will be blossoming. Be always in the present, and you will be always right. And don't be afraid when tomorrow you find an even better thing. Then don't cling to the yesterday. It was beautiful, but it was beautiful *yesterday....*

I don't say anything considering *you,* I say it because it is true! If it hurts you, I am helpless. If it does not suit you, disturbs you, it is your problem; I have nothing to do with it. My concern is to remain flowing with existence, life, truth. And whatever existence wants to speak through me, I will speak.

I never hesitate to contradict myself, because who am I to interfere? It was a life force that said that, the same life force is saying *this.* There must be

some inner connection which you cannot see.

My books of the past are important, because they will be a test for you--

whether you can grow with me or you have stopped long ago....

It is difficult to be with a living message, because the message goes on moving in tune with existence. It does not bother about you. You have to keep yourself running with the message, you have to forget all about what was said in the past. The new, the latest, is always the right. And it does not mean that what has preceded it was not important. Without it this new phenomenon would not have been there at all.

In my thirty years' life of talking from my heart to people, thousands have come and gone. They still love me, but only up to the point when they departed. After that they say, "Something has gone wrong."...

People, thousands of people, have walked along with me, but they go only so far and stop. They were not coming along with me; they were really finding nourishment for their own rubbish, knowledge. The moment they found that I was saying something that went against their knowledge, their religion, their party line, their ideology, they stopped. They departed.

If you ask them, they will say, "Yes, there was a time when Osho was right. He is no longer right." But this is natural. Only a person who has

immense capacity to change, to go on and on, can find the truth of life.

And once you have found it there is no way to lose it, because you find it in the very innermost being of yourself. You *are* it! How can you drop it somewhere? How can you forget about it?

But the disciple who stops at a certain point certainly has to console himself, that "Up to this point Osho was right. After that, he has gone wrong." He does not know that right is not a static thing, it is a growing phenomenon....

With me you will find it difficult--until I die. And don't hope that I am going to die soon. I am going to disturb you as much as possible. If you can manage

to live with a living message, and if you have the guts to go on changing with the living message, you are blessed. Many will come around me, but only a few will remain. Yes, after my death many more will come, and everybody will remain!...

You are asking me, that I have said that my old books are not important.... You want to divide me in two parts--my old books, and my present message to you--so that you can choose. I will not allow you such a convenient way.

My old books are immensely important. Unless you understand them, you will not be able to understand me. But remember, it is a constant flow and change, so don't be bothered with inconsistencies, contradictions.

If you go on, soon you will be able to find the truth. And once the truth is revealed, all contradictions and inconsistencies dissolve. Then you can see, crystal-clear, that it is a single message from the roots to the flower.

It is a single organism. *false11*

How Osho speaks

Osho sometimes comments on his discourses and how he speaks:

Whatever you do, in that very doing is your reward.

For example, I am speaking to you. I am enjoying it. For thirty-five years I have been continually speaking for no purpose. With this much speaking I could have become a president, a prime minister; there was

no problem in it. With so much speaking I could have done anything.

What have I gained?

But I was not out for gain in the first place--I enjoyed.

This was my painting, this was my song, this was my poetry.

Just those moments when I am speaking and I feel the communion

happening, those moments when I see your eyes flare up, when I see that you have understood the point...they give me such tremendous joy that I cannot think anything can be added to it.

Action, any action done totally, with every fiber of your being in it.... For example, if you bind my hands I cannot speak, although there is no relationship be tween hands and speaking. I have tried....

What to say about hands...if I put this leg on the other side, and the other leg on top of it--which is the way I sit in my room when I am not speaking.... If I have to put it under the other leg, then something goes wrong, then I am not at home. So the way I am sitting, the way my hands move, is a total involvement. It is not only speaking from a part of me; everything in me is involved in it. And only then can you find the intrinsic value of any act. *ignor23*

Many people have asked me why I go on keeping my left leg over my right leg the whole time. Just doing anything is difficult, even to move the legs!

I leave them to meditate. And they know me, that nothing is going to change my approach. They go on sitting for hours the whole day.

Somebody has asked, "Why, Osho, have You stopped leaving your shoe on the floor?"

Just the same thing. First, taking your foot out of it, and then putting your foot in it again--too much doing! Okay? *dless35*

Okay, you can ask one question more. My hands are not tired yet. *ignor25*

Let me tell you one story, but don't let me drift...because stories are dangerous, intriguing. And when I start a story I have something in my mind, and by the time I end the story I have forgotten why I had started it. So I have to start again from something, where the story ends. But this story is not like that. *misery11*

Did You drift away on many points yesterday?

I am constantly drifting away every day. It is something in the very nature of

things I am talking about. I cannot help it. With each word spoken, I have so many dimensions available; I have to choose one.

Which one I choose makes no difference, the others are left. And then there is no way of coming back to them because each new word will be bringing new implications. So you have to go on reminding me--don't feel shy about it.

I am reminded of a story because I told you about reminding me.... That's how I go on drifting! Now what do you say, should I tell it or...? Because if I tell it, then I have gone again. If I don't tell, then too.... It is better to tell it. Whenever it is a question of doing something or not doing something, it is better to do it....

I am also helpless. I know perfectly well that many things are being left out, but there is no other way. This is the problem of language. Language is linear, and existence is multidimensional. If I were only a thinker I would not be drifting at all because thinking is linear, just like language.

Thinking is in language, in words. So the words move in a row--it can be miles long but it is linear.

But existence is multidimensional. From each point...as if it is a sun with millions of rays moving towards infinity. Each ray can lead you to infinity, but if you choose one, of course you have to leave others; and you can choose only one. You cannot even ride on two horses, what to say about two dimensions? You cannot ride on two boats, what to say about two dimensions?--because they are going to diverge more and more, more and more; as you go further, there will be an infinite unbridgeable gap between them. At the source they are one. From there you can choose any one, but once you have chosen a line then others are dropped.

I have been drifting my whole life. You have to be alert. And if you can remind me that somewhere I have drifted, I can catch hold of a dimension that has been left behind. But you should not expect that I will stop drifting, because in catching hold of the other dimension, again I will be leaving many more.

On each step there is a problem of choosing, because I am an existential person, I am not a thinker. It is not a logical syllogism that I am propounding to you. It is my experience that I am trying to share with you--and experience is so vast that I can only show you a little part of it.

But you are always welcome to remind me. Yes, I remember I had drifted on many points; perhaps a few I can manage to catch back again. *misery06*

I am not a scientist. I am a mystic.

Science tries to demystify things. What does knowing everything about existence mean? In other words, it is demystifying existence.

I do just the opposite: I mystify the rose, I mystify the cloud. I mystify the sky, the stars. I mystify you. And remember, it is no mystification--that is bogus. I simply reveal your reality to you. And it is such a mystery.

I can afford contradictions, because I am not aiming at your head. My aim is somewhere else. You can ask, then why do I talk? I talk to keep your head engaged; meanwhile, my arrow goes directly to your heart.

Continuously I am throwing arrows to your heart; but the head knows nothing about it, cannot know anything about it. They are not on talking terms either. *dless03*

You are all listening to me, but if you all go back home and write down what I have said, do you think you will be reporting the same? Tomorrow morning you can look at all the notebooks and be surprised that everybody has got something else, has laid emphasis on something which you have completely ignored. You have not heard it at all, but somebody else has heard only that. What you have heard, she has not bothered about. *ignor20*

If enlightenment means to be beyond all dualities, not choosing, then why are you against wars, politics and other stupidities of mankind?

Yes, enlightenment means choicelessness--but you are not enlightened yet. For me there is no choice. If the third world war comes, I will be just the same as I am. If the whole world is destroyed, it won't change anything in

me--neither my bliss, nor my peace, nor my love.

But for you.... Because you are not enlightened, I have been talking against wars, against superstitions, against stupidities. I am not speaking to myself--do you think I am crazy?--I am talking to *you.* And for you there is at every step a choice. Till you come to the moment of enlightenment and choicelessness, you will have to choose; before that there is no other way.

It is just as a blind man carries a stick in his hand, groping for his way.

But if his eyes are cured, will he still grope with the stick? He will throw the stick away.

Whatever I am saying to you is just giving you a stick till you are ready to open your eyes. Then, throw the stick. Then there is nothing good, nothing bad. Then whatever the enlightened person does is right. And

there is no question of choice, because he can *see.* He does not choose.

Choice implies thinking. He does not think, he simply sees his way and moves on it.

My work is arduous. I have to speak from a point to you, who are almost on another planet; the distance is vast. Remove the distance. Of course I am not going to move close to you. The thirsty goes to the well, not vice versa.

I am here, available. If you are thirsty, move closer to me. And soon you will know that light, that insight, that explosion of bliss in which there is no choice.

Enlightenment is choicelessness. But don't misunderstand me. Before that, you will have to move very cautiously, choosing the right against the wrong, choosing the truer so that you can reach to the ultimate truth. *false11*

Topics on which Osho speaks

Osho often gives whole discourses on one topic, too long to include here. Besides destroying old religions, he develops earlier subjects, such as the new man, and introduces his own 'religio': The new man will not be like me

in the sense that he will not be my carbon copy. But in a way, in a very different way, he will be like me. I am independent; he will be independent. I am my own self; he will be his own self. I have never accepted anything just as a belief unless I have experienced it. Then there is no question of belief--I *know* it. So either I know something or I don't know, there is nothing in between....

I have doubted everything. I have never accepted anything because it is written in the holy scriptures, because the great founders of religions have said it, because great saints verify it. I have insisted my whole life that nothing else can prove it to me except my own experience. And when it comes as your own experience, it brings tremendous rejoicing, great blessings, flowering. Your being finds its home. The wandering is finished, you have arrived.

Now my wandering and your wandering will be different. The point where I started and the point where you will start will be different. I will arrive to *my* own innermost core; you will arrive to your innermost core. The ultimate experience of blossoming will be the same, but the path will be totally different. Everybody has to search and seek in his own way....

Yes, I am the new man and I am preparing the way for you to become the new man. That's why I go on insisting that you keep yourself intelligent, meditative, silent. Keep yourself alert, aware. Change every stone on the path into a stepping-stone. Don't think, "Now the stone is blocking the way." No stone blocks the way. You just have to know that every stone can be turned into a stepping-stone....

The new man will have communes, but the agreement will be freedom.

You can look into my eyes and you can see my silence, my depth. You can feel my presence, my joy, my song. But you are not to repeat anything. I am simply indicating to you that what has happened to me can happen to you. There will be differences, there will be uniquenesses.

I may be just a marigold flower and you may be a lotus--so don't imitate me. You may be a rose and I am just a marigold, a very poor flower who has nothing. But whoever named it marigold must have had great insight; it is

the poorest flower, but there is great merriness, great joy in it--and it is pure gold, twenty-four carat....

I am the new man. You have to be the new man. I am not ordering you, I am simply saying so loudly so you can hear. And we have to create more opportunities for the new man for more people around the world. *last301*

What is meditation?

It is the most important question as far as my religion is concerned.

Meditation is the very center of my whole effort.

It is the very womb out of which the new religion is going to be born.

But it is very difficult to verbalize it. To say something about meditation is a contradiction in terms. It is something which you can have, which you can be, but by its very nature you cannot say what it is. Still, efforts have been made to convey it in some way. Even if only a fragmentary, partial understanding arises out of it, that is more than one can expect.

But even that partial understanding of meditation can become a seed.

Much depends on how you listen. If you only hear, then even a fragment cannot be conveyed to you, but if you listen.... Try to understand the difference between the two....

First try to understand the word "meditation." It is not the right word for the state about which any authentic seeker is bound to be concerned. So I would like to tell you something about a few words. In Sanskrit we have a special word for meditation, the word is *dhyana.* In no other language does a parallel word exist; that word is untranslatable. It has been

recognized for two thousand years that this word is untranslatable, for the simple reason that in no other language people have tried it or experienced the state that it denotes; so those languages don't have that word.

A word is needed only when there is something to say, something to designate. In English there are three words: the first is concentration. I have

seen many books written by very well-meaning people but not people who have experienced meditation. They go on using the word

"concentration" for dhyana--dhyana is not concentration. Concentration simply means your mind focused on one point; it is a state of mind.

Ordinarily the mind is continuously moving, but if it continuously moves you cannot work with the mind on a certain subject....

So before I answer your question, What is meditation? you have to understand what it is not. First: it is not concentration. Second: it is not contemplation....

Whenever you can find time for just being, drop all doing. Thinking is also doing, concentration is also doing, contemplation is also doing. Even if for a single moment you are not doing anything and you are just at your center, utterly relaxed--that is meditation. And once you have got the knack of it, you can remain in that state as long as you want; finally you can remain in that state for twenty-four hours a day.

Once you have become aware of the way your being can remain undisturbed, then slowly you can start doing things, keeping alert that your being is not stirred. That is the second part of meditation. First, learning how just to be, and then learning little actions: cleaning the floor, taking a shower, but keeping yourself centered. Then you can do complicated things.

For example, I am speaking to you, but my meditation is not disturbed. I can go on speaking, but at my very center there is not even a ripple; it is just silent, utterly silent.

So meditation is not against action.

It is not that you have to escape from life.

It simply teaches you a new way of life:

You become the center of the cyclone.

Your life goes on, it goes on really more intensely--with more joy, with more clarity, more vision, more creativity--yet you are aloof, just a watcher on the hills, simply seeing all that is happening around you.

You are not the doer, you are the watcher.

That's the whole secret of meditation, that you become the watcher.

Doing continues on its own level, there is no problem: chopping wood, drawing water from the well. You can do all small and big things; only one thing is not allowed and that is, your centering should not be lost.

That awareness, that watchfulness, should remain absolutely unclouded, undisturbed.

Meditation is a very simple phenomenon....

That's what I say to you: just go on playing with the idea. I am using the word playing, because I am a nonserious man and my religion is nonserious. Just go on playing--and you have enough time.

Anytime--lying in your bed, if sleep is not coming, play with the idea.

Why bother about sleep?--it will come when it will come. You cannot do anything to bring it; it is not in your hands, so why bother about it?

Something which is not in your hands, forget about it. This time is in your hands, why not use it? Lying in your bed, on a cold night under your blanket, cozy and enjoying--just play with the idea. You need not sit in the lotus posture. In my meditation you need not torture yourself in any way. *misery02*

Consciousness experienced subjectively needs some inward journey. No scientist is doing that. He wants to study consciousness in white mice, in guinea pigs. This is very strange. The scientist has the consciousness in himself, what is the need to go to a white mouse? Go inwards!

And that's what I call the science of interiority, *religio,* meditation. You move deeper, leaving your body, your mind, your heartbeat far behind--

and, still, you are. And you are more than you have ever been, because you had known yourself filtered through the heart, through the mind, through the body--thick layers. So you had felt your consciousness in a very slight way.

But when you have reached to your own center--which is neither chemical nor physical nor biological--you experience a totally new reality.

Immediately you become aware that it is not a by-product, that it has its own existence. The body may die, but this consciousness is so separate from the body that there is no possibility of its dying with the body. The

heart may stop, but you are so far away from the heart, you are no longer identified with the heart. You are part of an eternal life.

So when I talk about consciousness, I am talking about my own experience of diving deep into my being. And when the physicists talk about consciousness, they are talking not about experience but about experiments that they are doing with white mice, guinea pigs. Strange people! *You* have consciousness, the white mouse is in a very backward state of life; why not find it within yourself? Man is the highest expression of consciousness.

Science can never know the real being, the real soul, the real consciousness, for the simple reason that it is object-oriented. Hence, a totally different approach is needed, a science which is subject-oriented.

You cannot put consciousness in a test-tube. Consciousness is not something material; it is not something like a commodity. It is not something that you can dissect and find out what elements it is made of.

It is a single, indivisible life. And the only way to know it is to go within yourself. That is the purpose of the commune. It is not a religion; it is the science of subjectivity.

So there is a total difference. What they are talking about is absolutely irrelevant. What *I* am talking about is the real thing. And you need not go anywhere, because it is within *you.* No lab is needed, no instruments are needed. All that is needed is that you learn how to relax, how to be silent,

how to be just a witness. And slowly slowly your mind stops its unnecessary chattering, your heart stops its moods, feelings.

And suddenly you *are* your reality, your consciousness.

And it reveals all the mysteries. It is the golden key, the master key, because it makes you aware not only of *your* consciousness, it makes you aware that your consciousness is not separate from other consciousnesses.

Consciousness is almost like an ocean. We are all in it, we are all sharing the same consciousness. The trees, the animals, the birds--they are all sharing the same consciousness in different stages of growth.

You are fortunate to be a human being, because this gives you an opportunity to turn in. *bond24*

And this is my whole work, I call it meditation.

That the unconscious should be changed into consciousness so that nothing remains inside you that you don't know. That is the only possibility that you may not fall into darkness and you may not do things which are inhuman, that you will not go in the ways of evil. The only possibility is that your whole mind is simply consciousness--there is no unconscious part at all.

And this is one of the greatest contribution of the East to the world.

Sigmund Freud, Carl Gustav Jung, Alfred Adler and other psychologists in the West, only in this century have been able to find that there is something like unconscious.

In the East for five thousand years we have been aware of the unconscious. Not only that, we have been aware how to transform it into consciousness. The West has accepted now that there is a unconscious but it has not yet been able to find how to transform it into consciousness. The East has the methods but the ego of the Western psychology prevents it to accept the methods which are already available.

Thousands of people have been meditating with me and have come to the same experience of illumination that the darkness disappears, that one becomes full of light. And after that it is impossible to fall. *last504*

One question is there: "Osho, You have taken God away, now there is only existence. Existence means nature; it is harsh, it is indifferent, it doesn't care. If there is no God then I feel very much afraid."

Naturally, you will feel very much afraid because your God was nothing but a way to hide your fear. It was fear-oriented. It was just to keep your fear suppressed. Take God away and fear springs up. It is there; even when you are putting the rock of God on the spring, it is still there. You know perfectly well that it is there, alive, ready to burst forth any moment--just waiting for its chance, an opportunity.

Your whole life you have believed in God, and I have just said that there is no God--and that's enough! Perhaps for fifty years you have believed in God, found consolation in it, then just an ordinary man like me says there is no God, and fifty years conditioning disappears and fear arises!

Whom are you trying to deceive?

If I can do this, anybody can do this. lust anybody meeting you on the road can whisper in your ear, "There is no God"--finished! Your God is dead! Your fear is more alive than ever. *ignor24*

Are You a messiah?

No, Sheela, absolutely no. The whole idea is fundamentally wrong. It is not only that I am not a messiah, there has never been anyone who was and there will never be anybody who will be. You will have to go deep into the concept of it. The idea of a messiah is a secondary idea. First you have to believe in God as a person, then only can you start thinking of God sending special messengers, messiahs.

To me there is no personal God at all who can send a messiah....

These people are megalomaniacs. It is a certain mind disease. You want to be superior, higher than everybody else. You would like to be a president of

a country, a prime minister of a country, a king, a queen, but it is difficult--there is so much competition. And only one man can become a president in the whole country and the whole country is burning, deep down, everybody desiring to be higher, above everybody else's head, to be somebody special, unique. Now, these kinds of people can find very easy ways. Now, to declare oneself a messiah...there is no election for it, you don't need anybody's sanction for it. You can write a book in which you can declare that you are the messiah. This is a circular argument. The book is true because it is written by a messiah, and you are the messiah because it is written in a true book.

What other evidence has Jesus for being a messiah, except his own statements? What do Christians have to prove that Jesus is a messiah?--

because it is written in the New Testament, and the New Testament is nothing but this man's statements. Do you see the circular argument?

They are true because they are from the messiah, and he is a messiah because it is written in the true book.

Jesus was not such a bad man that he should be crucified--his only crime was that he declared himself a messiah. That too is nothing to be bothered about. If somebody thinks he is a messiah, he's doing no harm to anybody; let him enjoy. But the Jews could not tolerate it. So I will have to go deep into the whole concept and its history.

Moses is responsible for Jesus' crucifixion. Nobody has said it before because the distance between Moses and Jesus is three thousand years.

But I say to you, Moses is responsible for Jesus' crucifixion--for two reasons. First, he declares that a messiah is going to come and he will solve all your problems, all your difficulties. This was pure politics....

I am not a messiah. I don't give you any hope.

And I would like emphatically for you to remember that nobody else can redeem you--the whole idea is wrong. You have created your bondage, how can I make you free?

You throw your bondage and be free.

You love your chains and you want me to redeem you. You are asking an absurdity. You are the cause of your miseries, sufferings, and you want me to redeem you from your sufferings and miseries. And you will go on sowing the same seeds, continuing, being the same old person, watering the same causes. Who can redeem you? And why should anybody redeem you? It is not my responsibility to redeem you. I have not made you what you are; you have made yourself what you are.

My function here is not that of a messiah who simply says, "Believe in me and you are redeemed"...a very simple strategy: "You have nothing to do with your personality change, transformation; you have nothing to do at all, you just believe in me. Don't let any doubt arise." Now, this is the whole strategy of belief.

You cannot avoid doubt; wherever belief exists, doubt is simply suppressed. If there is no doubt you don't need any belief. It is because of the doubt that you need belief, to suppress it, to cover it. And the condition is that there should be no doubt; you should believe in me without any doubt and I will redeem you. Neither can you fulfill the condition, nor can you ask me, "Why am I not redeemed?" The condition is such that it cannot be fulfilled. And I am free to say that you have not fulfilled the basic condition; the contract has not been fulfilled from your side, what can I do? You agreed to believe in me indubitably, which is absolutely impossible. Nobody can do it, it is not in the nature of things.

Belief always exists hand in hand with doubt. It exists for doubt.

I have no belief at all in anything because I don't have any doubt at all about anything. If there is no doubt, there is no need for belief. The disease is not there; medicine is not required.

You go on pouring belief, more belief; but you are simply suppressing doubt deeper and deeper into your unconscious. And the deeper it goes, the more dangerous it is because you will become unaware of it. One day you will think that you believe, that you are a believer, that you have attained to faith--because your doubt has gone so deep in your dark unconscious that

you cannot see it anymore. I would like you to see your doubt clearly. Rather than repressing it by any belief system, bring it out into the conscious mind, face it. And just by facing your doubt, it dissolves. No belief is needed, it simply evaporates.

Doubt is not to be substituted with a belief. If you substitute it with a belief, then you are in a very strange dilemma: just scratch your belief a

little bit--and there is doubt flowing, fully alive. The belief is skin deep and underneath your blood is flowing.

So basically my standpoint is: you are responsible for whatsoever you are. If you are miserable, you are responsible. Don't throw the responsibility on anybody else; otherwise you will never be free of it...because how can you be free if I am responsible for your misery?

Then, unless I free you, you cannot be free; it is in *my* hands. And if it is in my hands, it can be in somebody else' hands.

Those who are with me have to understand, howsoever hard and painful it is, that you and you alone are responsible for everything that is happening to you, has happened to you, will happen to you. Once you accept all your responsibility in its totality, you become mature. You stop throwing tantrums, and you stop seeking for messiahs. Then there is no need for any Jesus to save you. Nor can any Jesus save you--he was exploiting your situation....

I am not to be included in any ego game--messiah, avatara, paigambara, tirthankara; I have nothing to do with these people. I am just an ordinary man, just like everybody else. If there is any difference, it is not of quality; it is only of knowing. I know myself; you don't know.

It is just like I am standing and looking at the sunrise and you are standing by my side with closed eyes. The sun is rising for you too, just as it is rising for me. It is so beautiful and so colorful--not only for me, for you too. But what can the sun do? You are standing with closed eyes.

That is the only difference. Is it much of a difference?

You just have to be shaken and told, "Just open your eyes. It is morning, the night is over." *unconc04*

Many questions have come to me, asking why I insistently destroy people's belief and faith in God. It is pure arithmetic: without destroying God I cannot help you to destroy your ego. If there is no God and existence can remain flowing, moving, growing, expanding; nobody is controlling it, nobody is maintaining it, it is autonomous....

That's what I mean when I say there is no God. I am saying existence is autonomous. Trees are growing of their own accord, birds are flying of their own accord, the sun is rising of its own accord. And it is beautiful that nobody is behind this beautiful existence, turning it into a puppeteer's show. That's what the religions teach--all the religions without exception--that you are only a puppet. With God there, you cannot be anything more than a puppet. The strings are in his hand....

I want you to be silent, meditative, searching inside yourself, looking...is anyone there? And you will be surprised--there is no one, just pure existence, autonomous. There is no entity in you. You are part and parcel of the whole existence. You are connected to the trees and to the rivers and to the ocean in a thousand and one ways--visible, invisible.

You are not separate. *false18*

Even the very intelligent people in America I came across, and I was surprised, I could not believe that a well educated man, a professor in the university, tells me that Bible is the word of God. I asked him, "Do you know that Hindus believe Vedas are the words of God, Mohammedans believe that the Koran is the word of God, and all the religions have their own holy book. On what criterion you choose which one is right? Because they are all contradicting each other. And on what grounds you can say that Bible is the word of God?"

And his answer was so stupid. He said, "Because it is written in the Bible. "

I said, "It is like a man who told to his friends that my wife is the most beautiful woman in the world."

The friend said, "But how you came to know about it?"

He said, "My wife said it to me herself." *last502*

Why do you make such inflammatory epithets...such as "Pope the Polack,"

"Christ the crackpot," "Mother Teresa, the criminal." ...

It works in many ways. Those are my devices. First, I am talking to my own people. They are not hurt by what I am saying about pope the Polack, Teresa the Terrible, Christ the Crackpot--nobody is hurt. On the contrary, they start looking at things in a totally new way--the way I want them to look at them.

I want outside people to get hurt, shocked. I want them to be angry, hate-full, because it is a very fundamental principle of psychology that if you can create hate in a man, it is very easy to change it into love. Love and hate are not as different as people think, and certainly they are not opposites. They are two polarities of one energy, just like darkness and light.

So without going anywhere, just sitting in my room, I can manage to give shocks all around the world, shake people in their sleep, in their slumber. Because to me their Christianity is a kind of opium, and their

Hinduism is a kind of marijuana, and so on, so forth. These people need to be shaken really badly.

And I will go on throwing ice-cold water in their eyes as long as they don't open their eyes and jump out of bed. It is not a question of persuasion.; you don't persuade a sleeping person to wake up, because between a person who is awake and a person who is asleep there is no possibility of communication. So whether they hear me or not, I want them to be hate-full against me. That's enough--I have done my job. All these people....

And there are almost one million sannyasins around the world. Even in Soviet Russia, even in East Germany, I have my sannyasins. Of course, they are underground sannyasins. From where are these people coming?

First they were shocked, first they were hurt, but their shock and their hurt

started a great question, a great quest in their minds. They became suspicious about their own conditioning: Perhaps Christ *was* a crackpot.

Let us give it another thought.

And the pope is certainly a Polack, there are no two opinions about it.

You cannot find a thicker head than pope the Polack's, because the world is suffering from overpopulation, and he is preaching around the world against birth control, against the pill, against abortion. This man--

if I call him a criminal I am not condemning him, only describing him.

Perhaps he is the greatest criminal alive. And the same is my attitude about the Hindu leaders, *shankaracharyas,* Mohammedan leaders like Ayatollah Khomeini--I call him Khomeiniac--because these are the people who are insisting for more and more population on the earth.

Ethiopia is dying, India is dying; soon the whole third world will be dying of starvation. And who will be responsible for it? Mother Teresa will be responsible for it, the pope will be responsible for it. In the eyes of the future, these people will be as criminal as the popes of the middle ages are criminal in our eyes....

One infallible pope burns the woman alive, declares her a witch; another infallible pope declares Joan of Arc a saint. The bones are pulled out of the gave and worshipped.

Now these idiots--or you want me to be polite with them? And they are dragging the whole world towards poverty. They have a vested interest in poverty; they have to be exposed. Mother Teresa wants more and more orphans in the world; otherwise who is going to give her Nobel prizes and all kinds of awards and titles? She is roaming around the world--I don't know when she finds time for serving humanity--receiving rewards, awards, titles, opening functions, conferences. I can't think when she

serves humanity. All she is doing is collecting Hindu and Mohammedan orphans and converting them into Catholics. This is sheer politics of numbers; she is a cunning politician. It is not even right to call her a woman-

-she has no heart. She is simply a puppet in the hands of the Vatican.
last121

Are You especially against Christianity?

I hate to favor Christianity with any special attention but unfortunately it deserves it. It is the ugliest manifestation of religion on the earth, for many reasons....

I am saying this to make it clear to you that it is Christianity which is responsible for giving science the incentive to war....

I am not paying special attention to Christianity, but it deserves it. It has done so much harm, so much nuisance. It is impossible to believe that people still go on keeping it alive. The churches should be demolished, the Vatican should be completely removed. There is no need of these people. Whatever they have done they have done wrong. Other religions have also done wrong, but proportionately they are nothing compared to Christianity.

It has been exploiting the poverty of people to convert them to Christianity....

And if I have been criticizing Christianity it is not without reason. The most important thing is that I am speaking within a Christian context. If I were speaking in a Hindu context, I would not be criticizing Christianity, I would be criticizing Hinduism, or in a Buddhist context I would be criticizing Buddhism. It would be useless to criticize Christianity in a Buddhist context because those people would love it.

I am a person who impresses people and creates enemies, not friends--

that is not my policy. I would love the whole world to be my enemy. But all these people are so cowardly that they cannot honestly even accept that they are enemies. Every day dozens of letters are received; they are praying for me, that God should forgive me. These fools! They should pray to me that I should forgive God and them. Why should God forgive me? If there is going to be any trouble I am ready to take it.

One thing is certain: whether God forgives me or not, I am not going to

forgive Him. So they should pray to me, not to God. They don't understand what they are saying. They go on writing letters, "We pray to God that He should forgive you for what you are saying."

There is no God. I am speaking against nobody. That's why I am enjoying it, because if there was a God do you think I would enjoy it? It would be trouble. It is sheer enjoyment--no trouble at all. *person18*

Just now I had this news: pope the polack, addressing the youth in Latin America, said, "My dear ones, beware of the devil. The devil will tempt you with drugs, alcohol, and most particularly premarital sex."

Now, who is this devil? I have never met him, he has never tempted me. I don't think any of you have ever met the devil, or that he has tempted you. Desires come from your own nature, it is not some devil who is tempting you. But it is a strategy of religions to throw the responsibility on an imaginary figure, the devil, so you don't feel you are being condemned.

You *are* being condemned, but indirectly, not directly. He is saying to you that you are the devil, but he has not the guts even to say that. So he is saying that the devil is something else--a separate agency, whose only function is to tempt people....

I would like to say to you: don't be tempted by the popes. These are the real evil ones. They will spoil your whole life. They have spoiled the lives of millions of people. *misery11*

Just the other day, Sheela brought me the latest message to humanity from pope the polack, a message of one hundred and thirty-nine pages.

Naturally it has to be one hundred and thirty-nine pages because he has not left a single stupid thing unsaid. You will be surprised that he has found some new sins which are not mentioned in the Bible. Only a polack can do that; otherwise what were all those Old Testament prophets, and then Jesus doing?

The polack has found new sins, but those sins are worth consideration.

One of the sins that he speaks of is the idea of class struggle: to believe in

the idea of class struggle is a sin, a major sin. Now whether you believe in the class struggle or not, the class struggle is there. There *is* a struggle between the rich and the poor. It is not a question of your belief....

And this pope, the polack, says, "The idea of class struggle, the very idea is a sin." This is a great discovery! And why does he say it? The fear of communism--he is not courageous enough to say that to believe in communism is a sin because the whole philosophy of communism is based on the idea of class struggle....

And another thing even more marvellous: he says that nobody can have a direct contact with God; that is a sin. You have to go via the Catholic priest; you cannot confess directly, that is not possible. God is not going to hear you. Your confession is useless.

Can you see the strategy? The strategy is very complicated, but simple to understand. The Catholic priest lives on your confessions. The whole function of the priest disappears if you can have a direct contact with God; then what is the need of the priesthood?...

True religion teaches you that you are part of this existence, already connected with it, already one with it.

The pope is teaching that you are not connected, that you are a lost soul; only through the priest can you be saved. *ignor25*

Just think: in the Christian heaven, what are the angels doing for eternity? Just playing on their guitars--"alleluia, alleluia, alleluia"--for eternity? Yes, in the afternoon for the drive--by it is okay, but for eternity! This is too much. And it is not entertainment, it is torture. I think people in hell may be enjoying more variety of things because really juicy people are all in hell. Only dry bones are in heaven....

I can challenge God to throw me into hell, with no problem, with no fear, because I will manage to have a commune there. And it would be really a great commune because such colorful people would be there. *person28*

Osho invites scientists to set up a World Academy

Just the other day I saw a petition of American scientists who had made the first nuclear weapons plant in America--the pioneers of nuclear weapons. Fifty scientists have signed a petition to the president and to the Supreme Court saying that, "We are trembling with fear at what we have done. And we have already so many nuclear weapons on both sides that they are enough to destroy all life on the earth within ten minutes."

Those fifty scientists who have been making nuclear war possible have visualized the situation that is happening. The same is happening in Russia: the scientists are becoming aware that what they are creating is a mass scale, worldwide, suicide. It is so absurd and meaningless.

Those fifty scientists have mentioned one thing which I have been telling again and again: that up to now, all our efforts to find some antidote for

nuclear weapons have failed. And we don't think that we will be able to find anything that destroys the power of nuclear weapons--no counter energy is available. It is because of this fact that they have put the petition--because now it is simply destruction; there is no way of protecting anybody.

I am tremendously happy that nuclear weapons have come to a point where fighting becomes useless, war becomes utterly stupid. *last129*

My appeal is to the intelligent people of the world, to the young people of the world.

These fifty scientists should join hands with the Russian scientists and should declare that they are not going to produce any more nuclear weapons.

I want that there should be a world academy of scientists. I can give them the place in my commune. We have enough space.

Have you let them know?

Yes. And that's what *you* have to do. Make them aware that I am inviting them.

If all the scientists of the world refuse to cooperate with the politicians...and

this is the time to refuse. And if all the scientists of the world can refuse and all the poets and all the painters and all the people who are not political, but creative, the masses can be convinced. *last203*

We can give our land--the whole land to the world academy--and my sannyasins can serve in every other way to the world academy. They will need cleaners, they will need food, they will need doctors, they will need restaurant, disco--everything they will need--and we will give our land free. There is no question of it, because it is going into the service of humanity.

I would like this place to become the capital for the whole world. I am ready to offer it...and my people will help them. And we have a university for meditation which will be available to all the scientists, which can change their minds, can make them more calm, more quiet, more serene.

And out of that calmness, serenity, destruction is impossible. They cannot serve death; they can only serve love, life, laughter. And they can see my people, that they are living so joyfully, so ecstatically--this is infectious. We will make them dance!

And all the scientists need to dance, to play music, to sing, because then they cannot create destructive things. Their music, their dance, their song, will be preventive, will be a transformation of their being. And if they can meditate also, we are opening a totally new era in scientific investigation.

This can be done by UNO; American government can help UNO. Take over all war material. Somebody has to take the initiative and somebody has to take the risk!

It is a dream...but it can become a reality. And a time has come: if you don't make it a reality, then either dream or death--you have to chose. It is better to choose the dream and give it a try.

The world needs one government. Leagues of Nations proved impotent, UNO is proving impotent, for the simple reason because they don't have any power. They are just debating clubs! *last306*

I believe in bioengineering. I want science to create a better man in every

way, but the problem is that all the governments are forcing the scientists to create more and more destructive weapons. They are forcing them into the service of death.

I would like all the scientists to be in the service of *life.* Then bioengineering certainly can create far superior men, healthier, more talented. In fact, we can fill the whole earth with geniuses; there is no reason why not. We have all the basic things in our hands. We can make man live at least three hundred years very easily without getting old, without having cancer, without having AIDS. This is all that your old past has given as a heritage. *last114*

My conception of giving scientific birth to a child is that, conscious, alert, knowingly, we are bringing a visitor to the earth. We know who he is, what he is and what he is to become finally; how long he will live, how much intelligence he will have. We are discarding all possibilities of blind children, deaf children, dumb children, retarded in any way--physically, psychologically--and you are feeling fear? Don't be stupid.

The scientific birth of a child is not animalistic. You are transcending the animal by giving birth to a child scientifically. It is fascinating, the greatest, most fascinating thing around. We can manage it, it is already a scientific reality. We can manage healthier people, who will live as long as we want, and we can give them as much intelligence as is needed for their work....

What I am saying about scientific birth makes you go beyond slavery, blindness, darkness. It makes you in a certain way more spiritual, because you are no longer concerned that you semen, your wife's egg, are absolutely needed for your child. You give your requirements; you adopt the child. And you can ask experts what will be the best for the child.

Would you not like your child to be a unique genius?

For futile attachments, you are satisfied with a crippled child. And giving birth to a crippled child, a blind child, are you doing any favor to the child? He will never forgive you! You are responsible. And he will have to live a life which is not life a all.

My vision gives total freedom to you, and of course, great responsibility.

Right now you are producing children without any responsibility.

You have means available to determine what color the child should be, what kind of face--Greek, Roman? You can create children who will look like sculptures, utterly beautiful, with genius in some dimension of life, living a life of love, intelligent enough to discard all the priests and all the politicians. They will not become followers of a leader, they will be enough unto themselves. *false29*

I have said many times that I am against democracy because democracy is nothing but a mobocracy. I am in favor of a higher system, which I call a

meritocracy--people

of

merit.

And

I

call

that

system,

meritocracy. *person25*

How can the idea of meritocracy be practically realized?

My suggestion is that only a person who is at least a matriculate should be able to vote. His age does not matter. And as I explain to you the whole thing, it will become easier. For the local government, matriculation will be the qualification for the voters. And graduation from a university, at least a bachelor's degree, should be a necessary qualification for anybody running

for election, for the candidates. A master's degree should be a minimum qualification for the one who is running for mayor.

For the state elections, graduation with a bachelor's degree should be the minimum qualification for the voters. A master's degree in science, the arts, commerce, should be the necessary degree for the candidates. For the ministers an M.A. first class should be the minimum necessary qualification; more will be, of course, more appreciated. And anybody trying to become a minister will have to know something about the subject. His qualification should correspond to the subject matter that he is going to deal with in his ministership....

So if somebody is going to be an education minister, then his qualifications should make him capable of being an education minister.

He should have at least a master's degree in education, first class; with less than first class nobody should be a minister on the state level. Yes, if he has better degrees--doctor of education, Ph.D. in education--that is good, that will make him more qualified.

The attorney general should have at least the degree doctorate in law, an LL.D; not less than that, because he is going to defend the law of the state, the rights of the citizens. He should have the best degree possible so he knows everything about it.

The governor should have the best of all the degrees possible for him: M.A. first class, Ph.D.--his subject for Ph.D. should be on political science--and at least one honorary degree, a D.Litt. or LL.D.

For the federal government, a master's degree will be the voter's minimum qualification. A first class master's degree and Ph.D. should be the minimum for the candidates running for election. And the ministers should all have the highest degrees in the subjects for which they are going to be ministers. If it is education then the highest degrees available in the country; if it is going to be health, then the highest degrees available in the country.

The president should have at least two Ph.D.s and one honorary D.Litt.

or LL.D.; and the same for the vice-president because he can become president any day.

In this way mobocracy is destroyed. Then just because you are twenty-one it does not mean you are capable of choosing the government.

Choosing the government should be a very skillful, intelligent job. Just by being twenty-one you may be able to reproduce children--it needs no skill, even animals are doing perfectly well. It needs no education, biology sends you well prepared. But to choose the government, to choose people who are going to have all the powers over you and everybody and who are going to decide the destiny of the country and the world...the way we have been choosing them is simply idiotic....

Every state should call a convention of all the inteligentsia who are part of the universities or not part of the universities--writers, novelists, all dimensions of talents--and they should choose a delegation for the national convention. So from all the states a national convention meets and goes into details of how the meritocracy can work.

From the national candidates there can be an international convention of all the universities of the world and the intelligentsia. This would be the

first of its kind because never has the whole intelligentsia of the world come together to decide the fate of humanity.

They should write the first constitution of the world. It will not be American, it will not be Indian, it will not be Chinese--it is going to be simply the constitution of the whole of humanity. There is no need for different kinds of laws. There is no need all human beings need the same kind of laws.

And a world constitution will be a declaration that nations are no longer significant. They can exist as functional units but they are no longer independent powers....

Once we decide that the voting power is not the birthright of every human being but is a right which you have to earn....

It is so simple a thing. You don't *elect* a doctor, that just *anybody* can

stand, it is a birthright, and people can vote. Two persons fighting to be the doctor or to be the surgeon? What is wrong in it? The people choose for themselves: for the people, by the people, of the people. They choose one person, a surgeon, because he speaks better, he looks good on the television and he makes great promises.

But he is not even a butcher!--and he is going to become a surgeon. He is not even a butcher. Even a butcher would have been better; at least he would have known how to cut, and finish you. This man...but you don't choose a surgeon by election.

How can you choose a president by election? How can you choose a governor by election? You are giving so much power to power--hungry people; with your own hands you are telling them to hang you! This is not democracy. In the name of democracy these people have been exploiting the masses.

Just to make a distinction I am calling my system meritocracy. But merit for what? The merit is to serve and share. And once you have decided to shift the power from the politicians to the intelligentsia, everything is possible--everything becomes simple.

Then I want every university to have two compulsory institutions, because that is the way I would like the people who are going to be powerful to be prepared....

I propose two institutes in every university. One institute is for deprogramming. Anybody who gets a graduation certificate will first have to get a clearance certificate from the deprogramming institute--which

means it has deprogrammed you as a Christian, as a Hindu, as a Mohammedan, as a Jew...because this has been our trouble.

And four years is enough time. Deprogramming does not take that much time; just a few hours a month for four years and you will be deprogrammed. And you will not get any certificate from the educational institute unless you are cleared by the deprogramming institute that

"this man is now simply a human being. He is no longer a Christian, no longer a Hindu, no longer a Mohammedan, no longer a Jew."...

A second institute is needed in every university which will be giving you a simple meditation. There is no need for any complexity. Universities, intelligentsia tend to be complex, tend to make things complex. A simple method of just watching your breath is enough. But every day for one hour you have to go to the institute. Unless the meditation institute gives you its degree, the university is not going to give you its degree.

The university's degree will come only when a clearance certificate from the deprogramming institute and a graduation certificate from the meditation university have been granted....

What I am proposing is the right way to change the whole structure, so that one day meritocracy can merge into democracy--because sooner or later everybody can be educated. I am not preventing anybody; I am simply saying that right now give the power of governing only to those who are entitled to it and prepared for it. Meanwhile, go on preparing other people....

I am not asking much, just a ten-year preparation. And if the whole government is meditative, deprogrammed, unprejudiced--just visualize it-

-then bureaucracy disappears, hierarchy disappears; then things that take years can be finished within seconds. *misery08*

I propose the dictatorship of the enlightened ones. Nobody has proposed it up to now. And sometimes out of my crazy mind.... This idea I have carried my whole life--dictatorship of the enlightened ones, because if it is of enlightened ones it cannot be dictatorship. It is a contradiction in terms. The enlightened person cannot be a dictator like Joseph Stalin or Adolf Hitler.

Yes, the enlightened person can dictate to you, but out of his love, not out of his power--he has no power--out of his insight, because he has eyes to see and to feel the potential of people.

His dictates can only be thought of as suggestions, advice, guidelines.

Only in the dictatorship of the enlightened ones is there a possibility of a real, authentic democracy and also the real flowering of commune-ism: Equality by distributing riches, not poverty; destroying poverty from the very roots, and raising everybody upwards to be rich.

My commune-ism is a higher state of capitalism.

Marx's communism is against capitalism:

My commune-ism is capable of absorbing capitalism into it, using it as a tool, as a stepping-stone. *person30*

Osho gives his definition of a rebel:

Rebellion is not something that you have to *do;* it is an approach, an attitude. The attitude is that you will respect yourself as an individual and you will respect everybody else in the same way. Nobody is lower than you, nobody is higher than you, remember. It is very easy to accept the idea that nobody is higher than you. But that is not rebellion, that is jealousy. Communism is not rebellion, it is jealousy.

Rebellion is when you accept that nobody is higher than you, nobody is lower than you. In fact, the categories of lower and higher are inapplicable. Each individual is so unique that it is not possible to compare two persons. So how can you put somebody higher and somebody lower?--they are so different and so unique.

Communism is not rebellion. That's why I continuously try to make the distinction between the words revolution and rebellion....

Every revolution dies into another orthodoxy.

It has been always so.

That's why I am not for revolution:

I am for rebellion.

Rebellion is individual.

But when many rebels are there and they want to live together, respecting each other's individuality, each other's freedom, each other's

uniqueness--that's the meaning of a commune. It is not a society. It is not an establishment. It is not an organization in the old sense.

A commune is a communion of individuals who have all rebelled against all kinds of stupidities, superstitions. That is their meeting point. But that does not mean that they create an alternative society, another establishment. Then it would only be revolution.

Try to understand the difference clearly. If they don't create any establishment, and start living intelligently together, howsoever difficult it is--it is going to be a little difficult; otherwise why have people chosen to make organizations and establishments?--because it is less difficult....

I am an anarchist.

I basically believe in the individual.

I don't believe in the society at all.

I don't believe in civilization, in culture. I simply believe in the individual.

I don't believe in the state, I don't believe in the government. I don't want any government in the world, any state in the world.

I simply want intelligent people to live harmoniously out of their intelligence. And if they cannot live out of intelligence, it is better to die than to become robots, to become machines, to be nagged and to be imprisoned in all kinds of slavery. It is better to be finished. We should live intelligently, and our order will come out of our intelligence, not vice versa.

That's what has been tried before; enforce order so that people can function intelligently. Now, that is absolutely stupid. Once you enforce order you destroy intelligence, you destroy even the possibility of it ever growing. There is no need....

Man has been a calamity, a curse to existence.

Rebellion means making man a blessing to existence, not a curse.

It is a risky step, but there is no gain without any risk. And this is such a tremendous change, almost a discontinuity with the past--not any modified form of the past society, just a totally fresh and new society.

There is no paradox. Here you have to be a rebel, but your rebellion does not mean that you have to go against something which is intelligent,

intelligible. You rebel against any stupidity. Any idiocy that happens in the commune, you rebel against it. That is your responsibility, to be on guard that no stupidity, no superstition, starts getting its roots within you. Be alert.

But rebellion does not mean that you have to be unnecessarily destructive just to prove that you are a rebel; otherwise, somebody may think that you look very orthodox: two days have passed and you have not rebelled even once! Rebellion is not something that you have to do every day. It is not some kind of exercise, like going for a morning walk.

Rebellion is your attitude of looking at things, of watching things; what is happening in you and what is happening around you. No rust should be allowed to settle. Your sword of intelligence should remain shining, that's all. And everybody is keeping his own sword shining, nobody else is keeping your sword shining. Here, nobody is his brother's keeper.

You have to be on your own so orthodoxy cannot enter....

In my commune you have to remain rebels.

Of course you won't have enough chances to use your rebellion--that's the whole purpose of the commune. You have used your rebellion, your chance to rebel against the orthodoxy; now we will not give you any chances. And you should remain alert that no chances are given that you have to rebel against anything.

In a commune of rebels, every rebel is a guardian, a guard, of the rebellious spirit.

And remember, I am using the words rebellious spirit.

It is not a question of action. Action is needed only when something goes against the spirit.

So whenever anything in the commune goes against the rebellious spirit, destroy it, rebel against!

And you are not going against the commune:

You are saving the commune, the commune of the rebels.

You are saving the rebellious spirit. *misery29*

But rebellion has never been tried.

Revolution is a collective effort to overthrow the government.

Rebellion is individual.

It overthrows nobody; it simply dissolves the individual's hypocrisy.

The rebel drops his facade.

He is not against any regime, against any society. He is not bothered by all that nonsense. Those who are interested in that, let them do their work. The rebel is simply very self-oriented.

I have been condemned by many sources around the world because I teach people selfishness. Yes, I teach selfishness. It is not a condemnation, this is my whole philosophy. I teach you to be selfish because unselfishness has been taught for thousands of years and it has not helped anybody.

I teach you to be just self-oriented.

Drop all the rubbish that is in you.

Clean yourself and start living as if you are the first and the last man in the world. The first, so that you don't have to carry the burden of the past, because there is no past. And the last, so that you need not worry about the future, about what will happen to your children. They will take care of

themselves.

You think of yourself and live intensely at the innermost core of your being.

That's what rebellion is:

Let things be as they are.

But you are not a *thing,* you are a *being:*

Change yourself, transform yourself

Become a new man. *misery30*

You have said that if there are only two hundred enlightened people in the world a third world war is not possible. Can You explain what You mean, how these two hundred people would make a difference among the billions of unconscious people?

Certainly. They will make tremendous difference. When the whole room is dark, just a small candle makes so much difference. In such a big room a small candle, lighted...the whole darkness disappears.

An enlightened person is a tremendous light--very subtle but for miles around him many people's lives will be touched. And if two hundred people are enlightened, which has never happened in history....

Two hundred enlightened people can create just the opposite situation. If they are together in a certain arrangement, they can create life rays which will protect people from death rays, which even may help somebody who has died through a death ray to come alive again. But those two hundred enlightened people have to be in a certain communication. Then they can create a circle around the world.

My own idea is that we can create two hundred enlightened people amongst our sannyasins. They are already connected and they are not alone, they are supported by the commune. Their energy can be enhanced, multiplied, by other sannyasins who may not be enlightened but are in search of it, on the way.

I mean what I have said. And if we can make a net of life rays around the earth, it can prevent even nuclear weapons from being destructive. But that is a totally different science and never experimented upon. But a few glimpses have happened in the past, and there is no harm in experimenting with it. Anyway, there is no other hope.

Our communes have to be ready for it. And they should not think of trivia, of small fights, egos. They should understand their responsibility is so great as it has never been of any human being before. And I hope that we will be able to do something. There is still time, and my people are working hard. Now it is a question whether we can manage within the time or not.

But I have a certainty that we have almost created a Noah's Ark of consciousness for the coming flood of death to the whole of humanity. *last223*

Osho gives daily Press Interviews

From the July Festival, 1985 onwards, Osho's discourses are held every morning in the Mandir (meditation hal), attended by twenty thousand people during the festival, and about eight thousand after.

Each evening from 17th July Osho gives interviews to the world press. These interviews are held in Jesus Grove, Sheela's residence, with a celebration of singing and dancing as Osho arrives and leaves. Some interviews are published under the title *The Last Testament.*

Why did You decide to speak to reporters?

I have never asked any "why" in my life. I simply do anything that I feel like doing. I am not a man of thinking. I function through my feelings. If I feel to stop speaking, I can stop in the middle of a sentence, I will not even complete the sentence. And if I want to speak, even from my grave I will continue.

Is there anything that You have to say to the media that You couldn't say through Your discourses or books? Do the reporters carry a message to the audience in America for You?

Certainly. Whatever I can say to my people, I say to them; but that is not going to reach to the people outside the commune. I would like them to be acquainted with what is happening here, and not to depend on rumors. I would like to invite them to be our guests, see our people, and see that there is a different way of life, too. *last113*

Is your talking to us this evening--is this part of a new tactic to reach people?

Everything I do is a certain device. Talking to you, too. I am involved in some great alchemical work of transforming people from their sleep into enlightened souls, and I have to try every kind of device possible.

This, too, is part of it. Everything that I say or do is part--organic part--of my whole work. And my work is to bring to people awakening on as big a scale as possible, as it has never happened before. *last121*

Is Your conveying what You have experienced also the reason why You are so available to the media nowadays?

Yes, because there are millions of people around the world who may not ever come in contact with me. But through the media many of them may get some glimpse. Few of them may even come.

And my message is not limited to any particular group of people. It is for all human beings as such. So I wanted to reach to all the nooks and corners of the world. And I am a contemporary man, so no need for me to go everywhere when media can take the message. That is far more easier. *last404*

You are being interviewed on a daily basis by the world media. What role does the media have in Your vision? Can somebody's life be changed by seeing You once on a television screen?

It is possible. Life functions very mysteriously. Just seeing a picture, reading a certain statement, seeing my face on the television, may prove the triggering point. There are millions of people in the world who are just on the borderline. A little push or a little pull and they will have crossed the

line.

It is simply a matter of your heart being touched. It can be touched by anything, just my voice or just the gesture of my hand. It is unpredictable because what is going to happen to an individual's heart, what is going to touch it, is difficult to say. Perhaps my silence--the pause that always happens between two sentences, or sometimes even in the middle of a sentence--may stir something which is already there.

Just a little push, a little pull, and the person will never be the same again.

And whatever he has tasted in that moment will grow, becoming a deep longing to come closer to me, to know more about me, to know more about the work that is happening, to know more about people who are around me. And these are the ways a person slowly enters into the energy field I am creating.

Talking to the world media is not just publicity. I have had enough of it.

It is in fact using new methods of reaching people's hearts. So it does not matter what they ask, it does not matter what I answer. What matters is that people will be seeing my hands, my eyes, and they are bound to be affected--this way or that. Either they may fall into a certain love or they may start from that very moment to hate me. But whatever happens, hate or love, I have touched their heart.

To change their hate into love is not difficult. The most difficult thing was to reach to their heart, which has happened. Those who are in love will be looking for books, tapes, videos, and those who are in hate, they will also be looking for the same things.

And once a man becomes emotionally connected with me--as a friend, as an enemy--he is part of my people. The enemies also are part of me and my work. Sometimes they do more work than the friends, because they are continuously talking against me.

Listening to them, many people start thinking, "Why are you so disturbed? If you are against, forget about the man." But they cannot forget me either.

And the people to whom they are talking about me will become interested, just as a curiosity in the beginning, but to change curiosity into a longing, a desire, a search, is not difficult. It happens almost automatically. *last221*

Why have You called this series of talks to the world media The Last Testament?

The word *testament* is immensely significant. It is my testimony. I am speaking on my own authority. It is my experience....

This is my testimony, and I am speaking from my being--neither from the heart nor from the head. And because it is my testimony, I would like it to be called *The Last Testament.*

But remember, the last existed even before the first, because being is first, then comes the heart, then comes the head; without being, they are nothing. So although I am speaking thousands of years after the first testament, what I am saying is existentially far deeper, far greater. It transcends both the New Testament and the Old Testament.

I could have called it the Third Testament, but I am calling it *The Last Testament* for the simple reason that a fourth is not possible. There is nothing beyond being. So I am saying the last word. And it is time that the last word should be said....

I am saying that there is no God. I am simply removing the whole question. God with jealousy, God as love, but God remains. Both remain dependent on a father figure. I am declaring the maturity of man, that there is no need of any father figure. There is no God; and with him go heaven and hell, with him go all kinds of esoteric nonsense.

Once God is not there, reality, existence, feels so clean and so pure. And you suddenly feel so free that all bondages have disappeared. You need not be a theist, you need not be even an atheist. You are simply free from the very idea. It was just a projection of a helpless child. Man has come of age.

And whatever I am saying, there is no way to improve upon it. I have

removed God, now what are you going to improve upon? Jesus improved.

He changed jealousy into love. I have removed God himself. Now there is no question of any improvement.

Hence, I call it *The Last Testament.* I am going to cover slowly everything that is essential for the explosion of religious consciousness. I am going

to destroy everything that is non-essential and a hindrance to religious consciousness.

I am taking the greatest risk anyone has ever taken. I am creating as many enemies as anyone has ever created, for the simple reason that I know what I am saying is not a quotation from a scripture. I am saying it on my own authority. It is my own truth, and truth knows no defeat.

The final victory is always going to be of the truth. *last401*

Next Friday we're trying to arrange with some of your sannyasins to hook up an interview with you by satellite to people in Seattle. We wouldn't be using any journalists then to condense your words or to edit you on tape or in the paper. We'll be able to allow the people in the Puget Sound area a chance to ask you questions and....

That's perfectly okay.

What do you hope to tell them? What impression would you like to leave with them?

Any question, because I don't have any secret to hide from anybody. So whatever they want to ask, they can ask.

What would you like them to know about you?

Anything they want. I should not dictate to them what they should ask me. They should ask out of their own freedom and I will answer out of my own freedom. *last230*

Please excuse me for asking a personal question.

There is no need to ask for any forgiveness. You can ask every question possible--personal, impersonal, it does not matter. I want to open myself completely to you. I want to be an open book, I don't want to keep any secrets from you. So it is perfectly right to ask the question. *bond16*

I apologize for some questions that probably You have answered so many times.

No problem. You just ask whatsoever you want, and in whatever way you want. And a question may have been asked thousands of times, but I have not given the same answer again and again and again. My answer has been a thousand times different. So you need not be worried; this is my business. You just ask.

That might be one of the reasons You're being judged by the public so controversially, because Your answers are not always the same on the same subjects.

But I am controversial! It is not a judgment of the public. It is the reality.

You say that it is not Your answer that changes, it is the reality that changes?

Yes. It is reality that changes, and I change with reality. I am certainly controversial. There is nothing wrong about the public thinking me controversial.

You're beyond all this controversy?

I just enjoy it. *last102*

I've only got about thirty or forty more questions. Maybe we go to a true/false format.

Next time. Next time, and till all your questions are finished, go on coming. And when all questions are finished, then what are you going to do? Be careful. *last111*

In America, hundreds of television reporters used to come, and their only

complaint with me was: "What can be said in ten minutes you take twenty minutes. We have a limited time and we don't want to cut anything because whatever you are saying is so interconnected that if we cut anything it will be out of context. Why can't you speak like everybody else? Why do you suddenly become silent? You speak a word and then you leave a gap."

I said, "This is the way I am going to speak, because it is a question not only of speaking, it is a question of giving moments of meditation to the people who are listening to me.

"While I am speaking they are engaged, their minds are filled with me.

When suddenly I stop for a moment, their minds also stop, waiting....

And those are the most beautiful moments, when they have a taste of meditation without knowing that they are meditating."

That's what has happened to you. You have been in touch with meditation up to now without awareness. From now on you have to be fully aware. Contentment and happiness indicate--they are symptoms that a change has started happening inside you. No need to force, just go on as you are, enjoying your contentment more, allowing the same

situation in which it happens, relishing every bit of happiness that comes to you and watching when it comes, what is the situation in which it comes. So move in that situation more and more. No need to force meditation, no need to force anything. Simply create the right atmosphere in which those things start happening on their own. *sword24*

You know how television is, sometimes we have to condense things. So I would ask, and I hope I'm not being disrespectful, that we try to get some short answers....

You just give me the time...so I can give you the short answers.

Mm. I'll try to ask the best questions.

First, give me the time, how much time you want?

Well, usually twenty seconds to twenty-five seconds is the edited down portion of the answer. As you know, we do edit. But if you feel the need to expand a bit beyond that, please feel free. I understand.

Okay. You start.

What is your vision?...(jokingly, to immense laughter) In twenty-five seconds....

And you want it in thirty seconds....

...terrible challenge, isn't it?

Just then look at my eyes and you will get the answer. That is the shortest way. There are things which cannot be spoken, but which can be seen. There are things which explanations only explain away, but they can be felt, and felt so deeply that the fragrance of it remains forever.

So look into my eyes for the shortest answer. The silence, the depth, the joy, and ecstasy all are right now present before you. And I can see that you can see. I would not have answered that way to another journalist.

Well, thank you.

I can feel your heart. I can feel your loving being. I can feel your lifelong search. It is full of tears, sometimes of sadness, sometimes of happiness, but it has not come to an end. Still you have to go far. I can be of some help, just as a friend. I am nobody's master. That very word has ugly connotations.

What are you? Are you a teacher?

I am just a friend. *last329*

As far as I am concerned, talking is something spontaneous. If I am talking to you (sannyasins), I am talking in a very soft way. There is no need to be assertive, because you are receptive. The more receptive you are, the less is the need for me to be assertive.

But when I am talking to the journalists spontaneously I become very assertive, because only then can they listen; otherwise they are deaf.

Every day they are doing articles, interviews with politicians and all kinds of people who are all afraid of them--afraid because they can destroy their image in the public opinion.

Many journalists have expressed the idea to me: "It is strange that we feel absolutely in control with politicians and with other kinds of people, interviewing them. With you we start feeling nervous. This never happens with anybody else, so why does it happen that we start feeling nervous?"

I said, "The only reason is that I don't care about my image. I don't care about your article; I don't care what you write. All that I care about in that moment is that whatever I am saying reaches to you. Other than that I have no concern. For seven years I have not read any book, any magazine, any newspaper, listened to the radio, watched television--

nothing. It is all rubbish."

So when a journalist is asking me a question he has to be awakened to listen to it. He should not be in the same position as when he listens to a politician--and that makes me certainly assertive! You cannot reach to these people if you are soft and humble. That would look to them like weakness, because that's how they are accustomed to take politicians and others who are very humble and very soft and very willing to say what the journalist wants to listen to. They speak with a certain idea of what it is going to create as far as their image is concerned.

I don't have any image. So when I am talking to the journalist my effort is to reach *him,* not to reach the public. That is secondary. If it happens, good; if it doesn't happen there is no need to be worried about it.

And why are you afraid of people?

I have never felt like a stranger anywhere for the simple reason that wherever you are, you *are* a stranger, so what is the point of feeling it?

Wherever you are, you cannot be otherwise; we *are* strangers. Once this is

accepted then it doesn't matter where you are a stranger--in this place

or in some other place. Your strangerness remains--somewhere more clear, somewhere a little clouded.

But why should you be afraid? The fear comes because you want people to think good of you. That's what makes everybody a coward. That's what makes everybody a slave, that people should think good of you. This is the fear: that in a strange place with strange people you may do something, you may say something, and they may not think it is good.

You always need to be appreciated because you have not accepted yourself. So as a substitute you want to be accepted by others. Once you accept yourself, it doesn't matter whether people think good of you or bad of you; that is their problem. It is not your problem. You live your life your way; now what others think is their problem, their worry.

But because you don't accept yourself--from the very childhood you have been constantly bombarded, continuously hammered that you are not acceptable as you are. You should behave this way, that way; then you can be accepted. And when people accept you, appreciate you, respect you, that means you are good. But this is creating the whole problem for everybody in the world: everybody becomes dependent on other people's opinions and everybody is dominated by other people's opinion.

Seeing this simple fact I dropped the idea of other people's opinion, and it has given such freedom to me that it is absolutely indescribable. Such a relief that you can be just yourself--you need not worry about it. And this world is so big, there are so many people. If I am to think about everybody and what he thinks about me, then in my life I will be simply collecting opinions of others about me, carrying files all around...

So if you feel afraid of going to people, meeting people, that means that you are feeling very empty, and this should not be. You should be overflowing with yourself, not with anybody's opinion or appreciation, but with your own life, with your own gusto.

And that's exactly what I mean--meditation gives you authority, power...not

over others but simply a quality of power and quality of authority that nobody can take away from you. It is yours.

Public opinion can be taken away--today they are with you, tomorrow they are not with you. Today they are all appreciating you as a saint; tomorrow they are all condemning you as a sinner. It is better to be on your own--saint or sinner. Whatever you are, just be on your own so nobody can take it away.

It is better to be a sinner on your own than to be a saint on public opinion. That is borrowed, and you are empty. *mystic09*

I am notorious, but I enjoy it. I don't want to be respectable. To be respected by this mad humanity is insulting. *last121*

I have been surprised giving interviews to the journalists, seeing that they are so nervous. And this must have been their experience also...because whomsoever they go to interview is usually nervous about what they are going to ask. They may ask questions which may create trouble. They may ask questions that if he answers them, he will be exposed; if he does not answer them, then a great suspicion will arise.

People are very much afraid of journalists, very nervous. With me the experience has been totally different. And I have told Isabel, "Now find all the journalists from all over the world, and bring each guy and I am going to give him a good heart attack. This will be his real experience of journalism." If I am open, you cannot expose me. If I am utterly available, if I put all my cards before you on the table, what can you do? In fact, they become nervous because they start feeling the truthfulness of what I am saying. They forget that they are here only as journalists. Their human being is also there in the same search as everybody else, in search of silence, serenity.

One journalist was here. His people wanted only a thirty-minute interview and it went on for two hours. His director was getting very disturbed, but the man forgot completely that he was only a journalist and he was to ask only questions in which the ordinary public and the audience would be interested. He became so involved personally, he started asking questions which were relevant to *his* growth. Of course the director was puzzled

about what he was doing. They had prepared all the questions. He was given the list again and again, and he would hold the list, and carry on with me. *last106*

Osho, why is the media so nervous around You?

Because they have never come across a man like I am. The media knows politicians, popes, other kinds of leaders. They are all afraid of the media and nervous. The politician is nervous, he has reasons to be nervous.

And the journalist is assertive and aggressive, and the politician is simply dodging and trying to save his skull....

So, naturally, the politician is nervous before the media.

I have no problem. I can say exactly what I want to say. All the media become nervous because they know they will not be able even to report the things I say, because if they take all these things to the editor,

perhaps they may be thrown out of the job. They are nervous because what I am saying is also hurting their prejudices. They are human beings. First they are human beings, then they may be journalists; first Christians, then they may be journalists. And when I am hitting on Jesus they want to scream, but they cannot do that. Naturally, it becomes a nervous feeling. They forget to ask what they wanted to ask.

They have never met a man like me who has nothing to lose, who can say anything, who does not belong to your society, who does not care about respectability.

Now the pope is continuously concerned that his respectability as the greatest religious leader in the world should not be affected by any statement. All his statements are prepared by other bishops, looked at by a committee, everything is edited. He is simply a spokesman, he is not speaking himself The whole church, the Catholic hierarchy is decisive.

He has just to speak what they teach him, what they tell him to say.

Another fundamental reason they get nervous is that I am an absolutely

free man. I don't care about contradicting myself, so they cannot put me into a corner by saying, "You said this fifteen years ago, now you are saying that." They cannot put me into any corner. I say forget it, to hell with those fifteen years. Whatever I am saying now is true now.

Tomorrow I do not promise I will say the same thing, because I don't bother about consistency, about respectability, about what people will think. I have no reason to be nervous, I simply enjoy their nervousness.

It is strange, something new. The table with the water is placed by the side of the person who is being interviewed. When he feels nervous he can start drinking just to do something: get busy, forget nervousness, and meanwhile he has time also to think what to say next. Here it is just the opposite. The water and everything is placed by the side of the media.

And I see them plucking grapes, taking water, tossing and turning in their chair, sometimes looking at the photographer, sometimes at the director. They will never forget the interview, because that kind of interview is never going to happen to them unless they come here again, to have another nervous breakdown.

But my work is first to give you a nervous breakdown, because only from there is there a possibility of a spiritual breakthrough. Breakdown to breakthrough, that's the *whole* story. *last110*

Osho's interaction with reporters

Osho keeps the air-conditioned room at 60F. Interviewers agree to take anti-al ergy precautions *I must be a little bit in love with you, because I didn't smoke all day. I didn't drink. I had all my clothes dry-cleaned. And I have cold feet--just to see you and to hear you saying what you want to say.*

I know you must be in love with me. And you can see in my eyes and see my love for you. That's why I am saying, take a few grapes. *last124*

How do you stay warm in such a cold room?

It is not cold.

To me it is very cold.

To me it is only cool.

You feel better in cold surroundings such as this? Have you always, even as a child?

Always *last130*

I was just talking to one journalist, and I was saying to him that you should not depend on machines. And now the whole war game is not between man and man--that is out of date--the whole war game is between technological nuclear weapons. Even the missiles which will carry the weapons will not have any pilots with them, there is no need.

The missile itself can be programmed where to go, where to drop the bomb.

I was saying to him that man has become so dependent on technological machines that anything can go wrong any moment. And when I said this, the electricity went off! The journalist had nothing to say anymore. The proof was there! I said, "Now we can move onto another subject. This is finished." *dless04*

You are a very funny Master. Why do I keep getting the feeling that You are playing a joke on everyone and, if You are, how would I know?

That is the funniest part of it. A joke can never be explained. Either you get it or you don't get it.

That's the beauty of a joke.

Everything is a joke, because to me life is not a serious affair. It is playfulness. It is fun. It is overflowing energy of existence--for no reason,

for no purpose. For no goal, for no end. Just for the sheer joy of it. This whole universe is just a big joke. That's why it cannot be explained.

There have been so many philosophers, theologians, trying to explain it.

They have all failed for the simple reason because it is not something that can be explained. Either you get it or you don't get it. *last327*

You have just to see my bathroom. Perhaps it is the best in the whole world.

Is that an invitation?

Yes.

I've never been invited to the bathroom before. I've been told I belonged in the bathroom before, but never invited to one.

I am a rare and a unique person in every way: I invite you into my bathroom!

That is unique. But where do we go from there?

There is nowhere to go. Enjoy the jacuzzi there, enjoy the shower there, enjoy the hot shower, enjoy the ice-cold shower....

And then get out...I understand! I need to know this for my own edification: have You ever invited a member of the press to Your bathroom before?

No...

Thank You. I think that's important.

...because I never liked any man the way I like you.

I wonder if this could be love?

This is!

Invited to the bathroom.... Well, I'm sure the listeners of this program are thinking You and I are going to start a nightclub act. last118

Just the other night, one beautiful girl was taking my interview for television. And you know I am mad.... She asked me--now, she was not aware what kind of man I am; she must have taken hundreds of interviews of politicians, priests, and all kind of dodos--she asked me,

"You have loved so many women, but don't you have a stable relationship with one woman?"

I said, "That is impossible. I don't have any relationship--stable or unstable. I live in the moment."

She said, "At this time, who is the woman?"

I said, " *You* are the woman! I love you in this moment." And in the end, when I started singing and dancing with my sannyasins, I called her close to me: "Hold my hand and dance with me." And it was such a beautiful situation.

She told my secretary, "Now my boyfriend is going to freak out!" I have just said, "I love you," and was just holding her hand and just dancing with my people--why should her boyfriend freak out? And if he's a freaker, let him freak out. He's not worthy of being a boyfriend. Drop that worthless creature! Come to my commune where nobody freaks out, everybody freaks in. *false28*

One beautiful woman journalist was just asking me, "I have heard you don't have dreams."

I said, "Certainly, I don't have dreams. For example, I love you. You can be my girlfriend."

She was shocked! She could not believe it! She enjoyed it too. She said,

"But why are you saying it?"

I said, "That's why I don't have any dreams. It came to me to say it, so I said it; it is finished. You need not trouble yourself to come into my dream. But if I don't say it to you now, then you would have to come into my dream, and *then* I would say it to you.

"It is simply finished. I have said it, you have heard, you have enjoyed.

You have giggled. You will never have such an interview again in your whole life! I just do the thing that I want to do, without thinking of any consequences. That's why I don't have dreams. Do you want to question me more about it?"

She said, "No!"--because this man seems to be crazy. He may start making love to me, right now, here, before the television camera! If he can say it, he can do it too! It is better to change the subject. *dless29*

Just the other night, I was talking to a very beautiful heart, a Dutch journalist--which is rare, because journalism is worse than politics....

His question was relevant. He was puzzled: "There are people who have been with you for twenty, thirty years--can't they see these many contradictions? And they go on believing in you?" He was simply using the word "belief" wrongly.

My people trust me, love me. It is not a question of my statements to them. They enjoy my statements, it is good entertainment, but it is not a belief system for which you have to live and die. It is only pure entertainment. You have just to laugh and enjoy.

My real work is going on underground. Whatever I am doing is just creating a situation so your head is engaged. And my real approach, my target, is your heart, not your skull. And it is the best way I have found to sort out people. Those who approach me rationally will soon find the way towards Santa Fe*. Santa Fe is going to be a world-famous place. All the camels of different sizes and shapes!

To be with me you have to learn one art, and that is, don't take my statements seriously. For the moment enjoy them, but don't expect that I am not going to contradict them. Don't impose any expectations of yours on me. I never impose any expectations on you. At least this much you can do--a simple thing.

For centuries masters have been imposing their ideas on the disciples. I am not imposing any of my ideas on you. Don't from your side insist on how I should behave, what I should say or not say; accept that saying something will create contradiction, saying it will create hostility in people outside, saying it will create unnecessary confusion. Don't expect anything from me. Open your heart. That is where the real surgery has to happen.

And once you have known the beauty, the joy, the blessing of dancing in tune with my heart, you will never be bothered by what I said yesterday, what I said ten years ago. Leave all this to people whose profession is gravedigging. Let them settle with the skeletons of the past.

You be here now in this moment, part of my life, part of my love, part of my being. Let me reach you in your innermost core. Allow me to touch your center.

The head is only the periphery, and I am not interested in your heads. I don't count heads, I count the hearts.

The Dutch journalist could understand. When I stood up and started dancing with the sannyasins, he was dancing behind me--in absolute abandon, as if nothing else existed in that moment but the dance.

I told the man, "You can write anything you want about me. Even if you want to say things which I have not said, I give you the authority, because I

have been able to touch your heart. And beware, soon you will be a sannyasin!"

I could see the glow in his eyes--just the idea of being a sannyasin, a great adventure ahead, a great pilgrimage. And the way he was dancing was absolutely drunk. It is just coincidence that he happens to be a journalist, that is not his place. His place is amongst the sannyasins, he is a seeker. And he trusts me....

When I was talking to the Dutch journalist, he was worried. He loves me, he has been here before at celebrations, he has been reading my books.

He himself has paid his fare, because the editor was not ready to pay the fare. The editor is ready to publish whatsoever the journalist writes, but he was not ready to pay the fare from Holland to here. The journalist has paid it himself. **Note: Santa Fe, New Mexico: a few sannyasins left the ranch are living in Santa Fe. Osho refers to them as 'camels' after a Sufi story about the camel, lion and child. dless03*

Just a few days ago, I was talking to a very intelligent and loving Swiss journalist. As I looked into his eyes, I told him, "Though I am not an astrologer or a prophet, about you I cannot resist the temptation of making a prophecy."

He said, "What prophecy?"

I said, "You are so intelligent and so loving, you cannot remain long without becoming a sannyasin."

And the next day he became a sannyasin! He did not wait even for a few days.

I recognize my people immediately--just a look into their eyes and I know they belong to me. And to belong to me does not mean to fit with me or with anything or anybody.

To belong to me means to belong to freedom, to belong to your individuality, to belong to your purity, your naturalness.... *dless38*

You know I have to thank you. About a year and a half ago, I had a really dark time in my life...I tried your laughter meditation and the whole day went completely different than before. So I need to thank you for showing me this meditation.

Just one meditation has done that much for you. If you try a few others you will not find words to thank me.

I have one hundred and twelve methods of meditation. If a person can manage even ten out of those, his life will be a sheer joy with no dark moments, with no frustration, with no tension, no anxiety. Whatsoever happens, he will be able to accept it without any grudge, without any complaint. His gratitude towards existence will be infinite.

We are very ungrateful to existence. It has given so much to us, and without our asking. And we are such ungrateful creatures that we don't even bother to look around at what existence is continuously doing for us--the sun, the moon, the stars, the trees, the birds, the animals, the people. You are living in a tremendously beautiful dream. But you have to be awake about it--only then a gratefulness arises. I call that gratefulness true religion. *last203*

When I came out of simple curiosity to the ranch in May, it never occurred to me that I might be sitting here having your full attention. I had dreamed of such a thing perhaps, but I find the moment quite moving.

I know. I can feel your heart and your tears. So there is a possibility of authentic communion. You are no more a journalist; I can talk to you now heart to heart. Otherwise, journalism is something superficial. The moment it becomes a communion of the heart....

But if it is heart to heart, then journalism can also become art and literature. And it *should* become. *last224*

I would like to ask you to tell me as precisely and concisely as possible the essence of your teachings...

You want to know what is my teaching. It is very simple. The essential core of my teaching is: no belief, no dogma, no creed, no religion, nothing

borrowed. But only that which you have experienced has to be trusted; everything else has to be doubted. Just as other religions have their foundation in belief, I have my foundation in doubt. My foundation is exactly what the foundation science has: doubt until you find something indubitable, experiential.

Science moves outwards; I move inwards. This inward movement I call *meditation*. You have to take three simple steps for this inward movement, and the fourth happens on its own accord.

The first step is observing all your activities; that is your body and its acts--walking, chopping wood, drawing water from the well. Remain a witness. Don't do it like a robot.

May I interrupt?

No. No interruption.

Second, when you have become capable of watching and witnessing your body and its activities, then you can take the second step: watch the activities of your mind--thoughts, dreams, imagination. Just remain a witness, as if you are standing by the side of the road and a procession of thoughts is passing on the road. You are not part of it. You are just a mirror reflecting, without any judgment--because mirror has no judgment. A beautiful face, the mirror does not say, "Great." A ugly face, the mirror does not say, "My God." The mirror simply reflects whatsoever comes before it. Exactly one has to become a pure witness, without any judgment, evaluation, good, bad. Then a strange experience happens: as your witnessing grows, thoughts start lessening. In the same proportion, if you have ten percent witnessing, then there are ninety percent thoughts; if you have ninety percent of consciousness, awareness, then there are only ten percent thoughts. Hundred percent witness, and there is just pure nothingness; this is the state of no-mind, this is the door to the third and the last step.

Now watch subtle emotions, moods. Thoughts are not so subtle. Moods, a certain shadow of sadness, a certain joy.

One is concerned with the body, the second with the mind, the third with the heart. And when you become capable of watching the third too, the fourth happens on its own accord. Suddenly a quantum leap and you are standing exactly at the very center of your being, where there is nothing to be aware of. Awareness is aware of itself, consciousness if conscious of itself. And this is the moment of ultimate ecstasy, samadhi, enlightenment, or whatever name one prefers to give it; but this is the ultimate, there is nothing above it. There is no way to go beyond it, because wherever you go beyond it you will still be a witness. If you start witnessing the witness, you have not gone above it; you are still a witness. So witness is the very end of the inner journey, you have come home.

And this is my whole teaching. It is absolutely scientific. It needs no belief, it needs only experimentation. And I don't ask anybody to trust me. I ask only to experiment and experience.

I know that it will happen to you because it has happened to me, and I am just as ordinary a human being as you are. I don't claim to be a prophet or a savior or an incarnation of God. I don't claim any speciality.

I am just exactly like you. The only difference is you are still asleep, and I am awake. It is only a question, sooner or later you will be awake too.

So there is no need to worship me, there is no need to adore me. If you really love me, that's enough for you to move into the experiment. I will stand a guarantee: that it happens. I will be your encouragement, but I will not be your savior. I will not take the responsibility, but I will do my best to shake you and wake you up.

Can I interrupt now?

Yes, now you can. *last302*

I feel that I'm in a mystery school now....

Here is every possibility to inquire into your self. It is not an ideology that I preach, it is not a religion that I impose. On the contrary, my whole effort is to deprogram you. So that you become again an innocent child the way you

had come into the world, without any prejudice, without any idea, just innocent. And once that innocence is there, existence opens all its mysteries to you.

So be here for few days, or whenever you can come, come here and remain here for a few days. Mix with my people, who are all seekers, who are all meditators, who are doing things that they wanted to do, and who are rejoicing life in its totality. Just being with them, the very aroma, the milieu, the atmosphere, something may catch fire in you. It always happens.

You have read my words, but words are dead. You have to read me, and to read me there is only one way: to be here for some time, and to sit silently and just let your presence and my presence melt and merge.

They have their own way, their own language, which is beyond mind; but once you understand that in silence, in somebody's presence, something blossoms in you, starts growing in you, then you have found a friend on the path.

I'm not a saviour, I'm not a prophet. I'm just a friend. And anybody who wants to walk few steps with me on the path is welcome, and whenever he wants to depart he's absolutely free. There is no bondage, no condition. It is an unconditional togetherness.

My whole commune is not any organization. It is just pure togetherness without any conditions from any side. Anybody can join it, anybody can move out of it. Everybody is totally free to have his own way.

But being with five thousand seekers immensely helps. Alone the path is really very lonely, alone it is very dark, alone there are many moments when one is discouraged. With other seekers ahead of you, behind of you, by the side of you, you know there is no fear. People have passed this stage. There come nights--dark nights of the soul, but you know that others have passed through these dark nights, they have reached; and seeing the sunrise, there is no reason it cannot happen to you. It has to happen to you because you have as much right, just by being alive and being part of existence, as anybody else. Nobody is special in existence, everybody is

just with the same right.

The differences are created because few people use their right and few people don't use their right. *last328*

People who come just as spectators cannot believe it. The journalists cannot believe that people can be so happy, so joyful; they think that you are putting it on. And I cannot say that journalists are misrepresenting it knowingly. They have seen the whole world; there is no joy anywhere.

How can they believe that so many people can be joyous, and for nothing, because what have we got?

One journalist, a woman from *Newsweek,* was here. She told Sheela,

"This is all a put-up business--these people are just pretending." Sheela told me...so I sent a message to the woman, "You remain here for seven days. For seven days, twenty-four hours a day, people cannot continue a put-up business. And these people are working twelve hours, fourteen hours a day, seven days a week. You try!--work fourteen hours a day, seven days a week, then pretend.... If you can do that, then you can write about how this is a put-up job."

The woman understood that this was true. Seven days she stayed; of course she did not work, but she said, "I can understand that working fourteen hours--it is impossible to pretend." Seven days she stayed, and she apologized; but she said to Sheela, "Now what I am writing my bosses are not going to accept. They will say, 'You are hypnotized.'"

She left, and that's what happened: the bosses said, "You should not have stayed there that long. That man played a trick upon you. He challenged you to remain seven days, and hypnotized you."

But she said, "He has not even seen me, we have not met."

But the boss said, "Your article is proof enough that you are hypnotized: not a single negative statement in it, no criticism. I cannot publish this article. You will have to change it." The magazine is owned by a Christian association. The woman had to change it and write things which she knew

were wrong.

This is a strange world. People are miserable, misery has become their natural quality. Here, once in a while, somebody becomes miserable; there, once in a while, somebody smiles. But that is a great difference....

The woman from *Newsweek* was very disturbed because whatsoever she had seen in seven days, she had written. She called from New York,

"When Sheela comes this way, my boss will be in Chicago and I will be in Chicago. If Sheela passes by and can spare one day--because I am in difficulty. My boss simply thinks that I need to be deprogramed. So if Sheela meets him it would be good."

I said to Sheela, "It will be good: meet him and try to hypnotize him--see what you can do." And what actually happened? The boss wouldn't look at Sheela. He didn't give himself any chance to be hypnotized; he would look sideways, here and there, but not towards Sheela. *person25*

I told the Australian media, "Get ready, I am coming," now the whole of Australia is agog, afraid. Newspapers have started coming, saying that people are very much disturbed, afraid that I may remain there, may not leave Australia. But the man himself who was here was an intelligent man. I really loved the man, he was not just a journalist.

He is answering the phone calls continuously coming to his studio. He informed us, "I have never answered myself, my secretary answers, but this time I am answering myself because I can say to them that I have been there, I have seen the man, I have seen the commune that is there, and they are beautiful people, and you need not be afraid. And don't get unnecessarily excited by rumors. There is no danger." But it is now all over Australia, a great wave of fear. I have not gone there and there is not much possibility.

But my people are there, and my people are growing in every country.

And in every country my people will have to face the same problems.

They cannot believe, the politicians and others, that I am not going to use

my influence politically. It is something inconceivable to those retarded people, that there can be a man who has great influence and is not going to use it in any way.

My influence is that of love. I love my people, and I would not like to put my people in any kind of destructive situation. *last110*

Do you feel the way the press report you is fair?

It is almost fair. It cannot be absolutely fair for the simple reason because journalism has not raised itself into an art. It serves the retarded masses, and depends on sensationalism. It is criminal. That's why I say 'almost fair'. *last303*

Most of the journalists have been very fair, very loving, and those are the only people I have come in contact with from the outside world. They have been intelligent and they could understand what I am saying and they could understand the sense of humor.

All the journalists who have come here, except one or two, have enjoyed the place, loved the place, wanted to come again and again. *last128*

Osho's Personal Life

In 1985, for the first time, Osho speaks at length in discourse about his personal life. In July the three intimate books from his dental sessions are published. During press interviews he answers many personal questions.

Who are you?

I am just an ordinary human being. I consider your saviors, your prophets, your messengers of God, crackpots. These people are hallucinating. They are not in their right senses. What to say about their being enlightened?--they are not even normal human beings. They are sick. And the popes are representatives of these sick people....

I am just an ordinary man who is not sick....

To be perfectly healthy in your being, to be whole, is enlightenment. And

that does not make you superior to others. It makes you unique; that's why you can't fit into any category. Every enlightened person is unique.

Whatever I have experienced has made my life a benediction, has made thousands of other people's lives a blessing, a joy. I have not divided humanity and I have not created any hatred. I have not created any fight, cruelty, war, violence.

I don't represent any religion. I have a religious experience. I am my own authority. *last403*

What makes You so special? Why are You the one who is the leader? You tell people things, and they follow what You say, but why You? Why not somebody else?

You ask them--because I am not their leader. I have not told them that they are my followers. I have not asked them to come and be here with me. It is their business and their problem, and their responsibility. I am a very irresponsible person. I don't take anybody else's responsibility. It is enough that I take my own responsibility.

You will have to ask my people why.

Does it surprise You that they follow You the way they do?

It surprises me immensely. It is really a miracle. I am nobody's leader, but there are half a million people who think they are my followers.

Do You enjoy the adoration?

No. Not at all. I hate it. I enjoy friendship. Adoration is putting somebody high above you. I don't have any ego. I am not higher than anybody else, not holier than anybody else.

But it certainly surprises me. They adore...they must be crazy! Now what can I do about it? You tell me.

I'd just go along with it.

That's okay. *last105*

Perhaps You could make some mistakes. Or do enlightened people make mistakes?

I make as many as possible. But that makes me more human. And it is easier to love a human being than to love the only begotten son of God. *last327*

Never use words like "perfect". Everything is imperfect here, has to be--

except idiots like Pope the Polack. These are perfect people, infallible.

Only idiots can claim infallibility. The wise ones will say, "Perhaps it is so. I do not know absolutely. Yes, I have glimpses. There are moments of clarity; there are times it seems, `Yes! This is it!' but there is no full stop anywhere."

If you ask me how many times I have said, "This is it!" and the next day, something bigger.... And I think, "My God! So *this* is it!" But slowly

slowly, when it was happening more and more, more and more, bigger and bigger, I dropped the idea of saying, "This is it!"

This is always becoming it, but there is no full stop. It is never perfect.

Knowing is a process. *dark09*

To me life is a permanent change; only change is unchanging, everything else changes. If you are alive you change, if you are dead, of course you cannot change. The moment you stop changing you have died. Many people die near about thirty years of their age; then they may live fifty years more, but that is posthumous life. I will live to the very last breath.

I will go on changing. I will go on growing. There is no limit to it. There may be a limit to the sky, but there is no limit to the consciousness. *last302*

Do you meditate for many hours a day?

It is my twenty-four-hour thing, because.... I will have to explain a little bit about it. Other religions have prescribed people a few minutes, half an hour, to meditate, concentrate, contemplate, pray--but to me the whole idea is idiotic that you can meditate for half an hour and for the remaining twenty-three and a half hours you can remain non-meditative.

That is impossible. It is just like saying, "Breathe half an hour and for the remaining time, forget all about it--tomorrow morning breathe again."

Meditation is something that has to become your constant companion.

So my method is such that it disturbs nothing. For example, I am talking to you: my method is that while I am talking to you I am fully aware of what I am saying, to whom I am saying it. Every gesture of my hand is with full awareness.

So do whatsoever you are doing--walking on the street or swimming on the lake--but remain conscious of your activity. Then you can be in meditation twenty-four hours a day. And unless you can be twenty-four hours in meditation, all your half-hour meditations are toys: you are just befooling yourself. *last220*

Could You say something to us about bliss?

I have been blissed out myself for almost thirty-three years. That is exactly the time Jesus lived on earth. Shankara also lived only thirty-three years, Vivekananda too. For the length of the whole life of Jesus I have been blissed out. And this seems to be the right time to ask me what bliss is. It is almost impossible to answer, but remember I am saying "almost"....

In coming out of the ego you come out of suffering, misery, anguish--that whole company. And when there is no ego, what remains is blissfulness.

I close my eyes--it is there.

I open my eyes--it is there.

I walk--it walks with me.

I sleep--it sleeps with me:

I am no longer separate from it.... *person26*

I am perfectly happy right now, so blessed that I can bless the whole world. Still my blissfulness will not be exhausted.

Why share it with the world?

Because it goes on increasing if you share. It is profit-making.

There are a few giggles there. Define what you mean by profit-making.

The more you share your bliss, your joy, the more it increases. It is a totally different kind of economics from that which you are aware of. In the ordinary economics the rule is if you go on sharing your money, it will decrease.

In the higher economics, which is my business, the more you share, the more existence goes on pouring into you. It is just like a well: you go on drawing water from the well and new water goes on flowing from everywhere. If you stop drawing water from the well, the water will become stale, dead, even poisonous.

Bliss has to be shared. It is not out of compassion. That is why I said it is profit-making. It is not out of compassion that I share my bliss. it is just out of simple profit motive. It increases the more I share. It is like the rain cloud full of rain. It *has* to shower somewhere, otherwise it will become heavy, burdened.

Yes, I say, if you don't share your bliss it will go stale. It will start stinking very soon. It will die. You have to share it to keep it alive, flowing, increasing, expanding. I am an imperialist. I don't believe in any limits on anything. *last121*

Recently you said that most people who become enlightened die shortly afterwards. How have you managed to stay with us so long? I am so grateful.

Really I should be grateful to you. It is love for you, and the love that you go on pouring upon me that has helped me to remain with you. Love is a spiritual nourishment.

Those who died after their enlightenment died because they thought they had found it and now there was no reason to live. When I found it, I said to myself, "Now there is every reason to live." Before finding, there was no reason; I could have died easily. But after my finding it, my love would not let me die. I waited for you, and you started coming. I have not sent a message, not written a letter. Still, from faraway lands you started coming, as if you have always belonged to me.

Now I am part of you, you are part of me. It is going to be very difficult for death to take me away from so many people, from your love: I am protected.

Love is the antidote of death, not life.

Ordinarily you think that life and death are contraries. No, death and love are the contraries. Now it is going to be a great strain on death. I should be grateful to you. I have not given anything to you, there is nothing to give. You have already got it. At the most I go on shaking you, shocking you, hitting you. Do you think that is giving?

But you have loved me--a man who does not deserve anybody's love. I am immensely grateful to the sannyasins. You are my life! If you are with me, there is no death. If you are not with me, then this very moment I will be gone. It is your love which is keeping me breathing, living; it is your joy, your blissfulness, your songs, your dances.

In the night when I go to sleep, I tell death, "At least don't disturb my morning. My people will be waiting to burst into singing." I am alive because so many people would like me to be alive. Existence cannot go against so much love. Existence cannot do anything without the permission of so many people. Death has to wait!

It all depends on you. My work is done as far as I am concerned. There is nothing more to experience, nothing more to know. But I have become so

much concerned with you that it does not matter that *my* work is finished; there are so many people who love me whose work is not finished. I *have* to live, to find ways and means to postpone death.

And I am very stubborn. I have struggled with life, and I have been victorious. Death is a poor thing; if I can be victorious in life, I can easily keep death waiting outside the door. I will allow it in only when I see that you are awake, that your consciousness has arisen, that even if I am not here you will continue my work, you will go on spreading the fire around the world. But please, just to keep me alive don't go on sleeping.

There are so many--eight hundred thousand--sannyasins around the world. It is going to be a difficult task for death to take me away from my people. I am not alone, I have penetrated into your beings. I have dispersed myself into so many beings that it is almost impossible for death to collect me unless I help.

Don't just feel grateful. If you are grateful, it is good, but not enough.

Become what you are, *be* what you are. Let me rejoice! My only joy is to see somebody coming home.

I will wait till eternity. You can go on and on befooling yourself, but remember--I am waiting, and I want you to be enlightened. I want it to become the most important historical fact in human existence, that thousands of people relax into their ordinariness and become enlightened. Yes, in the past it was so that after thousands of years one person may become enlightened. I don't live in that bullock-cart age, I am a contemporary man. I want you to become enlightened with jet speed--and it is possible. I am not asking the impossible.

You have given so much to me.

You go on giving so much to me.

I wonder...what have I done? Where have I gone wrong?--that so many people for no reason go on pouring their love on one who deserves nothing. And your love goes on growing. As your love goes on growing, I become

healthier and healthier.

Soon I am going to dance with you! *false28*

I am only fifty-four but it seems I am almost ancient. Deep inside I feel just like a child, just born, as fresh as the dewdrops in the early morning sun. But in the body I feel as if I have lived many lives together in one life. *person22*

I am ancient.... Very ancient. You can see in me, in my eyes...you will see the whole past of humanity. I am as old as existence itself--because I have always been here. I am part, just as you are part, of this existence.

And I have been in so many bodies that now I cannot get identified with

any body. When you have to change so many trains, you are bound to feel that no train is yours; at the coming junction again you have to change the train.

In this body I have been fifty-four years. But in fifty-four years I have lived a life which is not possible to live even in two hundred years. I have lived intensely, totally. Whatever I have been doing at whatever time, I was doing it with my whole heart, as if the next moment is death.

This time is the last time. I have been coming into bodies again and again, but this time it is the last time. After enlightenment, you cannot come back to the body. That is the only disadvantage. *last108*

Who will be your successor when you die?

I don't care. I don't care at all. I am a man who is not concerned with past or future....

I care in this moment. It is not caring about their future. In this moment I care. What happens tommorrow I have nothing to do with. But in this moment, whatsoever response arises in me I have to share with my people. *last105*

I want to leave this world as if I have never been here. I don't want to leave

any footprints, so that no idiot starts following the footprints. I will destroy everything. *last312*

What do You do all day?

Nothing. Just nothing.

And where do you do nothing?

Just sitting in my room, in my chair, enjoying myself. *last102*

Are You never bored with life?

Boredom is something very fundamental.

It is part of not accepting your aloneness.

It is part of not being able to enjoy your aloneness.

You have been taught by the society to escape, to go on running, not to look back; but boredom follows you like a shadow.

Boredom is your shadow.

Where are you going to escape?

You can't escape from it....

My life is absolutely lonely.

This is strange to say because I have lived thirty-five years of my life in crowds. But I am alone in the crowd.

You are there, but I am alone.

Even in the crowd I am not in any way different than when I am sitting in my room alone. My aloneness persists; it is incorruptible. I live in just one room almost the whole day.

My life is as much a routine as possible. Everything that creates boredom I

have meticulously arranged around myself I have not allowed anything that may help me to escape from my aloneness. In the morning exactly at a certain time I get up. And do you know what I do first thing? Even Vivek does not know. The first thing is, I pinch myself to see whether I am still here or it is finished. Only after pinching myself and being certain do I push the button for Vivek to bring my tea. Because what is the point of pushing the button if I am not here? She will unnecessarily get up and prepare the tea and bring it--and that is not right.

So first I make certain that I am still here. Then the second thing I do--I push the button for her to bring my tea. And what is my tea? No milk, no sugar, just hot water with tea leaves. But I enjoy it because it is the purest taste of tea. Sugar and milk destroy the purity of tea completely.

Everything is set up exactly the same every day. I have half an hour in my bathroom, then half an hour in my swimming pool. It must be the hottest swimming pool in the world: ninety-nine degrees fahrenheit. It is just cooking yourself completely. Twenty minutes in it and you are cooked well. And I don't have a small swimming pool, it is olympic size.

You know I am a man of very simple tastes--I am satisfied with the best of anything: satisfied simply, but with the best of anything.

Sheela was asking me, "What are you going to do with the olympic size?"

I said, "That is not the point, what I am going to I do with the olympic size. The size has to be olympic; I cannot step into a smaller size swimming pool."

Half an hour in that hot water, then back for half an hour under an ice-cold shower. You cannot have that ice-cold shower for more than two minutes. But after ninety-nine degrees of hot water it is a tremendously beautiful experience to be under ice-cold water The change from hot to the opposite, to very cold, is again a deeper pinching. The first was on the body, this is on the soul. Then I am perfectly certain that I am here and going to prevail, at least for today.

Vivek brings my breakfast, which is really a great breakfast--just a glass of

juice, the same. It would be the same for everybody else, but not for me because I don't compare. Yesterday is gone and tomorrow has not come yet--I don't compare it. Vivek was asking me today, "Are you really excited with the same food every day?"--because yesterday I said I was excited. She was asking, "Are you *really* excited?"

I said, "I am always excited with the same juice, the same food, because the problem arises only when you start comparing. When you start thinking that for ten years you have been having the same juice, then there arises the fear, "What are you doing?"

But I am not bored. I have dropped comparison. I don't carry any psychological memory with me. I go on dropping it moment to moment, and then I can enjoy the same thing for the whole of eternity.

She must have been worried because of what I said. She must have talked with my personal physician, Devaraj, and said, "Should we change Osho's complete menu?"

I said, "No, I am not going to allow you to change it. I am so settled with it that a change may create some trouble." And I am not bored with it. It is difficult to believe, but I have learned one thing:

If you can enjoy your aloneness then you can enjoy anything.

And if you cannot enjoy your aloneness, you cannot enjoy anything. That is an absolutely fundamental principle.... *person23*

You, got as far as breakfast. To complete our religious historical records, could You tell us what goes beyond the juice?

There is nothing that goes beyond the juice.

The seers of the *Upanishads* have described the ultimate reality as the

"juice"-- *raso vai saha*. This is the only definition which comes close to what I call godliness.

Raso vai saha means "that which is nothing but juice": No person, no

personality, but only a taste, a feel.

So if you ask me for anything that goes beyond the juice, it is very difficult for me to answer because juice is the last, the ultimate, the beyond itself--nothing goes beyond it. And as far as my breakfast juice is concerned I don't allow anything to go beyond even that.

You will have to understand it. First, for your religious and historical records: after juice--and remember, "after" does not mean "beyond";

"after" simply means chronologically after, timewise, but not beyond.

After juice I listen to a few songs, poetry, music, that I have been listening to for almost thirty years. Those who have lived with me have always been puzzled.

When I was a student my friends were puzzled--they were the same records. I had an old-style gramophone and a collection of records. When I started playing my records they would escape from their rooms, which were on either side, and they couldn't help but hear. They complained to the vice-chancellor.

I was called and I explained to him, "Hearing has two dimensions. One is horizontal. You hear a song; if it is new, you are interested because you don't know what is coming next, what turn it will take. But if you have heard it once, then horizontally it loses meaning. Horizontally there is no excitement: you know perfectly well what is going to come next. And when you know it already, how can you be excited?"

The horizontal meaning is finished in just experiencing anything for the first time. But I have discovered that there is a vertical meaning too--to everything in life. The songs, the music, that I have heard for thirty years and still listen to, now have no horizontal meaning for me. I know every nook and corner, every nuance--as far as the horizontal lines are concerned they have become almost irrelevant. And when I hear them, a strange thing happens: physically I almost fall asleep, but I continue to hear. And in this state, the words which have been heard thousands of times are no longer significant, but something deeper than the words starts

opening up.

The song is not in the words: it is something around the word, between the words, between the lines, but never in the word itself. If it is authentic poetry then there will be a depth where words are lost: you dive into the meaning itself, the pure meaning. It is more sound and silence. The word is left far behind; the word becomes almost transparent.

In the East it was discovered thousands of years ago. In English you have one word for reading, "study." For "reading," in Sanskrit we have two words-- *adhyayan*, which means study, and *path*, which is not translatable. Path means reading something again and again, not to understand what it means linguistically--that you can understand by reading one time, or two times; you need not read it thousands of times.

And if you cannot understand it reading it five or ten times, then you are not capable of understanding it in reading it a thousand times either.

You will still be you.

No, that is not the purpose of reading it a thousand times. The purpose is how to go farther than the word. The only way is to repeat the words so many times that they become absolutely meaningless, irrelevant. And when it becomes irrelevant, only then the vertical dimension opens; you start falling into its depth.

But that is possible only with authentic poetry or authentic music, not with ordinary music or ordinary poetry which is composed by the mind.

That is nothing but a play with words; there is nothing to be conveyed.

The man has no experience, no juice to pour into those words so those words can become carriers of a message. He knows how to manage a certain rhythm in words, and he composes a song. It is a composition, it is not a creation.

But when a song is created, it means it is not composed by the mind but has arisen out of a certain experience of rhythm, harmony; and you try to express it through the words, because words can reach the other--the pure

juice is not transferable....

So after my breakfast, for two or three hours I listen to my chosen songs.

I know them perhaps more than the people who wrote them and the people who sang them. I am far more acquainted with them because I have heard them thousands of times. Every day I enter a new depth. It is almost a state of deep silence; and because of the silence, my body relaxes and goes to sleep--I am awake. With the body, the words are connected; with me, the meaning. But this too is another experience of juice.

Sometimes, very rarely, I listen to instrumental music. Many people have asked me, "If you are not interested in the words, then instrumental music should be more to your liking." But it is not the case. Instrumental music is beautiful, but because it has no words it has no dimensionality.

The words give the song a horizontal dimension which makes it possible to dive vertically. The instrumental music is simple. It is horizontal, but because there are no words, the moment you drop the horizontal

dimension you are in a desert without any oasis. It is beautiful, horizontally.

The songs are beautiful only when you enter the vertical dimension, but that is possible only by creating the polar opposite. The word is the polar opposite of silence. If words are not there, you cannot create silence. The instrumental music is sound, there is no silence. It is sound arranged in a harmonious way but it cannot have that polarity of word and wordlessness.

So after breakfast I enjoy something which is again juice, but not material, immaterial...as if you have a taste without eating anything.

There is no physical counterpart to it--just taste without anything tasty on your taste buds.

At eleven I take my lunch. Vivek still cannot believe that I am excited, but what to do? Whether you believe it or not I *am* excited. I myself cannot believe it. So I can understand that nobody will be able to believe it when I myself cannot believe it. I know exactly what she is going to bring, everything is predictable; three small quantities of vegetables, boiled,

without salt, without any kind of spices.

They have become experts in making everything tasteless. You cannot defeat them in that. And certainly they must be wondering: they go on giving this tasteless food to me, but I never complain. I have always appreciated it, because it has given me an opportunity which they don't know about. When you are eating delicious food, with spices and all kinds of things, made to be tasty, perfumed, you are losing something that you don't know. You are destroying your taste buds. They are not meant for such strong things; they are very small, and very delicate.

I discovered the real taste of things only when I started following Devaraj's recipes. He has changed my dining room into a hospital. But I love it. Now you can put me into any hospital and they will not be able to do any harm to me.

Three vegetables, almost the same; four slices of bread just toasted and without any butter; and a cup of Indian sauce, chutney--that's all. But in my whole life I have never been so satisfied with my food as I am now. In India there are thousands of kinds of food. Perhaps there is no other country which has so many different varieties of food: each province has its own varieties. I have moved all over India, and I have eaten all kinds of foods. Every state has its own tremendous findings--perhaps it has taken thousands of years for them to develop certain delicacies--but all their food, howsoever tasty, is not good, healthwise.

My weight was good so I used to look very healthy. But I discovered it only late, that just to look healthy is not health. Now I am healthy--but my mother comes, and she says every time she comes.... I remind her,

"You have told this to me every time you have come: 'What have you done to your health?'" and she thinks that I am wearing this long and loose robe just to *deceive* her.

I say, "I am not trying to deceive."

She says, "But I can see your hands on the video. You may be able to deceive others but you cannot deceive me. I have seen you from your very

child]hood, and you had such a beautiful body." And I can see tears coming into her eyes looking at my food. I don't allow her...because she has been trying persistently for years to bring something, just a little.

I say, "No, nothing doing. My doctor does not allow it. I can take only what he prescribes, I cannot take anything else." But again and again--

and I know why, because she saw me in 1960 when I was one hundred and ninety pounds, and I had a body....

But Devaraj has been of great help. He has dropped all milk products--

milk, butter, ghee, everything--from my food, and I feel really clean. Of course, I have lost weight, but what purpose is weight? I don't look cut out of marble but there is no need to look cut out of marble--there are enough marble statues.

For the first time in my life I am feeling at ease with food. In India it was impossible because everybody was harassing me: "If you drop milk then there is nothing in the food. If you drop curd then there is nothing in the food. If you don't take butter then you will lose weight." But that weight was causing me all kinds of difficulties. Right now all of my difficulties have disappeared.

My breathing is no longer a trouble, and as my weight has been coming down my back has been getting better. Strangely, since the weight has come below one hundred and thirty pounds, my back is absolutely right.

There is no strain at all; otherwise once in a while I used to feel the strain in a certain position. Now in no position am I feeling the strain....

After my lunch I go to sleep. This is something that I have followed my whole life. Two hours sleep in the middle of the day gives me two days out of one day, two mornings, two evenings; it doubles the joy of life. And sleep, according to Patanjali, is very close to samadhi. The only difference is that in samadhi your body is asleep but your consciousness is awake.

Now to me, both sleep and samadhi are the same. My consciousness is

awake twenty-four hours a day. Whether my body is awake or asleep makes no difference to my consciousness.

But to give the body a total relaxation--even sitting on a comfortable chair like this is not total relaxation for the body because of the gravitation....

So for two hours in the day I enjoy a small night, and I make my room completely dark. Many times I forget: when I get up at quarter to two it takes a little while for me to figure it out, whether it is morning or afternoon, and sometimes Vivek has to come to wake me because I have simply forgotten completely that it is afternoon. So I have told her, "You can wait up to quarter to two; longer than that you should not wait. That means I am not clear whether it is morning or evening...and people must be waiting for the drive-by, so you wake me."

Then again, a cup of tea--the same, because it is again morning. Then I go to see you all.

It is enough for me just to see you happy, dancing, singing, enjoying.

That's what I want the whole world to be:

Just always in a dancing and singing mood.

People who come just as spectators cannot believe it. The journalists cannot believe that people can be so happy, so joyful; they think that you are putting it on. And I cannot say that journalists are misrepresenting it knowingly. They have seen the whole world; there is no joy anywhere.

How can they believe that so many people can be joyous, and for nothing, because what have we got?...

And just seeing you happy is all that I am here for.

Nothing else is expected from you.

No Master has ever expected less than I expect from you:

Just that you should be joyous, that you should treat miseries and

sufferings as being below you.

The whole world is ready to be miserable and suffer without you. Do you think the world is going to miss your misery, suffering? Don't be worried about that.

You can enjoy, you can rejoice....

I see many times people standing in the line, spectators who come for drive-by. They don't look at me. I feel like stopping my car and opening my window, but I feel if they get hypnotized then I will be found a culprit, so it is better that I pass on and don't bother about them. They are looking somewhere else...and they have come to see *me*! What is happening?--I am seeing them, and they are avoiding me.

Coming back from the drive-by, which I enjoy immensely...because my attitude towards life is this: tomorrow perhaps I may not be able to see you dancing again, so every day I see it as if I am seeing it for the first time and the last time. Vivek looks a little puzzled: how can I go on enjoying every day the same people dancing and beating drums out of tune, and doing all kinds of things? How do I go on enjoying it every day?

I don't look at her for the simple reason that she may feel awkward. I don't look at her, not even a single time: she may feel awkward because she is seeing me enjoying the same scene again every day.

But to me it is a question of tremendous importance. Perhaps tomorrow I may not be able to see you again; then the last time I see you, I should see you as fully as possible, as totally as possible. And because I never compare, the question does not arise that you are the same people singing the same song, playing on the same drums. And I know, I will make arrangements so that even when I am not there, my car will pass at the exact time for you to dance and sing and play. Wherever I am, I will enjoy it. It is a promise.

So you will not miss my car at least, even if I am not there. Vivek will be there; and people already think perhaps she is driving the car. Sheela had to clear up this rumor in front of the commune--that it is not so, because the

rumor was coming again and again, and when it became too much....One day a radio reporter was following the car, giving a commentary to his radio station which was released immediately. He was giving the commentary like you listen to the commentary on a football match: "now Bhagwan has come, people are dancing, singing, jumping.

There is all kinds of music, all kinds of tunes are being played...and now Bhagwan has even let go of the steering wheel--that too was in the commentary--"and He is beating time with the dancers and singers. Now it is a wonder how the car is...." Then Sheela came to me; she said, "this was the radio commentary. It was relayed all over America."

And then the rumor started coming to her: "Is it true that Bhagwan is not driving, Vivek is?" The pedals and gears are on Vivek's side, and only a pseudo-steering wheel is in front of me so I can let go of it and there is no problem! In fact, it can be arranged that way. My garage director, Avesh, is a great mechanic. He can manage it that way so that Vivek will be sitting still on the passenger's seat with the gears and the pedals, and

a certain small device for steering with the hand. And my steering wheel will remain free the way it is when I'm not holding it.

But I would like you still to enjoy drive-by the same way, to dance the same way, even more so, because when I am not there you have to "put it on"--even better!

Life is so simple and so beautiful.

If you can remember that tomorrow is not certain, then it is intense too.

Coming back I again listen to music. Then I again repeat the same routine: going to the bath, going to the swimming pool, going to the chilled shower. Then the supper, the same. Why you call it supper, I don't know, because it is the same as lunch. At least as far as I am concerned, a different word is not needed; it is just the same as lunch.

And as far as dinner is concerned, I don't know the meaning of it because I have never had any dinner--just the same lunch, exactly the same.

My kitchen people have invented something new, a patty made out of dahl. It is really delicious, and perhaps my kitchen is the only place where it is made because it is not made in India. My kitchen has dozens of recipes for patties but I have chosen only two: one for the morning, and one for the evening. But I end up my lunch with a glass of juice the same as in the morning, because I will not allow anything to go beyond the juice. I end my supper, so-called supper, with a glass of juice and then I am excitedly waiting for Sheela to bring the questions.

You will not be as excited to meet me as I am to meet you. I don't know what I am going to say. That's why many things I go on missing. That's why I forgot yesterday after breakfast--I must have gone somewhere else, because it is not a prepared speech. I am simply speaking as if to myself-

-the way you think. I don't think, so there is no question of preparing: I simply start speaking. Speaking without thinking, it is bound to be a little bizarre....

After the discourse I do some work with Sheela, anything concerned with sannyasins' spiritual growth. And nearabout ten o'clock I take my last glass of juice and go into sleep or samadhi, which are both the same to me. Now you can see that I don't have anything beyond the juice.

The juice is the last and ultimate thing: Raso vai saha, that which is nothing but juice. In the Sanskrit sutra they do not use the pronoun

"he"; instead they use "that." It is quite clear that they are referring to existence itself and not to a non-existent God. *person25*

At eleven in the night, all my life I have eaten a certain kind of Indian sweet that I eat and go to bed. Without eating my sweet I cannot sleep.

What kind of a sweet is it?

It is a Bengali sweet which is not known in the West, but is the best. It is made of milk. The cream is taken out. You heat the milk and just pour lemon juice into the boiling milk. It separates, and what is left is called *rasogulla.*

It is something that the West has not used. It is the lightest sweet. In Bengal, it is given to patients or to those who are recovering from a long sickness. It is very helpful and tremendously delicious. From eleven to six, I am again knocked out. And if existence wants me again tomorrow, I will be awakened; otherwise I am gone--gone with the wind. *last123*

I sleep with three pillows: one on each side and one under my head....

and I use very big pillows, perhaps the biggest size..."I cannot sleep without those two. Those two are absolutely part of my sleep. If somebody takes one of my pillows, then it is difficult for me to sleep. I will miss him the whole night." *unconc27*

I take one and a half hours in my bathroom, relaxing in my bath. I love my bathroom the best; it is my temple. They have made really beautiful, gorgeous bathrooms for me. And not only one, because I'm always for two of everything--not less than that--because if something goes wrong in one bathroom, I'm not going to miss my bath. A second bathroom has to be constantly alert and ready.

So for one and a half hours I enjoy in my bathroom. I have the best bubble baths. I'm allergic to perfumes, so I can take only herbal bubble baths. If you come to my bathroom you will be surprised to see what a treasure I have got there: the world's best shampoos, hair conditioners, liquid soaps without perfume--all kinds. Every day it is really difficult for me to choose. It takes me almost five minutes to figure out what this combination will do. *last123*

You don't go out driving anymore around here, is that correct?

Not every day now. When I was not speaking, when I was in silence, I wanted to see my sannyasins every day...that's why the driveby was invented. Now I am seeing them in the morning for two and a half hours every day, so there is no need. But we have four celebrations around the year. In each celebration--it will be a seven day celebration--they will have driveby also.

What do you experience inside your car when you drive past your

disciples?

I love them. Just to see them is a great nourishment to me. to see them dance, to see them laugh. Perhaps I start feeling: I am certainly the Blessed One--so much love I don't think anybody has received ever. *last113*

Happiness attracts happiness.

Lovingness attracts more love.

Blissfulness attracts more bliss.

Giggle, and soon you will be laughing. Just try to move your hands and legs and soon you will be dancing--what else to do? I see it happen every day during the drive-by. First people just *try,* because it is so much against their upbringing. But then they see that others are also doing it; they look to both sides, people are doing it. Against themselves, reluctantly, they start moving a little bit--and soon they are dancing.

One old man is there: at first he used to just stand. I went on watching him, what happens. He is old, has a thick past, but by and by he started moving. One day I saw--he had brought a flute, but he was keeping the flute under his arm. Then he started playing the flute. Then he started dancing and playing on the flute, together.

And today he was just dancing with the flute above his head, in his hand; he had dropped everything. He had forgotten he is old; he forgot that he is not supposed to do such a thing--and he was so happy! Just to see his face...it was a beautiful moment. He again became a child, again the same innocence was in his eyes. *dark23*

I go for a drive--that I have always loved. And my sannyasins have made a beautiful road just for me. Perhaps I am the poorest and the richest man in the world: I don't possess anything, but everything that anybody can possess, I use. I don't think even the Queen of England has a private road going into the forest, in the hills, by the side of a lake. It is used only for one hour, and there is no traffic, so there is no question of following any stupid laws of being on the right or being on the left. Mostly I follow being in the

middle, which is not allowed anywhere else in the world--that's why I enjoy it. *last123*

Who are the people who come close to you in your everyday life?

Obviously, not five thousand or two thousand people can be around.

No. Just in the morning, everybody listens to me, the whole commune together. In the evening, my secretary, Sheela, comes if there is any problem for which she needs guidance from me. In the day, Vivek, another sannyasin, takes care of my food. She comes only when I give her a call to bring my food or my tea. Otherwise, I remain completely alone. *last102*

I need a certain kind of chair. I use only this chair, it has been made by my sannyasins exactly to give support to my back, because doctors said they cannot do anything....

They make everything for me: this chair, my shoes, my dresses, my hat, even my watch. Everything they make for me. And because they make with so much love, so much feeling, that I can feel the robe is not just the cloth. That's why I sad I am certainly a sensuous man. Wearing this robe I can feel my sannyasins, their love for me. Wearing this watch I can feel the person who worked hard on it.... *last210*

I know that any fashion-conscious people, particularly women, who've seen You would say, "Where does He get those magnificent clothes from?"

My women make them. They love to see me in fabulous clothes.

Are You fashion conscious?

I love everything that is beautiful. I will not say I am fashion conscious, because my robe is not a fashion.

Well, You may be starting a new fashion.

That is possible. I love everything that is beautiful, but I am not fashion conscious, otherwise I would be imitating somebody else who is

fashionable. My people design my clothes. They enjoy, and they know that I love only the best of everything. So they do it, and try their best.

And I am perfectly contented with my people. In fact, I adore them.

Nobody has been so fortunate as I am. *last105*

Just look at my beard! I don't think any of my sannyasins would like my beard to be shaved. Perhaps many of my women sannyasins are here just because of my gray beard. And anyway, whether I am saved spiritually or not, I am not going to shave my beard! *dless04*

I never have used telephone in my whole life. *last302*

On my dining table I have a small statue somebody has sent to me. It is an ancient statue, it has existed in the East almost for seven thousand years. It is a statue which is half-man, half-woman. *bond36*

Basho's small haiku I have on the pond near my house. I love it so much, I wanted it to be there. So every time, coming and going.... One of the persons I have loved. Nothing much in it. "An ancient pond...." It is not an ordinary poetry. It is very pictorial. Just visualize: "An ancient pond. A frog jumps in...." You almost see the ancient pond! You almost hear the frog, the sound of its jump: "Plop." And then everything is silent. *last324*

I like everything that is beautiful, creative. It contributes to life, it makes life worth living. Only a few people have contributed to life's beauty; others are simply just a burden on the earth.

I would like everybody to know something of painting, something of music, something of dancing. Everybody...every educational institution, rather than simply teaching mathematics and physics and chemistry and geography and history, should pay a little more attention to dancing, to singing, to painting, to music, to sculpture, because those are the things which will make life more beautiful. *last213*

Do you do any art work?

My whole work is art! I don't do anything else except art work....

I don't paint on ordinary canvases and I don't write poems on paper, but on living beings. And each of my sannyasins is my poetry. And each of my sannyasins will carry my gestures, my attitudes, my approaches, and he will make it even richer because he is a living person. He may give it more polish, he may give it more beauty; he *has* to do it. That will be his gratitude towards the master, that will be his thankfulness.

So from morning 'til night I am continuously creating. But to see my creativity you need to be part of it. You cannot be just a spectator; you have to be insider, not an outsider, because it is so subtle and so delicate, so invisible, that unless you enter it with an open mind, without any prejudice, you will not be able to experience it. Just a little experience will open the door. *last209*

My house is made by my sannyasins themselves. No outside worker has been called for anything. They have made the roads, they have made the houses, they have made a house for me. They love me.

They have made a beautiful garden because they know I love trees and they feel sad that I have to live in a desert. They don't want me to see the

desert. They have surrounded my whole house with so thick trees that I cannot see the desert at all from anywhere.

They have brought peacocks--three hundred peacocks in my garden.

When they all dance, then it is really something worth seeing. Just they love me! And love needs no why. Whenever you ask why, that simply means you don't understand love. *last308*

Just the other morning Vivek showed me one of the white peacocks which always comes near my sitting room and sleeps on a treetop. That is his religious practice every night; it may be raining, it may be snowing-

-it doesn't matter. And the place where he sits seems to be so risky that he could fall any moment, but he is so relaxed, almost one with the tree.

Now, after these ten hours, twelve hours of almost going to the very source of his life in sleep, if he starts dancing by the morning it is no wonder.

It has nothing to do with the sun or the flowers, it has something to do with his inner energy which is overflowing. The birds are chirping, chitchatting--it is simply aliveness. But remember, animals or birds cannot have a taste of happiness; that is man's prerogative. *person26*

In my garden...I used to think there were one hundred peacocks. Now Mukta has informed me, "You are continuously making a wrong statement. There are three hundred peacocks."

Six small kids have lost track of their mothers. And, of course, in peacocks you cannot find a Mother Teresa. Peacocks don't care about Nobel Prizes. So those six orphans hang out with each other. And they are growing! They have not bothered about the fact that the mother is lost, although it would have been easier for them to grow in the protection of the mother. *dless19*

I understand that you swim for your health.

I swim.

How often and where and what do you wear?

I don't wear anything. I used to swim twice, but for two months I had to stop it because my physicians became afraid. The water going into my ear was creating trouble, and my ear drums may get hurt or some trouble may arise. And it is possible because I have been swimming from my very childhood for hours. It may have damaged my ear drums.

So for two months I have not been swimming. My pool is there, Olympic size, just for me. That's how I live, in abundance! *last224*

What happened to your glasses?

That was just because of these lights. My eyes were feeling teary.

Continuous exposure for two hours in the morning or two and a half hours, and two and a half hours in the evening, my eyes started feeling teary. That's why I used those glasses; I don't need them now that they have managed to put the lights a little farther away. I think they need still to

adjust them because I can feel the strain on the eyes a little.

Otherwise, my eyes...you just look at my eyes. *last120*

I am just a common-sense man. I am not a scientist I am not a religious prophet. I am just a common-sense man, but I have tried to sharpen my common sense to its utmost.

I have only one capacity, to see clearly; not in the sense of my eye doctor-

-he is sitting here. he is trying to force glasses on me. I am talking about his eyes. About my eyes I will listen to him.

I am very much a man of common sense. When it comes to my physical eyes, I listen to my eye doctor. When it comes to my body, I listen to Devaraj. When it comes to anything concerning the ordinary details of life, I listen to Vivek. Then I don't go into details about these things. If these people are doing the work, and if they are doing their homework properly, then it is perfectly okay.

When I say that I have only one capacity and that is of seeing clearly, I mean some insight.

And in my insight, religion and science are two names of one phenomenon. *dark11*

I am a lazy man, bone lazy. My physician, Doctor Devaraj, wants to give me Vitamin D because I am bone lazy. Calcium is missing he thinks--

perhaps! But it has been tremendous; it is good that it was missing. *person13*

Jesus goes on saying, "Repent! Repent!" For what? Because Adam and Eve ate an apple? And we have to repent for it? Now, my doctor, Devaraj, does not allow me, otherwise my whole life I have been eating apples--not one, at least six per day. That was my main diet. If anybody has committed the original sin, I am here. That poor Adam and Eve...just one apple. *unconc29*

Ice cream I used to love. To tell you the truth I still love it, although there is no way to find it anywhere. *person28*

How is Your own sex life? Are You still active?

My sex life?

You were active before in Poona?

I have been active all my life. But now it is enough. I'm finished with it. I enjoyed it before my enlightenment, and I enjoyed it more after my enlightenment. And I proved one traditional idea wrong: that an enlightened man cannot enjoy sex. It is something of historical importance. But now I am completely satisfied. Too much! *last102*

Are you celibate?

No. Why should I be? I am just natural, why should I be unnatural? If you want to meet celibates you go to a Catholic monastery, and you will meet celibates doing nothing but masturbating. I don't see that anybody can be naturally celibate. He is bound to become a pervert, some way or other.

And I am a simple, natural man. I follow my natural instincts in every way. I have loved many women--perhaps no man may have loved so many women. In the beginning I used to keep a count; then I dropped it, because what is the point? *last103*

Right now I am celibate, but if my health gets better I am not going to be celibate. I have never been celibate. I do not do anything against nature.

Right now I am celibate not because celibacy has any value, but just because I am sick. I don't have any energy to make love to a woman and do all the gymnastics, no. I have enough energy to talk to my people, to talk to you. If I get healthy again, I promise you, I will not be celibate. *last105*

No celibacy is needed before enlightenment. After enlightenment sex disappears, giving place to love--a far more delicate phenomenon. You can have as much fun as you like, in no way can it disturb your enlightenment. It is something bodily, chemical, physiological. How can it affect your

consciousness?

The enlightened man can make love, and while he is making love he is still centered in his being. He is just a witness, he is seeing himself and the woman making love; he is a third party. And this is what I mean when I say the enlightened man transcends sex, because he becomes a

third party. He can see his own body and the body of his woman completely as a witness. His witnessing is not disturbed by anything. *dless05*

When I said that I am not celibate because I am not unnatural, a few sannyasins were shocked. They started writing letters to me, and I informed them that they cannot have any expectations about me. I can do anything I want. We don't have any contract that I will follow your expectations or you will follow mine.

I have no contract of any kind....

I have no contract with my people. I have not promised them that I should be this or that, so they can never question my behavior. I remain individual; and that's what I want them to remain, individual.

Now, the persons who were shocked when I said I am not celibate had carried the idea for centuries that a religious person should be celibate--

and particularly nobody has heard that an enlightened man had made love to any woman after his enlightenment. Naturally they were shocked.

It is up to them. They can think that perhaps I am not enlightened.

Perhaps it is time for them to leave this place. Perhaps they have come to a wrong person. But as far as I am concerned, I am going to be totally free, absolutely frank, no secrecy, no privacy.

I know for certain that celibacy is unnatural unless you are impotent; and I don't think any impotent person has ever become enlightened. No, there is no mention of it. In fact, just the opposite is the case. The people who became enlightened were really too much sexual, that's why I call them Zorbas; they were really too much sexual--so much that finally they

understood that there is nothing much in it. They experienced it through and through and found nothing in it. And that was the point from where they started searching for something else. That led them towards Buddhahood, enlightenment.

But once they had become enlightened--they were fulfilling people's expectations because they wanted to be great enlightened Masters, prophets, messiahs--they could go on fooling with women. Buddha would not even look at a woman. What cowardliness! Buddha would not allow any woman close to him, she had to remain eight feet away.

Is this enlightenment? so afraid, so shaky that even a woman coming close and you become afraid? This is repression, this is not enlightenment.

I want to declare to the whole world that unenlightened people can have only sexual relationships, which they call love. This is not right. They should stop calling it making love; they are simply making sex. Only an enlightened person can make love, because it is no more his need. He can be without it for years and not even for a single moment will he feel its need. But he can enjoy it as fun.

I can play cards; it is not a need. I can drink once in a while; it does not disturb my enlightenment. I can make love. I don't see...but it can disturb people's *idea* of enlightenment. That is their business. My enlightenment is not made of such fragile matter. It cannot be disturbed by anything. In fact, they have been asking whether enlightened people transcend sex, and I have sent the answer to them that the enlightened person finally transcends enlightenment, too.

And I have transcended enlightenment, too. Now I am again the same old ordinary man I was before all this round trip jet journey. I am back home.

I have passed through everything, all meditation, all enlightenment, and come back home, with new eyes, new clarity, new vision. It is almost like living continuously on LSD. *last119*

Of course, my ways of chasing (women) are very subtle. I chase them sitting in my chair. I don't have to do all kinds of gymnastics. I don't have to

take them to the cafe, to the restaurant, to the movie; I am simply sitting in my chair. But even if I look in their eyes, that is enough: cafes and restaurants and movies are nothing before it. Just waving my hand...and I see the woman becoming so happy. It makes me happy in return. And I have not done anything--just waved my hand!

When I see you laughing, it is a nourishment to me. When I see you singing and dancing with me, I become healthier. What medicines cannot do for me, my people, rejoicing, do. *false27*

People think they get hypnotized...I don't know. Journalists avoid looking into the eyes that perhaps they may get hypnotized. And for me it is such a simple job that I don't need to exert too much energy--just a little smile towards a woman is enough! I don't have to chase her and go through all the dramas and traumas; there is no need. In my whole life I have never met a single woman who was not ready the moment I looked into her eyes. Where else was she going to find such a simple man who has not even asked her name, who has not asked her address? And on the next railway station I get down and we shall never meet again. The introduction has not happened, but I have made love to the woman. I am not British--they will not do anything without an introduction!

But to me everything is love. Talking to my people is making love to them. My words reaching into their hearts create orgasmic reactions in their being. Just coming and going, dancing with my people...just for a second stopping to dance with someone, and that's enough. That woman is not going to sleep the whole night. You can ask the woman--she is going to dream continuously of the dance.

I have already made love. To me love is nothing in particular to do with sex. There are a thousand and one ways of making love. Sex is the lowest, the animal heritage. And I would like my people to rise above biology. Only then will they be really free. Then you can find thousands of ways of making love. Just sitting silently together, doing nothing, but full of love for each other, and there is a certain meeting which is happening between the two energies. So I am continuously making love to my people in every possible kind of way.

Don't be worried about my energy. And don't be worried about my eyes--

they are perfectly okay. And I am a non-serious man, so I have the freedom to say anything that comes to my mind without ever bothering about the consequences. My whole life's experience is such that nothing has ever gone wrong, so I have become absolutely certain that nothing ever goes wrong. You just have to trust existence, and whatever happens is right.

Meet my people and ask them...everybody will say I have made love to them. Talking is a way of making love, dancing is a way of making love--

but these are higher qualities of love. Animals cannot understand it; you can go on playing the flute and the buffalo will go on chewing the grass.

She will not even stop to look at what you are doing. The flute makes no sense to her. But play the flute to the lover and something immediately starts transmitting from your song and showering on your beloved.

And my people are searching all possibilities, finding all possibilities of being in love. Sex is only one of them, and the very lowest of the kind. In fact, everybody should have a film of himself making love and see it once in a while. Then he will see what kind of gymnastics and what happens to the woman's face--distortions...and you call it orgasm? She is having a fit. And the man is trying so hard, huffing, puffing!

Everybody should have a film of his own lovemaking just to see it whenever the desire arises. Just see the film and that will be enough.

That is the very lowest type of thing that is available to all animals. Man can manage to have many other dimensions, many other levels. And the higher you reach towards enlightenment, new dimensions open up.

For a man who has passed through the door to the other side, everything is love. My whole day, twenty-four hours a day, I am making love to existence in different ways. If I am taking a shower I enjoy it as much as making love to a woman. So what is the difference? I am contacting existence through water. It is not necessary that I should make the contact with existence through a feminine body.

Eating I am making love, because I eat with such joy. And I don't see any difference: my joy is the same. So twenty-four hours a day I am in love; it does not matter what I am doing. That you can take as a criterion of the man who has gone beyond enlightenment: whatever he does is love, whatever he says is love. If he does nothing, that is love. If he remains silent, that is love.

Now, should we start dancing? *last120*

Have you ever wanted to have a child yourself?

No, for the simple reason that I don't want to burden this earth. It is already burdened too much. There is no religious reason why my sannyasins are not giving birth to children. In the four years we have been here, not a single baby has been born. And nowhere is so much love being made as is made here. *last112*

In place of the namaste before and after speaking, Osho now dances, inviting friends to dance with him.

You danced with Your sannyasins. When You look into their eyes, what do You see on their faces?

Just love and nothing else. Great love and great gratitude. I don't think anybody has been loved so much as I have been loved. Jesus had only twelve disciples, I have one million; and out of one million, ninety percent are women. *(laughter)* So it is really groovy. *last128*

The way you dance is absolutely unique and outrageous. What is the secret behind the Osho Shake?

I have never thought in my life that there is going to be someday the Osho Shake!

I don't know dancing, so it is going to be outrageous.

And the secret is very simple:

It is your love.

I don't think any man in the whole history has been loved so much by so many intelligent people.

Your love makes me dance.

The secret is with *you.*

I cannot believe it, because I don't deserve any love even from a single human being. But one million sannyasins around the earth--it surprises me!

And you are showering so much love that what else can I do? I can do a little Osho Shake! *dless33*

All my dreams feel fulfilled. My master is dancing. My heart has wings.

How can there be anything more after this? Osho, thank you.

There is much more. There is no end to it! Soon your master will be drinking wine with you. Soon your master will be dancing in the disco.

You have got a very unreliable man here. I can do anything--and I am going to! *dless01*

Yes, while dancing with me you must have experienced something that you cannot experience with anybody else--because it is not a dance of two bodies, not a dance but a deep, very deep meeting.

Don't listen to my words.

Trust what you feel with me.

That dance has given you the right dimension which I cannot give you with words. Words are ordinary, but the silence, the beautiful dance--

mingling, meeting, merging into each other, forgetting who you are...the dance is drinking from the very source of my being.

You have tasted something of me.

I have to create so many devices for you so that you can be taken out of

your imprisonment.

You would never have thought that one day you would be dancing with me. Your mind simply stopped. Your heart started functioning with great energy. Looking into my eyes, looking into my gestures, slowly slowly there is a synchronicity. Then there are not two persons dancing, there is only dance. And that is the state of the divine drunkard.

You are blessed. But don't make it a mind thing; otherwise you will be back to the same old miserable state.

What you have experienced in the dance, let it become your life now.

And it is not that you have to dance only with me. I only give you the key; then, dance with the wind, dance with the sun, dance with the trees, and everywhere you will find me dancing with you. That's a promise.

Ordinarily, I never give promises. *dless12*

My mother came to me yesterday; she was a little worried. She said, "It is beautiful to see you dancing, but now you have started dancing with girls!" She was concerned that if people in India see this, in the pictures, on the video, they will be very much shocked. I said, "So far, so good."

But I am free--more free than Gautam Buddha, more free than Mahavira.

Gautam Buddha did not have the guts to dance with a girl.

I can dance because I don't see any problem. There is no hindrance, no boundary to me; I can do anything.

Just the other night, Vivek was asking me, "Should we go to the disco?"

I said, "I am going to the disco one day, but right now it is too late."

My discos, my restaurants are called Zorba the Buddha. First I am a Zorba, and then I am a Buddha. And remember, if I have to choose between the two, I will choose Zorba, not Buddha...because the Zorba can always become the Buddha, but the Buddha becomes confined to his own

holiness. He cannot go to the disco and become the Zorba. And to me, freedom is the highest value; there is nothing greater, more precious, than freedom.

My enlightenment has freed me from everything, including

enlightenment.

Now will be the crucial point. Those who trust me will trust me even when I am drinking champagne, because there was no condition. You had not told me, "I will trust you only until you start drinking champagne." The trust is unconditional.

The heart knows different ways of seeing. The mind is linear, it looks only towards one line. The heart is multi-dimensional. And the more I feel my people's trust, the more dimensions of my being I can reveal to them.

I would like you to know me in my total freedom, because that is what I want you to be--totally free, no strings attached.

Blessed is the sannyasin who can trust me without bothering about my statements or my actions. His is the kingdom of God right now! *dless03*

I went to the disco yesterday. I enjoyed it! *last120*

I went just to shock my people! But it was not much of a disco, because as I went there everything stopped and the whole commune gathered in the disco and around the disco, so I had just to go in and come out. I did not see anything there except people--the same people I see everywhere!

I wanted to know what the hell this disco is, but they did not allow me! I don't go anywhere. And entertainment is needed because you are not blissful with yourself. Something is missing in you. Some worry, some tension is there that you want to forget. Entertainment helps you, for the time being.

To me there is no point at all in going to any entertainment. I am not against it--I can go. If people feel happy by my going there, I can go anywhere, hell included! But as far as I am concerned, I don't need any entertainment. I

am so full of blissfulness in myself. *last220*

I don't know whether you perspire or not. But when I came to your disco I was really surprised. The smoke of the cigarettes...I never feel it here.

And, my God, the way you perspire! I was thinking that my disciples had stopped perspiring!

Of course, I myself rarely perspire, because moving from one airconditioned place to another air-conditioned place in an air-conditioned limousine, there is no chance for me to perspire. But once in a while the electricity fails, the compressor in the car stops functioning--then I know certainly that I am not a prophet. I perspire just like you, and I am fortunate that I perspire just like every human being, because I don't want to be made of plastic. My skin is as real as yours. If Mahavira did not perspire, the only possibility is that he had a plastic body without any pores. Perspiration is absolutely natural. *dless05*

Is there anybody in the world that You have great admiration for?

I admired one man, J. Krishnamurti.*

That's it?

One man I used to admire who is dead was P. D. Ouspensky, an Russian who was living in London, a mathematician. I admired another man, George Gurdjieff, who was a Caucasian living in France, died in '50.

Other then these three men, there was one man from Babylon, Michael Naimy, whom I had admired because of his book, The Book of Mirdad, has been my the most loved book. He shows tremendous insight, which only a mystic is capable of.

But very few people--only one is alive: J. Krishnamurti.

I admire him but that does not mean that I agree with him. I criticize him as much as possible. He criticizes me as much as possible. So there is only one agreement between us, that we disagree. But I admire the man just the way he admires me. *last304*

*Note: Osho named a newly constructed dam after Gurdjieff, and the lake after Krishnamurti. The welcome centre at the entrance to Rajneeshpuram is named Mirdad

It is a strange coincidence that just for the first time today I have seen J.

Krishnamurti on the television screen....

Just today I saw a B.B.C. interview with Krishnamurti--that was my first acquaintance with how he looks--and I was simply shattered! Again, it was the same story I was telling you yesterday--the same story. He has no charisma at all, no impact. I was sorry to see the interview. I know he is enlightened, but it would have been better if I had not seen his face, his gestures, his eyes, because you cannot find in anything even a shadow of enlightenment. The luggage has reached--the passenger has got lost somewhere on the way.

I still say he is enlightened because I have read thousands of enlightened people's words--Krishnamurti's words are far more accurate in describing the experience. *person07*

A few days ago I was talking to you about J. Krishnamurti--that I saw him on a television interview, and I felt very sorry for him. Vivek thought that perhaps--because he was sitting on a straight--backed wooden chair with his hands underneath him, she thought perhaps he suffers from a certain disease in which your hands start trembling. So Vivek thought that he was afraid to show his hands, and that was why he was sitting on them.

That is not the case. You should have looked at the chair. You can't find a more uncomfortable chair than he has found: a straight-backed wooden chair, with no armrests. He was trying the lotus posture on the

chair, because in England to sit in a lotus posture will not look right--

and he is very fussy about being right, mannerly. *person25*

Vivek was asking me, "You go on criticizing J. Krishnamurti; Krishnamurti goes on saying things about you. You must both be giggling inside." I said, As far as I am concerned, I am certainly giggling.

About Krishnamurti I cannot say that. He is incapable of giggling, absolutely incapable. He has forgotten to laugh; he is too serious, and as he is becoming older he goes on becoming more and more serious, I can understand, and I could have been of immense help to him, but he cannot even tolerate seeing one of my sannyasins; otherwise I can give him one whole commune of mine.

Krishnamurti has been looking for people who can understand him and do what he wants them to do. Now I have so many communes around the world, I can give one whole commune to him. It will be a joy to me if he can get a little satisfaction in the last years, perhaps the last days of his life.

He is ninety, any time he will pop off. Before he pops off I offer him any commune. If he wants this commune he can take this commune--I will withdraw. If he can manage my people...

As far as I am concerned I am willing: he can take any of my communes.

If he wants people who can risk everything, then I have got the people."

But he cannot tolerate, he cannot risk being among my people. He is so enraged because what he wanted to do he has not been able to do, and I have managed to do it without much doing.

I don't do anything.

I have told you, I am just a lazybones.

And that's how I have been my whole life:

I don't do anything.

But if there is something in me that attracts people who do--and for no reward except that they are with me, except that they can bathe, be showered, in my presence, in my love.... What other remuneration have they got? And they are risking their whole life.

I can give him the people he has not been able to find because he moved

wrongly. He missed the train; but I am in the train and I can pull the emergency lever. If he wants me to get down I can get down and be in his

place and he can take my place; there is no problem in it. But that will be a great problem to him because this world that I have created around me can be managed only by a non-existent manager like me....

So I said to Vivek, "I can giggle because to me he is not a problem; to me nobody is a problem." But to him, somehow my existence hurts because *this* is what he wanted. *person14*

One song I have with me, sung by some Nirmala Devi. All my life, around India, I have been inquiring about the woman because I want her other songs too. But I have not been able to find who the woman is, where she disappeared. And I have no memory either of who sent me this tape.

People go on sending me tapes; whenever I have time, I listen. This song remained with me in Poona for seven years but I never listened to it. I had never heard of the name, so whenever I came across the name and the tape I simply put it away; someday I would.... Nirmala Devi--nobody had ever heard the name.

Here, one day, I thought, "The woman has waited too long, and perhaps she has something. There is no harm--let me listen." Her singing is something tremendously beautiful. Since then I have not missed a single day of listening to it. And each time I listen there is something more to it, a new layer, a new meaning--not only in the words but in the voice, its subtle nuances.

The song is simple but profound, immensely profound. She is singing a song which means, "Just let me get ready...." She is talking to death. It is understood, it is not said in the song, but she is saying to death, "Just wait a little. Let me sing my last song."

This very idea, to say to death, "Just wait a little, and let me sing my last song....I have lived in sadness and sorrow so long. Let me dance a little before I join you. I have been crying and weeping; my whole sari is soaked with my tears. Just wait a little. Let me at least dry my sari, let me at least

regain, remember, recall my smile. Just a little...so that I can get ready. I would not like to go with you in this sad miserable condition.

I would like to go with you dancing, smiling, singing." A simple song, but her voice, the ups and downs of her voice, the beautiful turnings of her voice give it so much beauty, color and depth. *misery06*

In India we call these people kavis, poets. But don't go to see them, because the poet will be a very ordinary person. Just the other day--it has happened so many times I feel it almost a rule to be followed. Just the other day I saw for the first time a film of an Urdu singer, Gulam Ali.

He is one of the topmost Urdu singers in the East, he has his own way and style. There are many singers, but Gulam Ali stands far above any of

them. But I had always heard Gulam Ali on records, I had never seen him; it had never happened.

We were both moving around the same country but by chance it never happened that we were in the same city. He wanted to meet me. His disciples.... In India a great musician, a great singer, is called *ustad,* maestro. He has disciples just as spiritual masters have disciples, because Eastern music needs a long discipline. It is not like jazz music that any idiot can start jumping and shouting and it becomes music; it is not the music of the Beatles. It takes twenty or thirty years of training, eight hours or ten hours a day. It is a whole life's work.

Gulam Ali has worked hard and still works hard. It is said that if you don't practice Eastern music for three days, people will recognize something is missing. If you don't practice for two days, only your disciples will recognize something is missing. And if you don't practice for one day, only you are certain to feel that it was not the same thing. Not even a single day has to be missed.

But just the other day somebody from Pakistan sent me a video film of Gulam Ali. And what I was expecting, happened. His personality is so poor that to connect that beautiful voice with this man who looks like a clerk in some post office, or a ticket collector in some railway company, or a

conductor in some bus, that type of man....

I had to keep my eyes closed because his face, his eyes, his hands, his gestures--everything was disturbing. I thought that I should send him a suggestion, "You should sing behind a curtain. You are not worth presenting, you destroy your music. The music is almost divine, then you see, standing behind, a donkey--you cannot connect them."

The same happened a few days before. I have never seen Mehdi Hasan--

another great singer, far more modern than Gulam Ali. Gulam Ali is very orthodox, his training is orthodox. But Mehdi Hasan has a very innovative genius. He is trained in orthodox music but he has not kept himself confined to it. He has improvised new ways, new styles, and he is really a creative man. Gulam Ali is not a creative man; he recites those songs exactly as they have been recited for thousands of years. Listening to him you are listening to thousands of years, the whole tradition behind him.

These singers all have what is called *gharanas*--gharana means family.

They don't belong to the family of their father and mother, they belong to the family of the master from whom they have learned. That is their gharana. They are known by the name of their master, their master is known by his master. Their gharanas are thousands of years old, and

each generation teaches to the next generation exactly the same tone, the same wavelength.

But Mehdi Hasan is ultra-modern, and he has a creative genius which is far more significant. I have loved him because he has brought a new light, new ways of singing the same old songs. He is so creative that the whole song seems almost new, reborn, fresh, like a just-opened flower with the dewdrops still on it.

But what a misery to see him. He is far worse than Gulam Ali! Gulam Ali at least seems to be a conductor on a bus, but Mehdi Hasan is not even worthy to be conductor. While Gulam Ali does not fit with what he is singing, Mehdi Hasan is exactly *contradicting* what he is singing. Strange

that the two persons I have seen on the screen, I have not met. This has been my general practice my whole life in India. I have read poets, heard poets on the radio, but I have not met them because my early experiences of meeting poets were just shipwrecked. *person05*

You like movies, isn't that right?

Once in a while, if my people suggest them to me.

What are some of the movies you have seen lately on video?

Perhaps one or two which I liked. One was *The Brothers Karamazov.* That is Dostoevsky's novel that I have always loved, and I consider it more valuable than the holy bible. Another was *Anna Karenina* by Leo Tolstoy.

That is a masterpiece of genius. So once in a while, if somebody sees something beautiful that they would like my time to be wasted on, they bring it.

I read somewhere that you liked Patton and The Ten Commandments.

Ten Commandments I liked, as a film.

You didn't like the book!

No. `Commandment'--the very word--is not for me.

Do you spend much time looking at videos?

No.

And you're not reading anything any more?

No, for five years I have not read anything, but before five years I have read as much as people will read in five lives. *last130*

I understand you like Zorba the Greek. What are your other favourite films?

Nobody is comparable to Zorba.

Have you met Anthony Quinn?

No. But he seems to be a beautiful man. I have seen his other films also.

In Barabbas also he has done tremendously beautiful acting.

But to me Zorba represents the materialist West and Buddha, to me, represents the spiritualist. I want them to meet and be one. I don't see there is any antagonism or contradiction.

So I am Zorba the Buddha, not Zorba the Greek. *last230*

Osho's Rolls Royces

Why do you like your Rolls Royces so much?

I have tried all kinds of cars; and even Rolls Royce has many types and I have tried them too. Their best is the Corniche, but it doesn't suit me. It is a question of my back. I need a certain kind of chair--I use only this chair. It has been made by my sannyasins exactly to give support to my back, because doctors have said that they cannot do anything more.

Experts from England were called to India. They tried hard, and they said, "It is impossible. You will have to live with it." It was just a coincidence that one of the models of Rolls Royce, Silver Spur, suited me.

The driver's seat in that car fits perfectly, gives me no trouble. Naturally, my people love....

They don't belong to me, those cars--nothing belongs to me. I am the poorest man in the whole world, living the richest life possible. My people love me; they want to do something for me. All those cars belong to the commune. They have made them available to me for one hour each day. I don't know which car they are bringing, but one thing is certain, that I can be comfortable only in a Silver Spur. And they love me so much that they are trying to have three hundred and sixty-five Rolls Royces, one for every day. And I say, "Why not? A great idea!"...

They have arranged ninety Rolls Royces, and I know they will be able to

manage three hundred and sixty-five. *last210*

People are very much interested in your Rolls Royces. What do You want to prove with this, so many cars and so much luxury around You?

Why are people concerned? Then certainly they need it; then more Rolls Royces will be here. Until they stop asking me, more and more Rolls Royces are going to be here. Now it has to be seen that it is a challenge: the day nobody asks me about Rolls Royces, they will not be coming.

People's interest in Rolls Royces shows their mind. They are not interested what is happening here. They don't ask about meditation, they don't ask about sannyas, they don't ask about people's life, love, the laughter that happens in this desert. They only ask about Rolls Royces.

That means I have touched some painful nerve. And I will go on pressing it till they stop asking.

I am not a worshipper of poverty. That's what those Rolls Royces prove. I respect wealth. Nobody before me had the guts to say it. The pope cannot say that he respects wealth, although he is the wealthiest man on the earth.

I am not a hypocrite. I am the poorest man on the earth. I don't have a single cent with me. But I want to show these people what attracts their mind. If there were no Rolls Royces here, perhaps there would be nothing for the whole world ask about me, about you, about meditation, about initiation into sannyas, about love, about anything. It is for those idiots that I am keeping all those Rolls Royces, because they cannot move their eyes away from those Rolls Royces. And meanwhile I will go on pouring other things in their minds. Without those Rolls Royces they would not have asked a single question.

Those Rolls Royces are doing their work. Every idiot around the world is interested in them. And I want them to be somehow interested--in anything in Rajneeshpuram. Then we will manage about other things.

So tell those people--when anybody asks, tell them that "These Rolls Royces are for you idiots. Otherwise you are not interested in anything."

Once they stop asking about Rolls Royces, then I will have to think of something else, whether to have rockets which are going to the moon.... I will have to think of something else. *last403*

I received a letter from a bishop of Wasco County, who had been for almost five years condemning my Rolls Royces. In every Sunday sermon he was not preaching Jesus Christ, he was preaching me and my Rolls

Royces. The day I was leaving he wrote a letter to me, "Now you are leaving, it will be great kindness on your part if you can donate one Rolls Royce to this church." Now, this shows the man....

I informed him, "Would you like all ninety-three, or only one?"

And a letter came, "If you can give all ninety-three, that is just the right thing. You are really great. I'm very sorry that I condemned you for five years. You are a man to be worshiped."

It is a very strange world if you understand people: whatever they are saying shows more about them than it shows about the person they are talking about. *pilgr12*

Just the other day Anando was showing me one book published against me in Australia by a couple who have been sannyasins for three years and have been in the commune. But just looking at their ideas, it seems they have never seen me. They are saying that they were working, working hard, and with their work I was purchasing Rolls Royces. You can see the absurdity: their work was not bringing any money. Their work was making their own houses to live in, the roads--which were needing money, not producing money. But in their mind--and for all those three years also--they must have been resentful.

Those Rolls Royces were *not* produced by the commune. They were presents from outside, from all over the world. And I was not their owner-

-I had given them to the commune. They were commune property, and I have not brought any of them with me; I have left them with the commune. Everything that I had has been left with the commune. I never owned

anything. But there must have been the idea that they are earning money, and I am wasting money. That is their resentment.

What money were you earning? In fact you needed money to make houses, to make roads, to make a dam--a dam needed two and a half million dollars to make. You were contributing your labor, but we were not creating money out of it so that I could purchase Rolls Royces, so that I could purchase anything. I have not purchased anything from the money produced by the commune because the commune never produced any money. The commune was absorbing money.

In fact all my royalties, all my books, all their profits were going to the commune. The situation is just the opposite--that I had given everything to the commune. Now, four hundred books in different languages were bringing millions of dollars in royalties, and those royalties were going to the commune.

If I had wanted to purchase Roll Royces, I could have purchased my own Rolls Royces, as many as I wanted, just out of my royalties.

But the resentment, the anger, is blind. In the commune we invested two hundred million dollars. Those sannyasins perhaps think they had brought two hundred million dollars there! Without me and the people who love me around the world, those two hundred million dollars would not have been possible. *psycho24*

About the Communes around the world

Osho answers questions about the Commune in Rajneeshpuram and around the world: *You are the head of a very rich worldwide organisation...*

I am not the head of a worldwide organization. I am not even a sannyasin. Nothing is in my hands; it is my sannyasins' business. I am simply a guest. *last112*

Many politicians have asked if You are running this place.

No. Never. Who wants to fall back in all that bullshit? It was so difficult to get out of it. It took many lives for me to get out of it all--and you are asking

me again to take a dive into the bullshit? No. Absolutely no! *last103*

Was this commune your sannyasins' idea or your idea?

It is my vision, and their love for my vision, but the idea to materialize it is theirs. I am a dreamer: I can give you beautiful dreams, and I give for free--I don't charge for them. But then if you get caught up in the dream and you start trying to materialize it, that is your responsibility. I simply watch from the outside.

Are you not suggesting to them what to do?

No. Not at all. I never talk to them about these things. I never talk about the commune, about any mundane things. They are intelligent enough that they can manage themselves. And they are doing so well that it cannot be improved. *last117*

This commune is being run by the people themselves. I'm not even a member of the commune. I have never gone to their commune meetings.

I don't know where their offices are. Anybody who comes for a few hours will know more about the commune than I have known in four years, because I never go out of my room....

I am explaining to them what I have experienced in my life, and leaving it up to them. And I never inquire whether anybody is following my ideas or not. I'm not interested in that at all. My whole interest is that my people should be intelligent, and then their intelligence will take care; then whatsoever they do is right, even if it goes against me, but it should not go against their intelligence.

I respect individuals, I respect their intelligence, I respect their sensitivity--so much that I will be the last person in any way to give them beliefs, dogmas, creeds. *last205*

What do you view as the development of this valley for the people with you?

I'm not concerned with it. My concern is with people and their growth.

The city is *their* concern, not my concern. And I have so many intelligent people here, architects, engineers, doctors, professors--from all the professions, daring, adventurous people have come to me. Now it is up to them, a mundane affair, I don't care about it. I trust them, they will be able to manage, and they are managing. And they will be able to develop it technologically, but it is not my concern at all.

What is your concern?

My concern is their spiritual growth. Their intelligence should come to its highest peak. They should be deprogrammed from all past, rotten and dead, meaningless and harmful....

My work is not to create the city, but to create the man, and then the man will take care of the city and the houses. That is a totally different matter. I don't bother about it.

But my basic concern is the individual. The individual is to me the highest value in life. And all the religions of the world have repressed the individual.
last118

In America, when I reached for the first time to the desert that we had purchased, there was not a single bird. It was a strange place, like some modern paintings which give you such a strange feeling. There was not a single bird in over one hundred twenty-six square miles, and only one

kind of tree which is called the camel of the desert, the juniper tree. It is really a great tree; no other tree can remain alive in that desert, but the juniper remains. But they were small: the growth was difficult--they were not green, not lush green.

But in five years' time, as thousands of sannyasins gathered there--as we made lakes, as we started cultivating--strangely enough I saw those juniper trees growing thicker, greener, becoming more beautiful.

Birds started coming, waterbirds started coming, and so many deer that in the night it was impossible to move your car on the roads because they were standing, and they would not move; they didn't care about your horn.

One thing is certain: they knew that these people were harmless, that they are not going to hurt them. Otherwise, deer immediately run away as they see a man coming, particularly in America where they are continually hunting the deer, killing the deer. Perhaps in the whole history of America, these five years in the commune were the only years when deer were protected.

We had to fight a lawsuit against the government. The people who used to hunt deer filed a suit against us because we didn't allow them to enter and we didn't allow shooting. And we had to convince the court: "We are vegetarians and we will not allow *anybody* to kill on our ground. They can do anything they want on their own grounds, but these one hundred twenty-six square miles are sacred; they belong to us, and they belong to the deer too. We are newcomers, they are ancient owners of the land. We will be gone, they will remain. We are *their* guests, and we cannot be so ugly as to kill the host."

The magistrate could not believe what we were talking about! But the deer understood--so from all the surrounding lands they started gathering in thousands, in the mountains, in the forest of the commune.

Suddenly, within five years, a desert which had *always* been a desert became an oasis. And I was watching the synchronicity of life: when there are people, when there are trees, the birds will come. When there are birds, people, trees, the animals will come.

We had swans, we had ducks. We had three hundred peacocks. It was a dream come true. Peacocks were dancing and human beings were dancing too, and there was a certain affinity, a friendship. The peacocks were not allowed in the houses because they would make the houses dirty, but they would come to the windows and look inside to see what was going on--the same curiosity, the same consciousness, just the body is different; the same sensitivity, the same desire to relate in some way, to be friendly. *upan10*

Our people in four years changed the desert into the oasis. For fifty years it was lying dead, nobody was ready to purchase it at any price. What you will do with a desert? We purchased it, knowingly that it is going to be a great

challenge. But to accept challenges has been one of my loves.

We accepted the challenge, and jumped into the unknown. Our people worked as hard as people may never have worked anywhere--twelve hours, fourteen hours, sometimes sixteen hours. We poured as much money as our people could manage--two hundred million dollars in the desert.

But, nobody was asked to do it. People simply loved that they are creating something out of their own joy. They were ready to sacrifice anything for it. And within four years, something was accomplished that may take hundred years for others to accomplish.

In four years we were a full-fledged city, with five thousand people living there, with all modern facilities, with all beautiful houses, roads, gardens, lawns. The whole city was centrally air-conditioned; perhaps that was the only city in the whole world. And people were starting their life in the morning with meditation, then they were listening to me, then they were going to work, and in the evening they had still energy enough to dance and to sing late into the night. One never knows how much energy you have, unless you allow it expression.

Even after this much work people were asking me, "Can we do something by the side--painting, poetry, sculpture." People were so much aflame with a creative urge, possessed by creativity. Those four years we made a dream come real....

Because in the commune there was nobody poor, nobody rich.

Karl Marx had to write his whole life about communism, Soviet Russia has been for seventy years trying to bring it--it does not come. The country is still poor; and I managed it by a simple thing. I simply stopped money circulation in the commune. There is no need to destroy the rich; there is no need to bring a dictatorship of the proletariat. We simply stopped money circulation in the commune. And if money circulation is stopped, you may have millions of dollars and I may have none; but if the money is not used, who is rich and who is poor?

And everything that you need will be given by the commune; and we had everything--the hospital, the school, the university. We made the desert yield enough crops for five thousand people--vegetables, fruits, milk products. And for the first time I tried an experiment. Vegetarians in India will be very much against it. Vegetarian food lacks few proteins which are absolutely necessary for the growth of intelligence. That's why

vegetarians have never produced geniuses. In India, Jainas are the vegetarians, for thousands of years they have not produced anything worthwhile. They had not received a single Nobel prize. The three Nobel prizes that were received in India were received by non-vegetarians; they were not vegetarians. So it keeps the mind retarded.

I added something to it; the non-fertilized egg, which is vegetable because it has no life. And if you add the non-fertilized egg in the vegetarian food it becomes perfect. It gives all the proteins needed for intellectual growth. *last428*

We have a medical center, we have enough medical people. You cannot find, in such a small commune anywhere else, all the professions--and the topmost people of the professions. We have four hundred legal experts--the biggest law firm in the whole world. And these four hundred people are going to fight for every single inch. We have doctors, all qualified--highly qualified. We have surgeons--one of the best plastic surgeons in the world, one of the best heart surgeons in the United States. We have nurses...we have everything that is needed. And in our other communes we have more people if we need any help.

We have one million sannyasins around the world--in every profession.

And because only the very intelligent people become interested in me, this is bound to be so. None of my people are uneducated, almost all are graduates from the universities; most of them have masters degrees, many are Ph.Ds. We are perfectly balanced in every way, and that's why I say the commune is the way for the future, because nobody needs to be paid, but all his needs are taken care of.

I don't believe in austerity. I am against it--it is masochistic, a psychological

disease. All your saints have suffered from it. Everything that my people need is made available. They themselves make it available. They have pooled all their energies into one pool, and things have become so simple.

For example, five thousand cars are not needed, only one thousand cars will do. Anybody can take a car, there is no problem, there is no question. So everybody has the facility of a car. We have one hundred buses. If you want to go in an air-conditioned bus and don't want to go in a car and drive and unnecessarily take risk, you go in an air-conditioned bus. We have five airplanes, which are perfectly sufficient for our people.

Anybody, in any emergency, can use the airplanes. We have our own pilots, we have our own engineers. We have our own garages, we have our own mechanics. *last215*

Five thousand people eating in one restaurant. It is cheaper, economical, happier, joyous, because all your friends are there; and if somebody has the idea he is playing his guitar, somebody is dancing if he wants to dance. And five thousand people enjoying food together. In ordinary society there would have been at least twenty-five hundred kitchens. Now twenty-five hundred kitchens are reduced in one kitchen. Twenty-five hundred women are freed to do something else, something creative, something productive. And all women are not good cooks. In fact, all the literature on the science of cookery, is written by men, not a single book by a women. The best cooks are men.

The woman is caged in cooking, whether she likes it or not. She may like to learn dancing, she may like to create painting, she may like to cultivate the garden. But there is no possibility. Her whole life is the kitchen. And this life you call life? This is imprisonment. And if the woman becomes angry, it is not a wonder.

So we had the best cooks chosen, who had a natural tendency to cook, who wanted to cook, who loved to cook. So our food was delicious, and very few people are needed to cook. Not twenty-five hundred women.

Much can be done by machines. Only few people have to look after them.

And everything should be done by the best, and others should be released and free to do their best. So the ultimate outcome of a commune is that everything is the best.

And we can create everything. Just a little understanding, a little intelligence, and anything can be done.

In the commune we were creating our own food, our vegetables, our fruits, our milk products; and it was a joy, because the people who wanted to do it, they were doing it. It was not something like enforced labor, enslaved labor. So it was not labor, it was love. And when you can create more, you can sell it to the society; and in exchange you can have things which you are not producing.

And we were on the point to start industries. We had made a special tent, a winterized tent, which had never been in existence. You can use it in winter, in snow, anywhere, in rains. And it has been made in such a way it can be heated. It can be air-conditioned. It can have an attached bathroom. Even the American air force had become interested. They wanted that we should produce in large numbers, so they can buy....

We had many ideas, we had many scientific minds in the commune who had many ideas which can be materialized and sold to the outside world.

And in exchange you can get anything that the commune needs. And slowly slowly the commune can produce everything that it needs. And

every commune can be totally self-sufficient, and can have a feeling of freedom, self-respect, and nobody is lower, nobody is higher, nobody is poor, nobody is rich. *last429*

We abandoned money in the society, in the commune. Money should not be used in the commune. You use whatever commune can supply, and commune will try to give you as much as you need. If you want to give money, you give money to the commune. But you cannot purchase anything in the commune for money.

And by simply removing money from the commune, there was nobody rich,

nobody poor. Sometimes, small measurements can create great revolutions. All that is needed is that money should not be used. Then how you can make somebody poor and somebody rich? It is the money.

Once there is no money, all are alike. And the commune supplies to everybody whatever is his need. *last429*

Your commune in America Oregon, has been described as both, as an experiment of an alternative society and as an experiment of a real communist. Would you agree?

Yes, I agree. I agree totally...

It was an experiment for both an alternative society and as a higher quality of communism.

The old society has some basic things on which it depends. There have been many critics of the old society but none of them has succeeded to hit the very roots. They have been just pruning the leaves.

So the critics have been criticizing and the old society goes on and on.

Their criticism has not made any difference to it.

The roots of the old society are hidden like all roots of all the trees. They are not available unless you dig deep.

For example, the family is the basic unit of the old society.

Marriage is the basic unit of the old society.

Money as the means of exchange--is very fundamental to the old society.

Religious orientation--whatever the religion may be; but the old society needs a certain religion. It is the opium that keeps the people asleep and drugged.

In my commune we were destroying the very roots. We were destroying the family, we were dissolving the family into the commune.

The children were not going to belong to the parents: they could love them, they could meet them, they could invite them, but they cannot possess them. They have been only vehicles of bringing those children to the world. The children are not their property. The commune will take care of the children.

Hence, marriage loses its relevance.

You can be together with a woman or a man as long as you love. Except love, there is no other reason to be together. There should not be any other reason to be together. Because any other reason is going to be wrong reason.

No law, no logic, no convenience, no respectability...the moment you see the love has disappeared it is time to depart in deep gratitude, friendship, remembering all the beautiful moments that you have given to each other. Not spoiling it by fighting, quarreling, going to a court for a divorce--it is absolutely ugly.

When there is no marriage there is no question of divorce.

When there is no marriage prostitution disappears automatically.

Prostitution is the shadow of marriage. It is the marriage in which love has died that creates the prostitute--the ugliest institution in existence.

The old society forces the woman to sell her body for money.

This is a crime which cannot be forgiven and strange is the fact that all the old societies are against prostitution and they are the causes to create it; and they can't see the simple logic that when a man cannot feel love for his wife and cannot enjoy her...she is no more an ecstasy to him-

-he tries to find, perhaps he can buy ecstasy, he can buy love, he can buy happiness...a desperate effort of a miserable man....

And we had managed in our small commune of five thousand people for four years, the highest quality of communism that has ever existed on the earth. It was an alternative society because it dissolved the family, it

dissolved the marriage, it dissolved divorce, it dissolved the whole of possessiveness of the parents over children. It dissolved money. It made a classless society. It dissolved any need of a ruling class and the ruled.

It created a functional structure.

So the president was not more prestigious than the plumber. He was doing his work; the plumber was doing his work. It was possible that the plumber was doing a better work as a plumber than the president was doing his work. Then the plumber has to be honored and respected.

Yes, our commune was an alternative society and a higher form of communism.

And we have proved that it is possible. We were not only theoreticians; we have practically proved it, against all odds... We managed to create an oasis in a world of misery.

People rejoicing and dancing. People feeling completely unburdened of the whole past and unconcerned of the future.

Those four years we had managed to give reality to a dream which man has been dreaming for millenia. *last529*

Khajuraho is incomparable. There are thousands of temples in the world, but nothing like Khajuraho. I am trying to create a living Khajuraho in this ashram. Not stone statues, but real people who are capable of love, who are really alive, so alive that they are infectious, that just to touch them is enough to feel a current in you, an electric shock! *glimps04*

My communes are universities to learn the ways of a rich life, of love, beauty, warmth, compassion, humanity.

We are not gathered here in search of some dodo God who always sits on the roof--I don't know why; can't he come down a little bit so people can see him?...

My people hugging are not two skeletons rattling their rib-bones with each other. My people are flesh, blood, everything that is real. And they know the

secret: radiate warmth and love around you, and you will be getting more and more from existence.

Existence understands only the language of reality. The moment you are real, you are in a communion with existence.

It is not only a question of hugging, it is a question of accepting your body as a beautiful phenomenon. It is the most complex, delicate thing in the whole of existence....

I want only raw men, raw women--natural, unpolished, free from the mind. And if you can live that way, everything in your life will become a rejoicing. And everything in your life will make you richer. *dless10*

Slavery is always mutual. Freedom is always mutual.

So I don't make any distinction between women's liberation and men's liberation. These are two sides of the same coin. If the woman is liberated, man's liberation follows automatically. *false33*

The sannyasins I have met have a seemingly inner peace. What would You say is the reason for this?

It is not just that my people are seemingly at peace, they are peaceful; and once you are freed from your past and its garbage, you can also be immediately in the world of peace, serenity, and blessedness. It is a natural phenomenon which your culture, society, religion, civilization, educational system all have conspired to destroy--because a peaceful individual cannot be enslaved by the vested interests, neither can he be oppressed and exploited. *last100*

Here, we are not creating a theology, a dogma.

We are creating an opportunity for the evolution of consciousness.

And it is happening!

My sannyasins are certainly more conscious than anybody else, more alert, more loving, more joyous than anybody else.

And this is my argument--and my proof. *dless36*

One university has done research in my commune. Sixty percent of people are graduates from some university. Twenty percent have postgraduate degrees--one M.A., two M.A.'s, three M.A.'s. Ten percent of people have Ph.D.'s--one Ph.D., two Ph.D.'s, three Ph.D.'s. Three percent of people have D.Litt.'s, B Sc.'s, Doctor of Education, LL.D.'s. *unconc07*

This is the function of the commune, where so many people are just happy for no reason at all, where life is just fun, every moment of it. We can radiate from this commune for miles around.

New people coming from some other country outside America have reported to me that the moment they enter Rancho Rajneesh something in the air changes. Suddenly they feel as if they have come home, and they have never been here before. Perhaps never in their millions of lives-

-I don't think they have been born in the Big Muddy Ranch, but suddenly they feel at home, as they have never felt even in their own home. And as they come closer to the commune, a great joy starts arising in them for no visible reason.

We have not only created an oasis in the desert, we have created an oasis of consciousness, too, which is far deeper, far more powerful, far more significant. And soon, as our other communes in the world will be becoming more mature....

My idea is to make a belt of energy around the world, so in fact we become one commune as far as the energy belt is concerned. So all the communes may be far away from each other in space, but in the inner world they are all together. You don't have only five thousand people's strength, you have the strength of one million sannyasins, wherever they may be. And each commune has one million sannyasins' support. So if we have two hundred communes, the inner logic and arithmetic is that we have already 200,000 sannyasins--that much energy, the quality, the quantity. And that is going to transform the world.

Never before has any experiment of this kind been made, so ordinarily nothing is known about it. But I have been experimenting on small scales until I have become absolutely certain of something. I have not tried to make any effort for expansion. We are in perfectly good shape--it could not be better--to do the job that we have chosen.

We can be so full of bliss that we can fill the whole universe with our bliss, our rejoicing our dance, our laughter. And to me, this is revolution, an absolute psychological change in the atmosphere of the world. *last217*

And when I say "this commune" I mean all the communes around the world--it is one commune. I want to create a circle of energy around the world of meditative people, so that anybody who wants to have some taste of meditation can have it. And it is very addictive! *bond35*

You have this beautiful and very efficient settlement here in Oregon. Could it be everywhere in the world or only America?

It could be everywhere in the world. I would like it everywhere. Already we have communes around the world, and they are increasing every day.

And I do not believe in countries--America or Germany or India. That is nonsense. Humanity is one, and it is time we should declare that all these maps are creations of stupid politicians.

The earth is undivided, and we are all one. I would like that everybody burns his passport, his green card, and everybody declares that, "This whole earth is mine." *last213*

You ask: *Something is happening in my heart. It pounds when you are near. It is happening to many of us. What is happening?*

This is the happening for which I am here, you are here. It has no name.

Call it just "happening." It is immensely beautiful. When your heart starts pounding, that means your heart is close to my heart.

It is a sign to you that the mind is left far behind, that you are no longer thinking but feeling, that you are no longer doing anything; it is *happening.* In the beginning you may get scared because it is so new.

You may think something is going wrong--why is my heart pounding?--

but only in the beginning. Just allow it, don't try to stop it. Enjoy it, rejoice in it. This is communion, heart to heart.

There comes a moment when your heart pounds, beats in exactly the same rhythm, in the same frequency as my heart. Immediately there is a meeting. And that meeting brings transformation.

The master cannot do anything. He can only create certain devices in which the happening becomes possible. This commune is a device; otherwise there was no need for it. You were living somewhere, everybody was doing something. To take you out of your houses, your families, your cities--what is the purpose? The purpose is that if so many hearts start beating in the same rhythm and frequency, others whose hearts are not beating but whose heads are circling may catch the fire. It simply jumps like

wildfire from one tree to another tree.

I know a few people are in tune with me. That makes it easier for others to be tuned in with me. All these hearts together become a tremendous force. If five thousand people can be in one rhythm, in one frequency, they may create such great energy that it will start spreading around the world.

That's why I have created communes in so many countries. I want all those communes to be exactly like this place, because I will not be there.

The governments are making it impossible for me to go anywhere. *false13*

You ask: *You have about four hundred thousand sannyasins around the world. Nobody ever reached that many people before. Is there any limit to the number of your disciples?*

First, correct your numbers. I don't have four hundred thousand sannyasins. I have almost double that number: eight hundred thousand sannyasins. And there is no limit--we are going to take the whole earth!

There is no limit. And this takeover is not political. Politicians should not be worried about it. This takeover is far deeper, far more significant; it is spiritual.

The reason why nobody before me in his lifetime has been able to reach so many people is simple: he was not open to all. He had a certain prejudice, a certain ideology, a certain program that he wanted to impose upon you. He could reach only those people who were ready for that kind of program.

I don't have any program. I am available to all. Whether you are a Jew, or a Hindu, or a Mohammedan, or a Christian, or a communist does not make any difference, because I don't have any program to enforce upon you. My work is just the opposite: I am deprogramming you.

So if you are a communist, my work is the same--I deprogram the communist, he is no longer communist. If you are a Jew, I deprogram the Jew--the process is the same, you are no longer a Jew. If you are a German, I deprogram you. It is a little hard, but on the other hand, when the deprogramming succeeds, the German proves to be the most reliable.

He takes a little time, resists, but when he gives way he gives way totally.

Whoever comes to me, I don't give him any discipline that he has to live by: don't smoke cigarettes, don't drink alcohol, don't look at somebody else's wife with desire.

I don't know...how can you look at a beautiful woman without desire? It is insulting to the woman, it is against her human dignity. A woman, a beautiful woman, should be desired. The more she is desired, the more people look at her with desire, the more beautiful she becomes, the more contented she becomes.

I don't see that anything that all old, stupid religions have been telling you will prevent you from reaching God. In the first place there is no God to reach, so don't be worried about it. You are not going anywhere--to any God, to any paradise.

Secondly, I have not experienced that anything--alcohol, cigars, gambling, love affairs--anything that all the religions have been prohibiting can prevent your becoming enlightened. You can perfectly become enlightened, there is no need to sit under a bo tree.

You can become enlightened with a Havana cigar, resting in your chair by the side of Patanjali lake, naked--there is no problem in it. How can a Havana cigar prevent enlightenment? I don't see the arithmetic of it. It may perhaps help, but it cannot prevent.

It may help you to relax. It may help you just to be in the moment--

naked, by the side of Patanjali Lake, enjoying the fresh air. A little champagne, may help you to be more meditative, because it will help you

to get rid of other worries: that you have a wife, a nagging wife, that you have a husband who is just an idiot. Just a little champagne will take you away from all these ideas.

That's why I have been able to reach eight hundred thousand people around the world. And these are the sannyasins. There are millions more

who are just on the borderline; any moment they can become sannyasins. There are many more who may never become sannyasins, but feel that they are cowards, feel that this is the right thing to do.

Perhaps in their next life they may become sannyasins.

We are going to take over the world in a spiritual sense. We are not interested in taking over governments, nations. We are interested in destroying nations, governments--there is no need of all this paraphernalia! What is the need of a president? Yes, if there are nations, then presidents are needed, premiers are needed, commanders in chief are needed, an army is needed, nuclear weapons are needed.

I don't see that these things are needed to make humanity happier, more comfortable, more lovable, more dignified, more free. I don't see how these things can help; they have not helped for thousands of years. It is time that we take over the whole world spiritually, and dissolve all kinds of nonsense that have been torturing man, stopping his growth.

The world can live in so much peace, serenity.... My effort, in short, is not to take you to paradise, but to bring the paradise to you on *this* earth. It can be done, because I have done it for myself. *false25*

Why do you not visit your communes around the world?

Just my health does not allow. And when I can manage from sitting here, giving an interview to you and to all kinds of media, there is no need.

They are seeing me every day, morning discourse, evening interview.

Tomorrow you will be all over the world, seen by my commune people.

Your newspaper may be late but my video will be there tomorrow!

Immediately. They get everything that they need.

So there is no reason for it. I have asked my scientists--I have scientists, psychologists, professors, doctors, every kind of people in the commune--

I have asked them that the video should be three-dimensional. Why it should be flat? And they should work upon it to make it three-dimensional, then it is exactly as if I am visiting the commune and any moment I may come out of the screen. *last312*

Conspiracy to destroy Rajneeshpuram

In June 1985, Rajneesh Foundation International (RFI) files a class-action lawsuit against U.S.

government, U.S. Attorney Edwin Meese, U.S. Secretary of State George Schultz, and INS, accusing them of federal conspiracy to convene a grand jury to arrest Osho and Sheela during the festival. A second conspiracy lawsuit claims Oregon state and county officials conspired to destroy commune

The conspiracies, taking place over the five years, are very complex, and best summed up as follows: at national level through the INS, and fundamentalist Christians in Reagan's government who have an anti-cult policy. At Oregon state level, Governor Vic Atiyeh and Attorney General Dave Frohnmayer, supported by land-use agencies, spearhead an anti-Rajneeshpuram campaign to win votes. At Wasco County level officials use land-use issues to deny building permits and extort exorbitant fines. Residents in the nearby ghost town of Antelope join with local people to harass sannyasins.

Osho is not directly involved in this but is asked to comment on it. He recommends using the law courts. The commune wins most of the cases, but it takes many years.

I was in America for five years, fighting in all the courts. In the end my visa had expired long before, I had no visa, no entry permit--but they had not the guts even to come into the commune. They surrounded the whole commune--the commune had one hundred and twenty-six square miles--

they surrounded the whole commune with the National Guard with machine guns, but they did not dare to enter into the commune.

And we had nothing--just thirty semi-automatic guns, which are available in America to any citizen. These belonged to the police force of the commune, which was paid by the American government because the police force was part of the American police force, even though all the people were sannyasins who had taken the police training. So they were afraid that "Although the police force is ours, it is going to fight for the commune, not for us."

The greatest power in the world was afraid of thirty semiautomatic guns.

They were planning for years and years how to arrest me--and I don't have even a paperknife!

To arrest me is so easy.... There was no need to handcuff me, there was no need to put chains on me. You could just have told me, "You are invited to the presidential guesthouse--the jail," and I would have gone with them. There was no question about it.

But you will be surprised.... They asked the FBI to arrest me, and the head laughed. He said, "A single individual who has not committed any

crime, and you ask us to arrest him? We will not." Even the head of the army was asked. He simply laughed: "Have you gone mad? Has the army ever been called to arrest a single individual who has nothing in his hands with which to fight? You will make us a laughingstock all over the world." He refused.

All the government agencies refused to arrest me, for the simple reason that they could not show any reason why I should be arrested. They could not say that I didn't have a visa, although my visa had expired long before. They could not say it because I had applied for renewing the visa, and they had not answered. They were afraid that if they said no, I was going to take them to the court, up to the Supreme Court, and it would take twenty years at least to decide the matter. So "No" they could not say; "Yes" they would not say.

So they did not tell the army or the government agencies that "The only reason to arrest him is that he has been living in America without any visa."

It was their fault, not mine. I had asked them again and again that

"Either you say no, or you say yes"--but they could not say either.

They could not say yes because the Christian church was pressuring them that I should be thrown out of the country; once I am thrown out of the country, the commune will disperse. The commune had gathered out of love and gratitude around me, otherwise there was no reason to be in that desert.

We transformed the desert into a garden. It was for sale for forty years, and nobody was ready to purchase it--at *any* price. What will you do with that desert? But our creative people made houses, made dams, created small rivers. We had enough water in our reservoirs so that even if for five years there was no rain, we had reserves of water. We had planted so many trees that it was not going to be long before the trees would attract the clouds.

We were cultivating in the desert enough food for the commune. Five years more and the commune would have been absolutely independent.

We had our own cows for milk, we had our own hens laying eggs for people's breakfast. We had our own fields, we had our own greenhouses--

because in the desert the sun is so hot, and unless you make a greenhouse...We had our own greenhouses for vegetables, for fruits. And this all was happening while we were fighting with the government in every court. They were putting imaginary cases...but once they put a case against you, you have to fight it.

We had the greatest law firm in the whole world. Two of the attorneys are here: Anando, Sangeet, and I think Niren was here just a few days

before--perhaps he may be here. We had four hundred people in the law firm, four hundred people continuously working on every aspect of American law and the Constitution.

If they had depended simply on law, there would have been no way to destroy the commune. But they dropped all law, all Constitution, they were simply mad! And that madness is not part of a cultured religion. It is not

civilization. *christ06*

My attorney, Swami Prem Niren, is sitting here. He is now doing deep research into what was going on behind the screen when I was in America. And such hilarious facts are coming out! One cannot figure out whether this world is sane or a big madhouse.

The politicians and the church leaders were trying to force the supreme court of Oregon to arrest me, send me to jail, or at least deport me. But it was difficult for them to find any legal, constitutional reason. They knew perfectly well that it was not going to be a small thing. So first, a preparation was needed. And you will not believe--just to arrest me, they wasted five and a half million dollars in research work to find something that I might have committed so that my arrest could be valid. They were at a loss, because I am such a lazy man--to commit a crime is such an impossibility. I have not even prepared a cup of tea for myself in my whole life. Most of the time I am asleep. The few hours I am awake, I am talking to you.

After five years of research, wasting five and a half million dollars in the research...and the pressure was increasing. But this is strange...A man cannot just be deported, because then you are afraid that he will fight up to the Supreme Court. On what grounds are you deporting him? And neither can you allow him to live there--not because he is doing any harm to anybody, but you cannot allow him to *be,* because he is hitting your very roots.

I don't have to go anywhere to hit the roots. I can hit those roots from here.

The Christian fundamentalists were angry because I said that Jesus Christ, to me, is not a man of enlightenment. He may be good entertainment, but he is not...And to crucify a man who has not done anything except making statements which are simply stupid--"I am the only begotten son of God."

Now anybody you meet in the street who says to you, "Listen, I am the only begotten son of God," do you think it is right to crucify him? At the most you can say, "It is perfectly good." What is criminal in it? If he was

saying, "I am the one who can save the whole world"...so who is preventing

you? Save! But I don't think that he is worthy of a cross. And when I said this, that the more I look into Jesus and his psychology, I see only a crackpot and nothing else....

If there is no God, and Jesus Christ is a crackpot, then what is the pope?

Just a representative of a crackpot.... *mani23*

But I am disillusioned with America because I thought it is a new country, just three hundred years old, well educated, economically sound, one of the most powerful nations that has ever existed. And I hope that there is a possibility for democracy to exist. That possibility was the reason of my disillusionment--it is not there, it is in the same boat with other countries, with a mask of democracy. But inside the same fascist attitude.

The government was trying to destroy us. The Christianity was trying to destroy us and they both joined together.

President Ronald Reagan is a fundamentalist Christian. Christianity is one of the worst religions in the world and the fundamentalist Christian is the worst Christian amongst other Christian sects. It is the most fanatic sect.

The Christians were afraid because all the people that have gathered around me were Christians, Jews. I have never told anybody to drop his religion; there is no need. I simply explain to you how your mind can be more silent, more clear and automatically your conditionings go on disappearing. And with those conditionings your religion and your sect and your God and your heaven and hell, they all disappear.

The Christians were afraid that I am changing Christians. They were forcing the government, the government was afraid that I am creating a kind of communism. *last510*

Where our commune was situated in Oregon, three magistrates had to decide whether to give Rajneeshpuram the status of a city or not. One of them was a Mormon, and he was the most influential of the three. One was against; the other was just wavering, but because of the Mormon he voted for the city.

The Mormon judge used to come to the commune, and he loved the place. And he himself told my secretary, "You should be alert and aware, because what has happened to our leader...We were not doing any harm to anyone, but our leader was shot. And the man you are following is saying such outrageous things that the danger is always there."

And what happened? Because of this Mormon judge the city was recognized. For two years the city was on the map of America, in geography books. The federal government was giving money to it, as to any city; the state government was giving money to it. They managed a very tricky thing. They persuaded the president of the Mormons to send a message to the judge, "You have been chosen by God to go to Nigeria for missionary work."

I wrote a letter to him, saying, "It is very strange that in the whole world God has chosen you to go to Nigeria. I suspect there is politics behind it--

Ronald Reagan wants you to be removed from the place. The only way to remove you is a direct order from God."

And actually what I had visualized happened. The moment he was removed another person was appointed and the three judges decided that the city was no longer a city. That's what Ronald Reagan and his government wanted: first take away the recognition, then it is easy to destroy it. And they destroyed it. I had sent a message to the magistrate, saying, "You will be responsible for the destruction. You don't understand that it is a political strategy."

After one year, when he came back, he recognized that something strange had happened. The people who destroyed the commune were also angry with the magistrate who had recognized it. *hari05*

In October 1983 Oregon Attorney General Dave Frohnmayer declares Rajneeshpuram illegal because it violates church/state constitution. Oregon Land Conservation and Development Commission create new rules retroactive against Rajneeshpuram. Wasco County then bans further development and issues 32 citations for alledged building violations.

Just the other day some information came to me: the attorney general of Oregon has declared Rajneeshpuram illegal. The reason that he has given is that here in Rajneeshpuram, religion and state are mixed. *person28*

Because Rajneeshpuram is a unique city, an illegal city, a library cannot be made here. The permission...the city does not exist at all, so from whom to get the permission in a city which does not exist? There are one hundred and fifty thousand books lying in the warehouses here, rare books. But strange are the ways of politicians.

Just a few days ago I heard the federal government of America wrote a letter saying that the city had been given federal funds, but now it has been informed by the state of Oregon that the city does not exist, "so you please return the federal funds."

I enquired how much federal funds they had given. Two hundred and fifty dollars! Great America!

If the city does not exist, who is going to return the funds? And to whom are you addressing the letter? And in the first place who informed you that it is a city? The state must have informed you that this city. is incorporated; that is why you started giving the funds. Now the same state informs you that the city does not exist. You ask for the money from the state. And great federal funds, two hundred and fifty dollars, have disappeared!

And this is just the opinion of the attorney general of Oregon, that the city is illegal--just the opinion of a single individual which is under consideration in the court. Until the court decides whether his opinion is right or wrong, everything should remain as it was till the litigation is over...

The attorney general is spreading his opinion that the city does not exist to other agencies, federal and state. He was pressuring the police department, saying, "Cut Rajneeshpuram's police from the state police.

The city does not exist, so what is the need for a police force there?"

It is only his opinion. Unless the court decides that it is not constituted, not incorporated legally.... It has been incorporated legally by the court; it has

remained for two years a legal city. The government has been giving it funds for two years, and the same attorney general was there for two years. It took him two years to decide whether the city is legal or illegal? And he allowed his own government to give funds; he allowed the federal government to give funds. He allowed the police force to make the Rajneeshpuram police force part of it.

Now, just because he wants to become the next governor, he wants all the Oregonian voters in his favor--my sannyasins are doing a great deal of good to many people.... Now this is the only fact about Oregon which is decisive: if anybody is in favor of us, he is going to lose the election.

Anybody who is against this commune and doing anything legal, illegal, moral, immoral, to harm us--the whole of Oregon is for him.

Now this man has nothing against sannyasins. He has not even the guts to come here and see whether the city exists or not. He should come and see with his own eyes. He has not the guts. He has not even the guts to appear on the same television program with Sheela. Such cowards!

But that's how the political mind works. The attorney general is making arrangements for the election for governor that is coming in one and a half years. At least for one and a half years he is going to be continuously

harassing the city, saying that "You are not legal"--although it does not make any difference. Who wants to be legal? Only illegal people want to be legal, constitutional. When you are not a criminal you don't think of the law at all; only criminals think of law.

I have never thought in my whole life what it is to be legal because I was never doing any illegal thing.

The attorney general knows perfectly well that he will be defeated, but all he wants is the case to be postponed, prolonged till the governorship happens; then he knows he will withdraw the case. He should not be allowed to withdraw so easily. But that's the politician's mind: just to go on prolonging, postponing; and that's what he is doing. The date goes on being postponed; he has to go on postponing it. *person27*

We are so happy with ourselves, we don't care at all. We are so utterly contented that it does not matter. A few cases here and there we can fight. And we *are* going to win, because the constitution is in our favor and the law is in our favor. So they will be simply proving themselves utter fools.

Just a few days before it happened: we had the annual festival--fifteen thousand people were here from all over the world. The tents we had made were special tents. We made them ourselves, and we had made them so that they can be used in the winter. So they were not ordinary tents, but they were still tents. And we have applied for a patent for the tents, that we have invented a tent which can be used in snow, which can be used in winter without any trouble, without any problem. The attorney general immediately imposed a fine. *(aside)* How much fine did he impose?

One point four million dollars.

One point four million. We asked them to "come and see before you impose a fine. They are not permanent structures, so they don't need any permission. And you have not seen them--none of your officers have seen them. You have taken it for granted that they are permanent structures just because they're winterized."

But nobody came. And I told my people, "You just take one tent into the courtroom. Open the bag, put up the tent--it takes ten minutes; and then unfold it--it takes ten minutes--and ask the judge, "Can a permanent building be made in ten minutes and taken down again in ten minutes?

So this is a tent."

The judge simply dismissed the case and said, "This is absurd. Nobody can make a permanent building in ten minutes."

Now, if this attorney general has any dignity he should have jumped into the ocean! He must be a buffoon: you fine somebody one point four million dollars without any grounds, without even looking at what you are punishing them for.... *All* their cases are like this, and we are going to prove in each case that they are being behaving in a stupid way.

It is better for them that they should come. We have no antagonism against them. We have no political aspirations, we have no political parties, we are not concerned at all; just leave us alone.... But they cannot leave us alone! *last225*

As early as 1982 Oregon Governor, Vic Atiyeh puts 300 national guard and several helicopters on call during the July Festival 'to protect local Oregonians'

Strange. We are such a small minority, and the governor keeps the army alert, that any moment they are ordered, within three hours they have to be able to reach Rajneeshpuram. I cannot believe that you can choose such idiots as governors. What has the army to do here? If they want their army to learn meditation, we can invite them. There is no need to keep them alert--we can make them alert twenty-four hours a day! They should ask us. And they can go on sending one battalion after another and we will destroy their whole army by making them alert. Because an alert person cannot kill; only sleeping people can destroy. *last207*

In September 1984, Oregon Attorney General, Dave Frohnmayer, calls a secret meeting with National Guard, FBI, INS, IRS, state police and state agencies.

Before the last election in America, the governor of Oregon had a secret meeting of all the top officials of his government. The attorney general was there, Norma Paulus was there, and everybody who means anything in the government. They did not allow the journalists inside.... And still you go on calling this a democratic country?

They were deciding about my people, but they did not allow any of my people to be present there. And the governor came out and gave a press conference in which he lied completely. What happened inside and what he said outside are completely contradictory. In the press conference he said, "Things are normal. There is no need to be afraid, everything is in control. We are trying to calm down the Rajneeshees."

I don't know how he was trying to calm us down. He never came here, he never sent a message to us, but he was calming us down. Does he think

he is a magician? And he said he was trying to keep the opposing people from getting too hot.

Inside, everything was different. Now the confidential record of the meeting has been found--he was thinking it had been burned. But in this world impossible things also happen. Now we know what happened inside the meeting; there was no question of calming anyone down, no question of creating peace. On the contrary, they were deciding how much time it would take their army to reach Rajneeshpuram to destroy it completely. They had decided to put the army on alert so any moment, within three hours, they could destroy my people.

Of course, in a way it is calming us down. If you are not here, there will be calm. It has been calm here in this place for many decades, but that calmness was death. There was only one house, and there was only one family to look after this big place. It is one hundred and twenty-six square miles--three times bigger than New York. Of course it was calm.

There were no birds to sing, there were no trees to blossom. It was a dead place; we made it alive.

Now birds have started coming. Nature has a tremendous harmony when there are so many people loving, singing, dancing. Birds have started coming to this place, flowers have started blossoming.

But it is not noisy, it is not "hot" in the governor's sense. You cannot find a cooler place in the whole world. Of course the sun is hot--that is not our fault. But the place is cool, calm, there is no disturbance. In these four years there has not been a single fight. But they want to destroy this calmness. They would love to have a dead place, the serenity of a cemetery.

There is serenity in a garden too. Do you think birds singing, flowers moving in the air, disturb anything? They make the silence deeper, meaningful. Silence in itself is meaningless unless it has the potential for a song, unless it has something in it to blossom, something to grow.

In the meeting they decided that the army should be put on alert, and the

army *was* put on alert. And they were ready, in three hours, to destroy this place, these people. Of course we would have died singing and dancing. We would have made history.

But these people make me sad--and they are in power, and they go on lying. Now what do you call it--is it not a conspiracy, to tell the people that everything is normal? Then why is the army on alert? And what crime have *we* committed that we have to be destroyed? *false05*

Do you think it...one day it might lead to bloodshed?

It is all in their hands, because the governor is keeping the army on the alert. It looks so stupid! We have invited him that, "You should come and see that these peaceful people, they don't go out...." The nearest neighbor is twenty miles away; we have nothing to do with anybody. We are living like a separate island and we don't have to depend on anybody else. We have everything that we need--you just come and see. And if you see that this is a place where you have to bring an army, you just tell us why, what is the reason.

But no, they don't have the guts to come and see. And the day they had this secret meeting of all the government agencies' chiefs, where they decided that the army should be kept on the alert so that within three hours they should be able to reach Rajneeshpuram--the attorney general did not allow any of our representatives. "You were discussing us, you wanted to take some decision about us--at least you should listen to our story too!" He did not allow that. He did not allow the press either.

The press were not allowed, and he said, "I will talk to the press after the meeting." And whatever he talked was an absolute lie. Whatever had happened in the meeting, he did not mention a single thing to the press, and whatsoever he mentioned to the press was not discussed inside the meeting. Just by chance one journalist managed to get the secret file, and it was shown on the television. Now we have got a copy from that journalist of a document in which they are preparing for a war!

It seems so idiotic....

Has the governor visited here at all?--state governor.

No. None of these people who have been deciding there, in that meeting, none of them has been here. And every day we are in the news, every day on the television, in every magazine, every newspaper--it is not that anything is hidden here. They can come--and we invited them as our guests!

But, no--they don't want to come.

I welcome visitors, because that's the only way the world to become acquainted with us. *last220*

Just a few days ago was the president's election here. What I heard was, that before the election on the sixth of November, on the night of the fifth of November, before the Wasco County Court, all the Christian congregations gathered. All the priests--who are enemies of each other,

continually fighting, arguing about who is right, who is wrong and who is closer to Christ and God and who is not closer, and who is really orthodox and who has just gone astray--they all gathered there together.

All the priests, with all their congregations, before the county courthouse...for what? To pray against the Antichrist, to save Wasco County.

Now who is the Antichrist in Wasco County? And Wasco County needs to be saved from the Antichrist? I really enjoyed it, that they are all praying for me--because I don't think there is anybody else who can claim to be the Antichrist. But I am a little crazy. They say I am anti-Christ, anti-Buddha, anti-Mahavira, anti-Krishna, anti-semite.... Anything--just put

"anti" before it and it refers to me. And in reality I am just for myself and not against anybody. I don't care a bit about Christ, so why should I be anti-Christ? I don't care about anybody! They never cared about me, why should I care about them?

These people go on.... The journalists asked the priests, "Who is the Antichrist?" and they were not even courageous enough to utter my name.

They just went round and round answering, "We are just praying so that the county is saved from evil forces." But why only Wasco County? Are all the evil forces gathered here in Wasco County? They should have gone to the White House in Washington and prayed there.

because if all the evil forces are gathered anywhere, there are two places: the Kremlin and the White House. And if the world is going to suffer, it is going to suffer from these two places: the Kremlin and the White House. *ignor04*

Offices have been rented in the nearby 'ghost' town of Antelope, mainly for the use of telephones, as there is only one line into the ranch. Antelope residents create obstacles for sannyasins.

Sannyasins are elected to the city council, and the name is changed to City of Rajneesh.

There has been a great deal of controversy about sannyasins living in Antelope and being elected to the city council. The people in Antelope are hostile to you, so what is the point of sannyasins living there.

In fact, you bring me to something in which I have no interest. Just not to be impolite to you, I am answering it....

When we came here we needed our people to stay in Antelope, because there were no houses here. Before we made houses and roads and restaurants and eating places, they had to remain in Antelope. The population of Antelope was less than my sannyasins. And the Antelope population started behaving with great hostility: they wouldn't allow any permit, they wouldn't allow them to purchase any land, they wouldn't allow change of zone--small things. My people told them, "We don't want

your city or your government. We are simply here for the time being, and we will be moving to our own city. But we have to create the city, and before we create it we have to be here. This is the nearest place."

And because they wouldn't listen, and they tried in every possible way to hinder, naturally my people thought that the best way was to take over the

government. What is the need of asking permission from these people when we have the government and we give the permission?--so they took over, there was no problem in it.

If you had come four years ago and seen Antelope, you would not have believed it....

They are trying to collect 84,000 signatures so that in the next election they can ask the governor to dissolve Antelope into Wasco County.

They certainly know they cannot win, because only eight or ten old Antelopians are there and one hundred sannyasins are there. They cannot win democratically, and this is absolutely unconstitutional. If it is done, then we are going to fight up to the Supreme Court.

Was it constitutional to take it over in the first place?

Taking over is not the problem. They are the majority; the majority should rule. It is not a question of taking over.

Is it an important enough question though, now that your city is established?

Not yet. They are not allowing it to be established yet. Our city is under litigation. And we have been telling them that if you allow us whatever we need, if you help--and we are creating a beautiful place for you in a desert--we can leave Antelope. That was our basic proposal to them. *last118*

There are increasing pressures and law-suits from government agencies to destroy Rajneeshpuram, and rumours of a Grand Jury investigation, causing the Commune legal department to file the conspiracy law-suits.

In one case they were trying to find twelve jurors who were unprejudiced to me and to the commune. They interviewed at least fifty people, and putting their hand on the *Bible* they became afraid and they said, "We are prejudiced." So they were rejected as jurors; otherwise, they were going to sit as a jury.

Now these people were rejected--because we insisted that their interview

should be taken and their oath. It was so difficult that even the judge said, "Your cases should be decided outside of the state of Oregon because in Oregon you cannot get justice. Everybody is

prejudiced." *transm37*

There are so many cases going in the courts against me--false, utter lies.

And we are defeating all those cases, because they are against their own laws, against their own constitution. *last224*

We fight the government, the government agencies. But we follow their rules because we are playing their game. And we can play the game better than they are playing. In four years we have proved to them how stupid they are. Laws are made by them, rules are made by them, but we can find loopholes in their laws and loopholes in their rules. And we are going to be here, and are going to fight to the ultimate end.

So we are not against their laws. But their laws are made by mediocre politicians, and we have far more intelligent people to fight them. We have the biggest law firm in the whole world--four hundred legal experts continuously getting ready for more and more fights on more and more grounds.

And your governments--the state government, the federal government--

are all doing many things illegally, against the constitution. It is their constitution, it is their law, but they are doing things against it, going against it. We will be in favor of the constitution and we will go against them. We will be in favor of the laws and prove to these people that they are acting illegally. So our way of fighting is not to disobey; our way is to prove that we are obeying the laws and you are disobeying your own laws. The laws are yours, made by you, and you have committed so many stupidities in them that we are perfectly capable of fighting with you. *last128*

Security at the ranch increases

Following a bomb explosion in the commune-owned Hotel Rajneesh in Portland, security at the ranch increases.

I was told that I would see armed guards patrolling the streets--I haven't seen any since I've been here. Do you have armed guards?

I have, because every day we receive phone calls that they are going to bring a crowd, to create a disturbance; they are going to burn our houses, they are going to create fire, and every day threats that they are going to kill me. We go on sending those reports to the government saying that, "You should inquire and see who the illegal people are! We have not threatened anybody...."

Those guards are police; they are part of the state of Oregon. And they are just there so nobody can create any nuisance.

Preventive rather than...?

Absolutely preventive, because for four years they have not done any harm to anybody.

But they are sannyasins--the policemen are sannyasins?

They are sannyasins. They have taken the training of the police. And the sannyasins have topped in every training, in every field, and they have proved their guts there too, and made it clear that it is not going to be a easy thing, to anything if you are planning to do against.

We are harmless, we don't want to do harm to anybody; but we will not let anybody harm us either, because that too is supporting violence. *last220*

Just a few days ago, one Swedish magazine has published a big article against me, the commune, and has almost tried to prove that this is a military organization. And in the editorial note it says that nothing like this has been seen since Adolf Hitler. And all that they have done--they have taken pictures of sannyasins holding guns, enlarged those pictures, filled the whole article with guns--looking at the magazine one would think that there must be thousands of soldiers marching with guns.

The journalist was here but he did not ask for an interview. Now I call this immensely cowardly. He just took photographs and only of what he wanted:

people holding guns--that is his main theme--and just spread them, double page spreads of guns, and small notes like, "This is the most dangerous place that is growing here. Sooner or later it will become a problem to the whole world."

And I was giving interviews to journalists. He was here, he could have asked, he should have asked for an interview. Before he published anything, he should have inquired of me, but in fact he completely avoided inquiring of anybody. He simply had come with a prejudice, and with that prejudice he took the pictures...and he has made a full article.

Now anybody reading that article cannot imagine that all this is false.

And in a way it is true, because those pictures are not wrong, just the presentation is cunning. The presentation is prejudicial. *last219*

International reaction to Osho

and the Communes

Just two days ago one of our Australian communes tried to purchase a holiday resort there. It has a huge building, and they wanted to make it a school for sannyasin children--it could manage at least one hundred and fifty children--and the resort could become a beautiful commune. The commune is in the city but they wanted to move out and to spread.

The fear went all over Australia. The whole media--television, the newspapers--was full of the same fear. Just as we have heard here that we are going to take over Wasco County.... I am sitting here, and they are saying in Australia that I am planning to come to Australia and we will try to take over. Already there are posters in Australia: Better dead than red. Strange, that red color seems to have become the monopoly of the communists. *dark29*

The German government is doing everything so that I cannot enter Germany. That is enough indication that the paranoia and fear have already reached into the hearts of those who are holding the power.

They have put a few cases against me. I have never been in Germany--I

was really amazed. How can I commit any crime?--I have never been there. But they have put cases against me for two reasons. They can refuse entry to a man who is under litigation. Or they can let you enter and then imprison you because so many cases are against you; you cannot leave the country until all the litigations are over.

I rejoice at their fear. Whenever a government becomes afraid of me, it brings great joy to my heart. That means my work is happening. The governors, the presidents are somehow trembling within. To hide that trembling they will do all kinds of things.

But whatever you do, your edifice is crumbling. The fear is not coming because of me, the fear is in you....

In Germany we have many communes, and those are the only places where you will see people laughing, enjoying, dancing, singing. Every

day, thousands of non-sannyasins are coming to our German discos. It became a problem to accommodate so many people. People are waiting outside the discos in line, so when the first group leaves they can enter.

No church can claim that there is a line outside waiting! Naturally the church is afraid, the government is afraid. What is going to happen to these people? And they cannot understand either your way of life or your freedom, or your thoughts, or your spontaneity. You are the strangest people they have come across.

Yes, Germans are one of the biggest groups among my sannyasins, and every day more and more Germans are turning towards me. I can give you the guarantee that Germany cannot remain anything other than a land of sannyasins--and that will be the absolutely certain prevention of any other Adolf Hitler happening. *dless05*

In fact, in Germany we have won a case just now, because the minister concerned had stopped the opening of one of our discos on the grounds that these discos are strategies to attract young people and then convert them into sannyasins.

We went to the court--and it was absolutely absurd, we have never tried to convert anybody. But if people want to be converted, then to refuse is not gentlemanly either....

We won the case. It was so simple--not a single piece of evidence that we have converted anybody. We are not missionaries; the word "missionary"

is a four-letter word. We don't interfere in anybody's life, we don't interfere in anybody's freedom; but if somebody feels at home with us, he is welcome. He is coming on his own decision--and if he wants to leave, nobody prevents him.

We won the case, and in *The Rajneesh Times* German edition, our legal expert who had fought in the courts against the minister wrote about the case and called the minister a "supra-fascist", a high-class fascist, so sophisticated that you would not be able to think that he is a fascist.

The minister filed a case of defamation against Sadhu and *The Rajneesh Times* but we proved that he *is* a "supra-fascist." His fascism is sophisticated, subtle. We exposed him from his statements, speeches; we gathered all the material and just placed it before the court.

The court must have been in a difficulty. It took six or eight months for them to make a decision, but they had to make it, because they know my people--that if they go against the truth, the case will move to the higher court. It must have been a shock to the minister that the court accepted

that he *is* a "supra-fascist," and that we have not defamed him, we have simply stated a factuality.

Now, if that minister had any sense of shame, he would jump in the ocean and disappear forever. A court decision about him, and he is still clinging to his post, seems simply--the man is shameless! *dless38*

Just the other day I had the message that one of our centers (in Germany) has been attacked. All the windows were broken in a crowd attack. People took away whatsoever they wanted. And just after that a whole center has been burned.

Now, my people have not harmed anybody; they were just meeting there, meditating there. Even the policemen made the statement, "It is strange, because for two years we have been observing these people, and they are utterly innocent. They are neither political nor in any ideology--they just enjoy themselves. Why their houses should be burned is unexplainable."

The police may not find the explanation, because the explanation is here... *glimps18*

And I have opened a new area of sannyasins, that is, underground sannyasins--a

special

concession

for

communist

countries,

Mohammedan countries, the Middle East.

To me, wearing red clothes and a mala does not mean anything. To persuade you, I may give great explanations, esoteric, supernatural meanings of the color and everything. But in fact, it is just to give you an identity and the courage to stand in society alone.

It will make you strong, because everybody will be hostile. And it will give you a chance also to spread my word, because people will start asking you, "What has happened to you? Have you gone crazy? nuts? or what?

Why do you go on wearing red clothes and a mala and the picture of this madman?"

They don't mean anything, but they are useful instruments for shocking people outside. If somebody is shocked, that means that is the beginning of his sannyas! His heart has already received its first shock, now many more

will be coming.

But in communist countries they will simply imprison people, persecute them, kill them. In Mohammedan countries, they will simply kill them.

Then it is pointless.

There, my sannyasins are underground sannyasins. They don't wear red, they don't wear the mala. Still they are being persecuted, still the

government is trying to find out who are the people in connection with me.

People are being called by the KGB in Russia to be interviewed continuously every week, tortured with the same questions.

I have received the message, "Should we say who we are?"

I said, "There is no need to tell those idiots. It is enough that you know who you are."

But underground or overground, the moment your heart opens towards me, I am with you wherever you are. *dless35*

Somebody has said, "In America, the government sources think that you are planted here by the Soviet Union." And in the Soviet Union my books are banned! I have a few sannyasins there, of course underground; but they meet, and one woman got caught because she was the messenger taking books, magazines and other things. And they harassed her in every possible way.

They wanted her to confess that I am an American agent preparing people and sending them into communist countries to sabotage. She said, "But this is absolutely absurd!" She informed me, "This is strange.

In America they thing you are from the Soviet Union, and the Soviet Union people think that you are an American agent!" *misery25*

You say: *I was born in South Korea. I left that country in 1984, and took sannyas in 1985. When I was staying in Rajneeshpuram in 1985, the*

South Korean Government arrested a lot of my friends and denounced them and me as communist revolutionaries. One of them was killed before the court date, and two of them were sentenced to death; the rest of them are all in jail now, and I have been suffering from this horrible calamity.

Your lovers in South Korea try to make their country free from U.S.

imperialism, and to search for the path of truth simultaneously. Is it possible to do this?--to search for the path of truth and free one's own country from tyranny? Please comment for me and your lovers in Korea.

Prem Seung, there is no conflict between your search for truth, for your spiritual freedom, and your struggle against political tyranny--although matters become a little more complicated.

The priority should be your attainment of spiritual freedom, because political tyrannies come and go. And you cannot be absolutely sure that when you have overthrown one political tyranny, it will not be replaced

by another. You can fight with the United States and its ugly attempt to keep South Korea under its power--to destroy people and their freedom.

Now they are killing your people, calling them communist. Tomorrow...it is going to happen out of necessity, because history moves like the pendulum of a clock. From one extreme to another extreme; that's the way of history and time. Because they are condemning you as communists--killing you, forcing you into jails, sentencing you to death--

it will create the opposite movement, a movement towards communism....

It is a very complex game. You should not give it priority; the priority should remain your own growth. Whether the tyranny is of America, or the tyranny is of China, or the tyranny is of the Soviet Union, it does not matter. Tyranny is simply tyranny; it is murderous, it is criminal.

So rather than waiting for a beautiful future, when America is gone out of South Korea and South Koreans themselves are in power...don't trust it too much. History teaches something else; the people will remain in the same ugly situation, under the same horrors. Only the butchers have changed,

but the murder remains the same.

I am not against fighting for freedom for your nation, but don't give it a priority. The priority should be for your spiritual freedom, which cannot be taken away either by America, by Russia, by China, or by anybody else. If you can manage, without any disturbance, to fight against tyranny also, then I am absolutely in support of it. But I don't think it is easy--it is very difficult. The moment you start fighting with governments, you get so much involved in that fight, you forget yourself completely....

Now it can be accepted as a rule: the revolutionary talks of great things, promises paradises, and when he comes into power, he proves a greater tyrant than the previous ones.

My hope is no longer in the promises of the revolutionaries; my hope is in the birth of the rebel. And a rebel's basic necessity--the essential transformation--is freedom of your individuality from your own past, from your own religion, from your own nation. Meditation will help to make you an individual; and only a commune of individuals who are all spiritually free, who have broken all the bridges that go towards the past, will have eyes that are fixed on faraway stars.

They are all, in a way, poets, dreamers, mystics and meditators. And unless we fill the world with these people, this world is going to change from one tyranny to another. It will be an exercise of utter futility.

Prem Seung, *you* are the priority. Get to your roots, find your self, become a rebel, and create as many rebels as possible. That's the only way you can help the future mankind in creating a Golden Future. *rebel19*

You are asking me: if my people are going to be persecuted, who is going to be responsible--I or they? My whole effort is that whatsoever I am doing I am responsible for. If I am persecuted and assassinated, I am responsible for it. But if you are persecuted and assassinated, remember, it is your responsibility, not mine. Why in the first place did you join me?

I will not allow you to shirk away from your responsibility. I will not take your responsibility on myself.

I am responsible for whatsoever I am doing, and whatsoever happens to me. You are responsible individually--because I don't believe in any collectivity. Every individual has to accept his responsibility for whatsoever he is doing, whatsoever happens to him.

I had started alone. Then people started coming by and by, and my caravan started becoming bigger and bigger, and now it is all around the earth. But those people I respect. They have joined me on their own decision; I have not persuaded anybody.

I have not given you any promises of a holy land. I have not given you any incentives after death. I have not given you any guarantee that if you are with me, soon you will be with God. I don't give you promissory notes, and I don't take any responsibility on your behalf, because I respect you. If I take the responsibility on myself, then you are slaves; then I am the leader and you are the led.

No, I am not the leader, and you are not the led. We are fellow travelers.

You are not behind me but by my side--just together with me. I am not higher than you, I am just one amongst you. I don't claim any superiority, extraordinary power, and all kinds of nonsense which Jesus, Moses, Mohammed, Krishna, Buddha, Mahavira, all are to be condemned for. Do you see the point? To make you responsible for your life is to give you freedom.

A few of the sannyasins--for trivia, absurd reasons--have left the caravan. I am not at all angry with them. They had joined; it was their responsibility. They have left; it is their responsibility. If they want to come back, it will be their responsibility.

Every single sannyasin is responsible, remember. You cannot dump your responsibility on me. I am simply taking my own doings, sayings, happenings on myself. If you feel that because of me you are persecuted, drop sannyas. Why should you be persecuted for me? Who am I?

But if your sannyas is your love affair with me, then take the responsibility: be persecuted. And persecution cannot do any harm to you, for the simple

reason that we are not fanatics, we are not dogmatic.

My people are open, vulnerable, available.... *false23*

Do you choose to come at this time in history. Is there something about this time that makes it a right wrong time for you?

No, I have not chosen anything. Whenever and wherever I had been, it would have been both a wrong time and a right time. It will be a little difficult to understand *wrong,* because wherever, whenever, in whatever century I would have been, I would have had to face the same hostility, the same antagonism, the same anger of the masses. That way it would be the wrong time.

But it depends on *me* to change the wrong time into the right time. The hostility of the people, the anger of the people, the enmity of the people are symbolic. I am unable to do anything only if people remain absolutely inattentive towards me. If they can ignore me, then I cannot do anything.

That will be simply the wrong time; then it cannot be changed into the right time.

But if people are angry, they have given the indication that they are already emotionally attracted towards me. Their anger is because of their fear. They are angry because they are afraid: "This man is dangerous.

Coming close to him, perhaps you will not have any way to escape." They are creating the hostility and anger and enmity just to protect themselves.

But when somebody has started protecting himself, that simply means he is already influenced. He already smells the truth, and he is not capable of *facing* it. That's why he is creating walls of hostility--so he does not need to face it. But he has already become interested in me, he has already shown some kind of emotions towards me. It does not matter that the emotions of anger and hate and hostility are not favorable. It is very simple to change them. Once a person is emotionally attracted towards me, his hate can be changed into love very easily, because hate and love are not very different things, just two sides of the same coin.

The only person who is difficult to change is one who has no emotional idea about you--neither of love nor of hate--who simply passes by your side as if you are not there. But it is difficult as far as I am concerned. It is difficult to ignore me. I will not allow anybody to ignore me. They will have to take notice, and they will have to take a certain stand, for or against. That is the beginning of my work.

Those who are for are already with me. Those who are against are getting ready, sooner or later, to be with me. Their very hatred is symbolic.

It is symbolic that they cannot ignore me. It is symbolic because their hate simply shows that they are afraid that if they don't hate, they will fall in love. But how long they can do this to themselves? Hate is not a very good space. They are not harming me, they are poisoning themselves. How long can they remain in this poisoning state? Seeing others with me dancing, singing joyously, living a life in its intensity and totality, they are burning with hate and creating poison in themselves.

What is the point? Just a little intelligence is enough to see that I am not harmed by your hate. You are harming yourself. Those who love me are immensely helped by their love.

Once this becomes clear to people, they start moving from one camp to another. It takes just a little patience. *last218*

Osho's secretary, Sheela leaves,

and information about crimes

On 14 September 1985, Sheela and twenty sannyasins who have been working closely with her leave the ranch. Ma Prem Hasya now becomes Osho's personal secretary.

On 16, 17 and 18 September 1985, Osho holds press conferences in the mandir, to which world press and al sannyasins are invited. Osho states information has come to light that Sheela committed several crimes against both sannyasins and non-sannyasins.

Isabel, who liaises with the press says: Osho, I have told the press You will

give a statement before they ask questions.

This is a moment of great rejoicing for my commune. I have been silent for three and a half years. The people who were in power took advantage of my silence. Because I was not in contact with the sannyasins, I was not aware what is being done to them. As I started speaking again, a strange thing happened. Sheela became very sad. She was the president of the Rajneesh Foundation International and my personal secretary.

Everybody in the commune was immensely ecstatic that I am speaking again except Sheela. This was strange. But just within few days it became clear what is the reason. While I was in isolation and in silence, she has become a celebrity. Through the news media she has become

famous all over the world. She was representing me. Because I started speaking again, she found that her ego is shrinking, her image from the television screen is disappearing. It was bound to be so. If I am speaking myself, then there is no need for any mediator, any messenger, any representative. She started going more and more to Australia, to India, to Europe, for any small excuse. Finally when she came back she wrote a letter to me that, "I don't find the same excitement as I used to find before. But I am happy in Europe, happy in Japan, happy in Australia." I replied to her that, "If you want to know the real reason of your happiness, I can come to Europe, to Australia, to Japan, wherever you want to check what is the real reason of your happiness. You have become addicted to be famous, and this is a far worse drug than any drug in existence." And my sannyasins are not power-oriented. They are not political people. They are absolutely apolitical.

The world has suffered too much from politics. At least let few intelligent people decide to be dropouts from all dirty politics--and there is no other kind.

And then suddenly one day, just one day before, Sheela and all her gang simply left America, without even giving any cause why they are leaving.

It was strange. And the moment they left, other sannyasins started informing things which are ugly, sad, but I have to say them to you because

I don't want to happen such things again in this commune or anywhere else. The moment their airplane left, immediately people started coming, saying so many things that they have done while I was in silence, that it seemed, listening to them, that instead of being a meditation commune they had turned it into a fascist concentration camp.

First they tried to kill three people, three people who were very close to me: my physician, my dentist and my caretaker. Because these were the three people who had the opportunity to meet me except Sheela. She wanted nobody to meet me, for the simple reason because they may inform me what is going on in the commune and what she is doing there.

So finally they decided that these three people have to be given slow poison. Now there are witnesses who participated in their meetings, but they were afraid that if these people can kill my physician, they can kill anybody. One woman who has reported that she was in the meeting and left in the middle, disgusted, feeling sick, that what kind of people are these? And the innocent sannyasins trusted them absolutely. But she herself became so much afraid that for six months she has not eaten the food in the commune's restaurant. She was getting food from outside.

And it really happened. My caretaker once went into Jesus Grove where Sheela and her gang was living. She took a cup of tea and fell

immediately sick. And the sickness was absolutely strange. She is healthy, young, there was no reason for it. Doctors could not find any reason why her heart is beating so fast. For three hours the heart was going just crazy. All their medicines were of not much help. But nobody thought about it, that she has taken a cup of tea and somebody could have poisoned her.

But it happened to Devaraj, my physician. After few days he took a cup of coffee in Jesus Grove and came from there. Because he is a doctor, has the highest qualifications from England, he immediately suspected that he has been poisoned. He was entered into the nursing home here, and there too he was injected poison again. And now many people have come, that Sheela was researching for some poison which can in slow doses kill a person in a long period of time, so nobody will suspect.

Third time, here in this meditation hall Devaraj was injected again. He immediately showed to people around him, pulled his pants and showed blood where the injection has been put. They delayed the ambulance to come here. All these informations have come within two days. The ambulance people have informed that they were told to delay as much as possible, then take him as slowly--because he refused to go to the medical center here. He was to be taken to Bend. So "Take him slowly to the airport." And the pilots were informed that there is no hurry: "Go as slow as possible."

And these were the poisons which are not detectable. He remained sick, became okay. Hasya was his wife, was looking after him. The doctors in Bend told Hasya there was no disease, it seems to be simply a case of certain poisoning which cannot be detected.

They said exactly the same has happened one year before to the attorney of Jefferson County, Sullivan. He was poisoned in the same way. Nobody knows, perhaps the same people who had poisoned Devaraj were poisoning Sullivan, because this commune's land is divided half in Wasco County, half in Jefferson County, and it has much to do with the attorney of Jefferson County.

Many more things have surfaced. We are reporting to the police, to the government, because the whole bunch has immediately disappeared and they must have been planning for months. One information has come that at the election time last year, Sheela and her group of six, seven people tried to put chemicals in all the vehicles of police and officers in Dalles, so the vehicles could not move. And they were successful. Not only that, what I cannot even conceive, they tried to poison the water system in Dalles. They did not succeed in it, but they made every attempt.

Now, these people are absolutely criminals, inhuman, brutal, fascist in their outlook. Here in the commune they were sorting out anybody who had any independent mind. And my whole teaching is to have independent mind! Don't believe anything unless you know it. Be skeptical. But because I was silent, they were doing just the other. They were saying, "Believe, and surrender. And all these instructions are coming from Osho." They were making their instructions, people were writing letters to me, they were never

reaching to me. They had created a small fascist state here, so many people left just because of them who wanted to be here with me, who have come from long away, who have sold their everything just to be here with me. With tears in their eyes they had to leave, because they could not surrender to any stupid kind of thing. For example, if you tell somebody that, "Go and poison" or "Inject poison to somebody," they could not believe that this can be my instruction. And they have come here for me, not for Sheela.

I have been teaching my whole life that my people have to be absolutely nonpolitical, but in three and a half years Sheela was functioning just like a politician, third-grade politician. It was ugly to take over Antelope.

We are here, just guests of Oregonians. To take those poor old people's house does not seem right. I would like the Oregonians and the people of Antelope, if they can buy the properties which Foundation owns, we will vacate Antelope. They can have their place. That is their town. It belongs to them. And we have no hostility against anybody. In fact, we are part of Oregon to them. And we have no hostility against anybody. In fact, we are part of Oregon now. It does not matter that you have been hundred years here and we have been only four years. Years don't make any difference. Now this earth is ours, this sky is ours. And we have done everything to change this desert into an oasis. And we want to change this whole place in such a lush green holiday resort that it becomes the best tourist center in America.

We need all support from Oregonians, from Americans, from everybody.

Ours hands are stretched and waiting for their hands....

We can understand, human nature is always suspicious of strangers. We are strangers. If they are suspicious of us, there is nothing to be disappointed. Just we have to make them aware of our way of life, our creativity, our joy, our celebration. Just we have to welcome them as guests, just to have a feel that we are human beings. Red clothes don't make any difference. Everybody behind the clothes is naked, red or blue or black does not make any sense.

I have called you media people here especially to inform you a glad news, that this commune is free from a fascist regime. Adolf Hitler has died again. And now we would like in every possible way to be an intrinsic

part of Oregon, to contribute whatsoever we can contribute, and expect your friendship, your love, your hospitality. And you will never repent that we came here. We will make this place so beautiful that Oregon will be proud of it. When we had come just four years before, there was only one house, and one hundred twenty-six square mile desert For fifty years there was nobody to purchase it. It was for sale for fifty years. Who is going to purchase a desert? But when I heard that it is a desert, I said,

"It is a good challenge. Let us try to make it an oasis." And we have immensely succeeded. But that success goes to my sannyasins, not to that fascist gang. These people have been working twelve hours, fourteen hours a day. And those people were trying to kill our own sannyasins.

They were going to kill whole Dalles. And just because I was absent, uninformed, they have taken in their hands whatsoever they wanted to do.

You will be surprised to know that they far transcended Nixon. They bugged houses, they bugged every place where they thought somebody may be not in favor of them. But strangest thing is my own bedroom, my own sitting room, was bugged. And to me they were saying, "We love You, Osho. We have never loved anybody so much." Of course. If you had not loved me, why you should bug my bedroom, where I am alone? Perhaps once in a while in sleep I may deliver a speech. But what else is there to be bugged? It seems these people could have even killed me. Because my silence was favorable to them, my absence would have been more favorable. And if I was dead, they could have worshiped my dead body, made a beautiful marble memorial, and be in full power to do whatsoever they want to do.

I came to know only late that they are bringing street people for a program here. They had already planned, people had gone to pick up, buses had moved. And I asked, "What is the reason?" Because I am not much interested in uneducated, illiterate, street beggars. I am not much interested. My interest is in intelligentsia. All my people are university

graduates with masters' degrees or doctors' degrees. I don't want to lower the standard of the commune.

But they said, "It is only for three months, and we are having it because we have surplus money out of the festival, two and half million dollars we have more, so we can share in some humanitarian work." And this was a lie. They were even lying to me, because today I inquired and found that we are fifty-five million in debt. They wasted almost three million dollars and created unnecessary hostility, created some ugly publicity. We are not interested in publicity. We are certainly interested that whatever is the truth about us should be known by everyone, so nobody lives in deceptions, gossips. But we are not interested in publicity. We really

want that we forget the whole world and the world forgets us and forgives us, so we can live here silently and peacefully and do our thing.

And then they made in Antelope a housing complex, and never told me exactly what are their intentions about it. I thought it must be for festival purposes, when more sannyasins are there. Only at the last date, next day they were going to have a press conference, and they had to inform me because I was going to be in the press conference. If I had been silent there was no need even to inform me. They informed me that they want to make that housing complex, which can accommodate five hundred people, and they have wasted almost two million dollars on it, they want to make it a AIDS home. I said, "It is good that you are feeling so compassionate about people who are having AIDS, but you should think also of all the people around Antelope whose life will be in danger. You can put the whole life of Oregon in danger, because AIDS spreads not only by sex contact,it can spread, just by kissing. It can spread even by somebody's tear. It can spread, somebody eating with a spoon is not sterilized and you use it. Saliva is a carrier." I said, "This is not right. You are not only putting whole Oregon's people in great danger, you are putting our own commune in danger. Our doctors will have to look after them. Our nurses will have to look after them. And the same doctor and the same nurses will be looking after the commune." I had to stop it.

That's why the great press conference that was going to happen did not happen. Instead, this great press conference is happening. That press

conference would have been a curse. This is a blessing.

I would like the media people to spread the news to the farthest corner of the world, because I have my sannyasins around the world, almost more than one million. And these seven people have gone to Europe, and they can do harm to other sannyasins, other communes. They are expert in lying. So please let the message go throughout the world that a group of criminals has reached in Switzerland. Sheela and Puja are the leaders of the group, and they should be avoided more than AIDS!

Now you can ask any question if you have. *press01*

When did you know that she had left?

I knew when I came back from my ride.

Every day I go at two o'clock for a ride in the forest, in the mountains.

When I came back then I came to know that she has left, and I was informed that she has left forever. *last302*

But knowing they were criminals, why didn't you stop them?

There was no solid proof. It was just rumors. Only when they left people started opening their mouth, because they were afraid that these people can kill them. They have already killed. They have already burned houses. They have already poisoned people. So everybody was afraid to open his mouth. And if anybody disobeyed them, they simply sent the person to another commune far away in Europe. So people were simply keeping quiet.

The moment she left, immediately--almost like an explosion--people started coming with all kinds of stories.

Now there is a office here for FBI, state police, Wasco County police, city police, who are taking their statements. I have given it to the government that they should look into the whole matter. *last310*

Sheela has done much good, ninety-nine percent good. The whole credit of

keeping all the commune together, of creating houses for five thousand people with all the modern facilities, with central airconditioning--I don't think any city is totally air-conditioned as you are--of giving you the best food possible.... She has done immense good to you, and you should be grateful for it. The credit goes to her. Only one percent she missed, and that seems to be natural to human nature, particularly for people like Sheela.

Sheela had no spiritual aspirations. Seeing that she has no potential, at least in this life.... And this was my impression on the very first day she entered my room in 1970--that she was utterly materialistic, but very practical, very pragmatic, strong-willed, could be used in the beginning days of the commune...because the people who are spiritually-oriented are stargazers....

Sheela was not a stargazer. The reason I had appointed her my secretary was basically this: she was not interested in meditation, she was interested in making roads, houses--which meditators would need. And she did her job well. Just one percent she took advantage of the opportunity, because I was not available to you.

Five thousand people she could manipulate in my name, by saying, "This is what our Beloved Master wants." Now I have come to know things from sannyasins that I had no knowledge of. But each thing that she wanted, she said was wanted in my name. For example, if you were told to make a ditch for electric wires, you made it. You have nothing to do with the crime, although the ditch was made to bug the houses. But how can you know the difference, if you are not an electrician or an electronics engineer--that the wires are not for electricity but for bugging? You saw the wires, you have made the ditch; still you are innocent.

Only the group of twenty people who have fled with her knew perfectly well what was happening. They had made the whole system of bugging.

This is just the fear of any person who becomes ambitious for power. He is always afraid.

Out of fear she drove away all the people who could have been rebellious, who could have doubted--because they have lived with me longer than

Sheela, they knew my ideology. They could not believe that I was creating a religion, that she was the high priestess of the religion. She threw them out, harassed them in such a way that they had to leave.

Only the group of twenty people that she had chosen--they were all new, they had not known me before. They were not aware of my ideology, my approach, my respect for everybody. They were simply gullible. And because Sheela made them heads of corporations, naturally they were happy. They were not expecting--new people getting all the power.... And she made them commit crimes--all of them. This is a simple strategy. If all those people have committed crimes, then nobody is going to open his mouth, because he will be caught too.

She tried to kill three of the people who were intimate to me, for the simple reason that she was afraid these three people had the opportunity to approach me without her permission: my physician, my dentist, and my caretaker. They were living with me in the same house, but they were not aware of anything until she started poisoning them. *bond18*

As far as the future is concerned of anybody, one thing has to be understood, that it is not determined. Somebody may be absolutely loving this moment and next moment he may murder someone.

You cannot decide what is going to happen in the next moment. And this is one of the man's privilege, that his future is not determined--that means his future is free and he has a freedom to move. The sinner can become a saint, the saint can become a sinner....

So I had no idea that Sheela--who has never done anything like that--will turn into a criminal. But she alone is not responsible for it. The politicians forced her; the Oregonians, their hostility forced her. She must have some instinct in her unconscious that became conscious, took advantage of the situation. But she was not alone. The hostility outside, the constant threat of those people--that they will kill her, they will kill me, they will come and bulldoze the whole commune--by and by she started functioning actually like those people. It is almost human and understandable. *last317*

If you are an enlightened man, how could it be that for so long Sheela and

her gang were able to carry on their business here?

Enlightenment has nothing to do with it. There is no contradiction. To be enlightened simply means I know myself. That does not mean that I know everybody. That does not mean that I know the future, tomorrow. It simply means that I know my consciousness is fully awakened, twentyfour hours. I know my inner light; I know my eternity, my deathlessness.

It has nothing to do.... In fact, if I was not enlightened, perhaps Sheela may not have been able to do what she was able to do, because then I would have been just as cunning, as political, as suspicious as everybody else.

My enlightenment makes me loving without any condition, trusting without any condition. It brings my childhood back to me, my innocence.

And I still trust and love those people who have deceived. That is their problem, that they deceived; it does not change my attitude. If they can change my attitude they become my masters.

Nobody, by doing anything, can change my attitude. If I love you, even if you assassinate me, I will still continue to love you. Your assassination makes no difference. You can assassinate me but you cannot assassinate my love. *last230*

In fact Sheela had managed that my house is almost outside the city.

And she has managed that the commune and my house are almost separate entities. My doctor...she gave good excuses, good explanations: that my doctor has not to go to the hospital because he checks me, looks after me, he can bring any infection from the hospital, so he need not go there. He should remain in the house, do some editing work. My dentist should not go out, he should do some edition, editor's work. And my caretaker certainly has no time to go out; from 6:00 early in the morning late 11:00 when I go to sleep, she is continuously running for everything for me.

So they had managed that these people don't come in contact with commune, and the people who were committing crimes, they have specifically told them--now they are coming out--that never say anything to

Osho's place, whoever lives there, don't say anything to those people.

They have completely isolated my house in the excuse that I need silence, isolation, so nobody should go there. And nobody should come out from there. She did it perfectly well. She had good excuses.

So as these people slowly became aware from friends or somebody phoned, their phones were bugged, taped. Their rooms were bugged.

These are now available. *last228*

Slowly I came to know that this small gang is demolishing all the small centers and making big communes in Europe. They demolished hundreds of small centers and forced people to move to six big communes so that they can be controlled centrally.

They completely destroyed the English commune, which was a flourishing commune. Four hundred sannyasins were in the commune and almost two thousand sannyasins used to come for festivals. It was a beautiful place. And they were looking for a bigger place because they could not manage more than four hundred people.

But these people simply shifted all the people from the English commune to European communes and sold the property, closed the small centers and told the sannyasins that they have to go to European communes.

They collected all the children from everywhere and they were trying to put them in Holland in a separate commune for children so they can be controlled.

The whole idea was to centralize everything, particularly finances. And they made their center in Germany, in Cologne, so from there they would control the whole of Europe.

These people were doing exactly the same as all the religions have done.

They have destroyed the individuals, they have destroyed their freedom, they have destroyed their joy of doing something on their own. *last403*

I had to come out of silence because I started becoming aware from my people...because three people were able to approach me--my physician, my dentist and my caretaker--and Sheela and her gang tried to poison all the three people and to kill them....

So from these three people I became of aware what is going on: "Your commune has become almost a concentration camp. Everybody who is intelligent is being thrown out, in some way or other pressurized, forced, humiliated. The vice-chancellor of our university left, the chancellor of our university left, a few very good therapists left, a few people who have been with me for almost a decade, utterly in love, had to leave, and with tears in their eyes, because Sheela did not want anybody who could rebel against her.

The moment I became aware of the situation, I declared that from tomorrow I am going to speak. *last228*

How are You going to see that such a fascist regime can never happen again in your commune?

At least in my lifetime it won't happen, because I am not going into silence again--just so that nothing like this happens--and I am making every possible arrangement that even if I am not here, it will not happen.

For example, I am decentralizing the power. Sheela had all the power in her hands.

Now I am distributing it into ten corporations so ten people will be equally powerful and they will all will be chosen from their corporations.

Secondly, I am making it that the people should not remain long time in power. At the most, one year, six month to one year should be the longest term, then they should rotate. So nobody takes it for granted that it is his power.

So decentralization and rotation of the people, so many more people have the chances to show their ability, their potentiality, capacity, and nobody becomes addicted that it is something that is *his,* nobody else can have it.

last317

I have chosen Prem Hasya as the President, because of her very creative mind. She, with her husband, has created one of the best movies, *Godfather,* and she came close to me because she wanted to make a movie on me, on the sannyasins and my whole way of life. So she was working on it, that's why she had come. And I saw in her intelligence, creativity, a very loving heart, and no desire for power.

I have given again places to women.... The commune president is now Anuradha who has been with me almost for ten years, doing any kind of work, comes from one of the richest families in England--so there is no question of that money can become important to her--and is ready to do anything. She was very friendly to Sheela, but Sheela could not take her into her group for the simple reason because her love towards me and to the commune is so much that she will not do any such thing that goes against my ideology, so she was left out.

Just one woman cannot destroy my respect for womanhood. I will go on giving chances again and again, for the simple reason: for thousands of years women have not been given chance.

So it is possible that when they get the chance--it is just like a hungry man who has been hungry for many days is bound to eat too much and is bound to become sick by eating. That's what happened to Sheela: she had never seen so big money, she had never seen so much power, in my name she had ten thousand people who could have died or done anything.... She was just a waitress in a hotel...and the mind has not changed! *last317*

On 18 September during a press conference, Osho reveals Sheela fled because of grand jury indictments

In fact, just now I have been informed, before I reached you, that the day she left with her group she had received some information from a friend who is in contact with the U.S. Supreme Court chief justice in Oregon and she had received the message that grand jury is to convene soon.

That is the reason that she suddenly packed and escaped because these

are the twenty people who have escaped, who have done every kind of crime. She knew it, that these will be indicted.

But I will say to her, this is no way to face reality. Come back and face the grand jury and if you have committed any crime, then accept it.

There is no need to hide. This will give you respect of the whole community. *press03*

Is this being investigated now by the authorities?`

Yes; FBI and State Police and other agencies--county police. They are all having a office here and people are going and revealing everything that they know.

You're cooperating with that?

Absolutely. I am absolutely against crime, and I am all for law. *last302*

Do you plan to talk to the FBI yourself and give a deposition about Sheela?

If they ask me. My power of attorney is with my secretary....

We will see. If they want to interview me, I am perfectly happy. To me, it makes no difference whether it is a journalist or an FBI officer. *last228*

You refer to jail as a university for criminals. But by calling in the law enforcement agencies and giving them evidence against Sheela and her gang, if they are convicted, they will be put in jail.

We will fight for them if they come back. We will not support their criminality, we will not support that whatever they have done is wrong.

But we will fight that whatever they have done simply signifies that they are psychologically sick people and they should be given to a psychiatric hospital. Or you can give them back to us; we can treat them in our own university. Or if you think it will be better to send them to another psychiatric place, then send them there.

But putting them in jail is simply barbarous. We will fight that up to the Supreme Court for all those people.

In other words, you're turning them in, turning evidence in against them, and yet....

I am, yes. This is the situation. I am giving every evidence against them and yet I will try to save their humanity, their dignity, their future, if they come back. If they don't come back, then it is beyond our hands.

They need not have escaped. They should have simply told me that, "This is what we have done," and we would have made them confess to the court clearly, and we would have fought for them. Not that they are not guilty; they are accepting that they are guilty, we are accepting they are guilty. But our fight is that the guilty should not be punished, he should be treated. It would have been an unprecedented case, and may have opened a new door for all criminals in the future. *last230*

I have heard that many people are very much disturbed with a few coordinators who have been in with Sheela and her gang. Certainly you feel resentful, but that is not right. These people have not left. They revolted against Sheela and the criminal group--you should think of it--

and you resent them.

Sheela and the people with her will hate them, and you resent them.

They don't have any shelter anywhere. They understand that they belonged to a wrong group, but they were as innocent as you are. They also thought, "This is what the master wants us to do."

And the proof is that they revolted. Even the secretary of Sheela revolted against her, which was really courageous. She proved to be a real jewel.

Sheela was very much afraid of her because she knew everything; she was Sheela's secretary, so every paper had passed through her. She knows all that they have done. Sheela wanted to take her with her. She even tried to poison the poor girl. If she cannot take her, then it is better to kill her. It seems killing people became to them just a very simple thing.

But Geeta has remained, and she will be of immense help. She is, because most of the stories that have come to exposure are because of Geeta, because she knows the right person who will tell the story. If you feel resentful towards Geeta that will not be in any way nice. That will not show your love, your heart. That will simply show a very stupid reaction.

Hasya was asking me, "Should we remove all these people?--Geeta, Padma, Ava, and others?"

I said, "No. They have revolted against Sheela. They should be rewarded, not punished. And they will be of immense help to you, because this thing is going to become a bigger Watergate than Nixon could manage."

Don't feel resentful. I can understand your mind. Seeing the same faces in the same places, you feel angry. But you should be a little more understanding. I want them to be in the same places, because in the same places they can be of help to you. *bond06*

Ava has turned back from Seattle. She had also gone with the group, because she was also afraid.

She was engaged in all criminal activities: arson, burning the planning office in the Wasco County, poisoning. All the Homes-Share program people, street people, keeping them under poison, drugged, so that on the election day they can do whatsoever Sheela wants them to do just like zombies.

They did not purchase the drugs in America because they needed gallons of drugs. To purchase them they would have to satisfy the pharmacist, they will have to satisfy the government for what reason so much drugs are being purchased. But for three thousand people, to keep them for twenty-one days completely drugged, certainly she needed. So they were imported from out of America.

And one man was over-drugged and died. And they simply threw him out of Rancho Rajneesh. His body was found, but the police could not manage to figure out...he was a street person. Nobody knew from where he had come.

Nobody knew how he has died.

All these things Ava knew: all the persons who have been injected poison--my physician, my caretaker. So she had gone out of fear, that she will be left alone. But she must have a better quality of humanity.

From Seattle she came back. She said, "I am going to confess everything, and I am going to remain in the commune. The people love me. I love them. And whatever we have done, we have to face it."

Today she had given her testimony to the FBI. Her testimony is enough, because she is one of the chief in the Sheela's gang. And whatever she says is supported by hundreds of sannyasins.

Now it is up to the government to catch hold of these people. *last312*

She was the woman to take two sannyasins to the planning office. They burned the office and she was the sannyasin who drove them back. So nobody can be a better eyewitness than her. And she was present in all these meetings in which Shanti Bhadra was told to inject my physician in the meeting, and she was the one, when Shanti Bhadra did it--she was with Sheela in her room--and Shanti Bhadra came running, greatly joyous and saying "I did it, I did it!"

She could not understand what she has done. Only later on she could find that the plan that was arranged last night, to inject Devaraj, Shanti Bhadra has fulfilled it. *last317*

Further information about crimes

Further information is received about crimes committed by Sheela: *You talked about them poisoning or trying to poison other people. Wasco County Judge Bill Hulse was sickened after a visit here.*

Yes, that too I just heard today, that he felt also that he was poisoned here....It is possible. The same group can do that too. *press01*

There was an outbreak of salmonella last year in The Dalles. Do You believe that these sannyasins had anything to do with that?

Yes.

Do You have any evidence of that?

Evidence police will have to find, but my sannyasins have much information about it. *press01*

Just the other night we have discovered suddenly five hundred beautiful fish died in Patanjali Lake. That means that before leaving, that group has dumped poison into Patanjali Lake. It is fortunate that we are not taking Patanjali Lake's water for your use. It is being used for irrigation; otherwise you would be, many of you, with those dead fish. *bond09*

Just today my mother came to see me....

And this is the ugliest thing of all. She has done many ugly things. Laxmi had operations, major operations, in which her ovaries are removed, and

some other parts of the stomach are removed. And she was sick few days before. She was hospitalized. Since then she started getting better. She came back to her place, and she was feeling very good and recovering.

Last day, when Sheela left, just one hour before, Prateeksha, Sheela's sister, came with a glass of juice. And she had never come, all this time Laxmi has been here, Prateeksha had never come even to see her. And she drank the juice, and immediately became badly sick. And she is already in a dying position.

Now to poison her? They must have thought that to leave Laxmi alive is dangerous, because as far as coming from India is concerned, they have committed many crimes. But they thought because they are never coming back, so who cares? Just once they are out of the country, and governments and bureaucracies take time to find out... But Laxmi knows everything, so she may be dangerous. It is better to finish her.

It seems killing became to them just an ordinary thing. Nothing even to think about. Very casually. *last322*

When Sheela left, in her room, we found--the police has taken all the

evidences--books on poison. Now what she has to do with books on poison? How to murder people, how to make bombs.... And they have found chemicals and other elements which are needed to make bombs.

And the book on the poisons has all kinds of poisons described, and only one poison is underlined--that is the poison that my physician was continuously telling that that is the only poison that is undetectable--and it is in the description of the poison, that it is undetectable. It will not kill the person, but it will go on weakening him.

You go on giving...within six months, the person will die a natural death.

You cannot be caught because the poison is undetectable. And the person will not die immediately--suddenly--so nobody can suspect; he will simply go on becoming weaker and one day he will die. You have just to go on giving at certain periods. And it can be given in food, it can be given in tea, in coffee, it can be injected, it can be given in water.... *last317*

In her room, when the new president and my secretary, Hasya, moved, they found a underground room which nobody was aware of, with a tunnel going out. The house is fenced all around, the tunnel goes out of the fence. Even if the police is surrounding the house, it will be inside the wirings, the tunnel goes out of the wirings, reaches exactly to the airport. An airplane can wait there and you can immediately escape.

Doing all those things will make anybody paranoid. If you kill people, if you poison people... *last324*

Two persons Sheela placed in Desiderata declaring that they had positive AIDS tests, for the simple reason that they were not willing to do something that she wanted them to do. This was a punishment--you cannot find a better punishment. Their blood was either mixed with the AIDS virus, or changed, so the test came back from outside as positive.

And after she left, their blood was checked again--they have no AIDS.

Do you see the criminality of the mind? Putting two people who don't have AIDS with eight other people who have AIDS is putting them in great

danger. And they cannot say anything, because the report is coming from outside. But the blood that was sent must have been taken from the people who have AIDS.

Sheela's intimate, her assistant in crime, was Puja, who was trying to create the AIDS virus. I don't understand what is the need of creating the AIDS virus, of culturing the AIDS virus. Perhaps that would have been their next step: anybody who does not listen to them goes to Desiderata.

Without killing him, they have killed him. *last312*

About six months ago there was a fire, apparently arson, at the Planning Department office in The Dalles. Do you know if Sheela and her gang are responsible for that?

Thank you for reminding me of it, because the same group was involved in that. *press01*

She asked one of our pilots that, "Put bombs in a big airplane and other explosives and crash the plane against the Wasco County office. And before crashing it, you jump in a parachute so you can save yourself."

He said, "But so many bombs and so much explosives, they will not only destroy the Wasco County office, they will destroy half the town. The fire will be almost uncontrollable. I am not going to do such a thing."

He was immediately sent away to Germany, that, "You are needed there very urgently." Because they were afraid that.... He was not within the twenty-one.

Those twenty, they did not have a pilot amongst them. That was the trouble. So they had to ask a pilot who was outside the gang. He refused.

He said, "Osho cannot say anything like that. He will not think even of killing an ant. And to destroy the office, kill all the people and kill many innocent people by the side of the office.... I cannot believe that Osho has said it."

And she told him that, "It is from Osho."

But he said, "Whatever you say, I know Him longer than you have known Him."

He was immediately sent. He was not allowed even few minutes to stay here, so that he cannot convey the message to anybody that it reaches to me. And where he was sent to Germany there was no airport in the commune, no airplane in the commune. And he wondered what urgent purpose is there for him.

It was simply punishment.

For six months he was there. He asked many times to come back. He was refused.

The day she left he immediately phoned. And I called him and asked,

"What is the matter? Why you were sent?" And he said, "This is the story."

Now he is testifying. He has testified before the FBI. Now he will be testifying before the court. *last327*

You will be surprised and shocked, that even my room, my sitting room, my bedroom--they were all bugged. On the surface they were all saying that they love me and they are ready to die for me. What could be the reason to bug my room? And Vivek suspected it, because her room was also bugged. Hasya's house was bugged, and every telephone call was taped. Now, my people are not talking politics on telephones--perhaps with a friend, with a lover.

And when I suspected this, I asked her. She said, "No. We are simply tapping the phones of people whom we suspect are planted by the government."

I said, "In four years, how much information have you got? You show me."

They had not a single piece of information. So I said, "What is the point?

For four years those thirty people were not phoning at all?"

And this is simply an excuse to listen to other people's conversations.

And it is ugly, inhuman, undemocratic. It is a crime. It is interference in people's privacy.

I was not aware that they were even bugging my room. It will be difficult for you to believe--yesterday we discovered and disconnected a bugging device.

She was continuously insisting that my room should have a buzzer, an emergency buzzer, so that the guards know immediately if anything is wrong.

I said, "From inside what can be wrong? Guards are outside. If anything wrong is going to happen to me, it will come from outside. They should have a buzzer to inform me. I am living isolated. Nobody can even see me from the outside, and I cannot see anybody outside. The buzzer is pointless."

What she insisted was: in some emergency it may be needed. I said,

"Okay, if you are so intent, it does me no harm." But the point was--just yesterday we came to know--when the buzzer was removed, there was a microphone. It was a bugging device.

I was seeing a few people once in a while. She never wanted for me to see anybody. But I said, "This is not possible. I have a certain message for somebody, certain instruction for somebody. And I don't think you are capable of doing it. So the person has to be called."

So that was the reason for bugging my room--what am I saying to people whom I have called?

She had created almost a fascist state. It was ugly. It was criminal. And the whole bunch has escaped. Knowing that once Sheela and the main people are gone, the others will be in trouble because soon these things will be discovered....

But we are not going to leave these criminals in the world. They will destroy

other communes, other people. I am going to inform the government; I am going to inform the international police force; I am going to inform all the communes; I am going to inform the press media.

These people should be treated as criminals. *bond02*

What gave me the idea that the room is bugged was that I will say something to Devaraj, who had just come to check me, and next day when Sheela will come to see me, the conversation with Devaraj was bound to come up.

And she was really stupid in that way, that she will say, that "I had a dream last night that you are talking with Devaraj, and this conversation happened. And not only I had the dream, Vidya also had the same dream, Savita had also the same dream."

I told Sheela, "You don't know about dreams at all. Three persons having the same dream has never been heard in the whole history. You are just

ignorant. You don't know about dreaming anything. It would have been enough that you had dreamed. There is no need for two more evidences.

Those two more evidences make your dream suspicious.

"And do you think I can accept that you all are--all the three--intuitive?

That you have some super-sensory powers? Then you will have to give a proof.

"I can open a book, and you are sitting there, you just tell me what page is open and that will prove everything, whether you have any intuitive grasp of things. Or I can mark it and keep it here on my table, and you all three dream tonight, and tomorrow you report me what page.

Otherwise, this room is bugged. You tell me exactly right. It will be easier."

And she flatly denied. "No, how we can do this thing to you?!" And she started crying, and...

I said, "This crying, et cetera, will not help. You simply say whether the room is bugged or not. I can forgive you, but you have to tell the truth."

That was the last time I saw her. Then she started avoiding me. *last322*

And the whole commune was unaware. The things that they did were such that they could manage within those twenty people. One was a medical expert, one was an electronics expert, one was an electrician, one was a finance expert. So they could manage everything within themselves.

For example, if sannyasins were told to dig ditches for telephone wires, they had no idea that within the telephone wires there are also wires which are going to bug hundreds of houses.

One hundred forty-five rooms of the hotel were bugged. Even my room was bugged. Many other houses, wherever they felt there may be people of independent mind, of free thinking, their houses were bugged.

The sannyasins who managed to work had no idea except those two experts, which were within the group. So the whole commune remained completely unaware of what they are doing.

They were taping all the telephones. They had a very sophisticated mechanism which could tape all the telephone calls from Rajneeshpuram simultaneously. Even the FBI people were simply surprised. They had never seen such a sophisticated mechanism. And when they found bugging, they said that these people have far exceeded Nixon.

For one bugging the punishment is five years of imprisonment. And these people have bugged so many houses that one thousand years of imprisonment will not be enough. This is from FBI experts. I am simply quoting.

But these things were such that the sannyasins will not be aware. They saw the wires being stretched but they could not think that they are bugging the houses. They thought it is electricity or telephone. *last327*

Is it to be assumed that she in fact wanted to replace you?

Certainly it seems so, if she wanted to kill me, or poison me slowly so I remain sick and cannot start being again amongst my people. Certainly that was the desire....

She tried to put guards *on top of* my residence. The excuse was that they are to protect me, but the reality was different. Since she has left, those guards have coming crying and weeping that they have been put to pay attention to everybody who comes to the house and the people who live in the house with me: be alert of them. And just now, as I was coming here, somebody informed me that the guards were told not to have any contact with the people who live with me, not even to smile at them, not even to wave at them, not even to recognize that they are there.

One girl was in love with one of the guards. The guard was told, "You stop all connections with the girl, because it is possible that one day you may have to shoot all the people of this house."

So they were not only ready to kill me, they were ready to kill all the people who are very close to me: my seamstresses who make my dresses; my shoemaker, my doctors, my dentist, my nurse, my caretaker, my kitchen people, the cleaners--everybody who lives with me in the house, they all have to be shot.

And then she insisted on having a lock on my room from the outside, and the key will be with her. But I said, "What is the need of that?" She said it was just in case of emergency, and any time, if the guards phone her that there is some emergency, she can immediately come.

I said, "You live at least ten minutes away from my house. The guards can just phone inside the house and everything can be arranged before you arrive." But she insisted, so I said, "Okay, you can put it. I have no fear of death or anything--you can put it. If it is your enjoyment and if you feel that the security requires it, put it."

But the people of my house, my caretaker, did not feel at ease with the idea, so she put another lock on the inside.

Then she said that, "Because you have only one bathroom and sometimes

something goes wrong with the plumbing, with the water system, it is better to have another bathroom so that your routine is not disturbed."

I said, "You can make another bathroom."

She made another bathroom, and just now we have discovered it is bulletproof. Why? For what does a bathroom need to be bulletproof? And it has a door from the outside of the house for the cleaner, but she must have another key for that door. And from that door anybody can enter and shoot me lying or sitting down, and escape without entering the house. And you can even manage to shoot the person who has assassinated me--the bathroom is bulletproof, so no bullet can enter the bathroom. She, or anybody in her place, has just to shoot me and enter the bathroom, that's all. And from the bathroom she can go out without anybody in the house knowing about it. *last230*

Now the guards have come crying to inform me, "We were seeing it every day: Julian continually coming to change the tape"--the tape was in the bathroom of the guards. "We could not open our mouths because Sheela convinced us that it was for the master's safety: 'If anybody enters the room--he sits with closed eyes--if something happens in the room, you will immediately know.'" *bond12*

My own milk was being poisoned slowly every day. And only now the poor sannyasin who looks after the cows has opened his mouth, that

"Every night Puja used to come to mix something. I was not aware that this is poison. I thought it is something herbal, must be for your health."

Certainly it was for my health! *press04*

Just yesterday one of the doctors informed us that she was poisoned in Sheela's house. Perhaps they were only experimenting, because the poison was such that only her tongue became paralyzed. She could not speak for twenty-four hours.

Perhaps that was their experiment for me.

If I can be poisoned and I cannot speak, that will be great. I am living--

that will help them. I cannot speak--that will help them. *last229*

Sheela has stolen forty-three million dollars on the way, which were coming here.

In my silent period she had whole and sole (power of attorney). So any money that was coming from European communes, particularly Germany, she started accumulating slowly parts of that money into Swiss bank in her own name.

Two hundred million dollars we have put in making this desert an oasis, and it needs more because it is a big desert. To make it all lush green, one hundred twenty-six square miles, immense money will be needed. It will be coming.

So she has not stolen from here, she has stolen from German communes. The money that was to come here never reached here. So you cannot find here anything missing in the books. It never reached to the books. Forty-three million she has accumulated in some bank. Last day her second person in charge, who looked after the finances, she told me that, "Yes, we have a bank account. It is for you."

Everything was for me--poison to protect me, how to kill people to protect me, burning offices to protect me, trying to kill my own physician to protect me. This too was to protect me, that, "We have saved money in Switzerland in case You have to leave America."

I said, "There is no question of my leaving America. And without asking me, you have some nerve to accumulate money for me. In whose name it is?"

It is in the name of Sheela and Savita. Savita was the second.

I asked, "What is the bank? And what is the account number? And how much money you have got there?"

She said, "I don't remember."

Nobody forgets forty-three million dollars.

And she said, "Tomorrow morning I will be bringing the whole detail."

And she promised to President Prem Hasya that she will give every detail and authorization, because the money belongs to the commune, but next day morning she escaped without giving any information. So we don't know the bank, we don't know the number.

All that we know is from Sheela's old secretary, who is dying from cancer in California. And it almost always happens, when a person is dying he wants to unburden anything that is heavy on the heart. She wrote a letter that Sheela has forty-three million dollars and she is trying to reach here before she dies to give us all the details that she can

remember: what is the bank and what is the number and how much money exactly is there.

There can be more money because she has not been Sheela's secretary for long. If in her time it was forty-three millions, now it must be double the amount.

We have informed, and once she comes she can give her affidavit to the police. Now it is their work. We don't want to take law into our own hands. It is their work to find out and inquire. *last310*

Sheela has done that kind of thing before, too. While I was in India she managed three hundred thousand dollars through her brother, Bipin, to swallow it, but in such a way that the whole blame went on Bipin. And Bipin was in America, and we could not do anything about it. And, very strangely, while she was... He had never been here, but the day she left here he was here. Before she left, for two days he was here, perhaps making arrangements. In fact, purchasing this land Bipin was also the part. The owner was the friend of Bipin. Nobody was purchasing this land. Highest price that was offered was three and a half million. And Bipin managed through Sheela to purchase in seven million. Now I suspect that they both must have got at least two million out of seven million. *press01*

You will be surprised what they did. They had committed all kinds of crimes. They moved all the literature from India that was the cost price, ten

million dollars, they sold it to Chidvilas, the center in New Jersey.

According to Reserve Bank of India, those ten million dollars had to come back within six month; that is their limit. They never came back. That was not their intention, that they should come back.

And things like that. Many things they did, which were not right--false papers they produced.

And what they have done now? Here, they poisoned Laxmi, and from Switzerland, they informed the Indian government of all the crimes that they have done by the Rajneesh Foundation of India. They were just going to give it again the tax exempt status, within two days, and they phoned that "Stop that, because all these crimes have been committed by the Foundation trustees."

And they were clever enough--Savita, Sheela, Vidya--nobody was a trustee. All the work they were doing, but they were not trustees. So now five trustees who had nothing to do with it have received arrest warrant.

And Jayantibhai had to put seven hundred thousand rupees for some guarantee, and the tax exempt status has been stopped.

Everything was ready. Papers were ready. Papers were signed by the Finance Minister, but everything has been stopped. And all the crimes were done by these people, but now all those crimes are on the head of those innocent people who had no knowledge of it. *last322*

I had sent Sheela to India to look for a location in the Himalayas, because I had told her one year before that if this continuous government fight is going to be there...I had told her that sooner or later they will take a drastic step to finish the commune at whatever cost. And that's what they did. So I had sent her one year before to look for a location where I wanted to start this new phase of work....

Rather than looking for the place, for seven days she remained in Delhi, informing us from there, "Because of Punjab and India's central government, and Indira's assassination"--that was the time--"it is very

dangerous to move in the Himalayan areas, so I am stuck in Delhi. If you say so I will go, but it is dangerous."

So I said, "You come back. Don't take an unnecessary risk; after a few months you can go again."

She was not aware of the fact that one sannyasin she had asked, who must have been close to her in Poona, meanwhile got married to the daughter of one of my brothers. She asked the sannyasin--not knowing that he had got married to one of my brother's daughters--she asked him, "You have an approach to the government"--he lives in Delhi--"so try to create something so that Osho cannot re-enter India."

I had sent her to find a place where I could move in case the government becomes absolutely mad--and that was going to happen. Instead of finding a place, she was trying to create a situation so that I could not enter India.

So the question was with me continuously that if I say "No" to the people who are in power, then they start being destructive. If I say "Yes" to them, then I go through a deep suffering that they cannot understand.

Any one of my sannyasins, anywhere, unnecessarily harassed is a torture to me. So now I don't want anybody to be on top of any sannyasin. *light12*

And, by the way, it reminds me one thing more. Sheela was married to one American sannyasin, Jayananda. But because she wanted to escape from here before all these things explode, either from internal sources or

from government agencies, if all these things are exposed, then she had to make some place where to go. So she married one Swiss sannyasin.

Just one month before, she went to Mexico. She never told me that she is going to marry. And this was bigamy, she was already married to Jayananda and she married a Swiss sannyasin just to get a Swiss residence. Only later on, legal people suggested her, that this is bigamy, and you have committed a crime. So she rushed to Nepal getting a divorce predated; in poor countries you can get, just a little bribe. So she got a divorce in Nepal which is false. She has committed bigamy. Poor

Jayananda was not yet aware, because he is in Australia. She sent him to Australia so that he does not create any trouble and does not make any fuss. *press01*

But the third husband is in the jail. He is in the jail because he also tried, on Sheela's instructions, to take the money out of the bank. It is not those forty-three million, it is another account of the Zurich commune. The money belongs to the Zurich commune. Dipo was one of the trustees and he has taken the money for his personal use, the whole money, and closed the account. I don't know right now exactly how much money he has taken, but from all over the world news is reaching.

One woman from Geneva who had been my sannyasin long before Sheela came into my contact. She has informed that Sheela's whole business was selling drugs, particular heroin. And while she was going to Europe the excuse was visiting the communes, but the reality was heroin. She has been doing the business in selling gold also. I have called that sannyasin to come here, because she will be an eye witness, because Sheela and she were both very close friends. She knows every detail, that how much money she has got out of drugs, how much money out of gold, how much money she has taken out of the communes. *press04*

Osho exposes travesty of

FBI and police agencies' investigation

On 20 September 1985, FBI, state police, county police, The Dal es police and the Rajneeshpuram Peace Force set up an office in Rajneeshpuram to investigate crimes by Sheela.

They cancel all interviews with Osho. More than 70 subpoenas are issued to sannyasins to attend state and federal grand juries, 7 search warrants are issued to raid offices in commune. Osho's attorney Swami Prem Niren warns of arrest warrants issued for Osho and sannyasins on INS

fraud. Osho accuses government agencies trying to destroy commune instead of investigating crimes, and on 24 September 1985, calls a press conference to expose them.

The press conference is introduced by Isabel: "Osho, I have told the press that you will first make a statement and then they could ask questions."

I welcome you all. I had to give you the trouble to come here because there has been FBI people, State Police officers, Wasco county police, Attorney General's office people, to investigate the case against Sheela and her fascist gang. I offered them my own interview, four times they gave the appointment, and all the four times they canceled it. There seem to be a certain conspiracy going on. I want to make that conspiracy open and available to the public.

We were cooperating fully. Our police, our sannyasins, were going and revealing facts concerning all kinds of crime that have been committed while I was in isolation and silence. It was really strange that they should not take my interview. They should have taken my interview first. I represent the heart of my whole commune. I live for these people and I will die for these people. Rather than asking me for an interview, they went on postponing and canceling appointments. And the reason was that they were trying to protect the criminals. They were not taking any step against the criminals.

And they were trying to persuade people to betray the commune. They were giving as a bribe, that "We will give you immunity." We were supported them, we were revealing everything on our own accord. We wanted the criminals to be punished. But behind the screen was Attorney General and he was trying a totally different thing. I have known dirty politicians, but not so dirty as this man.

All kinds of crimes have been committed, murder, attempts to murder many other people...

We were trying to help FBI and all these other agencies. Why they were afraid to take my interview? The reason was, they wanted to find few people who can protect the criminals and can indicate false names, innocent people, that these are the real criminals, so that the community can by destroyed. One of the FBI person was being heard by sannyasins, he was saying, that "We are going at least to imprison five hundred sannyasins." All those sannyasins who are very essential for the life of the

commune, to cripple it. They were not interested at all about the crimes....

Just now people are coming, because the fear, the terror of Sheela and her gang is finished, they know now they can say the truth. I wanted to cooperate with the government, with the law, but the government has its own designs. Its design is to use the excuse of Sheela's crime who has already gone out of country with twenty colleagues. A good chance for

them in the name of those twenty people who are out of country-- just blame innocent people and force them into jail.

Not taking my interview was essential to do this, because I was going to reveal everything. First they said, "You cannot record it." I insisted that

"It has to be recorded, because in the court you may change." It was a strange situation, as if I was the interrogator and they were the criminals. You cannot take a video tape of it. I insisted.

I said, "We will not release it to the public, we can give you the guarantee, written, but the video will be taken, because we know that you are not worthy of any trust. This video will be a proof that things are totally different and you are presenting before the court different people."...

I wanted to say all these things to FBI and all other state government agencies and wanted them to ask me, interrogate me, so I can go into details. But they are not interested in the criminals. Their interest is that somehow the criminals has escaped, it is good. Now find people who have done small things, for example, this girl who has driven two people who burned the planning office, now give her immunity and make her say that who were those two people, any two people they choose.

That's what they are trying to do with K.D. (Krishna Deva, Mayor of Rajneeshpuram) K.D. has not gone with Sheela's group, he is hiding in California and trying to make a deal. He is a politician. He is trying to make a deal with the Attorney General, that "If you give me immunity, then whatever you say, I will say."

I would like the press to support this small minority against the whole dirty

political regime. Help so that real criminals can be caught and should not be protected and make it sure that no innocent people are harassed. That is the desire of the Attorney General. That's why they never wanted to interview me. I wanted them first to interview me before the press so the whole public knows. What is the fear? I should be afraid.

Why you should be afraid? They refused that, they refused video, they refused taking a tape and finally, they refused that they don't want to take my interview at all. And all this time they were continuously enquiring the Attorney General on the phone, for everything. To cancel the interview or not, to let them have it on the video or not.

It is your duty and responsibility to expose this dirty state of affairs. We are ready to support the law and the constitution and we are ready to help them catch all those twenty people, because we are keeping an eye on them, we know where they are. We have sannyasins all over the world. When they were in Zurich, Zurich sannyasins were looking after

them. When they went into Germany, German sannyasins were looking after them, watching. Now they are in France. Wherever they will go, my people are there. But FBI does not seem to be interested even to inform the Interpol that these people have committed crimes, they should be brought to America.

Perhaps if Sheela comes back...or perhaps FBI people are already making deals with those criminals there, that they are not criminals. They are capable of making deals and can give them immunity and then any innocent person can be imprisoned, for ten years, for twenty years, for his whole life.

I have called the press just to make it clear to the people that it should not be allowed to happen. And when we are helping and cooperating, they don't want our cooperation. Just now I have heard that because I have called the press conference and I am exposing them, they are packing their suitcases and they will escape. Strange, you belong to the federal intelligence department, you belong to the state police, you belong to the county police, such cowards. You cannot face a press conference.

Rather than packing their suits they should have been here, because they have been here for seven days. And we have been their hosts and we have been helping them in every way. We gave them our hospitality and they are giving us their criminality.

It is somehow a psychological fact that the criminals and the people who belong to the police are not very different kind of people. Just criminals employed by the government become FBI, KGB, and criminals who are unemployed, those poor people serve in jails or electrocuted or given death sentences, but I think both belong to the same category of mind.

If you have any questions, you can ask. *press04*

Would you rather the investigators who've been invited go away now, would you help them pack their bags and have them go? Have you given up on the system?

First they have to take my interview before the press. Now that is an absolute condition on which there will be no compromise. Before I was ready to give the interview in privacy and keep the video private till the case is over. But now, no. *press04*

Do you suspect any government hand behind Ma Anand Sheela's falling apart from you?

There is a possibility that American government may have done this, because I was in silence for three and a half years, and in isolation.

Sheela and her group was taking care of the commune. It is possible that the government may have bribed them to leave the commune, so it falls apart, because they were the people who were taking care of everything.

They left, but the commune continued. Their leaving did not make any difference, because people were intelligent enough. Fortunately only intelligent people are interested in me. So everything was perfectly okay.

Looking backwards, it seems that there is a possibility, because Sheela stopped purchasing even food, or other necessary things which are needed to store for the winter--clothes and other things--she stopped before she

left. The day she left there was no food at all. It seems pre-planned to create a havoc, a chaos. Clothes are not there, food is not there. She left the commune in great debt; perhaps twenty million dollars. And her secretary says that she has a bank account in Switzerland of twenty million dollars.

So there is a possibility that they somehow managed that if the management, and the whole management, twenty people, with Sheela escaped, without giving any reason why they are going, without even seeing me for the last time to say goodbye. The government may have hoped that this way the commune may fall apart. But it didn't happen.

People managed it, and managed it far more beautifully. That was even more troublesome to them; they had failed in that attempt. *last420*

Reaction in the Commune, and the end of Rajneeshism, orange clothes and malas

Osho now addresses the reaction of sannyasins in the commune. On 26 September 1985, Osho announces the end of Rajneeshism, and withdraws orange clothes and malas: First, you should all forgive me for being twenty minutes late. This has happened because of you. You do not understand the meaning of the word "responsibility."

And if you do not understand the meaning of that word, you are going to create another Sheela, another fascist regime again. And this time I will not be against it.

People are not turning up to their worship*. They are not doing their work as well as they were doing before. They leave their work earlier--as if they needed some dictatorship to do the necessary work.

Responsibility means that you do your best, so that there is no need for anybody to dictate to you.

Everybody wants to decide what should be done and what should not be done. If five thousand people decide that way, do you think anything can be done?

Poor Hasya is continuously pestered by many of you, that the work should be done this way, or it should be done that way. To whom is she going to listen?

People are approaching her, that about everything votes should be taken.

Do you want the whole time--day in, day out--for each and every thing, voting? Is it a voting club?...

From the morning till twelve o'clock in the night, I am engaged in unnecessary things. That's why I am twenty minutes late. You are responsible for it. I have never been twenty minutes late, ever.

But if you don't allow me to sleep, you don't give me a chance to rest, then it is going to happen. So before I start answering the question, the question of questions is: From today, can you start working on your own, as fully, as totally, as intensively as possible?

You have to prove to Sheela and all those who think in fascist terms, that a loving commune can be more creative, can be more productive, can be a more joyous phenomenon.

If you cannot prove that, then Sheela is right. Perhaps you drove her into being a dictator.

Samya was there last night, tired. I have never seen her so tired before--

she is always laughing, joyous--because the whole day you have been torturing her. One sannyasin will not leave her office, because he wants to see all the books--what has happened, what is going to happen. He wants to give his opinion on every matter.

Do you think this man is behaving in any other way than dictatorial? He has been persuaded three times to leave, and he will come back again--

he will not leave unless all his answers are being accepted, and all his questions are being answered.

Is this the way of love?...

Samya and Hasya are trying in every possible way to reduce your work hours, but not the quality of the work, not the outcome of the work.

You were listening to me only on alternate days, and you were happy.

Hasya immediately changed that, and you are listening to me every day.

You have not thanked her.

Your complaint has been that your letters were not reaching to me--

that's true--that you were not certain whether my answers were my answers or Sheela's own inventions. That is also true.

She has done every criminal act. You will be surprised: even in my videotapes--in the originals she has changed everything that will go against her. There was no way for me to know what they were doing. The editors would get the edited version of my lecture. The videotapes around the world were reaching, not as I had delivered them; they have taken out sentences, passages. And you were perfectly happy with Sheela.

Now I have made an arrangement that all the heads of the corporations, whenever they want, can come to me when Hasya comes to see me. So it is not only Hasya who listens to what I say, other people will also be present there. They will be witnesses to whether Hasya has brought all your letters or not.

But remember, your letters are ninety-nine percent bullshit, and I don't want to be drowned in bullshit. So write only that which you feel is absolutely meaningful, essential, and write it in as small a way as possible, because I don't want to hear your opinions for five hours a day, every day. I am already crazy; what do you want? So you have to be careful. Your letters will reach, your response will be given to you; but you also have to learn something.

I receive files of letters which are not possible for me to go through. Don't make it impossible. Then naturally I have to leave it to Hasya to look

through those letters, and mark only the important passages, and bring only the important letters.

So just your writing is not enough that it should reach to me. You have to make it significant enough, carrying some meaning, for it to reach to me. But everything will reach, so you need not be afraid and worried.

And whatever people are now in place of the old fascist regime, they have been chosen by different councils on my advice. They will take care that no democratic value is destroyed. Finally they are just servants of the commune.

And you have to learn to behave in a democratic way too. Democracy cannot exist only because a few people are in power who are democratic.

If you are accustomed to being dictated to, ordered, then the whole commune will fall apart.

You have to learn that if they advise you to do something, do it. Do it to your best. And now I am available, and I am going to speak to my very last breath. But don't become a burden. You have to make the people who are managing unburdened, light, joyous, so they can feel happy with you. Don't torture them.

There have been sannyasins at my house, and they were forcing their way against the guards. Now, if five thousand people come to see me every day, I will have to escape from this place. I am accustomed to living in isolation and silence. I don't want you to disturb me. Everything that is a problem to you should come through the proper people. I don't hold any post. I cannot do anything right away, immediately. I have no power.

Even if you reach me with a demand, the demand has to go to Hasya, Anuradha, John--the people who will be running the commune. So why bother me? Why should you not take your demand directly to them? And your demand has to be rational, legitimate. *bond06*

*Note: Sheela cal ed commune departments 'temples', and work 'worship'

Hasya has removed the bodyguards, and she was thinking slowly to

remove the guns from the commune. They don't fit with our approach to life. We don't want to harm anybody. We want to create a loving atmosphere.

But just one day after she had removed the bodyguards, one idiot immediately jumped up. Now she has to put the bodyguards back again.

And now the security will be more strict. *bond09*

Now a few people are angry at me. Why did I not stop it?...But I am not omniscient; I didn't know what was happening. I don't know even what is happening in the other room. I can just hear the noise; what is cooking, I don't know. Something must be cooking. But I don't pretend to be an omniscient father; neither am I a peeping tom, that I should go on looking into everybody's bathroom keyhole watching what is happening, who is doing what. I never go out of my own room.

They are angry. The reason is that they must have been unconsciously projecting the father figure on me. Please, don't make me a curtain to project anything you want. I am nobody's curtain. I am not a screen, that you can project any idea on me and then feel angry because I am not behaving according to you. When had I said to you that I will behave according to you? I don't expect you to behave according to me, neither

do I want you to expect me to behave according to you. Here we are agreed only on one point, and that is the independence of everybody; there is no other agreement. *last301*

I don't have any power. I don't hold any position. The commune has several corporations, so power is divided. Every corporation has its own work afield. I don't take any active part.

My only active part is to answer my sannyasins' questions about their personal growth, about their problems, about the commune if they feel there is some difficulty.

If I am available then there is no question. And this time I will do everything.

For example, I am withdrawing the book, *Rajneeshism.* It is not my book.

Sheela managed to compile it according to her ideas. She has taken my sentences from other books, but the idea and the whole pattern is like a catechism of a Catholic. I am withdrawing it. *last304*

I have been always against all isms because they all become prisons sooner or later. I wanted my people to be free from any ism, individuals not cogs in a wheel, not part of any organization but just lovingly living together not because they are ideologically believe in the same God, in the same philosophy, no, but simply because they are all seekers of truth. And everybody is searching his own truth in his own way.

So I had called this a school of seekers, searchers. But I never wanted it to be an organized religion.

Sheela managed to make it an organized religion. She became the high priestess. She even made a dress like a high priestess should have, like the pope. She was going even to the assembly of Oregon when it starts its session and all religions can pray. She was going to pray there. She was praying there.

I don't have any prayer because I don't have any God. Whom you can pray? And we are not a religion. *last327*

I am going to destroy everything so history never repeats again. I will not be always with you--one day I will have to go. Before that I want to destroy every possibility. I don't want any popes behind me, any high priestess, any Ayatollah Khomeini...no, I want to leave you alone, so content and fulfilled that you don't need anybody between you and the truth of existence. *press05*

Sheela created the word "Rajneeshee." You have to drop that word; otherwise, what is the difference between a Christian, a Jew and a Rajneeshee? I want you to be yourself, not a Rajneeshee.

You love me--that does not mean that you have to become a Rajneeshee.

You can love me without becoming a Rajneeshee. And what these Rajneeshees have done, this gang of twenty Rajneeshees, is enough to

condemn the word.

So now, there are no longer any Rajneeshees. You are individuals, totally free individuals. Out of your freedom and love you are here. There is no bondage, there is no contract. There is no surrender, there is no faith.

And today I would like to declare something immensely important, because I feel perhaps this helped Sheela and her people to exploit you. I don't know whether tomorrow I will be here or not, so it is better to do it while I am here and make you free from any other possibility of such a fascist regime.

That is, from today, you are free to use any color of clothes. If you feel like using red clothes, that is up to you. And this message has to be sent all over the world to all the communes. It will be more beautiful to have all the colors. I had always dreamed of seeing you in all the colors of the rainbow.

Today we claim the rainbow to be our colors.

The second thing: you return your malas--unless you wish otherwise.

That is your choice, but it is not a necessity anymore. You return your malas to President Hasya. But if you want to keep it, it is up to you.

The third thing: from now onwards, anybody who wants initiation into sannyas will not be given a mala and will not be told to change to red clothes--so we can take over the world more easily! *bond12*

On Monday we are going to have a big world press conference, and we are going to have a bonfire--with dancing and rejoicing--to burn that book (Rajneeshism)...because I am always against the word "ism."

Humanity has suffered enough....

I have called a big press conference. So get ready with all the rainbow colors. The press should see that something tremendously new has happened to you as individuals.

You love me, that's enough. There is no need for adoration.

Just last night, a press reporter was asking, "Then it is going to be very difficult. What are we going to call your people?"

I said, "Just call them my people, they are my people. They are not Rajneeshees. So call them friends of Rajneesh--but more than that is not needed."

And then, outside the temple, we will be having a bonfire to burn all the books on Rajneeshism, all the stationery that belongs to the Academy of Rajneeshism.

That "ism" is an ugly and dirty word, and I don't want it to be associated with me. Now it will be called Rajneesh Academy; in short, RA. *Ra* is an ancient Egyptian word which means "the highest experience of consciousness."

We are going to change the plaque before the Mandir, because here also they have put "Academy of Rajneeshism." That will be changed before Monday. We have to clean up all the rubbish that they have done here.

The air is already fresh, people are already breathing happily.

I can feel your joy, your freedom.

You have again come back to life! *bond13*

At the burning this evening, I asked a sannyasin what the deep meaning of this ceremony was, and he said, "Well, it's all a big joke."

That's right! That is right because I consider sense of humor as one of the most important religious qualities. *press05*

Is it just a coincidence that You started the Neo-Sannyas movement on September 26 and stopped it on the same day after fifteen years?

I have not stopped the sannyas movement; I have stopped it becoming a religion. A movement is a flux; that's the meaning of movement--it is moving, it is growing....

I used to have another corporation just like Rajneesh Foundation International: Neo-Sannyas International. Sheela dropped it. I came to know only when I came out of silence, that now Neo-Sannyas International does not exist--and that has been my whole life's work!

I am going to revive Neo-Sannyas International. That is a movement; anybody can join it, and I have made it wider, I have given it a wide base.

There are millions of people who love me, who love my insights, but cannot become sannyasins because they have to change their clothes--

that creates trouble in their family, in their job, with their friends, in the society. I have withdrawn it.

I have withdrawn the mala. It has significance in India, because in India the red clothes and mala have been used for thousands of years by all the religions as symbolic of a sannyasin. I wanted to destroy that traditional idea of sannyas, because the sannyasin has to be celibate, the sannyasin has not to touch a woman, not to talk to a woman. The sannyasin cannot stay in a household, he has to stay in a temple. He has to eat only once a day, he has to fast continuously again and again. He has to torture himself. This is sick.

I wanted to destroy this image, that's why I had chosen the red color.

And I had almost three hundred thousand sannyasins in India. My sannyasins created tremendous trouble amongst the traditional sannyasins, because there was no way to know who is who. My sannyasins would be walking on the road and people would touch their feet, not knowing that these are not celibates; they have their girlfriends.

They eat two times a day, they eat everything that is the best--whether it is Italian or Chinese or Japanese, it does not matter. These people belong to the twenty-first century, and old sannyasins were very angry because I have destroyed their image.

With our coming to the West, now red clothes and the mala are no longer needed, because in the West they have never been symbolic of religion.

They have done their work in India. They have made their point, that a sannyasin can be with a wife, with children; that he need not be a parasite on the society, he can work, he can create, he can earn; that he need not be worshipped.

But in the West there is no need. I was going to withdraw the mala and the color anyway, but Sheela made it more urgent; you have to be grateful to her. All her crimes made it absolutely necessary that now sannyasins should be absolutely normal human beings, so you can live in the society without creating any kind of hostility or embarrassment for yourself, for your family, or difficulties in your job.

And, more specifically, you are now completely devoid of all outer symbols. All that is left is the essential core of religiousness, the inward journey, which only you can do. I cannot do it for you, nobody can do it for you.

So now there is left only the essential quality, the most fundamental quality of religiousness.

That is meditation.

You have to go inwards.

I have been teaching you all the methods of meditation. You can choose

any method that suits you. There are only one hundred and twelve methods; there is no possibility of adding more. It is exhaustive. All the methods possible have been explored. The simplest is witnessing.

So now that you no longer have any outer symbols, it is good, if you want to be a sannyasin, for you to remember only one thing: how to go into the discipline of witnessing; otherwise there is a possibility that wearing red clothes and the mala you are completely satisfied that you are a sannyasin. You are not. Clothes don't make anybody change, neither does the mala make anybody go through a transformation. But you can deceive yourself.

Now I am taking all that away from you, and leaving only one simple thing. You cannot deceive: either you do it or you don't do it. Without doing it, you are not a sannyasin. So the movement has come to its purest state, the most essential stage; it has not been dropped.

But it is a good coincidence that on the same date I had started the sannyas movement, and on the same date I have made it absolutely purified of all unnecessary, nonessential things. But it is purely a coincidence, because I am not good about dates, days, years. Forgive me for that.

I live in a timeless space. I don't know what day it is, I don't know what date it is. I use the watch only for you--in the morning discourse, in the evening interviews for the press--otherwise, the whole day I don't use it. I don't have any need to know what the time is. What am I going to do with the time?

Just for your sake...because I am such a crazy man that I may go on speaking and speaking--three hours, four hours, five hours--the watch prevents me. It is simply for your sake, a compassionate gesture. *bond17*

Do you think that your sannyasi and friends have now learned the lesson about the danger of an organized religion?

They certainly have. I have been telling to them my whole life the dangers of organized religion. But just telling is not enough. They need something practical. I gave them a practical situation. They have learnt it...they have burnt their fingers in learning it--they will never forget it, they will never

repeat the same mistake again.

I am happy. Once in a while people need something actual, not theoretical. *last529*

It is a mystic commune, a commune of people who are individually searching and seeking their inner being. It is a way of religiousness, but it is not an organized religion.

I am a friend, a guide, a philosopher. *last313*

Government and State conspiracies escalate

For the third time since 1982, Oregon Attorney General Frohnmeyer orders the National Guard on alert, and also declares a state of emergency. There are rumours of the arrest of Osho and hundreds of sannyasins. On 30 September 1985, Osho confronts Frohnmeyer live on television.

I heard a rumor that the attorney general of Oregon is in a great panic. He has alerted the National Guard again. What is his fear? Please comment.

Politicians are always cowards. Politicians suffer from an inferiority complex. The attorney general of Oregon has not enough courage to come here and see what is happening. But I think he cannot sleep; he must be dreaming about us, continuously thinking of us.

The governor wants to declare a state of emergency, to impose on Rajneeshpuram something absolutely absurd--because there is no violence happening, nobody is fighting, nobody is killing, nobody is doing any harm to anybody.

The state police are here, the county police are here, the city police are here, the FBI people are here--nobody is hindering their work.

Whatsoever they want to do, they are doing. They cannot find any tension anywhere. And still the governor wants to declare a state of emergency, and the attorney general has put the National Guard on alert.

My suggestion is, they should also have hydrogen bombs, missiles aimed

at Rajneeshpuram. America misses not having a Hiroshima--this opportunity they should not lose.

It is simply idiotic what he is doing. I feel like calling him the Idiot General of Oregon, not attorney general of Oregon. *bond16*

The attorney general of Oregon had an interview with me the other day, and I told him that I have always been against organizations and organized religions. And before I went into silence there had never been anything like Rajneeshism, there had never been the word "Rajneeshee."

The attorney general has declared Rajneeshpuram an illegal city, because religion and state are mixed, which is unconstitutional. So I told him, "Now you withdraw your case. There is no religion here, so the question of mixing religion with state does not arise. Your case has gone down the drain." I insisted, "Answer me directly," and he went on saying that time and the court would decide.

I said, "Time and the court will decide, but what do *you* say? If there is no religion, then if you have any grace, withdraw your case. It is absolutely absurd."

The attorney general has been trying--and he has done it. The National Guard is on the alert against a peaceful group of people who have done no harm to anybody.

Now, it is a well-known strategy of all these dirty politicians around the world: somebody can enter here and put a time-bomb, and you will be responsible for it. And because the bomb explodes, kills a few people, they can plant people here who can start shooting somebody. And that will be an excuse for the National Guard to come in.

The governor is thinking of putting martial law on the city. It seems the third world war is happening between Rajneeshpuram and America.

What is the need of martial law?--because we are not committing any crime. They cannot find any society anywhere which is so peaceful and silent, which just wants to be left alone to do its own thing.

Now, these are the people who are forcing us to check people before they enter the commune, it is not our desire. It is their intention to destroy us. And we are nonviolent people, vegetarians; we don't want any violence here--but that is their desire. Otherwise, what is the point of collecting National Guard troops in Madras and keeping them on alert any moment, so that you can be destroyed?

The governor and the attorney general are in conspiracy to destroy the commune. I am not going to let them do it in any way. If they have any sense at all they should keep off, they should not interfere at all illegally.

They are getting into unnecessary trouble. But they are welcome. We have nothing to lose, and they have everything to lose. They will be condemned all over the world.

I have been talking to the world media for almost one-and-a-half months every night, just to create the atmosphere around the world of what the real situation is. And everybody is aware of it. The governor and the attorney general should know it, that it is going to be very tough.

America will lose all the respect of the world, because they have no grounds to arrest me or to arrest one hundred sannyasins. We are cooperating--and you want to arrest people who are cooperating? And these are not the people who have done any harm. It seems they want to protect the criminals and destroy the community. They have got a good chance to, but they should not remain in any illusion. Up to now they have been fighting with politicians of their own kind. We are not politicians, and they don't know how to fight with mystics. *bond18*

It is a rumor in the air that You are being arrested today or tomorrow.

What is Your comment?

Aha! That's really groovy. That's the only experience I have missed in my life. And knowing that this is my last life, I would certainly want to be arrested. Make sure that I am handcuffed, because whenever I do anything, I do it totally.

Arresting me, an absolutely innocent person who has done no wrong, is the beginning of the end of American hypocrisy about democracy. It will be a great help to the whole world to understand that America is not what it pretends to be. It is not following its Constitution. It has the best Constitution in the world, but the worst politicians also.

The politicians of America are prostituting the Constitution. They should stop calling it "Constitution," they should start calling it "prostitution."

I have been for three and a half years in isolation, in silence, just remaining in my room, no contact with sannyasins, and still I am a criminal. If I am a criminal, then nobody on this earth is innocent.

It is perfectly good; if they have guts they should arrest me and show their real faces to the world, show that democracy is just fake. America and the Soviet Union do not differ in any way. Perhaps the Soviet Union is more straightforward; it says what it does, it is not phony.

The Soviet Union may be doing all kinds of wrong things--it is--but it calls itself the dictatorship of the proletariat. America calls itself a democracy--a government by the people, of the people, for the people.

Arresting me, they will destroy their own image in the whole world.

I am perfectly happy. I don't want to miss this opportunity. But why tomorrow?--because tomorrow never comes. It is better today. Arrest me today.

And arrest me as a criminal, handcuffed, so the whole world can see that this government is not for the people, of the people, by the people. That this government is, behind a mask of democracy, as dictatorial, as fascist as it can be.

But they should remember.... I inquired of a few of my sannyasins: they are all wanting to be voluntarily arrested, they want to be with me. So they should come with five thousand handcuffs. It is not going to be an easy thing. And we know how to make history. We don't read history, we make history. Five thousand sannyasins will offer themselves voluntarily to be

arrested. And that will make what I say is the beginning of the end of American hypocrisy.

We are for the American Constitution, but not for American dirty politicians. We will fight for the Constitution against the politicians. I have tremendous respect and love for the Constitution. It has all the great values that humanity needs. But these politicians are not Abraham Lincoln. Abraham Lincoln must be tossing and turning in his grave. The best in America will feel it, and will be with you.

Not only here--if five thousand people are arrested here, then the same is going to happen in every country. Sannyasins will offer their governments, "Either disconnect all connections with America, throw out the American embassies, or arrest us." In every country thousands of sannyasins are going to do the same, because they feel the same as you feel. It is going to be a world-wide phenomenon.

To arrest me is not so simple. These politicians are just simpletons. But I welcome their idea. As far as I am concerned, I will really enjoy it....

So only a few sannyasins will remain to take care of the commune; otherwise every sannyasin has to offer himself for voluntary arrest. *bond17*

For two years continuously there was a rumor that they were going to arrest me, but they would not dare to enter the campus of the commune for the simple reason that they knew that unless they killed five thousand sannyasins they would not be able to arrest me. And they were not ready to take that risk--killing five thousand people, most of them Americans, would condemn their democracy forever.

They wanted me in some way to be out of the commune so they could find me alone. That's why they waited for two years.

And we were hearing the rumor continuously, so by and by it became accepted that this was just a rumor, they didn't have the courage.

They had their National Guard just twenty miles away in the American town, every day collecting more and more army forces, so that if there was

a need they could be ready to kill five thousand people. *enligh32*

But if they do any harm to the commune.... They are keeping their army alert, they are keeping their national guard alert to attack Rajneeshpuram. If this happens, then I am going to tell my sannyasins...I am also keeping them alert.

They have already got this message, that they have to be alert. Any moment any nuisance American government does, then you have to demonstrate, meditate, dance, do Dynamic Meditation before every American embassy.

It will be worth seeing, because nobody has ever done meditation as a protest. *last315*

Osho gives Guidelines for sannyasins

In morning discourses throughout October, Osho gives guidelines to sannyasins *How active a role are You taking now in the operation of the ranch on a day-to-day basis?*

No, I never take any active part in anything. There are corporations who function. My purpose is simply to give guidelines. To follow them or not to follow them is their business. *last315*

Please provide some guidance about the order or discipline we need to keep the commune together. And please, don't give up on us.

Even without your asking, even if I want to give up, I cannot. My love does not allow it. Order and discipline *you* have to find. I would not like

you to depend on anybody to give you order and discipline. Just make a little effort--and it is not difficult.

If you go on depending on something, somebody, then any day there will be disorder. One day I may not be in my body. Then you will find yourself completely helpless. You don't have even a father figure in God to pray to. I have taken all those props from you. I want you to be responsible of your own accord....

Freedom means more order, more discipline, because now you are the master of yourself; nobody is dictating to you.

I have destroyed all dependence. Dependence keeps you helpless, and I want you to be independent, absolutely independent.

So just a little awareness--and whenever I find that you are missing that awareness, I am going to give you bigger shocks. I will not hesitate even to give you an electric shock.

I am determined to wake you up.

But it will be a joy if you wake up yourself. *bond25*

I have not given you a single rule--just to keep you focused on the essential, the only thing that can transform you. And you are asking me,

"Now that the religion is dead, is there any need of meditation?"

Then what the hell are you doing here? The religion is dead, meditation is no longer needed, so what the hell are you doing? Get lost! Go to the county road which goes directly to hell! You will have some taste on the county road of what it means to go towards hell. The county road has been made such a great thing, to give an experience to people of how the road to hell goes.

Can't you see a simple thing?...

The real religiousness is essentially very simple. I call it meditation. You can give it another name, awareness; or another name, consciousness.

But whatever you call it, it has nothing to do with any organization, any holy scripture, any leader. Yes, a friend who has seen that luminous, that ecstatic world, who has touched the farthest star in his being, can help you as a guide.

I am not your leader--leaders happen in politics. I am not your priest--

because I cannot do anything on your behalf. I am simply a friend whose

own experience has made him so full of love that he wants to share it

with anybody who is willing to share. And to a guide you don't owe anything. Just a thank-you perhaps will be more than enough. So you don't owe anything to me.

But the death of religion makes meditation absolutely important. Now you don't have anything left with which to deceive yourself. I have taken everything away that could have distracted you, and left you alone with meditation.

And you are asking me, "Should we stop meditating too?"

Why don't you ask, "Should we stop living too? Because religion is dead, should we be also dead?"

No, meditation you want to stop--and what are you going to do then?

Eat, drink and be merry, because the religion is dead? I am not against

"Eat, drink and be merry," but a meditator really eats. He knows really the taste. While you are eating, you are doing a thousand and one things in your head; you are not there.

A meditator just drinking a cup of tea enjoys each sip as if he has found a treasure. He tastes everything--the beauty of a rose, or a bird on the wing, a white floating cloud in the sky, a night full of stars. Existence is so full of splendor that a meditator--because he is silent, available, present to the moment--enjoys everything to its fullest.

I am not against your eating, drinking and merrying. I would like it to happen more deeply, more profoundly. But to give it that intensity, that totality, that profundity, that depth...except meditation, there is no other way.

Life without meditation is simply vegetating. You can be different vegetables. Somebody is a cabbage, somebody is a cauliflower.... A cauliflower is only a cabbage with college degrees, not much difference.

But to live truly, you have to know yourself.

"Know thyself," says Socrates, but his statement is incomplete. I would like to say to you, "Know thyself so that you can *be* yourself."

And in being yourself, you are fulfilled. You have come home, the wandering is finished. Now there is nowhere to go, you have arrived. You have known the eternal life, its beauty, its bliss. All that you can do now is share it--which comes automatically. When you see people stumbling in the dark, you start helping them, trying to move them in the right

direction. It is a joy. When the gardener sees his rosebush full of flowers one morning, his heart also blossoms with the flowers.

And that's what happens to a man who has known himself, who has become himself. He starts sharing his joy, his bliss, his love, in different ways with different people--whoever is available. And whenever he sees somebody moving in the right direction, he is immensely gratified, satisfied. Existence has given him so much, and he has nothing else to give to existence to show his gratitude. This is his gratitude. And when he sees others also reaching home, he feels that he has not been ungrateful--and that is a tremendous experience.

When I see you moving, growing, this is my gratitude towards existence.

It has given me so much, there is no way to pay anything back; there is no word even to express gratitude. The only way is that my every breath should be used in helping people to reach to the same Everest of consciousness. *bond19*

What is the difference between RIMU--Rajneesh International Meditation University--and Rajneesh Academy?

The Rajneesh International Meditation University is an educational institution. It teaches you everything about meditation. It makes you knowledgeable about the art of meditation, but it is not existential or experiential. It is educational--just the way all other universities are.

There are universities of different kinds in the world. They give you

knowledge about the subject. And the meditation university gives you degrees according to your knowledge, your acquaintance with all the literature about meditation.

Let me emphasize: it is *about* meditation, but it is not meditation.

Rajneesh Academy is an existential, experiential institute. It does not give you knowledge about meditation; it gives you the experience of meditation. From the university we can create teachers of meditation, writers, Ph.Ds, scholars, D.Litts. But as far as they themselves are concerned, they have not tasted anything of meditation.

There are one hundred and twelve methods of meditation; they were discovered ten thousand years ago. I have made a few new methods for the modern man, because those methods were created for a totally different kind of humanity, for very simple people. The contemporary man is not simple, he is very complex. Those methods were for people who were not repressed, who were natural. In these ten thousand years religions have made everybody repressed; sexually, and in other ways, they have driven humanity against its own nature.

So I have created new methods which are cathartic, so that you can throw out all repressions, all garbage out of your being, and can become clean, a tabula rasa. Then those one hundred and twelve methods--any one method that appeals to you will be enough to transform your being.

The Academy also gives titles, because the meditators--although they experience the same space of blissfulness, of eternal life, they come from different paths, and after their experience their expressions are different....

The siddha simply denies expression. The arihanta tries, but tries in such a way that in no way is the truth polluted by language and words.

His expression goes above your heads. The acharya is more humane; he tries to reach you in your language, in your ways. He comes down from the hill into the valley to pick you up and lead you up towards the peak.

Their experiences are exactly the same; hence, nobody is lower or higher.

Rajneesh Academy is an experiential university; the Meditation University is informative. It creates teachers, the Academy creates masters--and there is a great difference. The teacher is only saying what he has learned from his teachers, from the books, but he cannot support it by his own experience. The master does not care about the books, about the teachers. He is his own authority, he is his own scripture.

Hence, I have made two different institutions. The University will prepare you to be acquainted with meditation, so that you become interested in having the real taste of it. It will lead you towards the Academy. The Academy has a far higher status than the University. *bond26*

The other day You spoke about siddhas, arihantas and acharyas. Could You speak about bodhisattvas. Is there any relevance in these sansads now?

The Rajneesh Academy has many dimensions to fulfill. One I talked to you about was to appoint acharyas, siddhas, arihantas. These are not clergymen, not bishops and cardinals and popes. They don't have any function to perform--marriage, birth of a child, circumcision, death, no.

Any friend, any sannyasin can do all these things.

So there is no question of clergymen. In fact, it is a question of friends.

Somebody dies...then those who were close to him, they should perform the death ceremony. The clergyman may not have even known the person; he will simply repeat a certain ritual. It is better that friends perform the ceremony....

I have told you about these three titles--siddha, arihanta, acharya--

which are experiential.

I have also created three groups which will be active only when I leave the body. So you will have to wait a little for them to become active.

While I am here there is no need for these three groups to be active. But these three groups belong to Rajneesh Academy.

The first group is the mahasattvas. These are the people who will become enlightened before my death. The second group is the sambuddhas, who are already enlightened, but because I am here, they will remain anonymous just out of their gratitude. The third group is the bodhisattvas, who will become enlightened before *their* death.

So I have chosen names for these groups, and I have directed the groups about their numbers--that these numbers should remain constant, and if one person dies, how he has to be replaced. I have given them all the instructions. But that is not of any use to you.

When I am not here, then the people who will be running the commune will need elders for guidance. These three groups will provide all kinds of guidance. They will not have any power; they will not be holding any post, but they will be available to all the people who are running the communes here and around the world, for any guidance.

When I say they will not be holding any post, that does not mean that anybody who is holding a post cannot be a member of any of the groups.

As a group member, he will not be holding the post, but as an individual he can hold the post. But while he is on the post, he cannot function as a member of the group.

I want these groups completely free from any politics, so they can have a very nonpolitical vision. And if they need to, all three groups can meet and take decisions, and their decisions will be absolute. All their decisions have to be unanimous. Unless they come to a unanimous decision, it is not of any worth. So it is not a political thing, that majority decision will win. They have to argue, discuss, persuade, and come to a unanimous decision. Then only can they advise the people who are in power to follow it.

Rajneesh Academy will become your source of religio. *bond28*

I would like to change the name Rajneesh Foundation International.

Sheela and her fascist gang have contaminated the name. I would like it to be Rajneesh Friends International. It remains RFI. RIMU and RA are two

wings of RFI. *last323*

Here I would like to say something which I have been keeping a secret my whole life: One beautiful morning, Gautam Buddha had gone for a walk with his caretaker, disciple, Ananda. It was fall time; the trees were getting almost naked and all the leaves were on the path. The wind was fluttering the trees, and the leaves were making beautiful sounds.

Walking on those leaves, Buddha was immensely happy...the music of the dry leaves.

He took a few leaves in his hand. Ananda asked him, "Bhagwan, I have always been thinking to ask one thing, but privacy is so difficult. You are always surrounded by people. Today you are alone in this forest, and I cannot resist the temptation. I want to ask you: Have you said everything to us, or have you kept some secrets? Buddha said, "Do you see the leaves in my hand? And do you see the leaves all over the forest?"

Ananda said, "Yes, I do see, but I don't understand that that is the answer." Buddha said, "You will understand. I have said only this much, and I have kept secret all these leaves that are in the whole forest."

My situation is just different. I have said the whole forest; only one thing I have kept secret, just one leaf. Buddha declared before his death that he would be coming again after twenty-five centuries, and that his name would be Maitreya. Maitreya means the friend. Buddhas don't come back; no enlightened person ever comes back, so it is just a way of saying....

What he was saying is of tremendous importance. It has nothing to do with his coming back; he cannot come back. What he meant was that the ancient relationship between the Master and the disciple would become irrelevant in twenty-five centuries. It was his clarity of perception--he was not predicting anything--just his clarity to see that as things are changing, as they have changed in the past and as they go on changing, it would take at least twenty-five centuries for the Master and disciple relationship to become out of date. Then the enlightened Master will be only the friend .

I had always wanted not to be a Master to anybody. But people want a

Master, they want to be disciples; hence, I played the role. It is time that I should say to you that now many of you are ready to accept me as the friend. Those who are in tune with me continuously, without any break, are the only real friends....

It is exactly twenty-five centuries after Buddha's death that I am changing the name of the Foundation so that it becomes Rajneesh Friends International. It is not only just a change of the name. It is going to change the very flavor of our whole movement. And you have to rise up

so that what I want the movement to become, it becomes. So that the dream is realized.

Don't let me down. *last323*

How come people do not see this as a mystery school, a place of healing, a

"religio" to oneself and to the world all around, the most powerful religion there is...a place to find yourself, and to find yourself loved by yourself and all those around you?

It is just because of that, that people cannot see it. It is a mystery school.

It is not a commonplace phenomenon, an ordinary theological college, but a mystery school. The very word "mystery" answers your question.

The ordinary human mind cannot comprehend: what mystery is there?

For it, there is no mystery. For the idiot, everything is already known....

Ignorance that knows...you have become ignorant in the sense that you do not carry the burden of scriptures, doctrines, theologies, philosophies.

But you have a clarity which only innocence can give to you. In that clarity you can see, but what you see is beyond words; hence you cannot say, "I know." In fact, in that clarity, in that seeing, the seer disappears.

There is only seeing. There is experiencing, but the experiencer has

disappeared.

This is the state of the mystic, and this is the search of a mystery school.

Do not expect that people will understand you. Their misunderstanding is a recognition that you are a mystery school. Their misunderstanding is a qualification for you. If they start understanding you, then you are no longer a mystery school.

That's why I said, "Religion in this commune is dead"--because religion they understand, but they do not understand the mystery, the origin, the root from which the word "religion" is derived. It is *religio.* It means putting yourself together: no longer split, no longer divided into body, mind, soul; no longer divided into God the creator, and existence the created. Everything that divides is against religio.

The mystic disappears in his experience, because to remain an experiencer is a division. The knower and the known--there is still a division. There is a certain experiencing: the experience and the experiencer have become one. That is religio....

Yes, it is a mystery school.

Religion we have buried, burned. Religio we are going to live.

Religion becomes an organization. Religio remains always an individual inquiry. Religion sooner or later becomes a hierarchy. Religio never becomes a hierarchy--the question does not arise.

This is a mystery school for people who are in search of themselves. That is the only common ground, that they are all seekers. Other than that there is no belief which joins them, no ideology to which they are connected, no faith to which they are surrendered....

A mystery school simply helps you, because somebody is ahead of you, somebody is behind you, somebody has already reached. The atmosphere of the commune, the milieu, gives you courage: "Don't be afraid. If others are moving inwards, why not you? If they are not losing anything, then aloneness is not dangerous. In fact, they are becoming more and more

radiant, more and more loving, more and more compassionate."

Seeing so many people helps you. It creates a certain energy field which becomes your support. Of course, you have to go alone, but those who have reached can say with authority: Your inside is not empty; it is the only fullness in the whole existence. You are not hollow; you will find the greatest treasure of joy and bliss, peace and serenity, grace and gratitude, within yourself. You will find that you have always been here and you will always be here; death does not exist, life is eternal.

But your question is relevant. You are asking me, "Why don't people understand that this is a mystery school?"

They have never understood. And down the centuries such schools have existed, but behind a façade. For example, you know about alchemists....

My only fault is that I thought, "This is the twentieth century and man has become more cultured, more civilized; we are not living in the Dark Ages, the Middle Ages"--and I created this mystery school without any façade.

But somebody has to bring it into the open, because there are millions of people who want to be seekers, who don't want to be believers. They need to know that they are not alone, that there are millions of other people around the world who are working on the same lines, that there are people who have arrived, reached, found the ultimate source of life.

But the mob will never understand you. There is no need to bother about the mob. Don't waste your time about others understanding you. You put your whole energy into understanding yourself. The mob has remained always in the Dark Ages, and it seems it is determined to

remain always in the Dark Ages. It is their freedom and their choice. Let them remain whatever, wherever, they want to be. Don't be bothered whether they understand you or not.

You put your total energy--because your own inner work needs your totality, and life is short, and nobody knows about tomorrow. So not even a single moment has to be lost in unnecessary worries. *bond21*

What has grown around You has been presented by newspapers as a cult, as a sect, and I wonder if You can now explain what it is?

It is simply a movement; neither a cult nor a sect nor a religion but a movement for meditation, an effort to create a science of the inner. It is a science of consciousness. Just as science is there for the objective world, this movement is preparing a science for the subjective world. *last403*

All religions are against change, because their vested interests are with the status quo. I am all for change, and I would like my sannyasins to be always for change. The new has also the right to be experimented with, and the old has been used and found useless. Give chance to the new; At the most it can fail. The old has already failed. We will find something else. How long we can fail, if we go on changing and don't get stuck with a system that is continuously failing, if we are ready to change, sooner or later we are going to find a system that works.

That's the simple way of science, of finding any truth--go on experimenting. One experiment fails, another experiment fails, but sooner or later you stumble upon something and you have found the right key.

So always choose the new. It will keep you fresh, young, it will keep you alive, it will keep you flowing. Otherwise the old becomes heavy, a burden, a corpse, and then it stinks. All the societies are stinking with corpses of all kinds.

It is a simple thing. Just the individual has to understand that all that is old is not gold. In fact, all that is old is never gold. If you are in search of gold, try the new, the fresh, the young. Move always into the unknown and the unknowable.

And what is there to lose? The very adventure into the unknown is so nourishing, so rejuvenating, that whether you find something at the end or not does not matter. Every moment of the adventure is of tremendous beauty and benediction. *last328*

Why are we afraid, and sometimes even resent taking responsibility for ourselves, and we expect either You or the commune to take the

responsibility?

It is because from your very childhood you have been taught not to be responsible. You have been taught to depend. You have been taught to be responsible to your father, to your mother, to your family, to your motherland, to all kinds of nonsense. But you have not been told that you have to be responsible for yourself, that there is nobody who is going to take your responsibility....

I teach you not to be responsible to anybody; the father, the mother, the country, the religion, the party line--don't be responsible to anybody. You are not. Just be responsible to yourself. Do whatsoever you feel like doing. If it is wrong, the punishment will immediately follow. If it is right, the reward will follow immediately, instantly. There is no other way.

This way you will start finding what is wrong, what is right, on your own.

You will grow a new sensitivity--Indians call it the third eye. You will start seeing with a new vision, a new eye. Instantly you will know what is wrong, because in the past so many times you have done it and always suffered in consequence. You will know what is right, because whenever you did existence showered great blessings on you. Cause and effect are together, they are not separated by years and lives....

This is what I mean by being responsible to yourself. There is no God on whom you can dump your responsibility, but you are always searching to dump on somebody, even on a poor man like me, who is continuously telling you that I am not responsible for anything, for anybody. Still, somehow, deep down you go on carrying the illusion that I must be joking. I am not joking. 'He is our Master', you must be thinking, 'how can He say that He is not responsible?' But you don't understand.

Dumping your responsibility on me, you will remain retarded, childish.

You will never grow.

The only way to grow is to accept all good, bad, the joyful, the sorrowful.

Everything that happens to you, you are responsible for. That gives you

great freedom.

If I am responsible for something, then the key to your actions is in my hands. Then you are a slave to me. Then you are a puppet and the strings are in my hand. I say dance, you dance; I say stop, you stop. Of course, the puppet cannot be responsible for anything. The puppeteer, who is behind the screen, is always responsible.

God is the great puppeteer....

The moment I say there is no puppeteer, no God, no saint, it is all rubbish, I am trying to give you total freedom. I am making you absolutely responsible for everything that happens to you or does not happen. Rejoice in this freedom. Rejoice in this great understanding that you are responsible for everything in your life. This will make you what I call *the individual.* And to become the individual is to know all that is worth knowing, is to experience all that is worth experiencing. To be an individual is to be liberated, is to be enlightened. *last106*

The (master's) whole effort is to transform man. You are accustomed to a certain way of life, and that way of life creates your bondage. Coming close to a Master certainly creates fear. If you don't see fear around a Master that means there is no Master. The fear simply shows that people know that being here they have to change--and change is painful....

It is painful; there is fear. It is only through the love of the Master that you may gather courage, and you may take a jump.

Immense love is needed from the side of the Master because that is the only thing that can dispel fear. Love is almost like light, and fear is just like darkness. If the Master really loves you--and there is no other possibility; an authentic Master is nothing but love. His love is the guarantee that your fear sooner or later will be destroyed, that you will gather courage, that you will take a jump. And once you have taken the jump and attained a new, luminous experience of life, you will be grateful for the Master, grateful for his love--because without his love it would have been impossible for you to get rid of the fear.

And once you have experienced something that was just so close--but you were not opening your eyes, you were so afraid; once you take one step out of your fear, anxiety, anguish, then the whole journey becomes easy. Now you know on your own experience that on each step you are becoming new, that on each step you are gaining strength, insight, vision: that things are the same but you are not the same, that the same flowers have a totally different beauty, the same flowers have a new fragrance. The same sunset takes you into an ecstasy which you had never imagined before.

You have seen the sunset many times, you have even told your friends,

"How beautiful!" Now you know those words were phony, you have simply learned those words--because you have not experienced beauty, you were simply repeating words which are part of etiquette, part of social formality. Otherwise you had no contact with the beauty. Now you see what beauty is, and now it is so difficult to say, "How beautiful"

because words fall short. The beauty is so vast, so immense, and the

words are so tiny. You cannot put the sky in the small capsules of your words. Now you will be standing there dazed....

I can gaze at the moon for hours, as if time stops....

I can look at a flower for hours. Not even the word beauty arises in my mind, because that will be a disturbance. That will disturb what is transpiring between me and the flower, between me and the moon, between me and you. *last321*

It seems in watching your sannyasins with you and you with them, that there is an incredible relationship?

There is no relationship. You are an outsider, that's why it seems so. It is a state of being so overwhelming that they all become part of one state, that my being and their being is one, that their heartbeat starts beating in the same rhythm as my heart.

It is not a relationship. It is just what Karl Gustav Jung calls synchronicity, just as when the sun rises and the flowers open up. Do you call it a

relationship? It is synchronicity. The sun goes down, the flowers close. Do you call it relationship? *last308*

You are the center of the cyclone. When I am near You I feel fine. But when I am a little away from You I am again in the strong whorls of the cyclone--

the great movement of emotions and feelings. How can I get to the center of my own cyclone?

Just be a witness of all those emotions, thoughts, which you call the cyclone. Just be a witness, and that point of witnessing is the center of the cyclone.

This is the simplest method to realize oneself. *bond15*

How many of Your sannyasins do You personally know? There are over a thousand people here. Do You know most of them personally?

I know them individually, not personally. And I make a distinction between knowing someone personally and knowing someone individually.

Ordinarily we know people only personally: their name, their qualifications, their job, and things like that which are all superficial.

You can change the name but the individual remains the same. You can change the job but the individual remains the same. You can change the address, you can change his wife, but the individual remains the same.

I am not interested in people's personalities. I know them individually.

That means I know them in their very essence. When I pass by the side of a sannyasin, I don't know the name but I know at what stage of meditation the individual is or whether he has at all progressed in meditation or not. I know whether the individual has come to taste something of the higher qualities of love or is still thinking that sexuality is all there is. I know just by looking in the eyes of anybody whether the person has any inner approach to himself or he lives just outside himself. That inner approach is his individuality, and that outside life is his personality.

I am not concerned with the personality at all. The person may be a man or a woman, it does not matter. What matters is his essential being, how close he has come to his essential being. The closer he comes to it, a certain aura arises around his body, a certain fragrance. You can immediately recognize that here is someone who is very close to the center, and when somebody reaches the center then it is as if a house was dark and suddenly you have switched the light on. Even from the outside you can see through the windows that the house is lighted.

Ordinary people are just without light; from their windows you can see only darkness. When a person reaches to his center of individuality, suddenly he is aflame. And you can it see from his eyes, from his gestures, from his words, the way he walks. His words start becoming more poetic, his walk becomes more of a dance, his gestures have a grace that was never there before.

I know my people only in that inner context. It is almost impossible to know them personally. One million people around the earth--how can I know their names? But I can *know* them, and the moment I look into their eyes, they also know that they have been found, where they are. *last404*

What is shaktipat, the transmission of spiritual energy?

The device you are asking about is an ancient device. I have used it, but not for six years (since 1981) because I have refined the device to better forms, to more invisible transformations. The device is absolutely dependent on the disciple, and in that discipleship you cannot use the word `friend'. The word `friend' can be used only with my refined techniques....

But I have not used the method of *shaktipat* for six years because I felt there were some flaws in it. First, the disciple has to be in a lower state than the master--which I don't like. Nobody is lower here; nobody is higher. The disciple has to be just a receiver. He cannot contribute

anything to it. He becomes dependent also, because only when the master touches him does he feel full of energy, full of joy, but not otherwise.

Secondly, the very idea of surrender is basically difficult, and to ask for total

surrender is to ask for the impossible. We should think in human terms. We are dealing with human beings, we should not ask something which they cannot do. And when they cannot do something and are condemned, they start feeling guilty that they are not open, that they are not totally surrendered, that there are doubts in their mind. So guilt is created. Instead of surrender you have created guilt.

For six years I have been trying to find more refined methods, and I have found them. Perhaps they have never been used before, but they are more civilized, more cultured, more human. For example, when I am speaking to you I am not asking you to surrender, I am not asking you to be open, I am not asking you for anything. But just listening to me, all this happens automatically--you don't have to do it.

Energy is not something physical, that you have to touch the person. It can happen just by looking into the eyes of the person. It can happen just by your gesture, or just in the silence between two words. This way nothing is asked and yet it is more easily available.

Secondly, the disciple need not be a slave, a spiritual slave. He can be a friend. And my feeling is you can trust a friend more than you can trust anybody else.

Friendship is the highest flowering of love, where all that is primitive in love has been dropped and only the perfume remains. And the perfume can reach without any physical connection. In these six years I have seen it happening again and again on a vaster scale. Neither are you waiting for the energy, nor are you preparing for the energy--unexpectedly, it comes as a surprise and fills your heart.

In the old method surrender is asked; in the new method only a loving friendship, which is more human, more natural. In the old method surrender had to be the basis of all. But remember, whomsoever you surrender to, you will carry a grudge against him. It is not just a coincidence that Judas, one of the most prominent disciples of Jesus, betrayed him. Mahavira's own son-in-law betrayed him. Buddha's own cousin-brother, Devadatta, betrayed him. It is not an exception, but a rule. These people may have surrendered, but some reluctance must have been there....

My own insight is that these people had surrendered, but some part of their being remained unsurrendered waiting for a revenge, waiting for an opportunity--and sooner or later the opportunity comes.

I am not very much in favor of the old strategy. I have used it because that was the only strategy that was available. But slowly, slowly I saw its drawbacks, its flaws. It may help a few, but it has harmed many more.

Since then I have been trying to find more subtle, more human, more invisible ways. And I have found them and they are working, they are working tremendously. I can do the same just by speaking to you. I can do just the same by my silence. I can do the same just by my presence.

And I don't ask you for anything. Whatever I am doing, if you get involved in it--which you are going to be...! If you are listening to me, you are going to get involved in it. If I am looking at you, at that moment you cannot think of anything else and something transpires and you become aflame. It is more delicate and more suited to the higher layers of consciousness.

In this reference the word `friend' can be used, but not in the first reference. That's why I have been insisting on the word `friend'.

I don't want to be betrayed by you.

I don't want any Judas, any Goshalak, any Devadatta. And if I am not presenting a higher status than you, there is no need to betray.

I have been just a friend on the way, walking together--nobody higher, nobody lower. We just liked each other and walked together! And as we walked together, the liking became love. As we walk together we come closer and closer and the energy transfers itself.

This is something new that has never been said before, and never been attempted before. I want to make it a clear-cut line that divides the history of spiritual slavery from spiritual freedom, where the master is so confident of his authority he need not pretend to be higher. Do you see the point? Whenever somebody pretends to be higher, he himself is suspicious of his highness, he is suspicious of his authority himself.

Only a real master can be humble.

Only a real master can be human.

The old ways of religion--all the ways have to be abandoned. We have given enough time for them; they have not succeeded in transforming humanity. Now we have to work in a different way, in a new way.

My feeling is, there are millions of people in the world who want to be transformed but who do not want to be humiliated before a God, before a master--who have some self-respect.

I am opening the door for all those people who have some self-respect.

We will not touch their self-respect. It is perfectly okay. If it disappears on its own accord and leaves a better consciousness within you, that is for you to decide. *sword07*

Note: *1981-1986

In Rajneeshpuram I was your gardener, and it was the best and the most beautiful and fulfilling time in my whole life. Now, sitting here at your feet, I suddenly realize that you are my gardener. Is this so?

It is so. But the realization has come a little late, because in Rajneeshpuram also I was the gardener. Think it over again. With me, you cannot be a gardener.

My disciples are my garden, and when they blossom and flower I rejoice as any gardener rejoices. With each of my disciples coming to flower, I attain enlightenment again--because from my side, there is no distinction at all, no distance. Particularly as you become blissful, the distance starts becoming less and less. In your misery--you have to forgive me--I cannot be with you. The greater your misery, the further apart we are.

But in your blissful moments, you are so close that there is no distance at all. In your enlightenment, you are not even close--you are one. I feel that again another spring has come to me.

So this time you are right. The last time you were wrong. Those two years there in Rajneeshpuram in my garden, working as a gardener, were only a device to keep you close to me--but I was the gardener. And from now onwards, wherever you are, I will remain the gardener. So behave like a beautiful rosebush--bring as many flowers to your being as possible.
upan40

This quotation seems to say everything there is to say: "The greatest good fortune that can befall a man is to be born in the age of a buddha. Even greater is the good fortune of he who comes to hear of the existence of the buddha. And even greater still is the good fortune of he who is drawn into the family of the buddha."

So my question is: How can any sannyasin be such a peabrain as to not be here with You come hell or high water, poison or prison, bullets or boredom, anguish or AIDS?

It is true that it is a great fortune to be born in the age of an enlightened one. It is greater fortune to have heard about him. It is an even greater fortune to be part of his family.

But there are people who are blind; they have eyes but they cannot see.

They are deaf; they have ears but they cannot hear. Even sometimes by accident they may get into the family of the enlightened one, but they still remain an outsider, they never merge with it. And it has been always so.

In Gautam Buddha's time, how many people were in his family, how many of those people became enlightened? How many people dropped out of his family--how many people even became enemies of Gautam Buddha? How many attempts were made to kill him by his own ex-followers? Buddha's own cousin-brother tried to kill him many times. He could not succeed, but he made those efforts.

So the statement is true, but not for all. It is true only for those who have a sensitivity to feel the presence of the enlightened one, to be soaked in his silence, to be filled with his fragrance, to let their heart beat in the same rhythm, to become part of his song, his dance. How many people have

eyes to see?

The birth of a buddha is very rare--that's why the statement that it is very fortunate to be born in the times of an enlightened one. It is more fortunate to hear about him, because millions will not even know that he had existed, that he was here, that the river was just flowing by their side and they remained thirsty. Millions will see the body of the enlightened one, but will not be able to see his spiritual aura, his energy field.

Millions will hear about him, but will not believe. Millions will hear him, but will not listen. And there will be many who, on trivial excuses, will leave the enlightened one's family, not knowing what they are leaving, not knowing that their excuses are just meaningless.

And many will try even to destroy the man, because somehow his presence is against their egos. His presence makes them feel to melt with him, to become one with him, and there are egoistic people--hard, they don't have hearts--who cannot melt. For them it is better to destroy this person, because he is a constant reminder of their dead heart.

But there will always be a few who will remain with the enlightened one in every situation. Nothing matters more than to be with him. But one needs a little sensitivity, and then all stupid things become meaningless.

It is certainly a great blessing. *bond38*

Osho is arrested

(Kidnapped, tortured and ransomed by the US Government)*

On 27 October 1985, Osho leaves the ranch by plane. At 1:30am on 28 October, the plane stops to refuel in Charlotte NC, where Osho and his attendants are held up at gunpoint, chained, and incarcerated in Mecklenburg County Jail--without a warrant. Photos of Osho in handcuffs and chains make world-wide news, and nationwide TV coverage.

*Note: since no signed arrest warrant ever existed; the entire process is criminal, see *A Passage to America* by Max Brecher (Book Quest 1993)

I always left in the right time. That's what I say: existence manages things if you leave it to existence. I left Rajneeshpuram in America. The next day they (government agents) were going to bring four helicopters--

their helicopters were coming every day to find my house, and from the helicopters they were going to drop paratroopers to arrest me. Just a few hours before, I left Rajneeshpuram to go to a beautiful mountain resort that belonged to my sannyasins. They had been insisting for two years--it is strange that on that day I decided that okay, two years were enough.

They had prepared the place; they just wanted me to rest there. And the government was in shock--their whole program had failed. *mani14*

You were unaware of the sealed indictment?

Absolutely. Absolutely, because they never informed me anything about it. *press06*

For two years, the rumor was coming they want to arrest me, they want to arrest me. It has become so routine that nobody cared about it. It was certain that they have not guts enough to come into the commune and arrest me.

They got the chance to arrest me, because I was going to visit in Carolina one of my sannyasin's house in the mountains, just for two three weeks and this was a good moment for them. As my plane left there was a journalist present on the airport. He immediately informed and we have the affidavit of the journalist that he was the informer, to his press. But his press informed the government. And they arrested me there; and that shows what cowardliness is. Arresting a man who has nothing but a robe on his body with twelve guns pointed at me, loaded at me. And they will not even answer, that where is the arrest warrant, they will not answer why they are arresting me, what crime I have committed. *last428*

I asked them what they are doing--they don't have any warrant, they did not know for what they are arresting me, and they were shouting, and I told them that "There is no need to shout. You just tell me why you are arresting," and they will not tell. They just handcuffed me.

I am not a criminal and nobody has ever treated me this way. I am willing to come with you, wherever you want...and if you want me to go back to Oregon, I can go back to Oregon, but I must know what is the reason. *press08*

It became known later on that the United States Attorney had asked the National Guard to arrest me. But they said, "Without any evidence, without any order from the court, we cannot do it." The U.S. Attorney General, Ed Meese, who has been accused of many crimes and has had to retire in disgrace, had even asked the commander-in-chief of the army.... And the commander-in-chief laughed. He said, "Never in history has an army been sent against a single individual. And not only that, but you don't have any evidence; otherwise why don't you ask a court first to give an arrest warrant?" They had nothing to persuade a court to arrest me.

And when I was arrested, I was arrested by twelve people with loaded guns, and I asked, "Where is the arrest warrant?" They had no arrest warrant. They had only a piece of paper on which a few names were written. I told them, "These are not the names of the people you are arresting. You can see our passports." Six sannyasins were with me--

they are here--not a single name was on that paper. Still they would not listen. *zenman09*

When I was arrested in America, I was handcuffed, a heavy chain around my waist, chains on my feet. I could not even walk. And they were afraid that people would be there all over the street, and I may raise my hands, so they put another chain that connected my handcuffs to the chain around my waist so I could not move my hands. And they rushed so madly in their car...and the reason was that people were all around and they were waving and giving me the sign of victory. Then I understood why they were in such a hurry. Photographers were all around, press people were all around, and if they see that people are greeting me and they have arrested me without any arrest warrant, it will look like the whole talk about democracy is simply nonsense. The continuous propaganda about individuality, freedom of expression, is just to deceive the whole world."

The U.S. Marshal who was sitting in front in the car taking me inside the

jail, told me, "Here, you are absolutely protected."

I said, "What about you? If being handcuffed, chained, is protection--

then first give it to your president, to your governors, because their lives are in constant danger. In America, twenty percent of the presidents have been assassinated. It is not a small number. Keep all your presidents in jail! But don't talk nonsense to me." *mess105*

I have never seen my passport. My people take care of it.

When I was in jail in America I had no phone numbers of my attorneys, or of the commune, or of my secretaries--because in my whole life I have never phoned. The U.S. Marshal was surprised and asked, "Who should we inform that you have been arrested?"

I said, "Whomsoever you like. As far as I am concerned, I don't know anybody. You can inform your wife; she may enjoy hearing what her husband is doing--arresting innocent people without any warrant."

I have such a different way of life that it sometimes looks unbelievable. I don't know where my passport is right now. Somebody must be carrying it somewhere. *socrat16*

I was not allowed to inform my attorney, because they were worried: if the attorney comes then immediately the first question is bound to be,

"Where is the arrest warrant?"

And I heard the U.S. marshal whispering in the ear of the driver who was to take me to the jail, "Remember, do whatever you want to do but don't do it directly. The man is known world-wide, and the whole news media is watching. If anything happens to him, it will be a condemnation of American democracy." *upan17*

In the first jail the sheriff of the jail asked me, "Perhaps you would never have thought that you would be in a jail."

I said, "I keep my future open. I can be anywhere...even in hell I will not be

disturbed."

He took me to my cell. He said, "It is unjust. You have been arrested without any warrant, without even giving you any calls--you have not been allowed to inform your attorneys. This is simply unjust. In my whole life I have never seen something like this happening."

I said, "This is a good experience for you. Things like this can happen. To me it makes no difference whether the arrest warrant was there or not, I would have been here anyway. And these days I will be in the jail are

going to give me a new experience and a new perspective of life which I would have missed."

He said, "You seem to be a little bit of a strange type."

I said, "I am. This is only the beginning. We will come to know each other more." *socrat22*

In jail Osho is put in a cell with another inmate. After the second day he is al owed to use the medical ward.

The first night in jail I was given a steel bench, without any mattress.

They knew my back is in a bad condition, that I could not lie down on that steel bench. Neither can I sit the whole night; they would not supply even a pillow just to support my back. They refused--"That's all you can get."

The whole night I was sitting. Sleeping was out of the question. Sitting was difficult; my back was hurting tremendously. *upan17*

When I was in the first American jail, in my cell I had one Negro partner.

He was a very pious fellow, although he was charged with murder and rape and all kinds of things. Pious people do all kinds of things.

He used to put his head on the Bible every morning, every evening. He would put the Bible on the bed, kneel down on the ground and put his head on the Bible. He was not educated, so he could not read. And just above

the Bible he had all kinds of nude women in all kinds of insane postures which he had cut from magazines. The whole wall was covered with nude women.

I asked him, "Do you bow down to these nude women?"

He said, "No, I have the Bible."

I said, "You don't know how to read?"

He said, "No, I don't know."

"Who told you that this is a Bible?"

He said, "The jail authorities have given it to me."

"And what do you do when you kneel down?"

He said, "I pray to God."

And I said, "I have been watching you for three days continuously. The nude women laugh."

He said, "They laugh?"

I said, "I have been watching. Because you are putting your head on the Bible with closed eyes, you can't see--and it is only at that time that they all laugh!" He looked at me. I said, "What kind of religion is this?"

He said, "I am a devout Catholic."

I said, "Great. These are Catholic saints?"

He said, "I am sorry for that."

And I said, "You have been doing both things together. Every day I see you cutting some picture from some magazine-- *Playboy, Playgirl, Penthouse*-- and you go on putting them up. Don't you see the contradiction--that this is your repressed sexuality?"

A repressed sexuality can never be prayerful; the prayer will be polluted with repressed sex. A sexually repressed human being can never be in meditation. Those sexual pictures will arise from the unconscious. *yaku01*

The first three days in the American jail and the sheriff of the jail came to see me. He wondered what kind of man I am, because the inmates had become my disciples! I was talking to them about meditation. The nurses and the doctor--because I was in the hospital section--had also joined.

Finally, the sheriff brought his wife and his children also: "We may not be able to see this man again, and what he is saying makes sense."

And the doctor--a woman, very beautiful woman--used to come to the hospital section only one time in seven days; otherwise she was engaged in other parts of the jail. It has seven hundred inmates. But for those three days, all the nurses were there, the doctor was there, the whole staff was there. The doctor said to me, "It has never happened. You have turned my office into your class! Otherwise my office is always empty."

Because my cell was very small...it was meant only for two persons. And there were twelve inmates in the hospital section. They all wanted to be with me as much as possible--six nurses, four staff people, the sheriff, the assistant sheriff, the doctor--so they moved me to the doctor's room.

And she told me, "You need not use the bathroom that is meant for the prisoners. My bathroom is for you as long as you are here." *splend21*

The head nurse has never gone in her life to purchase things for the prisoners; they come on a fixed routine basis. But for me she used to go every day--and she was an old woman--to purchase fruits, vegetables, anything that was vegetarian. I asked her, "You are unnecessarily taking trouble. Things come, they are perfectly good. If they are good for other human beings, they are good for me too. Just take care because I am a vegetarian."

She said, "No, those things come mixed with non-vegetarian food. And you are here only for a few days." *pilgr08*

My attorneys who used to come there--Niren was my chief attorney; he is here--they could not believe I was looking so happy and so at ease and at home. I said, "I have never been able to rest so much. The inmates are taking care, the nurses are taking care, the doctor is taking care. And they are all interested in only one thing: the moment I am released and I go back to the commune, they all want to stay in the commune for a few days."...

"If you are allowed to be here for three or four months this will be your commune. You are really dangerous because all the people of my staff are coming with their wives and with their children to have a photograph taken with you."

The poor prisoners could not manage. They were coming with photographs cut from newspapers just to get my signature: "We will remember our whole lives that for three days we were with you, and in three days we have felt a change." People were not making noise.

Everybody was saying, "Don't make noise, he will be disturbed."

I have never felt uncomfortable anywhere.

The question, basically is to accept yourself. It is a inner feeling, nothing to do with anything outside you. *splend21*

On 29 October, Osho gives three press interviews from inside jail with Nightwatch TV; Ted Koppel of ABC News Nightline TV, Washington, DC; and Channel 6 TV

It happened in America in the first jail where I was--the sheriff of the jail immediately fell in love with me. He was a really nice and beautiful old man. And when the court denied bail to me he said to me, "This is absolutely unjust--to keep somebody in jail whose crime is not proved; whose crime is not even tried: there has been no trial. And to refuse bail-

-it is just political, unjust."

I asked him, "Would you help me a little?"

He said, "I will help you all the way. What do you want me to do?"

I said, "I would like a press conference in the jail."

He said, "It has never happened in history--a press conference in jail by a prisoner."

I said, "Then let it happen, let it be a precedent! And if you feel it was unjust, then do something." He agreed. The press conference was called, but my hands were cuffed, and I told him, "It will be impossible for me to speak with my hands in chains." And not only were they in chains; they put a chain belt around my waist, and they locked the handcuffs to the belt, so you could not move more than this....

So I said, "I will not be able to speak at all. You have done a great favor to call the press conference"--and almost one hundred press people were there, all the television and radio stations and all the big newspapers.

"Now, do me a favor--because I am not going to escape. I have chains on my legs; you can keep the chain on my waist. You can put chains all over my body, but leave my hands free. It is impossible for me to speak a single word without my hands being in harmony with what I am speaking."

He understood. He said, "I have seen you on the television, and I have loved your hands and I have loved it that they certainly express something." *light07*

I said, "Listen, if the government comes to know, you will be in trouble."

He said, "I don't care because I'm going to be retired soon."

And the world news media wanted to interview me in the jail. He said,

"This is unprecedented, but I will allow the world press conference." And he allowed it...in the jail were one hundred journalists: television people, radio people, newspaper people, magazine people, cable television people.

And he said, "I'm going to be retired. They can retire me a little earlier at the most. What else can they do? And there is no prohibition in the jail code saying that no press conference can be held inside the jail. So there is no problem."

I said, "That's perfectly good."

He enjoyed the press conference so much, and whatever I said to the press people. His whole staff was there to listen: the doctor, the nurses, everybody was there. And from the next day on they started bringing

their families to see me. I said, "What?" And their children started bringing their autograph books!

The nurses could not find anything for me to sign, but in the newspapers there were many pictures of me, so they started bringing cuttings of photographs from the newspapers: "We will remember that once you have been here for three days. This will be our memory...the most cherished memory. In these three days this place has not been a jail at all."

The nurses were coming even on the day which was their day off. They said, "We will lose that day, but you may go any moment and we don't want to miss any time." *dawn17*

The sheriffs...became very friendly and he told me, "I should not tell you, but thousands of telegrams, thousands of phone calls, thousands of flowers from all over the world, thousands of protests...the government is shaken.

"They had not expected that, in touching a single man, they were playing with fire. So one thing I can tell you--they cannot harm you. They will not even touch your body. On the contrary, instructions are that you should be given absolute security, that nothing should happen to you; otherwise we will not be able to show our face to the world."

And it was strange that they had to give me the same kind of security as they give to the president of America: five cars following me, five motorcycles following, and the roads blocked. They were afraid that anybody could do any harm to me under their protection--they would be responsible for it.

This man said to me, "This is for the first time in my life that we are not concerned about your escaping. We are concerned that nobody harms you, otherwise that harm will be on our heads."

On the first day--just two or three hours after I had arrived--somebody from Australia called him: "You must be worried because so many phone calls will be coming, telegrams coming."

The sheriff said to the man, "No, we are accustomed...this is a very special jail and we have had people of importance, of cabinet standing--

that is, from the highest political structure. So there is not much of problem."

But after three days, with tears, he apologized to me. He said, "What I said to that man will remain heavy on my heart. I don't know his

number; otherwise I would have apologized to him. You had been here only two or three hours, so I did not know about you. But now, after three days, I can say with absolute certainty that we have never had such a man in the jail. The whole jail is for you! Five hundred inmates are for you, the whole hospital department is for you--I am for you. And the whole world is focused on you. If something happens to you it will be really dangerous for America's image.

"So I want you to forgive me for telling that man that we have had many very important people. That was wrong. We have never had such a person, about whom the whole world is concerned. We have had people of cabinet standing; they were, at the most, of national importance, but nobody who had any international importance, and so much love."

The second day he asked me, "What are we going to do with the flowers?

So many flowers are coming, and in this big jail, we don't have space."

So I told him, "Send the flowers to all the schools, colleges and universities, from me." He did that, and the response was immense.

When I was taken from the jail to the airport again, all along the way were students throwing flowers.

In fact, the government must have been repenting that they made a stupid mistake. They unnecessarily made our silent movement a world-famous

phenomenon. Now it is a household name around the world, in all the languages. *light02*

Among the many phone calls and telegrams I received, one phone call was from a Zen master in Japan. He had phoned the president, he had phoned the jailer, and he had told the jailer that he would like just a word with me.

He told the jailer, "You have committed one of the greatest crimes of the century, because we teach Zen through his books in our monastery.

Although I am an enlightened master, I am not articulate. Whatever he says I know is right; but the way he says it, only he can say it--I cannot."

The jailer gave the phone to me, and the old man--I don't know him--

simply said, "I know that wherever you are, you will be in bliss, so it is pointless to ask you, `How are you?' I just wanted to convey to you that those who know, are with you; and those who do not know, don't count."

By the evening the phone calls had become so many that they had to put two or three other phone operators on. The telegrams were so many that they had to arrange a few more clerks. And the jailer, in the night, told me, "You have created such a chaos in the jail! In this jail there have

been cabinet ministers, candidates for the presidency, but we have never seen such love pouring in from all over the world. You can be certain that no government can harm you--the whole world's eyes are watching. They can harass you, but nobody can harm you--they cannot take the risk."

When that old voice said to me on the phone, "Those who know, are with you, and those who do not know, do not count," all these people--

Bodhidharma and Mahakashyap and Gautam Buddha--were whispering

in the voice of that old man. He is a living line. He has sent his disciples to India also, and one of his nuns used to come every year to the commune festivals in America.

Zen is still a living current, and it is the only living current. *transm12*

The Zen people are so much interested in me that there are many Zen masters in Japan--they have big monasteries, and they are teaching Zen through my books.

When I was in jail I received thousands of telegrams and telephone messages and letters. Many Zen masters protested, but not a single Hindu religious leader protested. Many Sufis protested. In India, Ajmer is the headquarters of the Sufis because the grave of one of the great Sufis-

-Nijamuddin Chisti is there. He was of such eminence that his name has not remained just that of an individual. *Chisti* has become a school, a specialist school of Sufis. And the man who is the head of Nijamuddin's *Dargaha* in Ajmer sent me a telegram--he had never seen me. He quoted a Sufi saying.

I don't know what the word *baaj* is in English--you will have to find it out. `Baaj' is one of the strongest words--he who flies the highest in the world--the saying says that. It is an ancient saying. He simply quoted the saying--that was the whole telegram. He wrote to me, "It is not the crows who are being caught and imprisoned, chained, it is the baaj who has the highest flight. It is difficult to catch him, but once he is caught then he is chained, imprisoned. So it is a blessing they have recognized that the baaj is in you."

I received letters from Hassid rabbis saying, "We are with you." But I did not receive anything from any Christian religious leader or any Hindu religious leader, and I can see the reason why they could not. They cannot have a rapport with me; they are dead and rotten. *sword20*

One of my attorneys in America--one of the best; he is the head of the law department at the University of California. He used to come every day to see me in all those jails where they went on taking me--six jails in all. The first day he came to see me, I was behind the bars sitting on a

chair. Outside the bars was a chair for him--Peter Schey is his name, a very beautiful man. I felt that he was very tense physically, in his chair.

I asked, "What is the matter, Peter?"

He said, "Strange, I have never felt in my life such a thing. If you don't mind, can I sit on the floor?"

I said, "Peter Schey, you are a great attorney, dean of the faculty of law in a famous university. Why should you ask such a thing?"

He said, "That's what I have been asking myself--but allow me.

Something happens when I come to see you that I feel it is not right for me to sit on a chair, I just want to sit on the floor."

I said, "If that makes you happy, sit on the floor."

The third or fourth day he asked me: "What is the magic? Because since I have been sitting on the floor in front of you just for five or seven minutes, I feel so relaxed the whole day. I have never known anything of silence. I'm a man of law, I have never felt my heart. For the first time, I have heard that my heart also beats. For the first time, love has come to me." I said, "Peter Schey, you have become a sannyasin!"

He said, "You have stolen my words, I was just going to say that."

There are things which are invisible. You can't see the air but you can't live without it. You can't see what transpires when a disciple becomes silent sitting by the side of the master. Once he has tasted that sweetness, he may not be able to convince anybody, but that is meaningless-- *he* is convinced.

I asked Peter Schey, "Can you convince my other attorneys?"

He said, "That is impossible, because even I cannot believe what is happening. I don't have any logic for it, any reason for it. Perhaps your enemies are right who say, that you hypnotize people."

I said, "Perhaps they are right!" Because hypnosis, if it is *done,* becomes an ordinary thing--a street magician does it. But if hypnosis happens on its own accord, then it is of a totally different category. If you are feeling relaxed and silent, no other logic is needed. If you are feeling loving...love belongs to a higher order, to the *highest* order of law. *mess103*

First bail hearing

On 31st October, a Bail Hearing is held for Osho, charged with arranging 16 sham marriages, and lying to the INS

I wondered that America is thought to be a democracy, and here people are being arrested without any arrest warrant from any court, without any reason or rhyme.

And I wondered at my own attorneys, because when they started asking for bail in the court... One of my attorneys was a sannyasin. I told him,

"You are starting from the wrong point. First you should ask on what grounds we have been arrested: `You don't have any arrest warrant, and the paper you have does not have any of the names of the people you are arresting. The question of bail does not arise.'"

But the sannyasin was a young attorney, and he had called the best attorneys he knew. This is how bureaucracy works. He told me, "We will do everything. You simply be silent, because any word from you may cause trouble. Right now they don't have any evidence against you."

I still think it was wrong of my attorneys to start by asking for bail. The first question should have been, "Why have these people been arrested?"

The people who arrested me should have been punished. The question about bail should not have arisen. But they started from a wrong question, and discussed bail. The six sannyasins were bailed out--

everyone except me. *zenman09*

In the morning when they took me to the court...I have never seen such driving.

I am myself a reckless driver. In my whole life I have committed only two crimes, and those were speeding. But it was not speeding, it was a totally new kind of driving. The U.S. marshal himself was driving. He would drive the car at full speed, beyond the limits, and then suddenly stop--for no reason at all, just to give me a jerk. My hands were cuffed, my legs were

chained--and they had instructions where to put a chain on my waist, exactly where my back is giving me the trouble. And this would happen each five minutes: suddenly fast, suddenly stopping, just to give as much pain to my back as possible. And nobody could say, "You are harming him."

I just said to the marshal, "You are a unique driver--but remember I enjoyed the whole drive." And he took me for almost one hour. I thought

perhaps this was the distance from the jail to the court. The court was *underneath* the jail. The jail was on the upper story and the court was on the lower story; there was no need of any car. I had just to go in an elevator, and it was not even one minute's distance. This one hour tour was just to give me as much pain as possible, to break the vertebrae of the backbone.

The marshal had to leave for some other work, so when the court was finished his assistant simply took me by the elevator to the jail. Then I came to know that that one-hour drive was simply a device; there was no need. When I saw him I told him, "You take a real interest in the health of your prisoners. That one hour open-air drive, and with such a unique way of driving--I will remember it." *upan17*

In the court when the magistrate comes, they declare that the magistrate is coming, "Stand up"--so everybody stands up. When the magistrate sits on the chair, then everybody is allowed to sit. When I was coming into the court, people were standing up on their own. There was no declaration--you don't declare for a prisoner.

And that was a clear humiliation of the magistrate and all the police officials and all the court people, that all the people...even those who were not sannyasins, even those who had never seen me, had never heard of me except that just then they had seen me on the television and seen the brutality of the American government.

They tried in every way. They were thinking that I would be humiliated; but whenever the press inquired of me, I said, "I am feeling great. As far as I am concerned, I am feeling perfectly great. They can torture my body, but they cannot touch me." *transm34*

In the first court where I was brought after my arrest in America, I had some hope, because the magistrate was a woman. But I forgot completely that a woman is more hungry for power, more hungry for prestige, more hungry to rise on the ladder of success, because for centuries she has been denied. I simply thought, she is a woman and she will understand.

But she was bribed by the White House, and this was related to me by the highest law authorities in Carolina. The U.S. Marshal who was taking me back and forth from the court to the jail told me on the way: "It is absolutely unjust what is happening, but you will have to tolerate it. It is only a question of a few days. They cannot manage more than a week to keep you in the jail, because the pressure from all over the world is increasing. And all the news media all over the world are focused only on one question--why you have been arrested and where you are being kept."

And why was I not brought to Oregon, to Portland where the court was going to decide whether I should be bailed out or not? Why was I moved for twelve days continuously from one jail to another? The root cause was that fat woman, who must have been feeling guilty, because she never looked at me eye to eye. And she must have been feeling afraid, too, because she told the marshal: "Tell Osho he cannot use his cap in the court because in America it is thought to be a contempt of the court."

I told the U.S. Marshal, "I *will* wear my cap, and if she has guts she should ask me in the court. It is a question which has to be decided, whether the cap is a respect for the court or a contempt."

He became very nervous. He went inside, told the woman. She said,

"Don't disturb him. I will not raise the question at all, he can wear the cap." Perhaps I am the first man who has used his cap in the American court, because it is a "contempt of the court."

I was prepared to fight--I was not bothered about the bail or all the law and the crimes that they were finding against me. One hundred and thirty-six crimes--I was not concerned. I wanted to face the woman directly, and I wanted to see how much guts she had. I wanted to listen to how the cap can be called a contempt of the court. Then why is my robe not a contempt

of the court? I will remove both together, just to give respect to the court!

She understood, that it is better not to get entangled with this man. The U.S. Marshal came running and he said, "You can use it, there is no problem. Don't be worried about it."

I said, "What happened? Has the law changed in America?"

And the same marshal told me on the way to jail--because I was refused bail.... It is a strange case, a historical phenomenon, because the U.S.

Attorney argued for three days continuously and could not prove that I had committed a single crime. And finally he himself accepted it: "I have not been able to prove anything against him, but still I want the magistrate to know that the government is not in favor of bail being allowed for him."

And all over the world they go on saying that the Department of Justice is not under the government, that the government cannot interfere.

The marshal told me, "The reality behind the scenes is that the woman has been bribed. She has been told that if she does not give you bail she will be made a federal judge." She was only a state magistrate, and that was her great ambition.

I said, "If she had asked me, I would not have even bothered about the bail. I would have told my attorneys, `Don't argue. If my being in the jail for few days helps a poor woman to become a federal judge, let it be so.'"

Justice is a by-product of love.

But neither man knows nor woman; they have all forgotten what love is.

Only the word remains, just like "God"...utterly empty. You open the word "God" and inside there is nothing. The same is the case with the word "love."

Love arises only in those who know themselves.

Love is the light that fills the meditative heart.

Love is the flame that arises in you when you make space for it. Your thoughts must be thrown out, your prejudices must be thrown out. And then there is no problem about justice--you cannot be unjust to anybody. Even to your enemies you cannot be unjust. *mess119*

I have not committed any crime. I was absolutely free to come to Carolina or anywhere in America, and for three days in the court in Carolina they could not prove a single thing against me. Even the U.S. Attorney accepted the fact in his final summarizing statement, that we have not been able to prove anything; neither the other party has been able to prove anything.

Now this is hilarious. The other party need not have to prove anything. It has just to disprove you that you are inventing crimes which have not been committed. Innocence cannot be proved. Only guilt can be proved or disproved. You have not been able to prove any crime, but still the U.S. Attorney wanted--six other my sannyasins were with me, he was willing to bail them out--but he insisted that my bail should be given in Oregon, because I am a dangerous man. I have unaccountable sources of money, and I have thousands of friends who can do anything for me.

These were my crimes, that was I cannot be bailed out; that I have thousands of friends, that they can do anything for me, that I have unaccountable money sources. So it is better that I should be sent back under police custody to Oregon, and in Oregon court we should decide about the bail.

If there has been any fair-minded judge, he could have seen that these are not crimes. That means no rich man can be bailed out. In fact, if this man has so many friends, that proves that this man cannot be a criminal. And, if so many people love him that they can do anything,

even if they have to die they can die, then you cannot call this man dangerous. If so many people are loving him that is enough. In fact this man's signature will be enough a guarantee.

But the judge was not a real judge. She was a woman, and only a magistrate. And she was waiting for her promotion to be a judge. *last428*

Osho is transported to Oklahoma County Jail

On 4 November, Osho is transported to Oklahoma County Jail.

The government attorney, U.S. attorney, insisted that my question of bail will be decided in Oregon. That seems absurd, if six persons with me have been arrested here and their bail can be arranged here, then why particularly me?

But the reason was, that they wanted as long time to reach to Oregon. It is only six hours' time. But they managed the plane that takes their prisoners from one place to another; even the pilot told me that he had never come across such a thing, "Suddenly as we come near Oregon we receive orders, move to other direction. They are simply harassing you."

So I have to be left into some other prison; in twelve days they change five prisons. *last420*

But the strange thing was that every time I would get out of the airplane and sit in the police car, the man who was taking me, delivering me to the hands of the U.S. marshal, would whisper in his ear--and I was sitting just behind him, I could hear it--"This man is dangerous, so don't do anything directly. Don't even touch his body because the whole world is watching, and once he is out he is going to expose everything that happens in these jails. So be polite and be intelligent in behaving with him; don't treat him as a criminal."

That message was continually given each time I was changed from one jail to another jail. They did not touch my body; they did not do anything directly. They tried indirectly to do things, in which they failed.

For example, I reached one jail nearabout eleven in the night, and the U.S. marshal wanted me not to write my name on the form--he told me that I should write the name "David Washington."

I asked, "Under what law or constitution can you prevent me from writing my name and force me to write some name which is not mine? I will not write it. And you are supposed to be a law enforcement agency.

On your coat there is written Department of Justice--but what kind of justice

is this? In the middle of the night, I am tired...the whole day's journey, and you want me to write somebody else's name? You will have to give me an explanation."

He said, "I don't know any explanation. Don't be angry with me--I am just following directions from high above."

I said, "Then tell those people, whoever is giving you directions, that I am not going to writèDavid Washington.' If *you* want to write, you can fill in the form with `David Washington' and everything, and I will sign."

He said, "That seems to be a perfect compromise...because I also want to go to sleep. Unless you sign this form you cannot enter the cell and go to sleep." So he filled in the form in his own handwriting, and I signed with my own signature. He looked at my signature and asked, "What does it mean?"

I said, "It must mean `David Washington'--isn't that my name?"

He said, "I cannot understand what you have written."

I said, "I write in my own language: this is `David Washington.'" And I told him, "Tomorrow morning you will see on television your handwriting, my signature, and the idea behind it...in all the news media. Why do you want to hide my name? So you can even kill me, and there will be no trace--because I never entered the jail. David Washington you can release tomorrow; just the form has to be signed. But remember, you will not be able to copy my signature."

He asked, "But what makes you certain that the news media will know about it?"

I said, "You will see in the morning."

In the police car with me was a woman. She seemed to be a jailbird, very experienced. She told me that she was going to be released from the jail.

I said, "Then do one favor for me. Just listen carefully to whatsoever transpires between me and the U.S. marshal. All the press is surrounding the jail. When you go outside collect all of them and give them the

information." And she did perfectly well. *mystic42*

The idea was that if I write David Washington and sign David Washington, I can be killed, poisoned, shot and there will be no proof that I ever entered the jail. I was brought from the back door of the airport, I entered the jail also from the back door, in the middle of the night so that nobody can be ever aware--and only the U.S. Marshal was present in the office, nobody else.

He took me to the cell and told me to take one of the mattresses, utterly dirty, full of cockroaches. I said to him, "I am not a prisoner. You should behave a little more humanly. And I will need a blanket and a pillow."

And he simply refused: "No blanket, no pillow. This is all you will get."

And he locked the door of that small, dirty cabin.

Strangely enough, in the early morning at five o'clock he opened the door and he was a completely changed man. I could not believe my eyes, because he had brought a new mattress, a blanket, a pillow. I said, "But in the night you were behaving in such a primitive way. Suddenly you have become so civilized."

And he offered me breakfast early in the morning--five o'clock. In no other jail I was offered breakfast before nine o'clock. I said, "It is too early--and why are you paying so much attention?"

But he said, "You have to eat it quick, because within five minutes we have to leave for the airport."

I said, "Then what is the purpose of the mattress and the blanket and the pillow?"

He said nothing and simply closed the door. The breakfast was not much: just two slices of bread soaked in a certain sauce--I could not figure out what it was--tasteless, odorless. *crucif01*

The next morning the marshal came, hitting his head. He said, "What have you done? It is all in the papers, it is on the television! Now get ready; we

have to move you from this jail. We cannot keep you here."

I said, "I love being here. There is no need to change. What is the point of changing? As long as you want, David Washington is willing to live here."

He said, "Don't make a joke of me. I am already condemned for forcing you to sign under a false name. But I am wondering, how did you manage to reach the media?"

I said, "You had completely forgotten that we were two prisoners and the other prisoner was sitting in the corner listening to the whole conversation. She repeated everything word for word."

They failed. They immediately changed the jail so they could say that I had never been there, that all these reports were false. I said, "You cannot do that. That form is there. My signature is there, and my signature is world famous--and it is not easy to copy it. Even I cannot copy it! Each time it changes." *mystic42*

Help from the news media

On 5 November, Osho is transported 30 miles to El Reno Federal Penitentiary Every jail where I was was twenty-four hours surrounded by news media.

Hundreds of cameras, televisions, radios, newspapers--twenty-four hours. And whenever they were taking me from one jail into another, just the small space between the jail and the car and they will ask me, they will say, "Bhagwan, just say one thing, are they harming you? Then we will see them. Have they ever touched your body? Then you don't be worried. The whole world is with you." That made them afraid.

Thousands of telegrams in every jail, letters, poems, hundreds of flowers....

They had to change jail to jail for the simple reason because the moment the news media became aware that I am in one jail, then they harassed them, asked them questions, how I am, how is my health, where is the doctor, and we want to meet the doctor. And this was a very dangerous situation that they had put me under David Washington's name, and now

everybody knows it.

They changed me into another jail, sixteen miles away from the city, so perhaps no news media may reach there. But they were wrong. News media perhaps in the West has become tremendously powerful in helping individuals, in helping their freedom. It is no more just informing people about incidents; it is something more now. It is a protection against the government, it is the protection against your own government. *last428*

There was great sympathy all over America. Even people who had no idea of who I am and what I am doing became aware, by putting me into jail they made whole America aware of the commune, aware why government is destroying it; aware of the fascist attitude of the bureaucracy. And all the way, I was loved and appreciated. Not a single person who was against me--in the jails, outside the jails; going from one jail to another jail, both the sides of the road people were standing, throwing flowers, waving hands, that don't be worried.

Because they will not allow media people. The media people are inventive. What they have done--they had put their microphones on a long rod, above the car, so when I come out of the gate I am facing their microphones. They will not allow them, but they cannot prevent them taking the microphone above the car. And they simply wanted to tell me that "We love you, Bhagwan. And whatever is being done to you remember, it is not we who are doing it."

In fact, they have taken a wrong step. They have made America realize that their own government is not in favor of poverty disappearing, of people becoming rejoicing and happy; that their own government is their enemy. And they created great sympathy for me. The sympathy was such that I could have contested for the president, because all the newspapers were full of sympathy, all televisions were full of sympathy, all radios were full of sympathy. The government must have had a shock. They had not realized that this will be the outcome of it. *last429*

Osho tortured, his experiences in jails

In each jail they tried different ways to affect my life. In one jail they put me

into a cell with an inmate who was dying with an infectious disease.

And for the six months since this man had come the cell was never given to anybody else; he had lived alone because the doctor had said that anybody living with him was bound to catch the disease. And I was, in the middle of the night, given that cell. The doctor was present, he did not object; the jailer was present, the marshal was present. The man, who was just dying--I heard later on that he died on the third day after I left the jail--could not speak, he had become so weak. He wrote on a small piece of paper, "Osho, I have been seeing you on the television. And I know that these people want to kill you; that is the reason they have put you in this cell. Don't touch *anything.* Just stand near the door and knock on the door till they come, and force them to change your cell.

Because I am dying, and I don't want you to catch my disease. For six months they have not given this cell to anybody--and you are not even a prisoner."

It took one hour of me knocking on the door, and then the jailer appeared and the doctor appeared. And I said to the doctor, "What has happened to your tongue? For six months you have been saying that nobody should be given this cell. Why have you remained silent?" He was just embarrassed. I said, "You are a medical man. You have taken the oath of Hippocrates in your medical college before you got your degree, that you will serve life, not death. And this is not serving life."

He said, "I am sorry, but...orders from above. I am a poor doctor, I cannot disobey; just excuse me." And immediately my cell was changed.

They were giving me medicines--which I never took; I accepted them and threw them in the wastepaper basket, because those medicines I had no need for. I told them, "My problem is my back, which you are destroying"--because the same kind of driving continued from one jail to another jail, it was pre-planned; from jail to airport, from airport to jail, the same kind of driving continued for twelve days--"and for my back there is no medicine. For what are you giving me medicine? for my allergies? I have allergies, but for my allergies you have made every arrangement."

In every jail they had put all the heavy smokers in the same cell where they put me. So for twenty-four hours a day people were smoking--

because they knew that I am allergic to smoke, dust, perfume, any kind of smell. They managed in every way to destroy my body. And I asked,

"For what are these medicines?" Certainly those medicines would have made me sick....

In one jail they told me, "If you don't like to take medicines orally we can give you injections."

I said, "Never. Don't *touch* my body. If you touch my body, if anything happens to me, you will be responsible. It is up to me to take medicine or not. And I am not sick, I don't need your medicines. And the problems that I have, you don't give any medicine for--for that you have created exactly the situation in which my problem will increase."

In every jail I was put in a place where two television sets were on for twenty-four hours a day at full volume. Sleep was impossible. And the whole place was full of smoke; I could not breathe. *upan17*

My other medical problem was allergies. That too is incurable. It is inheritance. For certain things I am allergic--wool, perfume, any kind of smell, dust, smoke, particularly tobacco smoke. In the jails they managed everything. They will put me in the dirtiest cell, where there was nothing but dust; even to walk into it was to raise dust. They will

give me the dirtiest blankets, and I told them "I don't want these blankets because they are woollen and I cannot use them." They said that they don't have any cotton blankets, which is a lie; because later on when it went to the press that they are not giving me cotton blankets, immediately they appeared. The pillows appeared. Just one day before they were non-existent.

They will put me with twelve other cell mates around me. Perhaps particularly chosen because all were chain smokers. That was a rare combination that all twelve people with whom I am put are all chain

smokers. From the morning to the middle of the night they are smoking.

So my eyes was continuously with tears, because that smoke I cannot tolerate. My throat was choking, my breathing was difficult, and I was afraid that any moment it may trigger my asthma attacks....

In every jail they will put me between two television sets on both the sides of the cell, which will run full-speed loudly, six in the morning till twelve in the night. And then they must have managed that when the televisions will become silent, then the inmates will start talking, cell to cell. They didn't allow me to sleep for a single moment for twelve days.

They did everything that they could indirectly, because they knew all my diseases; and to the press they will, because the press was continuously after them--the press and the news media helped me immensely, otherwise they would have kept me for two three months without trial, without arrest warrant, without any show cause.

But because the press was surrounding every jail, wherever they were keeping me, hundreds of television stations, newspapers, radios, and they were so much afraid of the media that they could not do anything directly, because they knew that if they do anything, even if they touch my body, it will be soon around the world and the whole world is watching....

But these twelve days have been of immense help. First, I could see that a country like America, which pretends to be the biggest democracy in the world, is not democratic. It is simply a hypocrisy.

Secondly I could see that American bureaucracy and government is not only deceiving the whole world; it is also deceiving its own people. The people are beautiful. They are just as loving as anywhere else, perhaps more. But they are not aware what is happening behind walls.

Thirdly, I became aware that in five jails, which were the biggest jails in America, not a single white prisoner. It seems all the crimes are committed by the blacks; that no white commits any crime. It made me

clear that those jails are not for criminals, but for those people who they

want to repress. And I came across people in the jails who said, "We have been six months here, nine months here, waiting for the trial." Pre-trial arrest is absolutely inhuman. You should bring the person to the court first, and if the court sentences him that's perfectly okay. But you are already punishing him. You have punished nine months a person, without even telling him what he has done. And all the jails were full of black people; totally, not a single exception.

Fourthly I saw that the inmates in the jail who are thought to be criminals are far more human, far more loving, than the people who are pretending to be democrats, humanitarian, and are trying save the whole world. I would ask for a toothpaste, or for a brush, or for a comb, or for a soap, and it will take two days that a brush will appear. But there is no toothpaste. Then the toothpaste will appear.

But when I asked the jail authorities, the inmates heard and they started bringing things. They say, "Bhagwan this is absolutely fresh, we have not used it, and those people are really ugly with you because when we ask they immediately give us, and when you ask it takes two days for them to bring a toothbrush." So I got everything from the inmates; the soap, the toothbrush, the comb, or anything that I needed; not from the authorities.

And they are all so happy that I am with them, and they said, "Now that we don't think this place as a jail. If you are here it has become a temple for us." Small gestures of love; somebody will bring a flower which he has picked while he has gone for the lunch, and I saw the other world that perhaps exists in every country, the world of the criminals. They are our brothers and our sisters, and we have put them in such a situation that they are almost another world, they are not part of this world, nobody knows about them, what is happening to them. If they can try to torture me, who was in the eyes of the whole world; thousands of telegrams every day, thousands of telephones every day, and the whole jail was surrounded by the press people; if they can torture me, or try to torture me, what they will be doing with these poor people, who nobody knows, who nobody will ever inquire whether they are alive or dead?

So my health they have put backwards, but I am recovering. *last420*

Strangely, for three days continuously in the smoke, my allergy was not disturbing me. Otherwise, just a little perfume, a little smoke, a little dust, and I will have an asthma attack. But I left the body outside, and I slipped as deep inside as possible to be far away from the smoke--let the body tackle it.

The doctors said, "You are allergic to smoke, but there is continuous smoking and you are not affected."

I said, "It is because I have not been in the body for three days. I have been trying hard to keep myself as much inside as possible--indoors."

I was not eating much, because it was all non-vegetarian food and the orders from above were that no special attention should be given to me.

So they would not give me vegetarian food. I said, "Don't be worried..."

The inmates of the jail would bring their fruits, their milk. And they would say, "You are not eating anything and they are not giving you vegetarian food. But we get one apple every day, one glass of milk every day--and we are twelve people. You don't be worried: you can have twelve glasses of milk, twelve apples."

But I said, "It is better not to eat. I will take a little bit of the fruit you have brought with such love and I will drink the milk, but I simply want my body not to function much. Digestion means making the body function. So let it sleep--almost dead, no function. I don't want them to know that they can create my asthma."

And for twelve days they tried hard, but they could not create any problem for me. And every doctor from every jail had to write that my health was perfect and fine.

The situation was created to be totally destructive to my health. I lost eight pounds of weight, but there was no suffering. In fact, as I came out of the jail, Vivek told me, "You are looking better than you ever looked before."

I said, "I have lost eight pounds of weight." Devaraj, my doctor, had tried hard to bring my weight down. He was not successful, but these American

idiots have done it. I enjoyed it; I cannot say that there was any suffering in me. From their side, they were completely determined to make me suffer, and because they could not make me suffer they felt so frustrated. *upan36*

Osho is transported to Portland via six airports

On 7 October, Osho is transported to Portland via six airports including Seattle.

They went on lying to me on every point. I was surprised that so much lying; they will take me from one jail to another jail and they will say to me that they are taking me to the airport so that I can be taken to Oregon. Even the pilot of the airport started feeling sad and sorry; and he told me that, "This has happened for the first time. They suddenly change our route. Just to drop you in the middle, somewhere in some jail, they avoid Oregon. They change our route. This has never happened in my life." Because they knew perfectly well, as I reach Oregon and before a judge, I will be released. I will be immediately bailed out because they have done absolutely wrong.

Even on the last day, they told me that "We have reached Portland, Oregon," where I was supposed to reach. It was not Portland, it was Seattle. But I had no idea. Then I am sitting there in the aeroplane, nobody comes, all the passengers are gone. I asked the pilot.

He said, "Don't tell anybody, it is not Portland. It is Seattle. They are lying. And they are keeping you here, they are bringing a small plane which they can take directly to the jail to avoid the news media; because on Portland airport the greatest gathering of news media has happened."

So two hours I am sitting, when they bring a smaller plane, and then they tell me that this is Seattle. I said, "I know this is Seattle. But what was the reason to tell me a lie, that this is Portland? You could have told from the very beginning it is Seattle, and a new plane will take you to Portland?"

But the news media in America is really very alert. When the plane did not reach there, they immediately understood that it has been prevented.

They managed to find out where it has been prevented; it is in Seattle.

They figured it out that now they will be flying me in a small plane to the jail directly. So the whole media moved to the jail.

They had a small airstrip there, and I told them that "You are simply being stupid, what is the point. All those people are here. You have been trying to deceive the media, but you have not been able to deceive them."

Many things I could see which I may have missed without going into jail. *last428*

But to me it is a hilarious phenomenon, seeing the whole world in such a mess, in such a deep insanity that no intelligent communication is possible.

I was talking to the pilot of the U.S. Marshal's plane, because that plane was taking me from one jail to another jail, and the pilots and the air

hostess became deeply interested in me. They started feeling that injustice was being done to me.

They said to me, "We are in the service of the government, but still we cannot see any justice. It is absolutely pointless--a six hour journey from North Carolina to Oregon was enough and they are taking you from one city to another city, for no reason at all." They took twelve days while the journey was only of six hours. And even the pilot, who was a well-educated man, started seeing the ugly strategy, that they wanted simply to harass me. They would bring me to the airport...At five o'clock in the morning they would wake me up in the jail, saying, "Your plane is ready,"

and the plane would leave at five o'clock in the evening. And the plane *was* ready.

The pilot said, "This seems to be absolutely absurd. The plane is ready. I am ready, I am waiting; you are ready, you are waiting, and they are simply delaying for twelve hours, for the simple reason that you can reach the next jail in the middle of the night. And orders are given to us:

`Go as slow as possible, there is no hurry.'"

But they saw me on all these twelve days handcuffed, my feet chained, on

my waist another chain. And because all over there was media, to prevent me from waving my hand to the media they put another chain on my handcuffs, a small chain, and joined it with my waist chain so I could not move even my hands.

The pilot said to me, "This has never happened...and particularly in the plane you cannot escape. Even criminals, even murderers are allowed to take their chains off, their handcuffs off, but they are not allowing you to take your handcuffs, your chains off. This is sheer revenge. But you look so calm and so quiet, almost enjoying the whole trip."

And finally they started asking me, "What is the secret of your calmness?

You are not angry, you are not criticizing, although everything that is being done is illegal."

I said, "This is an opportunity. I have never before in my life had a twelve-day holiday! They are very understanding people."

Finally the air hostess said, "We have been asking, `What crime can this silent man commit?' And they all said--the marshals, the jailors--`He has not committed any crime. His only crime is that he was teaching people to be silent and to be rejoicing.'"

The day they left me in Oregon they had tears in their eyes--the pilot, the air hostess, the co-pilot. They said, "Whenever we can get a holiday from

our jobs, we are going to come to your commune, because you have made us, without saying anything, aware that we are missing something.

We don't know what it is, but we are missing and we want to learn. We have gathered information from others that you call it meditation; we want to learn meditation." *dawn24*

Bail Hearing and bomb threat

On 8 November, Osho attends a Bail Hearing in Portland, where Judge Leavy releases him on a $500,000 bond. There is phone threat about a bomb in Multnomah County Justice Centre, which is evacuated, before

Osho is taken there to collect his belongings.

In Oregon I was before a federal judge, and he immediately could see that there is no case. He bailed me out. *last420*

My bail was set at five hundred thousand dollars--that's near about seventy-five lakh rupees--even the jailer who was taking me back to jail was worried. He said, "From where will it come? The figure is too big. In my whole life I have never seen or heard of anybody's bail being set at five hundred thousand dollars. How are you going to manage?--and you look so relaxed and so cool..."

I said, "I don't bother about such things. Something will happen."

He said, "But how will it happen?"

I said, "That I don't know. How is not part of my language. It *will* happen!"

He looked surprised; he could not believe it. But within ten minutes it happened, and he came running to me and said, "You were right, your bail has been deposited!" He said, "It is unprecedented that for a person against whom no crime has yet been proved, there is no evidence against him--and yet such a large amount for bail. But you are stranger than the judge, because you remain so cool and so silent."

When I went into the jail I had gone immediately to take my shower, because it was my shower time. The jailer was standing there and he said, "You cannot miss your shower even today? If nobody pays your bail, then you will be in jail for at least twenty years."

I said, "That is not the concern right now; right now the concern is to take a good shower. I have always trusted. After my shower you come to see me."

And after my shower he was standing outside the bathroom. He said,

"Somebody has given the bail"--he could not believe it. "How are you managing things?

I said, "I have never managed. In my whole life I have never done anything

deliberately--but things go on happening."

Once you are in a let-go existence takes care of you. Then you are relaxed. If existence wants you to be in jail for twenty years, that's perfectly good; if it wants you to be out to prepare other people for jail, that too is good. It depends on existence, whether it is satisfied with one or many. *satyam30*

But as I went to the jail to take my clothes and things from there, I was surprised to see that the whole ground floor was empty, which was always full of officers and people, and clerks, and the whole department of the jail. I asked the person who was taking me in, "What is the matter?

Is there some holiday today or something?"

He said, "No, nothing, it is just changing the shift."

But I said, "I am not a fool. Changing a shift I have seen before, twelve days I have been in the jail. Unless the person comes, the old person cannot go. This gap in a jail, that everybody goes because the shift is changing, and the new persons have not come yet seems to be absolutely absurd.

He said, "I don't know. You just sit here, and I will find my boss to sign the papers, and you take your clothes." This was for the first time in twelve days they left me alone. Otherwise, even though I was completely chained, hands, feet, waist, two men with guns were always with me.

This was the first time I was not chained, and I was left alone in the room, and the man went locking the room. I had no idea what is happening. After few minutes he came, he gave my clothes, and I was released.

As I reached my hotel, the news came that a bomb has been found in the place where I was sitting. Now in a jail, who can put a bomb? Ordinarily nobody can even enter--three electrical gates you have to pass first--

except the authorities themselves; and now it is clear why the whole ground floor was empty, and why the man left me alone and went out.

Later on I discovered that no signature of the boss was needed. Only my

signature was needed, because I am receiving my things back. That was the whole thing; what the boss has to do with it?

So they were not able to find out what time the court will release me, and the bomb must be a time bomb. So they just guessed, and their guess missed. Now these type of people are simply fascist. There is no other word for these people. *last420*

Just two hours before I was going to be released by the court, one young man from the San Francisco consulate reached me. He said he had been sent by the Indian ambassador to inquire if I wanted anything.

I said, "You have come too late. I am going to be released within two hours. Where have you been for twelve days?"

I was released, and then the ambassador in Washington phoned: "Do you need any help from our side?"

I said, "What help can you give me now? Where have you been for twelve days?"

I said, "I don't need any help. If you need any help, you can ask me. I can help *you*. You should be ashamed and resign. You could not even raise your voice. You should have given a television interview saying that this is absolutely illegal; you should have pressured the American government." But they never did anything. On the contrary, I have heard just now from a very reliable source that the American government has purchased two members of the Indian parliament so that they can oppose me in case parliament tries to help me in any way. *last423*

What they did as I was released by the court--they had to release me because I have not done anything--they immediately did the first thing in Germany because in Germany I have six communes running on the same principles, so they were afraid that I may go to Germany, and may make a big commune, bigger than existed in America, because six communes are already in existence. And West Germany is just under their pressure, under their domination. They immediately passed a law that I cannot enter Germany.

This is such nonsense! I have never entered Germany, I have never committed any crime in Germany. Just in anticipation, in case I enter Germany they make a law. In fact there was no need to make a law; you could simply have refused a visa. But they may have been afraid: perhaps some ambassador may be influenced with me and may give a visa. It is better to make it clear-cut law that I cannot enter Germany; otherwise I will be immediately arrested.

And what reasons they have given?--because I am a dangerous man and I have a great number of followers who love me so totally that they can do anything for me and we don't want to take any such risk....

And the same reasons are shown in German parliament that I should not be allowed to enter Germany. *last506*

Portland court, Alford plea, ransom

and order to leave the US

On 8 November, after his release on bail, Osho flies to Rajneeshpuram. He rested quietly at home until 14 November, when he attends the Portland court. His attorneys have arranged an Alford Plea. Osho is fined $400,000, and ordered to leave the US immediately.

They had no crime against me. They knew it--the judge knew it, everybody was aware that they had no crime against me. And all the crimes that they are talking about--there were mainly two.

One was that I helped people to get married, and those marriages were just to get residence in America. It was absolutely false because for three and a half years I had been silent and I had not been meeting with any sannyasin. It was true that people had married just to remain in America, but it was not my arrangement; I was not guilty of it. I had not told anybody, not a single person, to get married to somebody. I was not seeing people at all; I was in isolation and in silence.

And the whole house--twenty people who were taking care of me--they were witnesses that nobody entered in the house and I didn't go anywhere.

So it was absolutely absurd.

Their second charge was that before coming to America I had an intention to remain there forever. I told my attorneys, "This is absolutely absurd, because unless they can read somebody's mind, I don't think the judge or the U.S. attorney or anybody.... I am standing here in the court: can they say what I am going to do next? Then I will hit the U.S.

attorney.

"If he cannot see my intention right in front of him, on what grounds can he say that I had that intention? You can talk about actions because actions can have witnesses; but intentions don't have witnesses.

Intentions cannot be punished." *light07*

Because they had no evidence against me--I have not committed any crime--they blackmailed my attorneys, the best in America. The United States attorneys told my attorneys, "If you are interested in Bhagwan's life, it is better not to go for trial, because you know and we know that he has not committed anything, that all thirty-four charges are false. But in no case will the government of America be willing to be defeated in the court by a single individual."

They had named the case United States of America versus Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh. Now the greatest nation in the world, the greatest power in history, naturally would not like to be defeated in the court by a powerless individual.

My attorneys came to me with tears in their eyes. They said, "We are here to protect you, but it seems impossible. We cannot take the risk to go for trial, because we have been told very directly that your life is at risk. So we have agreed on your behalf to accept two nominal charges, just to give the American government a face-saving device, so that they can fine you and deport you."

This was just ten minutes before the court was to start, and in the Federal Court, Judge Leavy asked me just about those two charges that had been

chosen by my attorneys to be accepted because they were just formalities. It was strange that out of thirty-four charges, Judge Leavy immediately asked me only about those two: "Are you guilty of those two crimes or not?" It is clear that Judge Leavy was also part of the whole conspiracy.

But I am a crazy man of my own type. I simply said, "I am." And my attorney, Jack Ransom immediately added--he was standing by my side--

"guilty." So on the court record it has become the full sentence, "I am guilty." I have not said that at all. I would rather be crucified than to accept a false charge.

Outside of the court Jack Ransom told me, "You created such a strange situation. It is good that Judge Leavy has not taken note of it."

He immediately pronounced his judgment. That too is a strange thing.

The judgment has to be written after my acceptance or denial, but the judgment was ready-made. It was there on the table, he simply read it out. Perhaps the judgment was not even written by him. Perhaps it was just given to him.

The judgment was that I was to be fined four hundred thousand dollars.

My attorneys were shocked; they could not believe that for those two formal charges, which are false, more than half a crore rupees are fined;

deportation from America, for five years no entry, and if I should enter then ten years suspended jail sentence would have to be served. And I was told that I had to take my clothes from the jail immediately and my plane is waiting at the airport. I have to leave American immediately, so that I cannot appeal in a higher court....

Another one of my attorneys--Bob McCrea, a beautiful man with some understanding of what was happening--told Vivek, my caretaker, after my last appearance in court, "It seems and feels to me that they have done it again. They have crucified Jesus again. I'm sorry and I feel so helpless."...

It is certainly of tremendous importance that even after twenty centuries a

man like Jesus will be crucified by Christians themselves. It was a conspiracy of the fundamentalist Christians of America and Ronald Reagan. *crucif*

Were you changed by your experiences in America?

I am the center of the cyclone, so whatever happens around me makes no difference to me. It may be turmoil or it may be the beautiful sound of running water; I am just a witness to both, and that witnessing remains the same. As far as my innermost being is concerned, in every situation I am just the same. This is my whole teaching: that things may change, but your consciousness should remain absolutely unchanging.

Things are going to change--that is their nature. One day you succeed, one day you fail; one day you are at the top, another day you are at the bottom. But something in you is always exactly the same, and that something is your reality. I live in my reality, not in all the dreams and nightmares that surround reality. *last423*

PART IX

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19.

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21. Persecution continues; Osho leaves Bombay

PART IX

World Tour

1985-1986

Cyprus overnight

On 14 November 1985, immediately after his trial, Osho leaves from Portland airport in a private jet to Delhi. However he has to remain in Cyprus overnight where he stays in a beachfront hotel.

Three religions--communism, Christianity and Islam--are covering almost the whole earth. You cannot enter Russia, you cannot enter China, you cannot enter other communist countries; you cannot enter Mohammedan countries....

While I was coming back to India, I had to stay the whole night in Cyprus because Saudi Arabia would not allow me to fly over the country because it was some religious day. I said, "My flying over the sky has nothing to

do with your religious day. You can celebrate, you can.... You must not be celebrating in the sky, you must be celebrating on the earth." But no, nobody can pass over the country.

And lately I have been informed, particularly because I was there in a chartered plane.... If somebody else had been there, they may have allowed them. I would have been flying thousands of feet above, but I had to wait for twelve hours in Cyprus till their religious festival was over, and then they let me move.

So the world is full of crude, unintelligent, idiotic ideologies. It is difficult to turn the wheel of truth. But on the other hand, for the first time, the youth of the world is no longer interested in the past. It has lost its roots in the past. It has no respect for the past because it can see clearly that the past has been ugly, barbarous; and what man has done to man is intolerable.

And tomorrow this new mind, the new generation, is going to be powerful everywhere. This generation is open to the future, and there is every possibility that the new generation will be able to understand what I am saying without any difficulty.

So there is no need to be worried about the old generation. One of its legs is almost in the grave--I just have to wait in Cyprus for twelve hours more and the whole old generation will have gone into the grave!

But the wheel is going to move. *light33*

Kulu Manali, India

On 17 November Osho arrives in Delhi where thousands of Indian sannyasins greet him. He gives a press conference, and then continues to Kulu Manali. Osho stays in Span Resort on the condition he does not hold large meetings, so he greets visiting sannyasins only on his daily walks. On 19th November, Osho begins regular press interviews.

In Manali seventeen years ago you spoke. Was that one of your first meetings?

Not my first meetings but the first time I started the movement of sannyas. And it seems we have come round the whole circle.

Is that what drew you back to this place?

Yes, I love this place. *last502*

When seventeen years before I had a camp here and started sannyas here, I had liked the place, so when we were coming and it was a question where, I told them find out something in the Himalayas just for a few weeks to rest before you find a permanent place. And they found this Span Resort was good. So it was just a coincidence. *last506*

In your thirty years of constant touring and talking to people, what is it you have achieved? What is your legacy?

I am leaving behind millions of people who are meditative.

In their terms, what did they achieve?

That is the greatest achievement possible. If their meditation grows they will know who they are--and that is the greatest ecstasy you can have. I have given them a sense of individuality, integrity. I have not made them slaves to any god, to any religion. I have not made them slaves to any holy book, to any priesthood. I have made them completely independent, a religious consciousness on their own. *last407*

Neither can I give you anything in this life nor can I promise you anything in other lives. I don't have any opium for anybody.

But I can make this very moment a tremendously beautiful moment, without giving anything to you, without anything visible passing from my hands to you.

But there are invisible things. We accept x-rays without any trouble, why can't we accept that love also has its own rays and silence has its own rays, its own radiation.

And of course, enlightenment has a tremendous force to transform a person. It is a miracle. *last516*

Has there been any change in your ideas in recent years?

No. It has been growing. I don't believe that anything in existence comes to a full stop, everything goes on growing. The moment something comes to a full stop that means it is dead.

So if by change you mean that I have dropped some ideas, that is not right. If you mean that my ideas have been growing, that is true. But they are the same ideas.

This big tree is from the same seed. It will go on growing, it will bring new leaves, it will bring new fruits. You could not have seen those leaves, those fruits, those flowers, in the seed.

So I have been evolving rather than changing, because change gives a wrong idea--as if I have abandoned something and moved to some other

standpoint. No.

I am a continuous flow--broadening, becoming bigger, flowering, covering more and more sky, spreading my wings as far as I can; so there is evolution, and it will continue until my last breath. *last417*

Could you tell us something about your routine over here?

Coming to India, I have not started my work yet, otherwise it was too much for twenty-four hours to contain. Before it starts again, there is in fact no routine. I am sleeping from seven in the evening to eight in the morning, then taking my bath. At nine visitors come just to see me. That is one of the conditions of Span that I cannot hold meetings here, so they just stand on the gate and I go and receive them. And for half an hour I go around just for a walk. Nine-thirty to eleven is given to news media, because from all over the world people are coming, so it is for their interviews. Eleven I take my lunch, and eleven-thirty I go back to sleep.

At three I wake up. Three to three-thirty is for photographers, and just a walk around the ground, and then again an interview with the press.

Five to six I listen to some classical music. Six I take my supper, and seven I go to sleep again. So it is not much of a routine, mostly I am sleeping. *last506*

You are living now without a commune. How does that affect your sannyasins?

I have always lived without commune, even when I was living near the commune, I was an outsider. I was never a member of any commune, never a part of any commune. It does not make...whether the distance is one mile, or one thousand miles. And I have my communes all over the world. I am surrounded by my communes, so I never feel that I am missing anything.

And are the sannyasins missing you?

They certainly are missing me.

How would you actually describe yourself now?

Just the same as I always have been: a friend who is available to anybody who wants to grow spiritually. So whether I am here or anywhere else, people will always be coming to me. They are not my followers, I am not their leader. I am just a fellow traveler....

What is your task now? How do you feel you could give to the world now?

Just the same as I have been doing all my life. I have sharing my love, my understanding, my clarity. Wherever I have been, people start feeling something which they cannot describe, but which attracts them towards me; a magnetic pull. And if they are open, available, not closed, then miracles can happen in their life. They have happened in millions of people's lives.

And I am doing the same, and I will go on doing the same wherever I am. *last427*

What happened to those four thousand people or so who were living in Rajneeshpuram? Are they being accommodated in your communes all over the world?

They are being accommodated in other communes, or they are making small groups and arranging themselves and waiting if I can manage somewhere, then they will be immediately coming. *last506*

What about those many people--hundreds come to you here for darshan at this resort: have you got any program for them?--because they are coming to you with a need.

I know, they are coming, but my conditions of staying here are such that I will not be even talking to any gatherings, any meetings, so I cannot talk to them. But they are happy enough just to see me safe. They can see me, they can cry, they can weep and they can hold my hand--and they are happy.

This condition will not last. We are searching all over the world, but this time we are being very much clear about any conditions that may arise later

on. So first we are trying to find an island which is independent, which belongs to no government; and we have located two islands which are tremendously beautiful.... *last506*

I told sannyasins not to come to Kulu Manali because we wanted to purchase land and houses in Kulu Manali, and if thousands of sannyasins had started coming, immediately the orthodox, the old-fashioned people would have started freaking out. And the politicians are always looking for an opportunity...

Those few days that I was not with my sannyasins, not talking to them, not looking in their eyes, not looking at their faces, not listening to their laughter, I felt undernourished. *socrat04*

Your meditation in America is printing a newsletter. Do you have a message for your sannyasins there?

Just remember one thing: the sannyas movement has entered a critical stage. It is a good sign; it will bring maturity, strength, togetherness.

What is to be remembered is that this strength, this togetherness does not become an organization. It remains the movement of individuals who are together because their experience is similar. They are not part of a religion, they are not a church; their individuality is absolutely intact....

So remain continuously aware and make your readers remember in different ways in different times, that my message is for the individual, and I stand for absolute freedom, individuality. If we are together and if we are fighting together our aim is to fight for individuality and freedom.

We are not going to become unconsciously a church, an organization.

That has happened to all the religions in the past. It was a calamity.

Avoid the calamity. *light03*

Litigation against Osho

6th to 23rd December Osho stops interviews because of litigation against

him.

You had stopped giving interviews in the last fifteen days?

Yes, for fifteen days I had to stop, because everywhere is so much ugliness. All over the world we talk about freedom of thinking and freedom of expression, but nowhere it is allowed. As I landed in Delhi after America, I gave my first press conference. In that press conference I have not said anything about any religion because it was not the context.

Still from far away Bengal a summons has come I have hurt their religious feelings, so I have to appear before the court in January.

Second summons have come and third we are informed is coming. So my people thought that it will be better before we establish...

Right now we don't have even a single legal person, so they suggested that for ten, fifteen days I should wait. Our legal persons are coming, and then they can take care of all these cases. These are harassment cases

and it is very easy to put a case against anybody that you have hurt my religious feeling... *last506*

In America there are international, private security agencies. I have the best international security agency working for me to inform me about all the secrets that is going on in governments against me or for me. Now from America I have received the information that: 'India is finished for you because Indian politicians are under too much pressure by the American politicians. And if you don't believe us you can try to check their confidential file.' And one of the friends who had the approach managed to check the file and they were right.

The American government is trying to tell them that I should not be directly attacked because that becomes a difficult matter to arrange...they have seen, they attacked me directly and they have seen how they became a target of world news media and lost immense prestige. "Don't attack me directly," that is their suggestion, "but don't allow foreigners to be here..." so that I cannot work. Because I have trained my four thousand, five thousand

people for every work...

So now the American government pressure on Indian government is that Ì should not be attacked directly but I should not be allowed my trained people to live with me, so the whole work can be destroyed.' *last508*

I have been informed by very intimate sources to the government that first they don't want any foreigners to be here, so anybody who wants to be here cannot get a visa. The people who had come with me, they gave only a standing ticket for three weeks and they will not extend it into visa. It is against their policy; their policy is to increase as much tourism as possible. And through me they can increase their tourism to thousands.

In America every year at least fifty thousand people were coming from all over the world, so to cut all the foreigners from me who are accustomed to do my work--printing, editing, filming, making houses, making roads.

In these four years we have trained all kinds of skills. So those people particularly who have been in American commune should not be allowed.

And that's what they have been doing; they are not allowing them.

Left alone to myself I cannot create a commune. With Indians it is very difficult to create that kind of thing. *last506*

Even being in my own country I feel helpless. The people who have been taking care of me: my physician, my caretaker, my washer woman, my cleaners, my typists, they all have been thrown out of the country.

The president of the international sannyas movement had been given six month visa, just with one entry. She tried hard, she is a woman of immense creative intelligence. Perhaps she has made the best film that has ever been made, "Godfather." Her film has received more awards than any film ever. And these bureaucrats will not give her a second entry. She said, "It is useless, because I am the president of the movement and I will have to come and go to talk to Osho about problems," but they are not willing to give her a second entry.

She is stuck in Nepal. She had sent a message that, "They are not giving

me a second entry."

One man, for one month, the secretary of the sannyas movement has been waiting in Delhi to see the prime minister to make our situation clear to him, that "You need not be afraid, we are not going to do anything that can harm your country. Whatever we propose will be beneficial. It cannot be in any way harmful."

But for one month he has not been able to see the prime minister. He has been given at least twelve times appointments and at the exact moment the appointment is cancelled.

Now how to work in such conditions? *last509*

The Indian government wanted me to stay in India, but with conditions.

One: no foreign disciple should be allowed to come to see me. Two: no news media should be allowed to interview me. Three: I will not go out of the country. If I fulfilled these three conditions then I could stay in the country.

I said, "Why don't you simply shoot me? These conditions are just to kill me!" And I had to leave the country because...there are many sannyasins in high posts in the government who informed me that I should leave immediately because they were going to confiscate my passport so I could not get out of the country.

I had not enough time, they said, to get a visa, to go to another country.

Moreover they had informed all the embassies in Delhi that nobody should give me a visa to their country. So the only country that was available was Nepal, because no visa is needed--that is a treaty between India and Nepal. *psycho23*

I loved the place where I stayed in Kulu Manali for the simple reason that the river passing by was so full of rocks...day in, day out, there was music, there was dance. But as you know about me, even in my own country I am a foreigner. The government to which Kulu Manali belongs

started freaking out. They had made a law that a man who is not born in their state cannot purchase any land--just to prevent me. But I needed a vast land for my commune, and it is as retarded a part of the country as you can conceive--uneducated, poor, completely in the grip of the politicians.

You will be surprised that the day I left Kulu Manali, the arrangement was that they were going to arrest me on a very fictitious, absurd account. To them it may have looked like very solid ground.... As I left Kulu Manali, just within one hour the arrest warrant reached the place I had been living in. The arrest warrant was hilarious--and makes me feel about our experts that they are donkeys loaded with knowledge.

The reason for arrest was that I had paid four hundred thousand dollars in fines in America, so I have to pay tax and I have to explain from where I got the money. I have never paid any fine anywhere in the world. I don't know even the names of the people who paid the fine. Even my jailer was surprised, because they were not expecting it, knowing perfectly well that I don't have a single cent to pay. And imposing four hundred thousand dollars...it is nearabout sixty lakh rupees. From where am I going to pay it?

But I am not a man who worries about anything. Not for a single moment did the idea even arise in me that this could be a strategy--to keep me in jail until the fine was paid.

And I never think of the tomorrow. Today is too beautiful and too fulfilling--who cares about tomorrows which never come?...

I left Kulu Manali just one hour before--I was still at the airport when they reached the hut where I had been living near the river. And now again the Indian government is continuously sending letters saying that I have to pay taxes. It is such a stupid and illogical step--in logic they call it infinite regression--if I pay the tax, then I have to pay tax on the money that I am paying as tax. Naturally...where is it going to end? Whenever I pay tax, I owned that money--on that money I have to pay the tax again.

And it will go on infinitely. Either you stop at the first step or there is no way to stop. And they know perfectly well that I don't have any money, I don't have any possessions. Everything the people who love me allow me to use,

belongs to them.

But governments are always stupid. In fact, if you are not stupid you are not qualified to be in the government. Can't they see the point? If somebody else has paid the fine, and I don't even know their names, how can I be asked to pay tax?

But the same foolishness prevails over the whole world in all the bureaucracies. It seems the moment they become bureaucrats their minds stop functioning. *mani14*

Osho flies to Kathmandu, Nepal

On 3 January 1986, Osho flies to Kathmandu, where he stays at the Soalti Oberoi Hotel, and immediately begins press interviews and discourses. Sannyasins arrive from around the world to sit with him.

Your disciples who came to receive you at the airport displayed their placards reading Ìn the line of Buddha, a new Buddha is welcome.' Which means they consider you as new Buddha. Do you consider yourself as a reincarnation of Buddha, or new Buddha?

No. It is true that Nepal is the land of Buddha, and India has not been right to claim itself the land of Buddha. That privilege and prestige belongs to Nepal.

And `buddha' simply means the awakened one. It is not a personal name.

I am not anybody's incarnation. I am myself. But I am as much awakened as it is possible for human being to be.

So it is perfectly right if somebody calls me àbuddha.' There is nothing wrong in it. And it will be good to come from India to Nepal to pay a visit to the land of Buddha who has been cunningly claimed by India as India's son, which is not true. *last517*

The king of this country recognizes me as an awakened being. But he thinks of himself as a man of great spiritual realization, which he is not.

It is very easy for him to be supported by his puppets, his paid servants, who say, "Yes, you are a great spiritual leader."

But if he recognizes me as an enlightened person, he should come to see me at least. I'm a guest in his country and he should know the tradition of the East. *light20*

The king of Nepal was ready for me to have my residence and commune there, but the condition was that I should not speak against Hinduism.

Nepal is a Hindu kingdom, the only Hindu kingdom in the world.

I refused. I said, "I never plan what to speak and what not to speak. I cannot promise. And if I see anything wrong, then it does not matter whether it is Hinduism or Christianity or Mohammedanism, I am going to speak against it." *socrat05*

Just the other day an old man was asking me--he is the private secretary of the king of Nepal--"I don't expect that, in this life, I will be able to experience anything you talk about."

I said, "Why? Why are you so discouraged? What I am talking about can be experienced within a second. All that you need is to listen to me carefully and just to make an effort. There is no need to wait for another life. Perhaps you have been doing it in your past lives too, and you are just repeating an old habit, that it cannot happen in this small life. You are thinking, `Now almost two-thirds is gone, one-third is left: how can I manage such a big experience?'"

And as I talked with him and I gave him a meditation--to just witness his breathing--I understood what the difficulty was. He was not listening to me. While I was talking to him, giving him a method, he was preparing in his mind what he had to say after I stopped.

And as I stopped, he did not continue with what I was saying to him. He immediately jumped to something which had no connection with what was said to him. Just to give the appearance that it was connected, he said, "Except for witnessing the breathing...I have been sleeping very soundly--I

don't have any dreams."

I had told him that if you go to sleep watching your breath, you will wake up watching your breath. And that is an absolute proof that you have got the method, you have got a grip on it--because whatsoever is the last thought when you go to sleep, continues to be there the whole night, and is always the first thought in the morning. It waits eight hours.

So he said, "Except for watching the breath.... This is my experience, that whatever thought I sleep with is the first thought in the morning. Driving on a silent road in the faraway parts of Nepal, I feel so overwhelmed with blissfulness that tears come to my eyes and I have to stop driving because I cannot see."

I asked him, "Who has told you to do these things?"

He said, "No one. I have been trying on my own."

I said, "Then I can understand why the fear is there that you are not going to make it in this life. Perhaps you aren't going to make in this life.

These are just fragments--you don't know the whole. And you don't know how to put these fragments together to make the whole.

"You have not been with a master. You are just doing--in a haphazard way--anything that you may have read somewhere, heard somewhere.

But spiritual experience is an organic unity. You need a man who has the vision of the whole before him. He can give you the key from where to start, so you don't end up with fragments here and there. They will not be of any use. They will be simply deceiving you that you are on the path."...

Practically, the master is an absolute necessity. But remember that the master does not own people. The master is not the master of people; the master is the master of himself.

People are attracted to him because of his mastery. They are not to be enslaved. If anybody is enslaving them--and that is what your so-called religions go on doing--then that man is pseudo, and he is going to destroy

you rather than create a new man in you.

So this is the basic indication of who a master is: he does not enslave you. On the contrary he gives you total freedom. And if you choose to do something, you choose. It is not being forced upon you, it is your choice.

The master can make things available to you, but the choice is always yours. And the master will not have any kind of superiority over you. His emphasis will be continuously, "I am just a human being--not a prophet, not a messiah, not a savior of humanity. I am just a human being as you are. If there is any difference, it is very little. The difference is that I am awake and you are still asleep."

But the very phenomenon that you are asleep is an indication that you can be awake. A dead man is not asleep, so he cannot be awake. Being asleep or being awake is the same energy.

The perfect master convinces you that you are as capable as he is of having all the experiences that can uplift you from the ordinary, mundane world into a spiritual paradise, herenow. *light15*

Buddhism is a non-fanatic religion.

Just now when we were in Nepal--Nepal is a Buddhist country--the chief of all the Buddhist monks used to come to listen to my lectures. And I came to know that he was going round meeting ministers, and the prime minister, and other important people and telling them, "You should

come. Don't decide by reading nonsense newspapers. Come and listen to him."

He used to sit just in front of me--an old man--and whenever I said something which was very close to Buddha's heart, I could see that old man's head nodding. He was not doing it knowingly. He was just so much in tune that he felt it; this was the purest thing that he has heard.

And I was not talking about Buddha; but the taste he understood.

The whole day he was moving around Kathmandu, forgetting his own work

as president of the monks of Nepal. He was telling people that they should come and listen to me, and saying, "Don't be bothered what newspapers say. When the man is here, why should you miss him?" And he brought many people by and by.

You cannot hope for this with a Hindu *shankaracharya,* or the head of the Jaina monks, or a Catholic pope. It is impossible. *transm21*

Meditation is the key. Why is it so difficult to live a meditative life without your presence?

It is difficult because you have not yet been able to find your own source of meditation.

Being in my presence you need not meditate. Just being in my presence, a silence descends on you. Your heart has a different rhythm, your being feels a tremendous contentment.

But this is just a reflection. You should not be deceived by the reflection.

Enjoy the reflection, let it penetrate as deeply in you as possible. But this is only an example, that if it can happen in my presence, why cannot it happen in my absence?--because it is happening in you. I may be functioning as a catalytic agent, but the source is within you; you just have to start trying it.

For example, you are in my presence and you feel meditation comes so easily; in fact you need not think about it, it is there. Just try sitting in your room. If it helps, remember me, visualize me, that I am sitting in front of you, and allow the same experience to happen again. You will be surprised; you don't know how capable your consciousness is....

In my presence remember: meditation is easy because in my presence love is easy.

So wherever you are, be loving.

Be loving to the people you are with, be loving to the sky you see. Be loving to the trees you move by.

Just be loving--and whenever you are thrilled with love you will find I am walking by your side, sitting by your side, that my hand is in your hand--

who says that I am far away? And you will immediately have the proof because mediation will be coming from all sides running, flooding you....

So whenever you feel that it is difficult to meditate without me, remember my love for you, remember your love for me.

Love immediately destroys distances.

And you will find me as much present as I am here--or even more. And once you have found it, then there is no problem: wherever you are, meditation is your own, it is your own energy. *light13*

Osho announces his World Tour

On 21 January, Osho announces he is going on a world tour

I am going on a world tour....

I am aware of my people who have already taken the first step; they have already separated themselves from the crowd. They are no longer Christians, no longer Jews, no longer Hindus. They have done a great job, something rare, something unique--never done by such a vast number of people before.

There are only two ways: either they should come to me...which the vested interests are going to make more and more difficult. They would like to isolate me from my people--they have already started doing that.

I have my own way to respond to their fascist strategy. Rather than calling people to myself, I will be going to my people.

Yes, it is true, the thirsty have always come to the well; but it is an *old* proverb, it is not contemporary. Now you can have water coming to your home, wherever you are. Of course in ancient days the well could not go to the people, but now tap water can reach everywhere, anywhere. And I am absolutely contemporary, so I say, for the first time the well will go to the

thirsty.

This is the only possible way to prevent governments, religions, the political parties from preventing my people reaching me; I will be moving around the world. This way I can reach more people, new people also who may not have come to me, who may not have ever thought to come to me.

There are millions of people who love me, who are in deep sympathy with me, who would like to be with me but circumstances prevent them. Their commitments to their families, to their countries, to their professions prevent them. And there is also something more fundamental than all these things.

That is, the negative person is always very active, articulate. Just a single negative person will make so much noise and so much fuss that he may create the illusion that many people are negative....

The positive person who loves me, who is sympathetic, who dreams one day to be with me, remains silent because love is something which one wants to keep in the secretmost part of one's heart. Love is something that one does not want to shout about. In shouting it will die. In making a fuss about it, he will kill it. It has to be protected; it is a very delicate phenomenon. It has to be kept silently within, so that nobody knows about it.

So there are millions of people who love me but have never said it to anybody. It is just their own private secret. And love grows in this way; the deeper you hide it, the faster it grows. Lovers know it--not very clearly because their love is not of a conscious state, but they have a certain glimpse of it....

This is a tragedy in a way: that love cannot be said but hate is very articulate; that the best has to remain unexpressed and the worst is loudly expressed; that the best has no logic to support it and the worst has all the logic to support it--it can argue, it can protest.

I am going around the world for all those people who are already with me; also for those people who would like to be with me, but their love is silent. I

will also be going for those who have been sympathetic.

Sympathy is not enough, but it is an indication that they can take a few steps and become part of my lovers. Sympathy in itself is not enough, but it is a good indication of where the wind is blowing, the direction.

There are people who are just indecisive. They have not yet decided for or against. If I don't reach them soon there is a possibility they may decide against, because those negative loudspeakers are continuously bombarding their ears. All the yellow newspapers, magazines; the

governments, the religious leaders--they are all trying hard to convince them to be on *their* side. I don't need to convince them. I have just to be close to them, and that will do it.

They don't know me, yet without knowing me they have not decided against me. The moment they know me, there is no question of their deciding against me--because they have been continuously fed arguments against me, and still they have remained undecided, open.

All these categories together can make millions of people.... And the strangest thing of all is that the people who think they are enemies of mine have no argument against me. They are fighting a losing battle.

They know it. I have touched precisely their life nerve....

My moving around the world will help tremendously to bring together these different categories of people who are somehow interested in me. It may also create new troubles for me from the vested interests; but I never think of them as troubles. The more they become afraid of me, the more they are losing ground.

And it is better to fight all over the world simultaneously than to fight in different countries at different times, because the fight is the same; why not make it a concentrated effort all over the world?...

We have to fight now worldwide.

We have to make the movement a household name around the world. It is

already a household name, but we have to get sannyasins, lovers, sympathizers from every house, so the fight can be from the basic unit of society, the family.

The world is not ready, but a part of the world--the cream, the young and the intelligent--is absolutely ready. The moment they heard that I am going for a world tour...immediately I received invitations from Greece, from Italy, from Spain, from Portugal, from Switzerland, from New Zealand, from Austria, from Australia, from Costa Rica, from Paraguay, and from many more other countries.

Even three governments have invited me, knowing perfectly well that America is against me and is pressuring governments that I should not be allowed there. Three governments have been courageous enough....

And those countries are not rich--poor countries, South American countries. But they want to show to America, "You don't have the monopoly over the world."

So going around the world will help us to find who is our friend and who is not. And my own experience is that one of our friends is equal to one hundred enemies...because *they* don't have anything, just old, rotten ideas which are out of date. Just a little push and they will fall apart.

They are fighting for the dead.

We are fighting for the unborn.

And the decision of existence is always for life. *light20*

How is it possible for you to be available to your sannyasins without the commune?

Now it will be easier. Now I will be more available to individuals, and they will be able to be in direct contact with me more easily.

And the communes will come together again, but on a higher level, on a higher plane. The centers will come to function again. It is good for the time being just to have a discontinuity, so everything that comes has not even a

shadow of the past over it.

I don't want very organized communes, for the simple reason that whenever you become very organized you start losing something for which you had started to organize in the first place. Other things become more important....

Big communes won't function--decentralize! The small centers, the old way, was far better; people enjoyed it because somebody's house became a center, and the person loved it, that his house was being used for my work. It becomes something integrated, that people come there to meditate--it is not something impersonal....

It is better to decentralize the communes. There is no need...just individual homes, individual sannyasins who have small farms or some holiday place in the hills can easily manage weekends or a full week. And now all my therapists are free, so they will be moving all around the world. Wherever they are, use them. Because the place I am going to find is going to be totally different. There will not be therapy groups: there will be meditation groups, there will be music groups, there will be sculpture groups, there will be poetry groups. How long are we going to do just therapy?

People have done therapy; now they need something creative to do. They are in a position now to do something creative. There should be painting groups...So it will be a school of a different kind. You learn painting, you

learn to play the guitar, you learn some other instrument, you learn dancing. So we will have these kinds of teachers--dancers, musicians, painters, sculptors, poets--and that will be sheer joy. It will be up to you to join any, or as many as you like. And there will be meditation groups; these will continue.

And I will be available to you in a totally different format--in this format, that you can sit by my side and ask questions. Anybody who has a question can ask a question, because now you are mature enough: there is no need to think that you will ask some stupid question. And even if you do, there is no harm because I never remember what you have asked! I simply answer what I have to answer. Whatever the question, my answer is going to be

certainly significant and meaningful to you.

So I would like now that two hundred people will be there at a time. They can sit just by my side and have a more close, more intimate contact.

When there are ten thousand or twenty thousand people I cannot see even your faces, you cannot see my face. You are present, but what kind of presence is that?

So my new idea is that there is going to be my residence only, with a facility for two hundred people who can sit around me on the lawn, anywhere. There is no need for any formal setup; informally we can talk.

Or if there is no question, we can just sit in silence. Or if somebody wants to dance, he can dance; if somebody wants to play the flute, we can listen to the flute. So it will be more of a communion.

It will be a totally different way....

I am trying to find the right place; soon I will have the right place, and they will have more opportunity to come close to me.

And this will be better--smaller groups all the year round. I am going to drop all the festivals so there is no need for twenty thousand, thirty thousand people together, because then there is no intimacy. So the festival will be every day. And why have only one festival when you can have three hundred and sixty-five! *light12*

The commune is no more; or, every sannyasin is the commune. But what about such institutions as the Academy, or Friends, which takes care of the publication and distribution of your words? Do they still have a function, and how can they function?

They still have a function--and they will continue to function--but their function is not dictatorial. Their function is to serve the whole world of sannyasins and the people who love me.

So their function is not to govern you, their function is to serve you.

And they are not organizations, they are simply institutes. And their function has become more important now, because for all the languages that books are being translated into, it has to be seen to it that they are not mistranslated--that the translation is right, that it does not harm the spirit of the message.

So it is a great work to take care of all the languages--we need the publication institute to check all the language publications before they are published.

Now there are many countries.... Just yesterday, a Korean woman was here, and she informed us that more than thirty of my books are translated into Korean, and thousands of copies are available in all the bookstalls all over the country. We have to take care of things. There are countries which are not members of the Bern Convention: they do not believe in copyright. Korea is one of those that do not believe in copyright, so they can translate any book, publish any book.

But we can at least keep an eye that the translation is done rightly, that the person who is doing the translation understands me. It is not only a question of copyright, it is a question that I should not be presented in a wrong way--which is possible. Because if they are just earning money, who cares whether the translation is right or wrong?

I informed the woman, "You send..." Because we don't even know: it may be happening in other countries. There are many countries which are not under the copyright convention. But we can help them, we can suggest to them, "We don't want any money from you, any royalty from you, but we would like you to represent every book exactly, without any distortion." And in many countries we will have to take publication into our own hands.

For example, it happened in England that one of the presses had published eight or ten books. We came to know later on that it was a Christian press, but to us it was not a problem. To *them* it became a problem, because when I spoke against Christianity, they simply pulled out all those books that they had published before--books which have nothing to do with Christianity--and informed us that they could not publish our books anymore.

The same has happened in Holland--another publisher, and for the same reason. When I was speaking on Christ, they had published twelve or fifteen books, and now because I have criticized him, they have simply stopped selling the books. They have informed us, "We will not sell them,

and we will not publish any more books because ours is a Christian organization."

So it is going to happen everywhere sooner or later. Somebody will be a Mohammedan publisher, somebody will be a Hindu publisher, somebody will be a Christian publisher. So sooner or later we will have to take all our publication into our own hands. We will not be able to give it to others--they will not be ready.

So the Academy, and Friends International, they will still have their functions: publication, keeping contact with all the sannyasins of the world--not control but contact; otherwise all contact will be lost.

There is a need for an institute that keeps all the contacts, all the addresses, all the names of sannyasins; where they are, what they are doing. If we need them in some other place.... For example, if we want to keep an eye on all the languages, then we will need people with different languages to be in one place, at the headquarters.

So Friends International will be the headquarters for communication for all the sannyasins. If I am traveling around the world, then somebody, some agency, is needed to inform you where I am; otherwise I may pass through your country and you may not even know.

This is possible, because just now the pope has informed all the Christian publications in Italy, as he heard that I am coming to Italy, that they are not to give me any publicity--neither positive nor negative.

They are not to even mention my name. Now, in Italy the pope has great powers--political powers--over the government and over the media.

We will need our own media, our own agencies, our own publications to inform you. And for any information that you want, you need headquarters

from where you can get that information; otherwise it will become impossible even for you to find out where I am.

But their function is not to govern you; their function is to serve you, just to make me available to you as accurately as possible.

We may need our own radio station somewhere, we may need our own television stations, because these people are going to be cutting off all sources, so that I cannot reach the public.

Now there are countries like Germany who have already made laws that I cannot enter their country. Others may follow in the same way if they see that I am traveling around the world. Then they simply won't let me in.

And there are political pressures, religious pressures. So we need our own independent media which can continue to inform you and other people--so these people cannot do any harm.

Now their only fear is that my words will reach people. This is a great victory for us. That means they have an absolute certainty that they cannot argue: they have no valid arguments against me. Such steps are only taken when you cannot argue; otherwise, what is the need?

So this is the world we are in--which is dominated everywhere by rotten ideologies that have no logical support. And they will be trying to prevent us everywhere. And it is so easy.

So before they start preventing us, we have to have our own arrangements. So rather than making a commune, my effort is now just to have a perfect publication department for all the languages possible, a satellite somewhere so we can manage radio stations all over the world without any difficulty, and headquarters from where you can get all the information--and through which people can be made aware of where sannyasins are.

I will be living at the headquarters, and we will make arrangements for people so that they can come and be with me. If countries stop me from entering, then the only way is that I should be in some place where my sannyasins are close by, and they can come and be with me.

So we have to have these small groups which are not a centralization of power, but are only functionally serving the whole sannyas commune around the world.

And now *every* sannyasin is a small commune. *light28*

I am thankful and grateful that you are with us. But how can I be thankful to those who speak against you and try to destroy your work?

Existence is very compassionate. It is not indifferent, it is not just a spectator. But you have to perceive the depth of everything. For example, you love me, and you love me because I am not a savior or a prophet or a god but just a human being like you. You are worried because there are people who oppose me--don't be worried. This is the way existence functions.

The way of existence is always to create antithesis to every thesis. Only then does something become important. If nobody opposes me, then what I am saying will not have any effect. I would like that the people who love me and the people who oppose me are equally divided--and

that's what existence does--that they are equally powerful, equally divided, and there is not a single human being who remains indifferent: either he is my friend or he is my enemy.

And I am grateful to both, because both work for me. The friend works in a way; the enemy works in another way. You have just to see the depth--

that opposites are complementary. The enemies also work--in fact, more than the friends. The friends may remain silent in their love, in their peace, in their silence, in their meditation, but the enemies cannot sit silently. They have to talk about me day and night; they have to dream about me day and night; they have to oppose me whether anybody listens to them or not. They are my advertising agency. *sword22*

I am the most controversial man in the world, and it is one of the controversies that nobody knows what is the controversy. I myself don't know. *last518*

Osho and the Pope

At this time the pope visits India. Osho challenges him to a debate, and criticises the Hindu demonstrations against the pope. Sannyasins apply for Osho to visit Italy on a tourist visa, which is delayed indefinitely. When a press interview with Osho televised in Italy has record ratings, the pope bans any media presentation on Osho; he also bans Osho from visiting catholic countries!

And this pope goes on wasting your money in unnecessarily traveling here and there. He came to India. And wherever he goes, the first thing he does is to kiss the earth. He could have done it in the Vatican. There was no need, the earth is the same everywhere, but certainly tastes are different.... When he touched down at New Delhi airport I was in Nepal, and I said to my people, "This is his first taste of Hinduism." Because you cannot taste earth in India unless you taste cow dung, and that is the only essential Hinduism. *hari01*

While he was India I challenged him that I wanted a public debate, and like a coward he remained silent....

I have certainly many things to say to him, because he is one of the greatest criminals in the world today, and I have to point out every crime that he is committing. So for posterity's sake it should be taken note of that there was somebody who has pointed out who is the cause, and who is the man creating all these troubles.

I have to ask this man many questions. I know perfectly well that he has no answer for anything because for twenty centuries none of the popes has been able to answer anything. Even Jesus Christ had no answer for anything...just making statements without any rational support, without any arguments. *socrat15*

It is absolutely wrong of Hindus to oppose the pope, because this is not the way of the East. It is ugly. He should be treated in an Eastern way.

He should be invited in every place he goes for a public discussion, in a friendly way. Hindus have nothing to lose; they have a far richer religion.

The pope is simply poor. To oppose him is not worth it. Expose him, don't oppose.

And Christianity is a third-rate religion anyway. It has no great heights, it has never produced great mystics. It has not produced great philosophers. Its heritage is very poor.

In every place where the pope goes, respectfully, lovingly invite him for a public discussion. There are Hindu thinkers, Hindu mystics, there are Buddhist mystics, there are Jaina mystics. They should have an open discussion about each of the fundamentals of religion. That will be something valuable, and it will give him some taste of what religion is.

Right now he has only tasted cow dung!

When he kissed the land on the airport in India, what do you think he tasted? This is not good to let him go with this taste; it is not right. We should give him some taste of real spirituality.

I oppose the opposition of the Hindus. It is absolutely ugly and un-Eastern....

I don't see that any religion that is born outside India has anything comparable to the religions that are born in India. India's whole genius is invested in religion, just as the whole Western genius is invested in science.

So these pygmies have nothing to discuss. They cannot argue for their theology, for their religion--and they are not really religious people either.

The pope particularly is a politician....

I am absolutely against what the Hindus are doing to the pope. I would like him to be treated as a guest, but he should be shown clearly that he has nothing to teach to the East. If he wants to come to the East he has to come to learn. That will also help the Christians to understand what a mistake they have made moving from beautiful philosophies and great

religions into a very third-rate theology which has no grounding, no roots.

The visit of the pope should be used creatively.

But the way it is happening now, it will simply become a condemnation of the Hindus and cause a sympathy for the pope which he does not deserve. *sword14*

Just yesterday I received information from Italy--because I was going to go from Nepal directly to Rome. I have challenged the pope many times, but he is such a coward. I finally thought it is better to go to Rome and challenge him to a public debate so that he could prove that this book is holy. And if he could not prove it then we would make a bonfire of this Bible in Vatican City itself--"You should resign from your post and dissolve this whole nonsense of Christianity which is based on this book."

Just yesterday I got information that the pope had instructed all the newspapers, magazines, radios, that are under his power or under some other Christian influence, that nothing should be said about me if I come to Italy--neither positive nor negative--"because this man takes advantage of both." Whether you are for or against does not matter.

Now I can see this man understands; he does not misunderstand me. He has understood one thing: that even the negative publicity against me finally helps me, because finally the truth is with me.

His instruction is neither negative nor positive: *no* publicity should be given. But he does not understand that the first thing I am going to do in Italy is to proclaim to the press: "Any press who does not write about me-

-positive or negative--is just a puppet in the hands of the pope. You have sold even your intelligence. Just for a few rupees you have become a slave. You cannot even report. And I am not saying report *for* me, I am saying report whatever you want to report--let it be *against* me, nothing harms me."

Even if somebody reads something against me, he starts thinking *about* me. He starts thinking, "Why are so many people writing against one man?" He goes to the library, he looks into the bookstore, he finds some book, he tries to understand.... *sword08*

There are countries I was planning to go to and I heard that they had been instructed by the pope that I should not be allowed to enter because they are all Catholic countries. This world is not yet human, it is not yet civilized. It is utterly uncultured. *sword13*

In Italy they have been postponing for almost three months, just for a three-week tourist visa. And the president and the prime minister and the minister of foreign affairs, all are saying, "We are going to give it to him--just tomorrow.... " And sannyasins are going every day; they are sitting there in their offices, saying, "Whenever you want we are ready.

But when will your tomorrow come?" And after three months they got so frustrated, because the pope is holding them back. They cannot say no to the sannyasins because they have no reason to say no.

And they know my impact in Italy. Just a few days ago, a television interview of one and a half hours was seen by thirty-four million people--

unprecedented. The director informed me, "We could not believe that so many people would be interested in you. You have never come to this country." No other program in his whole life, had attracted so many people. And not only the show--the show was finished in one and a half hours--but people are discussing each and every point in the marketplace, in the university--everywhere. Somebody is for, somebody is against, but everybody is intensely involved.

So the government could not say no because that might create trouble.

And the pope is insisting that I should not be allowed into Italy. So they go on postponing. Finally the sannyasins got so frustrated that they started making a protest, and one of the most famous Italian film directors, Fellini, has signed their petition first. They have thirty-six other world-known people who have signed the protest, and they are collecting more names--and I have never been there. *psycho10*

I have never done anything except to express my thoughts. If that is a human right, then no government has anything against me. I am not active in any politics; I am not interested in any power. I am simply saying

whatsoever I see more clearly than all these blind politicians.

What is the fear?

Just now the pope has called a World Conference of Religions. All the chief priests and leaders of other religions have been called.

My sannyasins from Italy have been writing to me: "We are insisting to the pope--and his secretary is very much interested in you and is willing to extend an invitation, but the pope is against it." *sermon26*

Threats to arrest Osho; who leaves Nepal

On 15th February Osho leaves Nepal, stopping at Bangkok and Dubai airports, en route for Crete.

I left India and went to Nepal, because the king of Nepal was very much interested in me, in my books; the prime minister of Nepal was interested. The prime minister came to see me but he said, "It will be very difficult. Although it will be against our wishes, we cannot allow you to remain in Nepal because we are a small country and we are in constant danger from India to be taken over. They have done this in Sikkim; they can do it in Nepal, and we don't have armies or anything. We cannot even give a good fight. So the king wants to inform you: We love you, we love your teachings, but we are unable to risk the whole country." *shanti12*

The American government was pressurizing Nepal, the German government was pressurizing Nepal, the Indian government was pressurizing Nepal that I should not be allowed there. And when it became absolutely certain that they were going to take some steps--they could have arrested me there, they could have sent me back to India--as I was informed, I had immediately to leave. *psycho23*

Osho visits Crete

On 16 February 1986, Osho flies to Greece. He stays in a cliff-top vil a in Aghia Nikolaos (St Nicholas) on the island of Crete. On 19 February Osho begins discourses and press interviews under a large tree in the enclosed garden of the villa; sannyasins play music and dance with him.

And now you are in Crete--by chance or deliberately?

I am just a visitor...and by chance, just because I have a few beautiful sannyasins here like Amrito, who pulled me here and I could not deny them. In fact, I am incapable of saying no to anybody, so people can take me anywhere they want. *socrat09*

When I was in Greece it was only for a four-week tourist visa...and I had not gone out of the house. The house was on a small island; it belonged to the best film producer in Greece, he was my host. It was just on a hilltop, a direct drop to the ocean--a very beautiful place, a beautiful garden, and I had never gone out of the gate. *fire01*

You live in your own world, separated from "common people." How can you know the way of life outside your own place?

Who says I live in my own world? My own world consists of my own people. Their number is not small, and they have all kinds of talents, all kinds of educations, different personalities. One million sannyasins--that is my world. All those million sannyasins are increasing; there must be at least three million who are sympathizers, who are ready to become part of my world.

I am not living in a cave, and anybody who wants to enter into my world needs no passport, no visa.

I am ready to take the whole world into my world; that's my very effort.

That's why I know the human mind, its functions, its different strategies of keeping people asleep.

One day I was asleep and part of the whole world. Today I am awake. I have known the sleeping mind within myself; I know the awakening within myself. I am certainly richer than you. You know only one dimension of your being; you are ignoring the other dimension. And I am not a recluse living in a cave or a monastery; I am moving in the world.

But basically my people are my world, because my people have shown

courage and I feel responsible for them. *socrat16*

Isn't it a responsibility for you when hundreds of sannyasins will be coming to Crete now?

It is my joy....

It is not a responsibility, it is absolute blissfulness for me to be with my people.

And here, I can call them because here we are not going to have a commune, so we don't care what the government thinks, what the bishop thinks. And they are already thinking stupid things. Just the other day I saw that the bishop of Crete called a meeting of other priests, because he has been informed that two thousand sannyasins are going to be here, and he is afraid for the traditional values. He is afraid that my sannyasins will not fit with their society, with their church.

Certainly I have the most misfit people around the whole world, who don't fit anywhere--but they fit with me absolutely! And I don't see the point. I have such nice people, such beautiful people, such loving people; you cannot find anywhere else such people together. But the society is afraid....

If some government is not going to give me unconditionally a place where twenty to forty thousand sannyasins can gather at a time, then I am not going to stay anywhere. Then it means no country belongs to me. I am country-less, homeless. And I will remain a wanderer, moving around the world, meeting my people wherever they are.

It is not a responsibility, it is an immense joy to me. *socrat04*

How do you feel to be here in Greece, the land of Socrates?

Socrates is one of the persons I love the most. And coming here I feel tremendously joyous, because it is the same air Socrates must have breathed, the same land he must have walked, the same people with whom he must have talked, communicated with.

To me, without Socrates Greece is nothing. With Socrates, it is

everything....

I feel immensely happy to be here.

I have loved Socrates much more than anyone else--for his humbleness, for his scientific enquiry, for not creating a religion, not creating a theology, not creating a following, not becoming a prophet...which he was capable of, far more capable than Jesus or Moses or Mohammed. These people were all illiterate.

Socrates was far more sophisticated, as cultured as you can imagine....

What Socrates was doing twenty-five centuries ago, I am doing now.

Twenty-five centuries have gone by without any change as far as humanity is concerned. Three times they have tried to kill me...three attempts on my life. In every possible way the same people whom I am trying to make free, trying to take their chains away, are ready to kill me.

Humanity has not changed. It will still do the same.

But what Socrates was not capable of doing, I am capable of doing.

He remained in the very small area of Athens, not even the whole of Greece. Athens was a city-state, and he remained an Athenian for his whole life.

I belong to the whole world.

In a small place you may not get people of courage, but in the whole world you are bound to come across thousands of people who have the capacity to become a Socrates. So I am in a better position.

And you are the evidence for it. All around the world now we have three to four million people whose hearts are with me. This is a great revolution. And their number is going to increase as I will be coming to every nook and corner of the world....

And my effort is that the future religion should be nothing but a science.

Just as there are other sciences--they are the sciences of the objective world--there should be one more science, of the inner, subjective world.

There is no space or scope for any religion at all. The scientific spirit is capable of revealing the truth of the object and it is capable of revealing the truth of the subject, of your interior.

I am immensely happy to be here because of Socrates, but immensely sad too because of the people of Greece who poisoned the man. *socrat01*

How would you like to introduce yourself to the Greek people?

My God! Can't you recognize me? I am the same person you have poisoned twenty-five centuries ago. You have forgotten me, but I have not forgotten you. And just being here for two days, I was thinking that in twenty-five centuries Greece would have evolved towards some better qualities, towards more humanity, towards more truth. But I am feeling sad, because in just two days there have been articles in the Greek newspapers telling absolute lies about me, making allegations which have no foundation in reality, absurdities....

The bishop is printing a pamphlet against me to distribute. This Sunday morning he is going to speak against me. He knows nothing about me.

There has been a protest march yesterday. Phone calls are coming that stones will be thrown at my meetings. That gives me a feeling that certainly I am in Greece, but things have changed for the worse. *socrat05*

Just when I came to your beautiful island I was informed that Kazantzakis, one of the greatest artists of the contemporary world, was expelled, excommunicated from the Greek Orthodox church. The reason for his expulsion was the creation of Zorba the Buddha. He named it *Zorba The Greek.* Unconsciously he was creating the base of a new man; I call that new man Zorba the Buddha. It cannot be Greek, it cannot be Italian, it cannot be German, it cannot be Hindu, it cannot be Mohammedan.... *socrat23*

Death of the mystic, J. Krishnamurti,

Osho's tribute

J. Krishnamurti died last Monday, In Ojai, California. In the past you have spoken of him as another enlightened being. Would you please comment on his death?

The death of an enlightened being like J. Krishnamurti is nothing to be sad about, it is something to be celebrated with songs and dances. It is a moment of rejoicing.

His death is not a death. He knows his immortality. His death is only the death of the body. But J. Krishnamurti will go on living in the universal consciousness, forever and forever. *socrat08*

Just three days before J. Krishnamurti died, one of my friends was with him; and he reported to me that his words to him were very strange.

Krishnamurti was very sad and he simply said one thing: "I have wasted my life. People were listening to me as if I am an entertainment."

The mystic is a revolution; he is not entertainment.

If you *hear* him, if you *allow* him, if you open your doors to him, he is pure fire. He will burn all that is rubbish in you, all that is old in you, and he will purify you into a new human being. It is risky to allow fire into your being--rather than opening the doors, you immediately close all the doors.

But entertainment is another thing. It does not change you. It does not make you more conscious; on the contrary, it helps you to remain unconscious for two, three hours, so that you can forget all your worries, concerns, anxieties--so that you can get lost in the entertainment. You can note it: as man has passed through the centuries, he has managed to create more and more entertainments, because he needs more and more to be unconscious. He is afraid of being conscious, because being conscious means to go through a metamorphosis. *zara207*

I was more shocked by the news than by the death. A man like J. Krishnamurti dies, and the papers don't have space to devote to that man who for ninety years continuously has been helping humanity to be more

intelligent, to be more mature. Nobody has worked so hard and so

long. Just a small news article, unnoticeable--and if a politician sneezes it makes headlines. *socrat16*

What is your connection with Krishnamurti?

It is a real mystery. I have loved him since I have known him, and he has been very loving towards me. But we have never met; hence the relationship, the connection is something beyond words. We have not seen each other ever, but yet...perhaps we have been the two persons closest to each other in the whole world. We had a tremendous communion that needs no language, that need not be of physical presence....

You are asking me about my connection with him. It was the deepest possible connection--which needs no physical contact, which needs no linguistic communication. Not only that, once in a while I used to criticize him, he used to criticize me, and we enjoyed each other's criticism--knowing perfectly well that the other does not mean it. Now that he is dead, I will miss him because I will not be able to criticize him; it won't be right. It was such a joy to criticize him. He was the most intelligent man of this century, but he was not understood by people.

He has died, and it seems the world goes on its way without even looking back for a single moment that the most intelligent man is no longer there. It will be difficult to find that sharpness and that intelligence again in centuries. But people are such sleep walkers, they have not taken much note. In newspapers, just in small corners where nobody reads, his death is declared. And it seems that a ninety-year-old man who has been continuously speaking for almost seventy years, moving around the world, trying to help people to get unconditioned, trying to help people to become free--nobody seems even to pay a tribute to the man who has worked the hardest in the whole of history for man's freedom, for man's dignity.

I don't feel sorry for his death. His death is beautiful; he has attained all that life is capable to give. But I certainly feel sorry for the whole world. It goes on missing its greatest flights of consciousnesses, its highest peaks, its brightest stars. It is too much concerned with trivia.

I feel such a deep affinity with Krishnamurti that even to talk of connection is not right; connection is possible only between two things which are separate. I feel almost a oneness with him. In spite of all his criticisms, in spite of all my criticisms--which were just joking with the old man, provoking the old man...and he was very easily provoked....

Krishnamurti's teaching is beautiful, but too serious. And my experience and feeling is that his seventy years went to waste because he was serious. So only people who were long-faced and miserable and serious types collected around him; he was a collector of corpses, and as he became older, those corpses also became older.

I know people who have been listening to him for almost their whole lives; they are as old as he himself was. They are still alive. I know one woman who is ninety-five, and I know many other people. One thing I have seen in all of them, which is common, is that they are too serious.

Life needs a little playfulness, a little humor, a little laughter.

Only on that point am I in absolute disagreement with him; otherwise, he was a genius. He has penetrated as deeply as possible into every dimension of man's spirituality, but it is all like a desert, tiring. I would like you back in the garden of Eden, innocent, not serious, but like small children playing. This whole existence is playful. This whole existence is full of humor; you just need the sense of humor and you will be surprised....

Existence is hilarious. Everything is in a dancing mood, you just have to be in the same mood to understand it.

I am not sorry that J. Krishnamurti is dead; there was nothing more for him to attain. I am sorry that his teaching did not reach the human heart because it was too dry, juiceless, with no humor, no laughter.

But you will be surprised to know--whatever he was saying was against religions, was against politics, was against the status quo, was against the whole past, yet nobody was condemning him for the simple reason that he was ineffective. There was no reason to take note of him....

Krishnamurti failed because he could not touch the human heart; he could only reach the human head. The heart needs some different approaches. This is where I have differed with him all my life: unless the human heart is reached, you can go on repeating parrot-like, beautiful words--they don't mean anything. Whatever Krishnamurti was saying is true, but he could not manage to relate it to your heart. In other words, what I am saying is that J. Krishnamurti was a great philosopher but he could not become a master. He could not help people, prepare people for a new life, a new orientation.

But still I love him, because amongst the philosophers he comes the closest to the mystic way of life. He himself avoided the mystic way, bypassed it, and that is the reason for his failure. But he is the only one

amongst the modern contemporary thinkers who comes very close, almost on the boundary line of mysticism, and stops there. Perhaps he's afraid that if he talks about mysticism people will start falling into old patterns, old traditions, old philosophies of mysticism. That fear prevents him from entering. But that fear also prevents other people from entering into the mysteries of life....

I have met thousands of Krishnamurti people--because anybody who has been interested in Krishnamurti sooner or later is bound to find his way towards me, because where Krishnamurti leaves them, I can take their hand and lead them into the innermost shrine of truth. You can say my connection with Krishnamurti is that Krishnamurti has prepared the ground for me. He has prepared people intellectually for me; now it is my work to take those people deeper than intellect, to the heart; and deeper than the heart, to the being.

Our work is one. Krishnamurti is dead, but his work will not be dead until I am dead. His work will continue. *socrat25*

Development of Osho's work

For many, this world tour looks like a new beginning. Can you comment on this new phase of your work?

It is a new beginning. It means that now I have enough people in the world

and I am making it impossible for nations to let me stay long enough anywhere. I want to be on the road continuously. I am a little lazy, so I need the support of the nations to deport me, not to let me stay anywhere. Naturally I will be moving around the earth, meeting my people more.

And I have my people everywhere. Even if they don't allow me into the countries, I can meet my people outside the countries, in the airports. *socrat19*

And now there are so many sannyasins around the world. They cannot gather together to meet me--millions of people. The easier way is that I should move and go to all those millions of people. This will bring me more intimacy, more closeness.

When you used to come to me there were sometimes twenty thousand people. You were sitting so far away I could not even see your faces. I could not recognize you, and you had come from so far away.

My new approach will be more intimate. I can look into your eyes, I can hold your hands, I can sit amongst you. I can eat with you. I can participate in every possible way.

I am not a messiah; I am not a prophet--because I am not a hypocrite. I am an ordinary human being who has come to realize himself. The difference between me and you is very little: the difference of a person awake and of a person who is asleep. There is not much of a difference.

One who is asleep can be awake any moment, can be awakened any moment.

My work is individual. I do not believe in the society, I do not believe in organizations. I believe only in the individual, because he is the only reality. All are only words; neither the organization has a soul, nor the society has a soul--they are just words, utilitarian but empty. Only the individual is the living reality.

So I will be coming to your communes, small communes, big communes, small centers, to be more deeply in contact with you. Whatever I have been

saying to you, I want you to experience it also.

I was again and again enquiring, that in the big festivals only a certain group of people were sitting in the front, always, and the others were sitting always far away at the back. They could not see me, they could not feel me. They wanted people to rotate, to change places: every day new people should be sitting in front.

I had absolute sympathy with their idea, but there was a trouble, and the trouble was that I can speak to you only when I feel deep intimacy. If I feel somebody is closed, suddenly I start losing my words. When I see that somebody is receptive, my words start having wings. They turn into poetry. They start expressing the inexpressible. So only those few people were allowed constantly to sit in front of me, so that I cannot be prevented by people who are closed, new.

But moving from commune to commune, one small center to another small center, there will be very few people. And I will be staying there, not just one day or two days, I will be staying there as much as you need.

Unless I have turned you all into receptive, vulnerable, open people, unless my presence has become a meditation to you, I am not going to leave you.

Nobody has ever made such an effort on a worldwide scale. There are going to be troubles, but each trouble is a beautiful challenge and a great opportunity. It all depends on whether you know the art of changing the worst into the best....

I want sannyas to become a worldwide phenomenon. It is already ready to explode, and it has the greatest potential right now. There is no other alternative, so you are in a great position of power. We can make this whole world thrilled with a new vision, with a new dream, with a new hope. The old man has lost all hope, has lost all dreams, has lost all possibilities of growth, evolution.

Sannyas can bring the hope back.

You are the hope of the world. *socrat03*

My commune consists of people.

My commune consists of people's love.

They cannot destroy it; they have increased it. The number of sannyasins has increased all over the world. And every day it is increasing, for the simple reason that people have become aware that the governments are afraid of me. That means I have some message which can change the whole of society.

Just be patient and be understanding. Everything always goes on going better and better--that is my experience. Whatever happens, ultimately things turn out even better.

Now my commune has spread all over the world. The whole credit goes to the fascist government of America. *socrat22*

Your peaceful experiment in Oregon has been destroyed by American power. Many people who saw this happen doubt the possibility that a new man and an environment for him to grow in can be created. Can you please comment?

I can understand their doubt--but I am not a pessimist. My peaceful commune in America has been destroyed by the ugly fascist forces of the American government. That does not mean that finally peace and love and freedom are going to be defeated. That was only a battle lost. But a battle lost does not mean that the war is ended. In fact that was the beginning of the war.

The attack on the peaceful commune in America has proved something: that the American government is afraid of peace, is afraid of silent people, is afraid of rejoicing people. It has proved one thing absolutely: that a small commune can make the biggest power in the history of man so afraid.

It has not been a defeat; it has been a victory. The destruction of the commune does not matter, because my commune does not consist of houses and roads; my commune consists of people, consciousnesses.

And it was good that the commune in America was destroyed by America.

Five thousand meditators have spread out all over the world.

They know how the commune was created, step by step--and thousands of communes can evolve around the world; they *are* evolving. Hundreds of new centers are opening because the people who have lived in a commune, who have tasted the joy of a commune, cannot live in a miserable society. They feel completely out of tune so they have to create their own small groups which will start becoming bigger and bigger.

If you see with my eyes, then I don't see that the destruction of the commune in America has been a defeat. America has committed suicide, has betrayed its own fear, opened and exposed itself. If we have thousands of communes around the world, America and the Soviet Union and countries who are thinking of very powerful destructive weapons are bound to feel impotent. The people of the commune have spread everywhere and they are opening new places.

They are bound to feel impotent.

I have become free.

First, America was so interested to throw me out; now they are worried that my movements should be stopped. I was not moving, I was simply living in the desert there. They forced me to move and now they have become aware that this movement is more dangerous. At least I was confined in a small place that was far away from any neighbor. The closest town was twenty miles away, and we had one hundred and twenty-six square miles around us of pure desert, mountains and juniper trees. We were living there absolutely alone, isolated from the world.

They were unnecessarily disturbed, and now they are repenting about it because my people have spread all over the world. *socrat19*

Every government is worried. Cabinet meetings for an entry visa?--

nobody has ever heard of it. And parliaments deciding whether I should be allowed in or not...And I am coming unarmed, not with an army--but

every country wants to decide, wants to take time, and they go on telling my

people that we are considering whether to allow this man in or not.

Newspapers all over the world, in all the countries where I have applied for an entry visa--just for a tourist visa--are publishing that I am a dangerous man, don't let me in. Certainly I must be a dangerous man; so many people cannot be wrong.

If they have secret cabinet meetings to decide...and not only that, governments are asking other governments. For example, every government is asking India if they should allow me in or not. Every government is asking America if they should allow me or not. And every government is asking Germany...Germany has ordered that I should not be allowed in, and if Germany is so afraid--one used to think that Germans are brave people--if they are afraid, then naturally everybody is going to ask, "What are your reasons for rejecting this man?"

So it is taking months to get the bureaucracy moving. Even if the top man decides that the visa should be given, somebody in the bureaucracy stops the process, stops the file, because he is a fanatic Catholic, a fanatic Mohammedan, a fanatic Hindu, or a fanatic communist, and then the whole process has to begin again.

This does not seem to be really a free world. It seems there are prisons in the name of nations, and you are not free to move amongst human beings. And I am not asking them--their own people, thousands of my sannyasins in their own country are saying, "We have invited him." But they are being delayed...Parliaments can delay, but they cannot stop. I will find a way to enter every country. If they stop me, then there are courts, and my sannyasins will go to the courts.

Just for a tourist visa you ask parliament, you have secret meetings with the cabinet?--and for a man who is not going to do any harm to anybody, who has never done any harm. *socrat16*

Just today I was told that one Greek newspaper has published a really great fiction about me. It says that I'm hiding from America. The American government is after me to catch me and to bring me back to America for crimes like manslaughter, sex orgies, arson.

America has banned me from coming into the country for five years, and the paper is saying that I am hiding here and there, from America, and their police are searching for me. This is not a way of hiding: giving television interviews every day, newspaper interviews every day. But people will read these things and people believe these things. And now so

much is written about me all over the world in different languages that I never come to know what is being written about me. *socrat03*

Osho is arrested and deported

On 5 March, Osho is arrested forcefully in his bedroom, and taken to the police station in Heraklion, then escorted to the airplane which flies him to Athens. At Athens he is held in detention by armed police until his private jet is ready to leave.

The president of Greece was willing for me to have a commune in Greece, and in fact he *wanted* it. His reasons were different--that it would bring thousands of tourists and that it would boost the economy. In fact *he* was the cause that I was allowed a four-week visa for Greece.

But then the condition came in--that if I wanted to stay there and make a commune, I should remember a few things: "The Greek Orthodox church is respected by our constitution; you cannot criticize it. The family is our foundation; you cannot criticize it. Our code of morality; you cannot criticize it. We believe in virginity; you cannot criticize it."

They certainly believe in virginity, but it is difficult to find a single virgin in the whole of Greece. That's okay--but you should not criticize it. You can see the political mind: the reality can be tolerated but it should not be exposed.

I cannot accept anybody's conditions.

Whatever happens to me, whatever the consequences...but to accept conditions, and that too for a little piece of land...

How much land does a man require? I might like to live without a country--a wanderer in the *true* sense. There have been wanderers but they had a

home base. I will be really a wanderer without any home base--being rejected from one country to another country. But their rejection of me is simply an acceptance of their defeat, their impotency. *psycho10*

Before I was deported from Greece, the archbishop of Greece threatened the government that if I am not immediately deported, he is going to dynamite and set fire to my house. And all the people who are in there with me, he is going to burn them alive. This is the representative of

Jesus who says, "Love your enemy"--I am not even a friend--and "Love your neighbor." He has forgotten to say, "Love the tourist."

These people are religious heads! And why was the archbishop so troubled by me? Because in the garden of the beautiful house by the sea where I was the guest of a famous film director of Greece...It is an ancient, beautiful house, renovated, with a big garden, and under a tree I used to sit and talk to the people. And people gathered from all over the world who had not seen me for almost a year, or two years, or five years.

I was close so they all had come. We were not doing any harm to anybody; we were simply singing, dancing. There was music; I was answering their questions.

What was troubling the archbishop?--because he must have been troubled very much; otherwise nobody threatens to burn somebody alive.

The joy...people are dancing, people are loving to each other, there is nothing but rejoicing--no prayer, no Jesus Christ, no cross. He became afraid: "This is going to destroy our younger generation."

I came to know from friends that ninety-four percent of Greeks are registered as Christians, but only four percent of the people ever go to the churches--out of ninety-four percent! And who are the four percent? I inquired how many people this particular archbishop has in his congregation. A woman who is my sannyasin simply laughed and said, "I was worried that you would ask that question; it is very awkward. Only six old women are his whole congregation." And he was threatening for fifteen days continuously that he would bring a protest against me. I was waiting;

we were all waiting to enjoy the protest. We would have welcomed them with music and dance, but they never came.

Finally I asked, "What is the matter? Every day it is being postponed."

And they said, "You don't understand his situation. He goes on making these threats, but he cannot bring a protest because who will come?--six old women, and one old archbishop! Seven in all; it will look hilarious."

But he managed to make the government afraid, because the government depends on votes, and ninety-four percent of the people are Christian.

Their archbishop has to be listened to. They may not go to the church, but still, their conditioned minds are the same.

Against the law, against the constitution, I was deported. I was arrested immediately. And they were so afraid; the government was so much afraid. *invita11*

The government became afraid. They had no reason...because I had not even left the house in two weeks. I was asleep in the afternoon when the police came. My legal secretary, Anando, was telling the officers, "Sit down, have some tea, and I will wake Him up." But they threw her from a four-foot porch down onto the gravel, and dragged her over the gravel to the jeep, and took her away to the police station: she was trying to prevent government action.

And as I was awakened by John, I heard noises as if dynamite was being exploded. The police started throwing rocks at the house from all sides, destroying the beautiful ancient windows and doors...and they also had dynamite. They said, "You have to wake him up this very moment, otherwise we will dynamite the house."

No arrest warrant...no reason to be so furious...just because the archbishop had told the government that if I was allowed to stay in Greece, the morality, the religion, the culture, everything would be in danger. In just two weeks I would corrupt the minds of the young people.

I had not even left my house, and I had not met anybody. The people who

had come to see me had all come from outside Greece.

But I wondered: they have built up this morality and this religion and this culture over two thousand years...what kind of culture and what kind of morality is it which can be destroyed in two weeks by an individual man? It does not deserve to exist if it is so weak, so impotent. *spirit25*

Just recently I was arrested in Crete. They did not show me my arrest warrant. I told them, "This is absolutely criminal."

They said, "We have got it, but it is in Greek."

And I said, "Do you have another warrant to search the house?" They had none--they had never thought about it. I said, "You were allowed by your warrant to arrest me outside the house; you were not allowed to enter the house. You not only entered the house, but Anando, my secretary, was trying to tell you, `Just wait! Osho is asleep and I will go and awaken Him. It will take only five minutes.' You could not even wait five minutes....

On the way to the police station they stopped in an empty, silent space and gave me a paper, describing all that had happened, that I should sign it. I said, "I would be happy to sign it, but it is not a true description. You have not mentioned anything about breaking the windows, the doors of the house, threatening that you will destroy the house with dynamite. You have not mentioned anything about Anando,

that you threw her on the ground, dragged her along the stones without any arrest warrant for her...I will not sign it! You want to cover it up. If I sign it, that means I cannot go to the court because you can present this paper that I have signed already. You make it exactly factual, saying all that has happened; then I will be willing to sign it."

They understood that I am not a person who can be threatened, and they took the paper away. And they never again asked me to sign it, because they were not in a position to write all those things that they had done; that would have been their condemnation.

They wanted immediately to send me to India by boat, and I refused. I said,

"Sailing by boat on the sea does not suit me. I will be seasick, and who will be responsible for it? So you have to give me a written document saying that you will be responsible for my sea-sickness and the damages." They forgot all about that boat!

I said, "My jet plane is waiting in Athens. You have to take me on a plane from here to Athens, or you have to allow my plane to come here. I am not interested in living in such a country even for two weeks"--because my visa was valid only for two weeks more--"where government authorities behave in such a primitive, ugly, inhuman way."

I told the police officer, "Wherever the pope goes, he kisses the ground after landing. I should start spitting on the ground, because that's what you deserve."

The comment that he made to me reminded me of all this. He said, "It seems that from your very childhood, nobody has disciplined you in obedience."

I said, "That's right, that's an absolutely right observation. I am not against obedience, I am not disobedient, but I want to decide my life in my own way. I don't want to be interfered with by with anybody else, and I don't want to interfere in anybody else's life either." *psycho04*

I was sitting in the police station for almost seven hours...By and by the chief superintendent relaxed, started talking to me, and finally he said, "I am feeling proud that you are sitting in my office. So many of your people come, and I have seen you only in the picture of their locket. Now I will be able to say to them, `This is the chair your master has been sitting in for seven hours with me.'"

He phoned his wife, saying, "I will not come until Osho is safely sent to Athens." He became so concerned that he allowed Devaraj to drive me to the airport. The police officers were sitting at the back, I was sitting in

the front and Devaraj was driving! This would have never happened... *psycho24*

Even the police were sad, and they could not believe it: "We have not even seen your people in the city; they never come out. They are just enjoying themselves in the garden of your house."

Just by the side of the window at the police station where I was sitting, two women police officers were standing to prevent sannyasins from reaching me. Sannyasins had come and surrounded the whole police station, and they started dancing and singing. Now it is not criminal to dance and sing, but the police officers said to me, "Stop your people; they are dancing and singing."

I said, "Dancing and singing--is that against any law?"

The officer said, "It is not against any law but it is making us very frightened."

Those two policewomen who were standing just by the window, to watch the window, allowed the sannyasins one by one to come and to talk to me. And finally they said to me, "We are sorry that this is happening in this country, in this century. We hope that you will come again."

The policewomen told me, "The people of the island where you are staying are inquiring what they should do, because everybody has felt so wounded and hurt by the behavior of the government and the archbishop." *invita11*

Just recently I have received news from Crete about a few incidents that happened after they arrested me. Eleven old people--fifty to sixty years old--just as I left the house with the police, reached the house and said,

"This should not have happened without us. Why did you not inform us?

We have our hunting guns, we would have come and shown those police people what it means to misbehave."

One journalist had asked me, "Any message for the people who live here?"

I said, "Just tell them to reach the airport in the night to show that they are with me--not with the church and not with the government." There were three thousand people at the airport They had waited for hours to support

me, and to say that what the police had done and what the government had done was not right. Fifty people met one sannyasin; they were immensely angry about what had happened and were asking, "What can we do?" Just poor people, simple people.... Another group of forty

people met another sannyasin, and they were asking, "Show us...we want to do something. This thing should not be allowed to happen. And everything that Osho was saying was right, about the church; there was nothing wrong in it."

These simple villagers understood that what I was saying about the church is true; nothing was wrong in it. And even when I had left Greece, people from Crete sent a delegation to the president saying, "This behavior of the police and the government has disgraced us." *psycho33*

When I was arrested and brought to Athens from the small island where I was staying, the chief of the police was there with forty police officers to welcome me. I said, "In the middle of the night, there is no need for forty police-officers with loaded guns. I am not a violent man, I don't have even a pistol, and I am under arrest. Why have you gathered this crowd?" *razor28*

The man who had given me the tourist visa for four weeks was the chief of police; and the man who canceled it after fifteen days was the deputy chief of police. That seems to be absolutely improper--that the chief should give the permission and the deputy should cancel it.

At the airport in Athens there were at least forty police officers, just for a single unarmed man, and that deputy chief was also present. There was a huge crowd of press people from newspapers, radio, television, and dozens of cameras--they all wanted an interview with me. And I said,

"There is not much to say, other than it seems man is not going to be civilized, ever."

The press people were in front of me and those forty police dogs--all big officers--were surrounding me, and the deputy chief was standing by my side. When I said, "With this kind of police, this kind of government, you are destroying the very future of humanity, particularly of your own country.

These people were responsible for killing Socrates.... "

When I said this, pointing towards the deputy chief, he wanted to interfere.

For the first time in thirty-five years, I pretended to be angry. I could not succeed because inside I was giggling! But I told that man, "Shut up, and stand by the side where you belong. And don't come close to me."

And I shouted so loudly, "Shut up!" that he really became silent and went back and stood in the crowd. Later on I saw the reports: they thought I was ferocious, very angry--I was nothing! But that is the only language

those people will understand. And when you are talking to somebody, you have to use the language he understands.

But I enjoyed that. Anger can be acted--you can remain absolutely silent within and you can be ferocious outside. And there is no contradiction, because that ferociousness is only acting.

On the plane I remembered George Gurdjieff, who was trained in many Sufi schools in different kinds of methods. In a certain school one method was used, and that was acting--when you are not feeling angry, *act* angry; when you are feeling very happy, act miserable. The method has a tremendous implication.

It means that when you are miserable you will be capable of acting happy; when you are angry you will be able to act peaceful. Not only that, it implies that you are neither misery nor happiness. These are faces you can make: you are different, your being is not involved in it....

At the airport in Athens, I saw those forty police officers...they must have been the topmost people--except the chief, because he could not gather courage to come. I would have asked him, "On what grounds has the visa issued by you been cancelled by your assistant?"--only he was not there.

But the others...I saw a strange thing: they were behaving in very inhuman ways, but they were all cowards. When I shouted, "Shut up!"

that deputy chief simply slipped back like a small child, afraid that the

television would catch my words and me, and him with all the honors of the police on his coat, with a pistol hanging by his side. But inside there was a child, a cowardly child. *psycho06*

I wanted to go to Delphi when I was in Greece, because that was the place of the greatest oracle. The very genius of oracles was selected from Delphi. It was one of the most significant mystery schools. But the Greek government would not allow me even to stay overnight. *transm30*

My people in Athens--Amrito, who had invited me to Greece, was there--

they were trying hard, that at least for the night, I should be allowed to stay in a hotel. But they were not willing, even for six hours, to let me stay in a hotel. I had to leave immediately. *razor28*

Later Osho was to comment:

And just now (1989), the president is hammered from every side because he has found a girlfriend. The wife is there and she is not divorced--there is no question of divorce in Greek Orthodox Christianity. Thinking that he is a president, he even started coming to the parliament with his

girlfriend. But he was wrong. The whole country is against now, he cannot be again selected.

And this man forced me out without thinking for a moment that a religion which has existed for two thousand years cannot be destroyed in two weeks by a man. And if it can be destroyed by a man in two weeks, it is worth destroying. *last615*

Osho is forced to leave, in

Geneva, Sweden, London, Ireland, and Spain,

And is denied entry in Canada, Antigua, and Holland

Osho flies via Geneva, Stockholm, London, Ireland, Senegal, to Montevideo, Uruguay.

We have not been able to create a sane humanity.

So on the periphery I thought what happened in Greece perhaps may happen in other countries, because it is the same structure--and it happened.

From Greece we moved to Geneva, just for an overnight rest, and the moment they came to know my name they said, "No way! We cannot allow him into our country."

I was not even allowed to get out of the plane.

We moved to Sweden, thinking that people go on saying that Sweden is far more progressive than any country in Europe or in the world, that Sweden has been giving refuge to many terrorists, revolutionaries, expelled politicians, that it is very generous.

We reached Sweden. We wanted to stay overnight because the pilots were running out of time. They could not go on anymore; otherwise it would become illegal. And we were happy because the man at the airport...we had asked only for an overnight stay, but he gave seven-day visas to everybody. Either he was drunk or just sleepy--it was midnight, past midnight.

The person who had gone for the visas, came back very happy that we had been given seven-day visas. But immediately the police came and

cancelled the visas, and told us to move immediately: "This man we cannot allow in our country."

They can allow terrorists, they can allow murderers, they can allow Mafia people, and they can give them refuge--but they cannot allow me. And I was not asking for refuge or permanent residence, just an overnight stay.

We turned to London, because it was simply a question of our basic right. And we made it twice legally--we purchased first-class tickets for the next day. Our own jet was there but still we purchased them in case they started saying, "You don't have tickets for tomorrow, so we won't allow you to stay in the first-class lounge."

We purchased tickets for everybody, just so that we could stay in the lounge, and we told them, "We have our own jet--and we also have tickets." But they came upon a bylaw of the airport that the government or anybody cannot interfere with: "It is at our discretion--and this man we won't allow in the lounge."

In the lounge, I thought: How can I destroy their morality, their religion?

In the first place I will be sleeping, and by the morning we will be gone.

But no, these so-called civilized countries are as primitive and barbarous as you can conceive. They said, "All that we can do is, we can put you in jail for the night."

And just by chance one of our friends looked into their file. They had all the instructions from the government already about how they were to treat me: I should not be allowed in any way to enter into the country, even for an overnight stay in a hotel or in the lounge; the only way was that I should be kept in jail. *psycho06*

It is a coincidence that the day England allowed Ronald Reagan to use England as a base for bombing Libya, the parliament of England did not allow me to stay at the airport, in the lounge, for six hours--because I am a dangerous man! And Ronald Reagan is allowed to use England to bomb an innocent country which has done no harm to him. *splend07*

A flight plan is made for Osho to go to Antigua, refuel ing at Gander airfield in Canada, but Osho is prohibited from both countries. From London, he flies to Shannon, Eire.

I have been in Ireland. Perhaps the man at the airport had drunk too much beer so he simply...we simply wanted one day's stay to give a rest to the pilots--he gave us seven days. He did not bother who we were, what the purpose was. He must have been really drunk.

We reached a hotel, and in the morning the police came, asked for the passports, and canceled those seven days.

And we said, "We will make an immediate exposure to the world news media. You have given us seven days, and you have canceled them without giving any reason. None of our people has gone out of the hotel; they have not committed any crime. You cannot do this."

They were afraid, because they were caught in a dilemma. They had given seven days; now they had canceled them, and they didn't have any reason to show why. So they said, "You can stay as long as you want, but don't go outside the hotel."

"But," I said, "that will be illegal because we will not have any visa."

They said, "Nobody will be bothered by it; you just remain in the hotel."

We remained there for fifteen days because we needed some time. Our people were working in Spain and the Spanish government was willing to give me permanent residence....

So we just wanted time: if Spain was ready we could move from Ireland to Spain. We stayed in Ireland for fifteen days without any visa.

We left Ireland; and the day we left, in the parliament of Ireland the minister concerned, the minister of the interior, informed the members that we had never *been* in Ireland.

One can see how politicians can be hypocrites, how they can manage ugly lies. And this is such a lie--because we can prove that we were in the hotel. When we were leaving the hotel the press was present and photographers were present. They took photographs of us in front of the hotel and they took my statement. And the hotel is fifteen miles away from the airport.

But the minister deceived the parliament and deceived the country. And perhaps...he must have forced the journalists not to publish my statement and not to publish the pictures; otherwise I don't see how he could have managed it. And these are all civilized countries, cultured people, educated people--and flatly lying, that I had never been in Ireland. And he knew, his government knew, the chief of police knew.

I am thinking that once I get settled somewhere then I will start...one by one

each country has to be dragged into court for their lies, for calling me "dangerous," for saying yes and then refusing after one hour. I am going to expose it to the world for the simple understanding that there is no democracy anywhere. *mystic39*

Wherever we are looking, as we start looking at any country, immediately American pressure reaches ahead of us--because all our telephones are tapped. You will be surprised that all our telephone calls go through the American Embassy, everything first reaches to the American ambassador. They know where we are searching, where we are going, where our people are working; and immediately, before our people reach there, their pressure on the government of that country reaches there. *transm25*

A request is made for Osho to visit Hol and, but on 14 March, the Ministry issue a press statement denying Osho entry; by Dutch law this denial is il egal.

The Dutch minister for foreign affairs has said that I have been denied entry into Holland because I have spoken against homosexuality, I have spoken against Mother Teresa, the pope, the Catholic religion. And each democracy contends that it is secular.

The pope can criticize any religion and he is welcome--I cannot criticize the pope. If he has any guts he should reply to my criticism rather than pulling the strings of these politicians--he has a Catholic majority in these countries so the politicians are afraid of losing votes.

I can understand catholicism, the pope, Mother Teresa; but homosexuality is a totally new thing. I was not aware that homosexuality is Holland's official religion--criticize homosexuality and you cannot enter Holland. That minister has condemned the whole of Holland as homosexual. If the people of Holland have any sense, they should force that minister and his ministry to resign, because he's abusing the whole country.

And I am dangerous because I have criticized homosexuality. I am criticizing every perversion, and I will continue to criticize them. *transm34*

Just the other day the secretary of the Dutch parliament, answering the

questions of journalists, said that I have not been allowed in Holland and I will not be allowed in Holland because I have said something in praise of Adolf Hitler. And the journalist pointed out that I have contradicted it--

and it was the German magazine *Spiegel* which had misquoted me. And the secretary accepted that that was true, it was a misrepresentation, but still..."His coming may create a disorder." And the journalist said that when the pope came there was tremendous protest against him and great disorder, and yet he was allowed, and he was a guest of the government.

And, as far as I am concerned, in no country have I been protested against by the people. There is no precedent for it, it is just their assumption.

"And Holland has thousands of sannyasins," the reporter said, "who would welcome him."

And I am ready to face those protests. I would really love to see who are those people who want to protest against me, on what grounds. And I don't even want government security. I don't even want them to be responsible if anything happens to me, it is my responsibility.

But the fear is somewhere else. All others are excuses. The fear is that I can change the mind of the younger generation....

There are six hundred fifty million Catholics--you don't have a single Catholic who can argue against me? What is the problem? It should be simple and human. I am ready for any public discussion. I am ready to come to all these parliaments who are talking about me. In fact, if they have any guts they should invite me to their parliament--and I am ready to face their whole parliament. But the fear is--they themselves know--

they have no future, their death is so certain that they are afraid that I will expose them.

But they are not concerned that I am not exposing them in a destructive way. I am exposing your fallacies so that I can substitute the positive, the right dimension which can help the West, its creative people, its intelligent people, to have a transformation.

In the West, enlightenment is an unknown factor....

The West has not known the experience of enlightenment.

But I am insistent that we are going to make hundreds of Western people, for the first time in history, enlightened.

All these governments and their opposition are not going to stop me. It is not a question of my idea; it is now an existential necessity--that the West *must* have enlightened people. *transm17*

American and German Governments pressure

Spain to refuse Osho's visa

On 14 March, Osho and his party are promised visas to Spain, but on 17 March, they are refused on the basis of dossiers supplied by the American and German governments.

In Spain they decided in the parliament, they decided in the cabinet, that they would like to have me in their country. But the question was: who was going to sign for my permanent residence? And in the cabinet, nobody was ready. They said, "We are perfectly willing that he should be allowed--there is nothing against him as far as we are concerned--but I don't want to put *my* neck out, because if something goes wrong tomorrow then the person who signs will be caught." *mystic16*

The government of Spain was wondering for one month continuously whether to allow me into Spain or not. They have nuclear bases for the American army; they are members of NATO, and the man who is the prime minister became prime minister by promising the people of Spain that he would pull Spain out of NATO, and that he would order the American bases to be removed from Spain....

They voted in this man on a single point--that he was promising that he would pull out of NATO and force the Americans to leave Spain. Two years have passed and the people have been asking, "What happened?

You are not pulling out of NATO, and neither are the American bases

moving out of Spain."

In these two years, the man...when he had come to power he was not a politician, but these two years have turned him into a politician. He said,

"My experience of two years in power makes me change my idea: we are going to remain in NATO, and American bases are going to remain in Spain."

It was such a betrayal that the people demanded a vote on the point, a referendum. But the prime minister, the whole bureaucracy, the whole government, is now *for* American military bases and membership in NATO. Still, they do not have a big majority. The young people of Spain have still voted against them: forty-five percent of the people have voted against NATO. But the government with all their powers...certainly they managed to get just a little bit bigger number of votes in favor.

If this man had any sense of dignity he would have resigned, because he was chosen for a simple program. HE was not chosen--the program was chosen, and because he has dropped the program he should resign immediately. But these politicians seem to be so shameless, with no dignity, with no honor, with no self-respect.

He wanted me to stay in Spain, but the problem was the American pressure. For one month he went on postponing. He informed me that I should not leak the news that Spain had invited me, because the royal family of Spain, the prime minister, the president, the cabinet--they would all be at the airport to receive me. I was going to be their invited guest, so THEY would proclaim the date and time, and they would inform me.

But slowly, slowly he saw that if forty-five percent of the people can vote against him, then to bring a man like me into the country is dangerous because these young people are bound to be influenced by me.

The parliament decided that I should be welcomed, the cabinet decided that I should be welcomed, but finally the prime minister informed me that it would not be possible; politically it would be difficult.

I know the difficulty; the difficulty came after the referendum. And I have been telling John every day that if any decision has to be taken, it should be taken before the referendum. After the referendum I don't see any hope, because once the prime minister sees how many people can vote against him, he will not be courageous enough to invite a person who can influence his people.

This is the fear, and the fear is now almost all over the world, in every country--strange fears. *psycho10*

One man in Spain, a famous novelist, was very much interested in me because he has read a few of my books which have been translated into Spanish. He was working for one month continuously for me to go to Spain, and he is well-known in the whole Spanish speaking world, well respected, even by the politicians. He was talking to the president, to the prime minister, to the royal family, and they were all willing for me to come there. Then these letters from America, from Germany, from Greece, from Italy, started pouring in.

Just yesterday he informed me, "Now it has become difficult. Even the president has told me, `You don't get involved in it. That man is very dangerous. Even your association with that man may bring difficulties to you; you just keep out, don't mention his name!'"

But he asked, "What danger is there?"

He said, "You don't ask! It is a very dangerous situation." *psycho37*

Then came a letter from the German government that three criminals are traveling with me. They called my secretary, Hasya, and told her,"We

don't have anything against Osho, but from the German government there is tremendous pressure that three criminals are with you."

She asked, "Who are the three criminals, and what crimes have they committed?" By insistently asking, we have come to know only that one is German, one is Canadian, one is American. Strangely enough, there is no German in the group, so one third of the information is absolutely wrong.

There are a few Americans, but none of them are criminals, and none of them remembers that he has committed any crime! One is a Canadian: he is shocked by hearing it--that he is a criminal. There are no charges against him. *psycho27*

Just a few days ago, it was reported to me that the American government has finally succeeded in putting my name on the wanted list of criminals with Interpol--the International Police. Now I am a "wanted criminal."

I am not hiding--but it is just to make every government antagonistic to me. There is no crime that I have committed, but any government seeing my name among the "wanted criminals"--those are the international criminals--will immediately stop me if I ever want to enter their country.

Interpol cannot do anything--because I have not done anything. But just the name on the list will help the American government to convince other governments that the man is an international criminal.

If to help people to become lions instead of sheep is a crime, I *am* a criminal. If to help people to be just human beings--not Christians, not Jews, not Hindus--is a crime, I am an international criminal. And all the religions will agree, because nobody wants their sheep to be taken away from the fold. I am a robber.

No country wants nationality to be condemned. I am against nationality, because it is one of the worst things that has happened in the world. I want a world without nations. Nationality is not something to be glorified; it is the cause of all the wars, all the bloodshed. Naturally, all the nations will agree I am an international criminal. *zara106*

On 18 March, Osho's jet lands in Madrid and is surrounded by Guardia Civila, while the Uruguayan consul stamps Uruguayan visas in the passports of Osho and his attendants. Osho then flies to Dacca, Senegal, where they stay overnight in a hotel. On the same day, the European Parliament discuss a motion to prevent Osho entering any EEC country Because I said in Crete, "If you don't allow me any land anywhere, I will have a jet plane and I will be living on that," they immediately started a movement that I cannot land at any airport in Europe.

I am really enjoying that a single person who has no power can make these pygmy politicians just go out of their minds! I had just mentioned it, and immediately the European parliament tabled a resolution, which they will be discussing soon and passing, that I cannot land at any airport in Europe. *psycho42*

Countries like the Bahamas, and other countries--Panama, and a few other islands near Panama, I have not even heard their names--and their parliaments have started discussing and deciding that I should not be allowed in their country. *psycho37*

Just today Anando informed me that Venezuela--I have never thought about it!--has passed a resolution that I am banned, I cannot enter into the country....

The European parliament has a resolution now to ban me collectively, rather than separately, so all European countries who are members of the parliament automatically become closed. *psycho23*

They have nothing against me, but my ideas seem to be more dangerous to them than their own nuclear weapons. In a world where one mad dog from America bombs a small country like Libya, where a Russian nuclear project

(Chernobyl)

just

goes

berserk

almost

like

human

beings...amongst all these problems, the parliaments of the world are discussing me, discussing whether to allow me into their country or not.

It is hilarious. *mystic21*

The German government allowed all the terrorists of Europe--skinheads, punks and all kinds of idiots--to have a world conference in Germany.

These people are making bombs, these people are creating terror everywhere, killing people. These people are allowed...I am not allowed into Germany.

You can see the mind: I am more dangerous to them than all these terrorists. And they are having a world conference...? No, they are not afraid of terrorists; they have enough armies for them, they have enough weapons for them. They are afraid of an unarmed man who simply teaches people to love, to be silent, to be blissful.

You can see that blissfulness is more dangerous to these people, silence is more dangerous to these people, meditativeness is more dangerous to these people. *socrat18*

Just the other day a German court has given us its verdict, that the German government was wrong to declare me dangerous.

A fight was going on between sannyasins and the German government in the courts, and the German government was trying to prove that I am a dangerous man. And all that they could prove was that I could prove a dangerous man. And the magistrate seems to be a fair man, intelligent.

He said, "That can be said about anybody-- *could prove*-- but you don't have any proof that this man has been dangerous. On what grounds are you predicting the future? And just on your assumption?" So he has prohibited the German government from using such words against me, or my followers--that they are dangerous, that they are a cult.

This government's effort to prove that I am dangerous because I *could* prove dangerous...but in what ways could I prove dangerous? Can I manufacture nuclear weapons there? They cannot even say it. They know what the fear is, but to say it will expose them, it won't help them.

The fear is that I can catch hold of the younger people, and they don't have any way to prevent it. Their philosophies are dead and their theologies are dead, their churches are graveyards, their priests and their popes are just corpses from the past. They don't have any argument for the present, for the new age, for the new man. *transm11*

It is such a strange world. Just a few days ago, a court in Germany in a way decided in my favor against the government, but in a way the judge could

not understand my approach to life. The government was trying to prove that I am not a religious person, because I myself have said that religion is dead, I myself have said that I am not a serious person, and the judge said: "Those statements were made in a press conference, they cannot be taken seriously. And we do not know the context. You have to produce statements from his written books. I consider him to be a religious man, and I consider his teachings to be a religion. And whatever he is saying and doing is a serious work."

Although we won the case, the judge could not understand, neither could the government. *transm12*

You will be surprised: I am being discussed in parliaments of countries where I have never been, even in countries where not a single sannyasin exists, as if I am the biggest world problem to them. They are facing the nuclear third world war, but their worry is about me!

It is significant that they have recognized that if I am allowed to go on teaching, their rotten societies will start collapsing. And I am going to continue no matter what; they cannot prevent me. I will find my ways.

And now more than ever I am going to sharpen every argument against them and expose every government that has been preventing me from reaching my own people.

And of course my people are with me. Once I make a declaration that now we are on the warpath and that in every country the sannyasins should go to the courts and start fighting the governments, we are going to create worldwide chaos. I am just waiting for the right moment. Once we have a settlement of our own, we are going to fight each and every single government that has been nasty. And we are sure to win.

And you will be surprised that even attorneys...One topmost attorney from Germany has asked if I can give him my authority to fight the case, because it is absolutely against the constitution and he knows that that case will make his name international.

Another attorney, again a topmost attorney, from Spain, is just waiting for

the signal. He wants to fight the government. He says, "There is nothing. I have looked in all the files of the government and there is nothing against you. All they are saying is nonsense without any proof, saying that you have avoided taxation." Now the Indian parliament itself will be a proof that I have not avoided any taxation in India or in America or anywhere else.

We are going to fight. It is going to be joyful. Just for a few days I am preventing them. Let us settle somewhere; otherwise it will become difficult--any country will become afraid that these people can go against their politicians, their government. So once we have settled we are going to fight all around the world. It is going to be a merry-go-round. *mystic06*

Sannyasins are protesting it because it is absolutely against the German constitution, against German law. There is not a single precedent! Not only in Germany but all over the world, there is not a single incident prohibiting a man who has never before entered your country. How can you judge that he is going to be dangerous?

So they asked five hundred world-famous, prominent intelligentsia from different fields--professors, scientists, poets, painters, dancers, actors.

Up to now they have received one hundred and fifty letters of strong support, an absolute protest against the government.

They have also received a few letters which are in support of the government. A few points in those letters were so hilarious that they have sent me those few points. One point was: One Protestant high priest has supported the government because he thinks I am a Catholic, and Germany has to be saved from the Catholic religion.

Such fear shows deep doubts. You are not certain about your Protestant theology; you are afraid somebody may make punctures in the balloon of your faith. *sermon12*

Sixty-five prominent figures in Italy, internationally known people who have contributed in different dimensions, have protested, "Why is he not being allowed to enter?" *transm45*

And what is happening there, will happen in Germany, will happen in Greece, will happen in England, will happen in Spain, is going to happen everywhere. Sannyasins have to create a worldwide chain of protests, signed by all the important creative artists, novelists, musicians, sculptors, dancers, actors, directors--people of all dimensions who have made an impact on the world.

Collect their names for the protest first, in every country, and then send a final protest to the U.N., with all the protests of all the countries together--because now it is not a question of one country; if the European parliament decides that I cannot even land my plane at their airports, you cannot now take me just as an individual.

I have become representative of a worldwide intelligence of creative, talented people.

That is my country.

And my sannyasins have to go to the U.N., because this is simply ugly.
psycho10

Osho visits Uruguay,

and creates a Mystery School

On 19 March, Osho flies to Montivideo, Uruguay. He stays in the hotel Hosteria del Lago for a week, and then moves to a private residence in Punte del Este. On 12 April 1986, Osho gives discourses and explains the new phase of his work which is his Mystery School around the world.

Nobody had any commune the way we tried, and both the experiments have given great insights into human nature, so nothing has been a failure. We have learned much. So now I am not going to create a commune. I am going to create a totally different thing: a mystery school...forty, fifty people will be there to take care of the school, and two hundred, three hundred, five hundred people can come for a one month course, or a two month course, or a three month course, and move on.

And slowly, slowly we can train people so that they can open mystery

schools around the world. A school is a different thing. You come for

three months to learn something, to go through some experiences, and then you are back in the world, to your work, to your job....

So my new phase of work is a mystery school. You work in the world, where roads are already there, houses are already there, you need not make them. Factories are already there...in thousands of years the world has created all that. So you can manage--five hours work five days a week is enough. On the weekend you can meditate, you can go into silence or you can go to some isolated spot and just relax. And in a year you will be able to earn so much money, save so much money, that you can come here for one month, two months, three months...as much as you can manage.

Then being with me has no connotations of work. Then being with me is simply joy, celebration, meditation, singing, dancing. Those three months are simply holiday. You forget the world for those three months. They are pure search for the truth. And after three months, whatever you have learned, continue it at home; there you have time. Five hours you work--

you have enough time; you can get at least two hours for yourself.

Not only this...when you start living with me there is a possibility that you may start taking me for granted, that I am always here. Nine months being away will bring you closer to me, because distance creates longing, creates love, creates understanding. So each year you will be coming, then going. Whatever you can manage...you can come twice. You will not be a burden on anybody, and there is no need for anybody to dominate you; there is no need for any strict discipline--work needs that. There is no need for coordinators, so we can avoid the power trip.

But both our communes have helped to bring us to this point where we can start a mystery school. Without those two communes it would have been impossible. This is my way of looking at things. Even failures bring you closer to success, because each failure gives you insight into what went wrong, how it went wrong. So both the experiments have been immensely significant.

Now we are in a position to create a totally different kind of place, which is simply a festival all the year round. People will be coming and going.

They will take whatever they learn and they will practice it in the world, and they will come again to renew, to refresh, to go further, deeper. Only a skeleton crew will be here to take care of you. *psycho38*

In the land of money, power, designer drugs like "ecstasy" and enlightened insurance, many of your sannyasins are now working with a job, and earning their livelihood. Laughter, a sense of humor, and a deep love and gratitude towards you, keep us all connected with each other somehow.

With your people in the world now and physically so far away, has your work with us taken on a new significance?

It has certainly taken on a new significance, a new turn.

I always wanted my people to be in the world, occasionally coming to me, being with me, refreshing themselves, then going back again to the world--because the world has to be changed. We are not the ones who renounce the world....

This world is not to be renounced. There are beautiful people, there are immensely capable people; they just have never come across a person who could have triggered a process of mutation in their life. So my idea has always been: come to me whenever you start feeling, "Perhaps I am living in an illusion." Then come and just touch me. Let yourself be showered by my presence, my love, so that you can regain confidence, courage, and you can go back to the world.

But the world is where the work is.

This is a mystery school.

We prepare people to send them to change the world.

That was from the very beginning my idea of a commune, but because I was silent and in isolation, things went not according to my idea. The commune, rather than becoming a refreshing place, a place for holiday,

became just another world of work, of hierarchy, of bureaucracy. All those things that we wanted to change evolved in the commune itself.

So my new phase of work will be that there will be a mystery school. It will live like a commune, but the people will be changing. People will be coming whenever they can manage, whenever they need. There will be a certain number of people who will be permanent, to take care of all the visitors. But the commune will be a continuous pilgrimage place--where you learn something, where you drink something, and go back to the world.

We are not the renouncers--we are the revolutionaries.

We want to change the whole world.

And in changing the world, you will change yourself. You cannot change anything else unless you go through the change simultaneously....

It is good to be only for a few days with me and then go into the world.

Take the music, take the ecstasy with you, spread it, and whenever you feel thirsty, come back again.

So it will be a world school of mysticism where people will be coming and going, taking the message to all the nooks and corners of the world. And I don't want you to be in any way associated with anything...road-making, making houses, and creating a dam--all that is just damned foolery!

I simply want you to remember me as a flower, a fragrance, a flame, a light; associate me with these things. That is going to be the purpose of the new mystery school. *psycho17*

From all over the world messages have come to me that at every center, even though the whole movement is in a difficulty--I do not have a home, the movement does not have a headquarters--from each small center news goes on coming that new people are becoming sannyasins, people who we have never thought would become sannyasins. The pressure from all the governments of the world is helping immensely. Anybody who is courageous, who has some respect for freedom, some taste of intelligence, has started coming into the movement.

A few old faces will be lost, and it is good that they are lost. Perhaps they were no longer in tune; their time was over. You can be with me only if you are alive. The moment you are dead, we simply celebrate. We say good-bye to you, and you vacate a space for some new one, some new blood, new life, a new flower to take your place. This has been going on....

There are many layers of people who have been with me and have dropped. Only very few people have remained with me from the very beginning; they are the most blessed ones. Since they have come they have broken their bridges, they have forgotten to look backwards. They know they have come to the home they were searching for and seeking, and now there is nowhere else to go. *transm07*

All my life I have been trying to escape. Even living with you this habit is sometimes there, but it fades completely as soon as I look into your eyes--

then what a tremendous relief.

And when you look into my eyes, the feeling disappears because you need those kind of eyes; you have been looking for them without knowing it. Your escape has been a search.

The word èscape' is condemnatory. You have been *searching,* and because you were not finding in one place you were rushing to another place; not finding in one person you were rushing to another person. And this is happening all over the world: people are changing places, changing their lovers, changing their friends, changing their jobs, but somehow, nothing seems to fit. Their inner thirst remains the same. Not only the same, it goes on increasing as they grow up.

If it happens looking into my eyes that your desire to escape disappears, that means you have found the key. You need such a presence, you need such people, you need such eyes around you. You yourself need such eyes, with the same depth, with the same clarity, with the same insight--

and you will find yourself at home....

Looking into my eyes you feel that the fever of escaping from everywhere

has disappeared.

We need more and more people who can give this sense to hundreds of young people, that they have found a guide, a friend whom they can trust, who can become their hope. And that's my idea of what we will be opening in different countries.

First I have to make the model of the mystery schools in one place. And we will be opening them all over the world, so the young people who have no guidance and fall into the hands of exploiters, fools, all kinds of con men...this can be stopped. These mystery schools can fill the gap--the generation gap. They can create respect for your parents and they can create the art of bringing up your own children when the time comes.

And they can give you an experience of your own being.

This is a great necessity. If it doesn't happen, then the younger generation is going to be terrorist, or all kinds of things they will do--

Hare Krishna movement, which is simply foolish, Witnesses of Jehovah...but they will be caught somewhere. If they cannot find the right place they are bound to be caught somewhere.

They used to become hippies; now that has gone out of fashion. Now there are punks, skinheads, and all kinds of stupids!--but really they are in a vacuum, and they want a certain identity. So any will do, and they will do all kinds of acts which are destructive for no reason at all, for the simple reason that they are doing something--something of great importance.

The mystery schools can manage all these people slowly slowly....

All these people can be absorbed in the mystery schools. We just have to create magnets for every mystery school, which is not a difficult job.
mystic22

Sitting in your presence is such a beautiful experience. We call it discourse.

This word seems to me so poor next to what is happening here. Is there a

word in any language that could point to, if not describe, what is happening between the Master and the disciple?

There is no word in any language for what transpires between the master and the disciple. It is the strangest phenomenon in life. It is not a relationship, it is something far deeper, far greater, far more eternal.

Once you have known the taste of being a disciple, the last problem for the master will be how to help you drop it--the idea of disciplehood--

because it is so fulfilling, so perfect, that one doesn't want to stop it....

The culmination of disciplehood is the devotee. When the disciple is perfect he enters into a new phase, which is that of the devotee. Now he feels no distinction from the master. Now there are two bodies but one soul. Now he even hears things which are not said, he understands things which are not indicated. He starts feeling the very vibration of the master's being. The devotee is absolutely unknown to the West.

You are right: what is happening here is not of this world. It is in this world but not of this world. We are trying to bring the other world in--to smuggle it into this world. *transm03*

It is one of my deep desires that when our mystery schools are functioning, slowly slowly, we will bring from all over the world the great mystical scriptures, without any consideration of to whom they belong, and publish them with the latest commentaries, so that mysticism does not remain just a word but becomes a vast literature, and anybody can devote his whole life to understanding what the mystics have given to the world.

Nobody is taking note of it, and its significance is tremendous--because it is not only literature, it has secrets for the transformation of your being. *transm25*

There are many diamonds in that small group--the Jainas--which can help many people. They are available, but they are available in a language which is no longer alive; they are written in Prakrit.

That word is also worth understanding. It is thought that Sanskrit is the

oldest language. There is a consensus amongst scholars that Sanskrit is the oldest language of the world; only Jainas don't agree with it--their

language is Prakrit--and I feel that they are right. The very meaning of the word `prakrit' is `natural', and the very meaning of the word

`sanskrit' is `refined'.

Prakrit seems to be the original language which the people were using, and Sanskrit seems to be the refined form of it which scholars were using....

All Jaina scriptures are in Prakrit. It is a very beautiful language because it has the smell of everything simple, unpolished...diamonds just out of the mine--not cut, not polished, but they have a beauty of their own, something wild.

It is the duty of the U.N. to bring all this literature--and it is vast--into international languages, and people will be simply shocked.

For example, Albert Einstein in this century talks of the theory of relativity--and Mahavira, twenty-five centuries ago, talks about the theory of relativity. Of course his conception is philosophical, he is not a scientist; but the meaning is the same. Albert Einstein has scientific evidence, Mahavira has philosophical arguments, but both are trying to say that in existence there is nothing which is absolute, everything is relative.

Aristotle divides everything into black and white--either this or that; his logic is either/or. Mahavira divides everything into seven categories.

It is more complicated, more complex, but shows tremendous insight, intelligence. Aristotle looks like a pygmy--and the world must be made aware that there have been giants of which you are absolutely unaware.
transm25

All the techniques that have been developed--are based in human experiences.

Many of the techniques are based in the innocent child and his experiences. You have to regain that innocence to make the experience

possible.

It is through centuries that people with keen insight into human affairs have been watching themselves and others, and finding methods. But all methods are based on certain experiences that naturally happen. But nobody takes care of them; on the contrary, the society tries to repress those experiences, because those experiences will certainly make the individual rebellious.

For example, Jalaluddin Rumi became enlightened with a very strange method that he had remembered from his own childhood, whirling....

All the techniques of the world--I have looked into every technique possible, to see how it must have come. Because they are not inventions, they are based on some human experience which was already happening. It just had to be made more acute, more sharp, more methodo-logical, more clean and more clear, so that the person is not doing it on any biological basis or physiological basis for some small gain, but was searching for the ultimate truth through it.

All methods have happened that way.

I have not come across a single method which is not based in human experience. It seems that nature provides you already with everything to transcend the ordinary mind and to reach to the superconscious. But unfortunately we don't use it, we don't even understand it.

But there have been people who have collected all the possibilities, made them clean, short, simple so everybody can use them.

It will be really a great job. If I have time I would like to go into explaining every technique used throughout the world, from which human experience it has arisen.

But one thing is certain, that there are no techniques for spiritual growth which can be artificially enforced on a man. Nature has already provided-

-you can purify it, make it better, make it more refined. But there is no way to make an artificial method work.

With nature, no artificiality is going to help.

And when nature itself is ready to help you, it is simply stupid to go for artificial methods. *transm27*

But remember, every technique can only give you an experience; I want to give you the experiencer, not the experience. Experience comes and goes; don't rely on it. Unless you have found the experiencer...Who is feeling joy? Who is feeling pain? Who is feeling well-being? Who is feeling sad? *Who is this consciousness?*

Every effort should be to reach to this innermost center of the cyclone.

Your whole life is a cyclone of change, of changing scenes, changing colors, but just in the middle of the cyclone there is a silent center. That is you.

My effort is to help you to find yourself. *socrat17*

Experiments in Meditation with Hypnosis

Osho emphasises using hypnosis to relax deeper into meditation. Experiments are made with techniques of hypnosis, which continue to be an integral part of the Meditation Academy As far as I am concerned, hypnosis is going to be one of the most significant parts of the mystery school. Such a simple method, which only demands a little trust, a little innocence, can bring miraculous changes in your life--and not in ordinary things only. Slowly it can become the path of your meditation.

You meditate, but you don't succeed. You don't succeed in watching; you get mixed up with thoughts, you forget watching. You remember later on,

"I was going to watch, but I am thinking." Hypnosis can help you; it can make the watcher and the thoughts separate.

For spiritual growth I don't think there is anything more important than hypnosis. *psycho44*

We are going to use hypnosis for many things--for meditation too. If you are finding difficulty in meditation, then first go through hypnosis so that it gets deep into your unconscious that meditation is a simple thing and you are perfectly capable of it. Hypnosis can create that conviction in you. And then sitting you will simply go into meditation without any difficulty, because your whole unconscious will be supporting it; there will be no opposition, no objection. *mystic23*

Hypnosis should *not* be understood as meditation. Hypnosis is of the mind, and good for the mind, good for the body. Meditation is neither of the body nor of the mind, but belongs to the third within you--your being. It is good for the being, it is nourishment for the being. *psycho04*

Wherever we establish our school, I would like trees to be hypnotized for curing people. Trees can be hypnotized for other purposes too--for helping people, encouraging people. If people are learning music, they can help them so they learn fast, so they get better in their subject matter. If they are learning mathematics and they are stuck...or they feel that they cannot learn any subject. Hypnosis can remove any obstacle without any trouble. *mystic23*

I have been attempting to hypnotize myself. While I have been able to relax very deeply, that's all that has happened. I am not aware of any resistance to letting myself fall into the unconscious. On the contrary, it feels like a whole new trail that I would love to explore, yet for some reason hypnosis hasn't happened.

The problem is that the very idea of self-hypnosis creates a subtle tension of which you are not aware.

Just think of the idea that you are trying to hypnotize yourself. Who is trying?--because *you* are trying to hypnotize *yourself,* your very trying is the barrier. And naturally without trying, it will not happen, so you are in a dilemma: if you don't try, nothing happens; if you try, your very trying keeps you alert, and that alertness will not allow hypnosis to happen. Hypnosis needs no effort on your part.

So self-hypnosis has a different process. The process is: first be

hypnotized by somebody else whom you can trust. If you don't trust then you will hold yourself against being hypnotized. Second, the person you choose to hypnotize you should not be a friend, a lover, with whom you are very intimate, because then you won't take him seriously. You will giggle and laugh, and that will destroy the whole thing. You should choose a person you respect, you trust. You feel a certain integrity in the person...then let him hypnotize you.

Relaxation is happening, so there is no difficulty. On your part you relax.

Just a small part cannot relax, because you are trying to hypnotize yourself. That part also will become relaxed because somebody else is doing it. Or if you are afraid of people hypnotizing you...Centuries of condemnation of hypnosis have made people afraid that if you are hypnotized by someone you will be under his power and that then he can manage to make you do anything, and you will have to do it. In that case then you can use a tape recorder.

Nobody disrespects a tape recorder. Nobody distrusts a tape recorder, nobody is intimate with a tape recorder, nobody loves a tape recorder. So all the conditions that are needed, the tape recorder fulfills. And it is *your* tape recorder. Close the door and put in the tape recorder all the suggestions that you have been making to yourself. Then relax and let the tape recorder do the hypnotizing.

So either a tape recorder or a person, whichever you feel better with. I would suggest a person, because a person will take care. The tape recorder is poor: whatever you have suggested, it will repeat. It cannot do anything else. It is a pundit, a rabbi. Choose anybody from here--

Kaveesha will be helpful to you.

So let the other person hypnotize you and while you are in deep hypnosis, the other person simply gives you one suggestion--that if you count from one to seven slowly...Any time you want to be hypnotized, you simply relax and count from one to seven, and you will be hypnotized. So there is no effort on your part to hypnotize; you don't have to do anything, you simply have to count--and that too comes from your unconscious, not your

conscious. The conscious is completely relaxed.

This suggestion has to be given in at least three to seven sessions. Have a ten minute session every day for seven days, but only one suggestion again and again in those ten minutes--that whenever you want to hypnotize yourself, just count from one to seven very slowly, but not suddenly.

First relax, focus your eyes on something. A light bulb is good. Don't blink your eyes, and when you feel you are relaxed, and your eyes are droopy, tending to fall asleep, start counting from one to seven very slowly, in a very sleepy way, not very loudly, whispering to yourself. And by the number seven you will be deep in hypnosis, and this hypnosis will last for ten minutes.

These suggestions have to be given in three to seven sessions. Don't try it after one session is finished. Don't try it, because if you fail that failing leaves a suggestion in you that you are not going to succeed. So for seven days don't try--just let the other person do it. Try on the eighth day. The eighth day the other person can simply sit by your side, just to give you the feeling that you will be taken care of, and then slowly the other person is removed. You become perfectly capable of hypnotizing yourself.

The difficulty in self-hypnosis is because the self is involved; it has to hypnotize itself. It is like pulling yourself up by holding onto your legs and trying to reach to the sky. You won't reach, you will fall flat on the ground. You may hop, but hopping is not the question; you wanted to fly.

Self-hypnosis has an intrinsic difficulty; hetero-hypnosis is always simple, very simple. But when you succeed for the first time in self-hypnosis, you will feel great joy. You have been able to do something which is contradictory. To avoid the contradiction, the other person is needed.
mystic36

I had my first hypnosis session yesterday. As I came out of it I gazed at the trees being blown about by the wind. In comparison to their movement, I felt such a stillness that I thought, "If I had with me always even a fraction of that peace what a different person I would be, how differently I would perceive my surroundings." It felt like the most amazing revelation to

discover that relaxation is the key to all that I hold most precious. Is this

the essence of the beautiful biblical phrases, "Be still and know," and "The peace that passeth all understanding"?

Yes. Relaxation is the key to your own innermost being. And relaxation consists of stillness, consists of peace; and certainly this stillness, this peace, passeth understanding. You can *know* it, you can *be* it, but you cannot explain it. You cannot theorize about it. It remains the most mysterious experience.

The *Bible* is right. If you are still, you will for the first time know who you are--your being--and your being is divine. You are part of a godliness that surrounds everything.

Just these small moments of relaxation, slowly, slowly will make you aware that they need not be moments; they can become your whole lifestyle. All twenty-four hours you can be silent and peaceful, doing everything in life that is necessary. Still doing these things will not be disturbing your peace or your silence; it will not distract you from your being.

That is one of the most significant points that I want to emphasize, because in the past what has happened is that people who became silent and still became afraid of the world. It was a natural reaction. They thought that now how can they be just a shopkeeper, a clerk, a stationmaster, a father, a teacher?--with all these responsibilities their silence will be lost, their peace will be disturbed. So all the old religions of the world became antilife: "Renounce the world. Escape to the mountains, to the caves, where you can protect your treasure of peace and silence." But it was a fallacy.

The real peace, the real silence, needs to be tested here in the world, in the marketplace. If it is disturbed that simply shows it was very superficial--you have to go deeper into it. And the marketplace is helpful to show you....

The world is a great school.

Experiment, meditate, and be constantly in touch with things which disturb you. One day nothing will be disturbing, and that will be the day of great

rejoicing. *mystic41*

After two weeks of hypnosis sessions, I can now see my resistance to relaxation. In looking for a cause for this, I saw that to me, to relax means to be lazy and useless....Would you please explain what relaxation really is?

I am not telling you to relax the whole day. Do your work, but find out some time for yourself, and that can be found only in relaxation. And you will be surprised that if you can relax for an hour or two hours out of each twenty-four hours, it will give you a deeper insight into yourself.

It will change your behavior outwardly--you will become more calm, more quiet. It will change the quality of your work--it will be more artistic and more graceful. You will be committing fewer mistakes than you used to commit before, because now you are more together, more centered.

Relaxation has miraculous powers.

It is not laziness.

The lazy man may look, from the outside, as if he is not working at anything, but his mind is going as fast as it can; and the relaxed man--

his body is relaxed, his mind is relaxed, his heart is relaxed.

Just relaxation on all three layers--body, mind, heart--for two hours he is almost absent. In these two hours his body recovers, his heart recovers, his intelligence recovers, and you will see in his work all that recovery.

He will not be a loser--although he will not be frantic anymore, he will not be unnecessarily running hither and thither. He will go directly to the point where he wants to go. And he will do things that are needed to be done; he will not be doing unnecessary trivia. He will say only that which is needed to be said. His words will become telegraphic; his movements will become graceful; his life will become a poetry.

Relaxation can transform you to such beautiful heights--and it is such a simple technique. There is nothing much in it; just for a few days you will

find it difficult because of the old habit. To break down the old habit, it takes a few days.

So go on using the hypnotic technique for relaxation. It is bound to come to you. It will bring new light to your eyes, a new freshness to your being, and it will help you to understand what meditation is. It is just the first steps outside the door of the temple of meditation. With just deeper and deeper relaxation it becomes meditation.

Meditation is the name of the deepest relaxation. *transm33*

In discourse the other morning I had a realization that was so obvious I cannot believe I just got it: I've been dehypnotized...can't believe how deeply programmed we are against hypnosis, and how ever so gently you have been pointing that out to us--so much so that we even think it is an

insult when people say, "Osho has hypnotized you," when in fact it's the greatest gift on the earth. Your patience, brilliance, compassion, mastery and wisdom has me in constant awe.

What you are saying is exactly true. My talking to you has not the ordinary purpose that talking serves: indoctrination--that is not the purpose of my talks. I don't have any doctrine; my talking is really a process of dehypnotization. Just listening to me, slowly, slowly you will be free of all the programs that the society has forced you to believe in.

Just by listening with an open heart, with a receiving gratefulness, it is bound to happen.

There have been hypnotists but nobody has ever tried speaking itself as a method of dehypnotizing. It can become a music in you; it can relax you, can make you silent, can give a new rhythm to your heart...a new feeling of my presence, a new perception of reality.

And I may be talking about anything. It is not the question that I am talking about *these* things; these are by-products. I may be talking about A or B or C--which are absolutely unrelated to dehypnosis. The question is your way of listening. If it is right, then whatever I am saying will relax your being

totally, and slowly, slowly your conditionings will start falling apart.

And I want to do it this way. I don't want to hypnotize you--that means to make you first unconscious. This way there is no need to make you unconscious. You become more conscious, more alert. You are becoming conscious and alert in order to listen to me. But my purpose is not to teach you something, but to use teaching as an excuse to make you conscious, alert, so you can start touching the superconsciousness in you.

And from superconsciousness a higher quality of hypnosis arises.

The ordinary methods of hypnosis can be dangerous; you can be in the hands of a person who can use you against yourself, because you *are* unconscious. You are not in a better state than your normal consciousness.

Nobody before has used speaking to help you to become superconscious, so I need not say to you, "Drop this, drop that"--I do not have to give you post-hypnotic suggestions. Everything will be happening here-now, and it will be happening in your fully-alert state, so you cannot be used, cannot be misused; you cannot be exploited.

Hypnotism became condemned because people started exploiting it.

Anybody who is as unconscious as you are can use the technique of hypnotism. That's why it became condemned; otherwise such a beautiful phenomenon which can help you towards meditation would not have been condemned.

My way cannot be misused. And when people say to you that you are hypnotized, don't feel hurt. Tell them, "Yes, we have been hypnotized to wake up. We have been hypnotized to enter into superconsciousness. We have not been hypnotized to go into lower realms of the mind, but to the higher superconscious or collective superconscious"--and finally if you simply go on listening to me, doing nothing, the cosmic consciousness is going to be your experience.

But I have never said it before, and people have always wondered: if I don't have a religion, don't have a doctrine, don't have a teaching, then why do I

go on talking to people? I could not tell them; they would not understand. Only those who will experience the relaxation of superconsciousness will be able to see the point. And then certainly, as you say, they will understand how long I have been waiting, and how long I have been patient, and how I have been condemned for things which have nothing to do with me. But I have remained silent--because it does not bother *me;* the only thing that I am interested in is that my people should attain to the state from where they cannot fall before I leave the body.

I cannot give you anything more precious. *psycho42*

Just a few days ago, Anando brought me a press clipping. The man was authentic in writing it...he was puzzled, he could not understand what is happening. He had been listening to me--he had come as a journalist to report--he had never heard such long discourses, and on subjects which were not his area! So he reports on me: "What is striking," he reports, "is Osho speaks very slowly, with gaps--sometimes with closed eyes, and sometimes he looks very intensely at you. He speaks so long that one feels bored, but the strange thing is that after this boredom one feels a deep serenity, a silence--which is strange, because usually out of boredom one feels frustration, one feels angry."

But he has observed well his own mind...one feels a certain serenity, silence, peacefulness, and finally it seems that a kind of hypnosis has happened: "Perhaps this is Osho's method--to speak slowly, to speak with gaps, so that you start feeling bored. But out of that boredom comes a serenity."

It is strange for him--it is strange for Western psychology too--that if boredom is used rightly it is going to create serenity, peacefulness and a state of hypnosis. And hypnosis is healthy: It is not meditation, but it still somehow reflects meditation. *psycho04*

I am not even telling you to meditate. I am just talking to you and creating a certain atmosphere in which meditation *happens* to you.

So while you are here, see the difference between doing and happening.

Alone also, let it *happen.* If you become accustomed to my voice, perhaps you can put on the tape recorder: forget about meditation; you just listen and the meditation will come. And, slowly slowly, this coming of meditation can be detached from listening to me. *mystic24*

There are moments I can see--perhaps many times you see them too--

when there is utter silence. Then you cannot count how many people are here. There is only one consciousness, one silence, one nothingness, one selflessness. And only in that state can two persons live in eternal joy, can any group live in tremendous beauty; the whole of humanity can live in great benediction. *psycho18*

A few therapists betray Osho

In the commune I had hundreds of different therapeutic schools working, but I was working to destroy every therapy. The therapists were working to destroy your problems, and I was trying to destroy therapies and the therapists!--because a therapy can be only a temporary relief, and the therapist can be only a very superficial help. *spirit06*

Teertha was hoping.... He was the first therapist to join the ashram; naturally, because he was the first, he became the chief therapist without any formalities. Nobody had told him that he was the chief therapist. It was just by coincidence, because he was here before anybody else--the other therapists came later on--that he managed to become the chief. And there was no harm in it; somebody had to take care of all the therapy groups.

When the commune dispersed, Teertha saw clearly that I cannot be in America--for fifteen years I cannot enter America. And in India the American government is pressurizing the Indian government that no foreign sannyasins should be allowed in.

Seeing the situation, he thought it was better to open an institute of his own in Italy. There was no harm in opening the institute in Italy. I had to tell my therapists that wherever they were they should continue to create institutes, communes, because all European countries have banned me.

I cannot enter into Europe, I cannot go to America, and foreign sannyasins cannot come into India.

Now there was no need to accept me as his master; there was a chance of becoming a master himself. So Teertha has become a mini-guru. He knows nothing about enlightenment. He has never meditated. Here he was involved with his groups, which have nothing to do with meditation.

And I have told these therapists, "You should meditate," but it was against their egos, because they were therapists. Thirty or forty people were joining their groups, and they were the leaders. To meditate with the same people was against their egos, so they never meditated.

People must have been asking him, "Is your institute Osho's institute?"

He said, "I have not been Osho's disciple.... "

Then what was he doing here? What was he doing in America? And the same has been done by Somendra, by Rajen, by a few other therapists--

they are all therapists. Finding an opportunity that they can become mini-gurus.... But for that they have had to deny that they had anything to do with Osho.

There were many reasons why I told you to drop the malas, to drop the orange clothes: First, so that you can enter this country (India); otherwise you cannot enter this country. Second, you will not be known to the world as my disciples, so there will not come any moment to deny it. I am simply trying to save you from telling lies, and making you absolutely independent even while you are here. You come here as friends--more than that seems to be risky. I will continue to do whatever I can do for you. I see not only your present--but possibilities in the future.

All these people are lying, and I don't feel it right to contradict their lies--

they have been my disciples, I have loved them and I still love them. It is below me to contradict their lies. If their spiritual growth happens somehow, they may realize by themselves. *razor06*

Just the other day I had the message from a sannyasin that Teertha is saying to people that my state and his state are now the same--we are friends. For this he was hanging around for fifteen years. Rajen is saying to people, "Now I am no longer a disciple but a friend, and I have the same status."

These were the people that I wanted to get rid of as peacefully, as lovingly as possible....

Now in Rajen's groups even my name is not mentioned. What is the need of mentioning the name of a friend? You have many friends--you don't mention their names.

Teertha has made an academy. Devageet was there; he worked hard to find the place, to arrange it, hoping that it was going to be Osho's meditation academy. But when he saw the board being put up it said simply "Meditation Academy."

He asked, "But no mention of Osho?"

And Teertha and Vedana and others who were involved in it simply said,

"We are all friends--why put Osho's name there?"

They printed a brochure, and Devageet was saying to me, "I cried, and I had to fight almost physically because Your name was not even mentioned in the brochure. It was not even mentioned that the meditations they will be teaching have something to do with You. They have all their pictures in the brochure, but Your picture is not there."

Because he fought so much, finally they agreed to put in a picture of me, a strange picture, an old picture that nobody would recognize--it must be a picture taken by someone in '74--and that too a small picture, and without mentioning my name or saying anything about who the person is.

Devageet, simply out of disgust, left the place. And now these same people are trying to have a world festival--in which my name is not mentioned. There is no need, naturally, to mention the name of a man who is your friend; you have many friends! But they will be exploiting the sannyasins.

The strategy is very clear, because I have been seeing: when they advertise their groups in our newspapers, newsletters, magazines, then they are in orange clothes with the mala. None of them is using red clothes or mala, and in the group not even my name is mentioned. But in advertisements, to attract sannyasins to participate in the groups, all of them are publishing their pictures with malas, with orange dress--as if they are old sannyasins. Just to make these people feel at ease, I withdrew myself from their lives....

It was simply hilarious when I read Teertha's letter. In the end he writes,

"I am doing the same work as you are doing; the only difference is that you are doing it on a bigger scale and I am doing it on a personal scale,

individual to individual. But the work is the same." And then came this second news that he told somebody on the phone, who informed me, "I am of the same state."

It is good that they are feeling good. *psycho24*

This weekend there is a big sannyasin festival in Florence with dance and meditation and music. Is your heart with all these thousands of sannyasins?

In the first place, there are not going to be thousands of sannyasins there, for the simple reason that the people who are organizing it are no longer with me. They are trying to cheat the sannyasins. Only three hundred sannyasins have booked for it, and the organizers are declaring it to be the first world festival since the last one in the commune in Oregon, America.

But my name is not mentioned in it. It is not my festival. It is those few people, those few therapists, who want to exploit the sannyasins. But they are in trouble, because three hundred sannyasins coming will only cover the expenses--they were hoping thousands would come. And also, the three hundred are coming because they are not aware that these people have started working against me.

My heart will be with my people wherever they are. I will be with my

sannyasins--and I have to be, particularly to show to them that this is not my festival, that they have been deceived, that the people on the stage have ugly ideas. They are all pretending to be masters, that they have become enlightened.

But the festival is going to be a fiasco....

And you have to write to all your friends in Italy: "Make it clear to these people that you cannot exploit sannyasins. If you are no longer sannyasins, then simply get out from here. This is a festival of sannyasins--we will manage it. Leave the stage! The empty stage is far better than a stage full of those who have betrayed." *psycho32*

I have told you about a world festival that Teertha, Rajen, Poonam and others were arranging in Italy. Just yesterday the news came that very few people reached there; they have made a great loss of fifteen thousand dollars, and the whole thing was absolutely dead and flat. All these great therapists were on stage, but there was no celebration, there was no feeling that you are in the presence of someone who is enlightened.

People left disappointed, disgusted with the whole thing....

It is unfortunate, but I will have to make my people aware of the dangers of these therapists, because they will exaggerate their claims, saying that they have been with me for fifteen years. But they have not been with me for fifteen seconds. They were playing their own small role of being a guru to a small group of people. They had come for themselves, but they forgot completely. This is what happens to accidental people: they come for one thing and buy something else. *psycho40*

We had a property of the commune in Laguna Beach in America, and our sannyasins were running it; we had made a board of directors. It was a three million dollar property. What Santosh did was, he took three hundred sannyasins from the ranch to Laguna Beach, and all the sannyasins became members of the Laguna Beach commune--and of course they changed the whole board of directors. Santosh brought his own directors, his own board, and he opened a dehypnotherapy institute in Laguna Beach. My name is not mentioned. He has appropriated the property

without thinking of its legal implications....

Santosh has done a great service to us. Now he is the head priest. He knows nothing as far as experience is concerned, and he will destroy many people. So I have informed our people that something has to be done and Santosh has to be removed from there; or he has to pay three million dollars, and then he can do whatever he wants to do in the property. And our sannyasins have to be informed that his hypnotherapy is not going to help them. *psycho40*

Santosh has started publishing a small newspaper. Even my name is not mentioned anywhere in the institute for dehypnotherapy that he has created there. And in this newspaper, just two days ago I saw: he has an announcement that all the European countries have prohibited the entry of Osho into their countries, so those who are waiting, hoping that sooner or later Osho will be coming to Europe, should drop the hope.

"And we are already doing the same work." Now, their whole fear is, if I come back to Europe then they cannot go on being mini-gurus--just like mini-skirts, nothing much material.

And Santosh is happy that I cannot enter America for at least five years.

But they are wrong. It makes no difference whether I am in Europe or in America, Australia, or in India.

Those who have loved me and those who have drunk out of my well, will not find another who will be satisfying. At least right now, there is nobody else. There used to be one--J. Krishnamurti. Unfortunately, he is dead.

These people, at least ninety percent of them, will come back. The ten percent, the very hard-core egoists, may find it difficult to come back--

although they need not find it difficult, because I never even asked you why you left. That is your business. Why have you come? That too is your decision, and you have all the freedom to join or not to join.

I am not at all disturbed or annoyed by anybody. Because here, with me, you are not supposed to give anything in return for whatever you feel I have

done for you. And in fact, I don't need anything to be returned by you because it is not a bargain, a deal, a business. It is simply my love.

I love the truth--I have found it.

I have loved you--I have found you also.

Now my only remaining work is somehow to turn your eyes towards the truth. Once that happens, then there is no need for me to be here.

But I am not a serious man, I can still be here. So you don't be worried; most probably I will be here. *sermon21*

Osho is arrested and deported

Now, here again the same question arises: they want me to stay here, but the problem is who is going to sign the papers? The president is willing for me to stay here, but he does not want to take the responsibility of signing the papers. The foreign minister is afraid, and the minister of the interior is afraid. He is willing...it is absolutely right, there is no problem: I should stay here. But how can I stay here? Nobody is ready to take the responsibility. They have their fears. If something happens tomorrow, then that person will be caught; then his political career will be lost.

The foreign minister is supported by the American government to be chosen as secretary-general of the U.N. Now he wants me to be here but he cannot sign, because if he signs his career is finished. Then he cannot be the secretary-general of the U.N.

These people have changed. At least, as far as they are concerned, they are ready to accept me here; just they don't want to take the responsibility wholly on themselves. That much courage is not in them.

But this is also a development. Perhaps somebody may gather courage, risk his ambitions or politics. It *is* risky, because once anybody signs

papers then the whole force of the American government and the Spanish government and the German government will be used to throw that man out. That man should not remain in the ministry because he did not listen to

all these governments' advice and he went against them.

And the people who are all saying yes, in such a situation will say, "We had warned you before. You did not listen." *mystic17*

They agreed, unanimously--and it is a very difficult situation here. It is a coalition government, it is not a single-party government; three parties together have made the government. To come to a unanimous decision is a very difficult thing, but they came to a unanimous decision. And the minister of the interior even informed the press that "Osho is welcome to stay here and do his work here." *mystic25*

In Uruguay, the president had been reading my books, listening to my tapes, and he was very happy to welcome me to become a permanent resident in Uruguay. All the forms were ready. He had given me a one year's permanent residency card, so that all the bureaucratic procedure was fulfilled, and nobody could say that I had been favored. And he said,

"Then I would like to give you three years' permanent residency, which will turn automatically into your citizenship."

Uruguay is a small country, but very beautiful. I asked him, "Why are you interested in me?--because all the governments are passing orders that I should not enter their country. Not only that, my airplane cannot land at their airports.

He said, "They don't understand you."

The day the president was going to sign the forms, the American ambassador was continually watching, and the American government dogs of the CIA and FBI were following me everywhere. Their plane was either ahead of me or behind me. When they saw that he was going to sign for a permanent residency, which would turn automatically into citizenship, they immediately informed Ronald Reagan.

Ronald Reagan phoned the president of Uruguay, and said, "My message is not big, it is small: either force Osho to be deported within thirty-six hours from your country, or I will cancel all the loans for the future that we have

agreed on"--which amounted to billions of dollars--"and I will demand back all the dollars that we have given to you as loans in the past. If you cannot pay, then their interest rate will be doubled. You are perfectly free to choose."

I have never seen such a soft-hearted person. With tears in his eyes, he said, "Osho, I am utterly helpless. For the first time, your coming to Uruguay has made us aware that we are not free. Our country is economically a slave. Our sovereignty, our freedom is just fake. These are the alternatives given to me.

"I asked Ronald Reagan, `What is the need to deport Osho? I can simply ask him to leave--because for deportation, when he has a one year permanent residency, he would have to commit a heinous crime like murder, then only can he be deported.' But Ronald Reagan insisted, Ì

have said what I wanted to say--he has to be deported.'"

The president's secretary came running to me and said, "It is better that your jet plane leaves from a small airport, not from the international port, because there the American ambassador is present to see whether you are being deported or not."

It was an absolutely illegal demand, a criminal demand--a man who had not left his room...all those days I was there.

I said, "On what grounds can you deport me?"

He said, "There is no question of demand, no question of any law. It seems that for you, law does not exist." *mess201*

He said, "It is unfortunate that I have to do it. I am doing it against my own conscience."

Even this much the American president was not willing to concede: that I should simply leave the country. My plane was standing at the airport...I said, "There is no problem; I can leave the country. I will not put your country into such jeopardy."

He said, "The American president insists that You should be deported; You should not leave the country without being deported. I am forced to commit crimes: first, to tell You for no reason to leave the country, You have done nothing. Second, to deport You. But I am absolutely helpless.

Still, I want one thing: that on Your passport there should be no stamp of deportation from Uruguay. We have a small airport--so move Your airplane to that airport, and in the evening leave without informing us; so we can say, `He left without informing us. There was no time to deport him.'"

But he was wrong. As my jet moved to the small airport--the American embassy must have been watching--the American ambassador was there with all the stamps and the official whose business it is to deport people.

I was delayed there, because they had to fill in all the forms, and as I left the country, I said, "It doesn't matter.... " In fact, my passport has become a historical document: I have been deported from so many countries without any reason.

When I left Uruguay the president was invited to America immediately, and Ronald Reagan gave him thirty-six million dollars as a "gesture of friendship." That was a reward because I was thrown out within thirty-six hours: exactly thirty-six million dollars, one million dollars per hour!

In fact, I should start asking these governments for my percentage: You are getting billions of dollars because of me--I should get at least two percent.

America has been informing all the governments...I have seen the documents that they are sending to every government. All that those documents say is: "This man is dangerous. He can corrupt the morality of the country, the culture of the country; he can corrupt the youth of the country. He can destroy the religion of the country." *spirit25*

The president of Uruguay told me that it would be better for me to stop my world tour, because he was concerned about my life. What he had heard in the White House is that they have a contract with a professional assassin for half a million dollars, if he can kill me. A single man without any arms, and the biggest, most powerful country in the world is so afraid?

The attorney general of America told the press that he does not want to hear my name, does not want to see my face in any newspaper, in any news magazine; he does not want to know whether I am still alive or dead. I should be completely erased. And what crime have I committed?

Just to *think* is the greatest crime; and to show people that they are wrong is the greatest crime. *last605*

From very reliable sources in Washington--and not from one source, but from three different sources the same message has reached me--the American government is ready to give half a million dollars to any professional killer, to kill me. *upan15*

They released the people who were arrested with me in America--three were simply dismissed because they were in a different plane, and the three who were with me were released on bail for seventy-five thousand dollars.

Just yesterday we received a letter from the attorney-general's office, with the seal of the department of justice, and it is such a cunning letter--one cannot imagine! Seeing that they are going to fail completely, they have

nothing to prove, they want to drop the case. They harassed me for twelve days; they took the personal things of all the people who were on the plane and they have not released those things. And seeing that they cannot prove anything--they don't have anything--they want to drop the case. But dropping the case meant that they would have to return the seventy-five thousand dollars deposited for bail for three persons--

because if there is not going to be any trial and you are dropping the case, then that money should be returned. Why should that money be kept?

But you can see the greed and cunningness...They did not want to return the money and they wanted to drop the case. So with the magistrate's seal, what they did was they claimed that they had called these three witnesses and they did not appear in the court; hence their deposits of seventy-five thousand dollars are confiscated by the government, and the case is dropped.

They never informed us that there was any hearing, and they don't have any proof that we have refused. Our people were ready to go and we were asking, our attorneys were asking continually, "When is the date?" They never told our attorneys, never informed us. Even courts, federal courts, are lying that they informed us, and because we did not appear in the court we have lost the money. And they don't even mention the personal effects--which are worth nearabout three million dollars. They have not returned them either. *psycho37*

Why do people bug our telephones everywhere we go? Are they looking for spiritual guidance on the cheap?

Certainly. Let them have it. We have nothing to hide. They can come and be here and enjoy, but poor people!--they feel embarrassed to come so they bug.

So whenever you are phoning just put in a few spiritual things for the buggers! *transm43*

On 19 June 1986, Osho flies from Uruguay to Jamaica, where he has a two-week visa, but the following morning the police tell him to leave by that evening. On 20 June, Osho flies to Lisbon where he stays quietly in rented vil a for few weeks. Police surround his villa, and on 30 July, Osho flies to Bombay.

Osho returns to Bombay, and answers questions about his Sannyas Movement

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On 30th July, Osho arrives in Bombay, and stays in Swami Suraj Prakash's house at Juhu Beach. The following day, Osho begins daily press interviews, gives discourses in Hindi, and in English. Hundreds of

sannyasins come from around the world to be with him. Osho answers questions about his sannyas movement

You have been granting interviews to journalists. Is there any particular reason for this?

It makes no difference to me whether I talk to my sannyasins or to the journalists, because finally the word will reach to my sannyasins.

Through the journalists, it will reach to others also.

There are many people who would like to listen to me but cannot come for many reasons. Their orthodox mind, their traditional thinking, lies that they have heard about me... through journalism it is possible to reach even these people. Journalism is simply a means and I use all the means possible to spread the fragrance that has happened to me.

I have chosen particularly journalists because even if I do not talk to them they go on writing about me all kinds of stupidities, lies... it is better they should talk with me, have a clear conception about me. It is their duty to their readers that the truth is conveyed and lies are not spread. I respect journalism tremendously because it is one of the greatest means to protect the individual, his freedom of expression, his individuality, against the powerful vested interests.

I am alone against the vested interests--they have immense power, but if the news media is with me to convey the truth to the masses--a single individual can be more powerful than a government.

And I have seen this happen in America. The news media has the credit that the American government could not murder me....

I respect news media. But I would like to say that Indian journalism is not yet of that great quality. It is third rate. Without asking me they go on saying things that I have never said.

This is the reason why I am giving these interviews. *last614*

You are asking if I can speak, can bring my message to the people in such

a way that it becomes more acceptable, that it becomes more usual.

It cannot become--at least, as long as I am alive, it cannot become usual.

You have so many usual doctrines, usual religions, usual ideologies. My approach is going to remain unusual, because the usual approaches have all failed. Something unusual has to be tried.

I know you love me and you want my message to reach people, but your love is blind. You don't see the implications of what you are saying. You are saying, "Can't your message be more acceptable?" That means I will have to compromise. I will have to think of the blind people all around me and adjust to their ideas. It is betraying the truth. Every compromise is a betrayal.

My message will remain universal even if I am the only person who trusts in it, because its universality does not mean *numbers* of followers. Its universality means that it is the foundational doctrine of existence. And I cannot conceive how it can be more acceptable.

The only way is to knock on as many doors as possible, to shout from rooftops hoping that somebody may not be deaf, somebody may not be blind. But I cannot compromise on any point, because it is not a business.

Who am I to compromise on behalf of truth? And a truth compromised becomes untruth. A truth is absolutely uncompromising.

But that has been always the case. All the masters in the past had to face it. They are always ahead of their time. It seems to be something in the very nature of life, that the people who are going to be decisive about human consciousness will always come ahead of their time--because it takes one hundred years, two hundred years for people to understand them. If they come in their own time, then by the time people have understood them, they will be out of date. They *have* to be ahead of their time so that by the time human mind, human consciousness reaches the point where they can be understood, their message will be available.

So the greatest work for sannyasins is to keep the message pure,

unpolluted by you or by others--and wait.

The future is bound to be more receptive, more welcoming. We may not be here but we can manage to change the consciousness for centuries to come.

And my interest is not only in *this* humanity; my interest is in humanity as such.

Keep the message pure, twenty-four carat gold. And soon those people will be coming for whom you have made a temple--although it is sad

when you are making the temple; nobody comes. And when people start coming, you will not be here. But one has to understand one thing: we are part of a flowing river of consciousness.

You may not be here in this form, you may be here in another form, but keep it in mind never to ask such a question that I should be more acceptable, more respectable, more in agreement with the masses. I cannot be.

And it is not stubbornness on my part. It is just that truth cannot compromise. It has never done it; it would be the greatest sin. *sermon12*

Many contemporaries and enlightened ones--Raman Maharshi, Meher Baba, George Gurdjieff and J. Krishnamurti--have worked with people, but people get more offended by you than by anybody else. Osho, where does your technique differ from that of other enlightened ones?

The question is very fundamental.

It arises in many people's minds, and it needs a very deep insight into the workings of different masters.

We will take each of the masters named in the question separately.

Raman Maharshi is a mystic of the highest quality, but a master of the lowest quality. And you have to understand that to be a mystic is one thing; to be a master is totally different.

Out of a thousand mystics, perhaps one is a master....

Raman Maharshi remained in his cave in the mountains of Arunachal his whole life, unconcerned with the world. He simply tired of it.

Naturally, nobody is against him....

Meher Baba is not finished with the world in the same sense as Raman Maharshi. But he is interested *only* in your spiritual growth--as if spiritual growth is something separate from the whole structure of society, religion, education, past, all the traditions, conventions....

Secondly, Meher Baba remained silent his whole life; he never spoke. All that is written in the name of Meher Baba is written by his secretary.

Now, there is no way to know whether the secretary is writing from his own mind....

The third man on your list is George Gurdjieff. He is the most unique master the world has ever seen, but his uniqueness created a distance

between him and the normal humanity. All his methods were valid methods, but the journey was long and he made it even longer by the way he propounded it....

Naturally he was surrounded by only a very small group of people.

And he was also not interested in any social revolution....

And the fourth man, J. Krishnamurti, could have been a danger, could have been crucified--he had a far higher intelligence than any Jesus Christ, and far more intellectual genius than any Socrates--but because of a certain obsession, he became very much against organization. He was against all organizations.

Naturally you would think that if he was against all organizations then all organizations would have been annoyed by him. But this was not the case, because he never created any organization of his own.

A single individual for ninety years continuously went around the world.

Who cares?...

Governments are against me because I am against them.

Religions are against me because I am against religions.

Political leaders are annoyed with me because I say they are mediocre, because I say only psychologically sick people become interested in power politics. People who suffer from an inferiority complex are the people who seek power, prime ministership, presidency.

These people need to be in psychiatric hospitals, and they are running the world.

I am against all religions because I am for religiousness, and religions are barriers to creating a humanity with a quality of religiousness.

A Christian is not needed, nor a Hindu, nor a Mohammedan. These are the barriers to religious progress.

What is needed is truthfulness, sincerity, silence, lovingness...a life of joy, playfulness...a life of deep search, inquiry into one's consciousness.

And these qualities have nothing to do with Christianity or Judaism or Jainism or Buddhism.

Meditation is needed, but meditation is nobody's monopoly.

Naturally, all religions are against me, annoyed. Because I am the first man in the whole of history who is saying that religions are the barriers preventing humanity from becoming religious. They are not the vehicles of God, they are the enemies of God. Popes and Ayatollah Khomeinis and *shankaracharyas*-- these are not the representatives of God; they may be representatives of the devil. Because these are the people who have divided humanity, and who for centuries have been continuously creating conflicts, bloodshed, wars, crusades, *jihad,* holy war, and all kinds of nonsense.

In the name of religion, these people are oppressing humanity.

I am against nations because I don't see any need for there to be nations.

Why can't the whole planet earth be one single humanity?--which would be saner, more scientific, more easily controllable.

Right now things are such that you can only say we are living in an insane world....

I don't want any nations in the world.

The world is one single humanity.

I don't want religions in the world....

And we can make this world *really* a Garden of Eden. Adam and Eve will not have to go back to the Garden of Eden. And one day you will hear a knock on the door--God wants to come in! Because you have managed to create a far better garden than his old one. But we can keep that garden too, as a museum piece.

Naturally, Raman Maharshi, Meher Baba, Gurdjieff, Krishnamurti belong to a different category.

I belong to my own category. There is no category to which I can belong; I have to create my category.

Naturally they are all against me because I am going to take away all their powers, all their conspiracies against humanity. Naturally, they are together against me.

And they are a little puzzled: what to do with a single man? It looks awkward to them also. All the governments of the world, all the religions of the world have to decide against a single individual. Certainly that single individual must have something significant; otherwise there would be no need of so much fear, paranoia.

I am for man's spiritual growth, but I understand spiritual growth in its whole

context. It is not something separate, one dimensional; it is a multi-dimensional phenomenon. It needs a revolution in society. It needs a revolution in society's economic, political structures; it needs a tremendous and radical change in everything that has been dominating us up to now.

We have to create a discontinuity with the past.

Only then a new man--a really spiritual man, a man of cosmic dimensions--can be born.

I am certainly blessed because I am the first who is opposed by all. This situation has never happened before, and will never happen again.

And you are also blessed because you are fellow travelers with a man who is not just an old dead saint, a goody-goody.

I want you to be the very salt of the earth.

Too many goody-goody saints have created so much diabetes.

We need a different kind of saintliness.

I have called that different kind of saint Zorba the Buddha. *sermon01*

You seem to be fulfilling two roles: an outer one in which you provoke and expose the structure of our society, and a more intimate one in which you encourage your disciples towards the ultimate.

Existence consists of both: the inner and the outer.

Unfortunately, for centuries the inner and the outer have been thought to be opposed to each other. They are not.

The teaching which proposes that the inner and the outer are opposed has caused a tremendous tension in man--because man is a miniature existence, a miniature cosmos. Whatever exists in man also exists on a wider scale in existence, and vice-versa. If man can be understood in his totality, you have understood the whole.

The function of the master is to bring the inner and outer into a harmony.

To create opposition between them is poisoning you. They are not opposed, they are one--two sides of the same coin, you cannot even

separate them. Can you separate the inner from the outer? If they can be separated then what will you call the inner? What will you call the outer?

Of what? Both are part of a coherent whole. But mankind has suffered tremendously because of the division.

My function is to destroy the division completely, and to create a synchronicity in man's outer life and his inner life.

The work is tremendously complicated and great...

Whenever the harmony is not there, you are sick. The healthier you are, the more harmonious. Disease can be defined as a conflict between the outer and the inner; they have fallen apart, they are not moving together.

The harmony is broken. The function of the physician is to bring the harmony back, to bring the music back, to make your life an orchestra.

The master is a physician--not of your ordinary diseases but of your existential conflicts.

That's why I have been fighting on two fronts. I have to fight the old traditions, old religions, old orthodoxies, because they will not allow you ever to be healthy and whole. They will cripple you. The more crippled you are the greater saint you become. So on one hand, I have to fight with any kind of thinking or theology which divides you.

Secondly, I have to work on the growth of your inner being.

Both are part of the same process: how to make you a whole man, how to destroy all the rubbish that is preventing you from becoming whole--that is the negative part; and the positive part is how to make you aflame with meditation, with silence, with love, with joy, with peace. That is the positive part of my teaching.

With my positive part there is no problem; I could have gone around the world teaching people meditation, peace, love, silence--and nobody would have opposed me.

But I would not have been of any help to anybody, because who is going to destroy all that rubbish? And the rubbish has to be destroyed first, it is blocking the way. It is your whole conditioning. You have been programmed from your very childhood with absolute lies, but they have been repeated so often that you have forgotten that they are lies.

That's the whole secret of advertisement: just go on repeating. On the radio, on the television, in the films, in the newspapers, on the walls, everywhere, go on repeating.

In the old days it was thought that wherever there is a demand the supply happens on its own accord. Now, that is not the rule. The rule is, if you have something to supply, *create* the demand. Go on hammering in people's minds certain words so that they forget completely that they have been listening to it on the radio, on the television, in the films, in the newspaper, and they start believing it. Listening continually to something, they start purchasing it--any soap, any toothpaste, any cigarette. You can sell *anything....*

For centuries man has been sold beliefs, dogmas, creeds which are absolutely untrue, which have no evidence except in your ambition, except in your laziness. You don't want to do *anything*, and you want to reach to heaven....

So my work begins with negativity--I have to destroy every program that has been given to you. By whom, it does not matter--whether it is Catholic or Protestant does not matter; I have to deprogram you so you are clean and unburdened. Your doors and your windows are opened.

And then the second part, the essential part, is to teach you how to enter within. Because you know very well how to go out; for many lives you have been going out and out and out. You are accustomed to it. You don't think when you go to your office, "Now turn left, now turn right, now turn.... " When you come home you don't think in this way. Simply, mechanically,

like a robot you go on every day coming home, every day going to the office.

The outer journey is your habit.

But the inner world is a new world where you have not even looked, where you have never taken a single step. So I have to teach you how, slowly, you can step inwards....

Once the negative part is complete--and it depends on your intelligence, it can be complete within a second. If you can see that all that you have is borrowed, and if you have courage to decide that, "I will not carry anything borrowed; I take the decision to find out something for myself, my *own* truth"....

What is the point of knowing all that has been written about love and never being in love? You may collect a whole library on love--beautiful poetries, dramas, novels--but it is all pointless; you don't know what love is. You have never loved. A single moment of love is more valuable than your whole library.

The same is true about everything that is valuable. A single insight into yourself is more valuable than all your scriptures. A single glimpse of your consciousness and you have entered the real temple--which is not made of bricks and marble, but which already exists in you; it is made of consciousness itself. It is a flame, an eternal flame which has been burning since eternity. It needs no fuel. It is waiting for you to see it because by seeing it, your eyes for the first time will have something--the joy, the light, the song, the beauty, the ecstasy.

And it is not that when you enter in, your outer will be forgotten. As you enter in, your outer starts radiating the inner--in your gestures, the way you see, the way you talk, the authority behind your words. Even your touch, even your presence, even your silence will be a message.

The inner and the outer are parts of one reality.

First you have to cleanse the outer, which has been distorted by centuries.

It is fortunate that nobody can distort your inner reality; nobody can enter there except you. You cannot even invite your lover, your friend. *Except* you, you cannot take anyone there. It is fortunate; otherwise everything would have been spoiled in you and recovery would have been impossible.

Only the outer side is covered with dust of all kinds; a small understanding can make you free of it. But that is an essential part--the negative part--to know the false as false, because the moment you know it is false, it drops, it disappears.

And after that the inner journey is very light, very simple. *upan02*

In one of Your latest letters to the therapists Hasya said that You abandoned the outer sannyas in favor of the inner sannyas. Would you please say more about it?

I have been working hard to abandon everything that is outer, so that only the inner remains for you to explode.

Otherwise the man's mind is a very immature mind. It starts clinging with outer symbols. That has happened to all the religions of the world.

They all started well, but they all went astray. And the reason was that the outer was emphasized so much that people completely forgot the inner. To fulfill the outer was such life-absorbing task that there was no space left even to remember about your inward journey which is basically the meaning of religiousness.

I want my people to understand it clearly. Neither your clothes, nor your outer disciplines nor anything that has been given to you by tradition and you have accepted it just on belief, is going to help. The only thing that can create a revolution in you is going beyond the mind into the world of consciousness. Except that, nothing is religious. But to begin with and with a world which is too much obsessed with outer things, I had to start sannyas also with outer things. Change your cloths into orange, wear a Mala, meditate, but the emphasis was only on meditation.

But I found that people can change their clothes very easily but they cannot

change their minds. They can wear the Mala, but they cannot move into their consciousness. And because they are in orange cloths, wearing a Mala, having a new name, they start believing that they have become a sannyasin.

Sannyas is not so cheap. Hence it is time and you are mature enough that beginning phase is over. If you like the orange color, the red color, perfectly good--it cannot do any harm, but it is not a help either. If you love the Mala, if you love the locket with my picture on it, it is simply your ornament, but it has nothing to do with religion. So now I reduce religion to its absolute essentiality. And that is meditation. If you are meditating and if you are reaching higher and higher into your consciousness, thoughts are left far behind. You experience that your body is just outside you, your mind is just outside you and you are standing in the middle, the center of the cyclone, in utter silence, in absolute beauty, in great light, in utter fulfillment. Except the process of meditation, everything is non-essential.

I don't want my people to be lost into non-essentials. In the beginning it was necessary. Now years of listening to me, understanding me, you are in a position to be freed from all outer bondage. And you can for the first time be really a sannyasin only if you are moving inwards. *last613*

What do you foresee as the future of your sannyas movement? Do you see it as prospering, even when you're not here?

Sannyas movement is not mine. It is not yours. It was here when I was not here. It will be here when I will not be here.

Sannyas movement simply means the movement of the seekers of truth.

They have always been here.

Of course, they have been always tortured by the ignorant masses: killed, murdered, crucified, or worshipped....

There have always been a line of seekers of truth... I call it sannyas. It is eternal. It is sanatan. It has nothing to do with me.

Millions of people have contributed to it. I have also contributed my own

share. It will go on becoming more and more richer. When I am gone there will be more and more people coming and making it richer. The old sannyas was serious. I have contributed to it a sense of humor. The old sannyas was sad. I have contributed to it singing, dancing, laughing... I have made it more human.

The old sannyas was somehow life-negative. I have made it life-affirmative. But it is the same sannyas. It is the same search. I have made it more rich. I have made it more grounded in the world because my whole teaching is `be in the world, but don't be of the world.'

There is no need to renounce the world. Only cowards renounce it. Live in the world, experience it. It is a school. You cannot grow in the Himalayas. You can only grow in the world.

Each step is an examination. Each step you are passing through a test.

Life is an opportunity.

I will be gone. That does not mean that the sannyas movement will be gone. It does not belong to anybody.

Just as science does not belong to Albert Einstein. Why the search for truth should belong to somebody? To Gautam Buddha? To J

Krishnamurti? Or to me? Or to you?

Just as science goes on growing and every scientific genius goes on contributing to it and the Ganges goes on becoming bigger and wider--

oceanic; in the same way the inner world needs a science. The objective world has a science. The inner world needs a science and I call sannyas the science of the inner world. It has been growing but because it goes against humanities attachments, ignorance, superstitions, so-called religions, churches, priests, popes, shankaracharyas... these are the enemies of the inner search because the inner search needs no organization.

Sannyas movement is not an organization: that is why I call it

`movement'. It is individual. People join. I had started alone and then people started coming and joining me and slowly, slowly the caravan became bigger and bigger. But it is not an organization. I am nobody's leader. Nobody has to follow me. I am grateful that you have allowed me to share my bliss, my love, my ecstasy. I am grateful to you. Nobody is my follower, nobody is lower. There is no hierarchy. It is not a religion. It

is pure religiousness. The very essence. Not a flower, but only a fragrance. You cannot catch hold of it.

You can have the experience of it, you can be surrounded by the perfume, but you cannot catch hold of it.

Religions are like dead flowers you can find in Bibles, in Gitas... When they were put in the Bible they were living, they were fragrant, but now it is only a corpse. All holy books are corpses, dead flowers and nothing else.

Truth, the living truth, has to be discovered by each individual by himself. Nobody can give it to you.

Yes, somebody who has achieved it can transpire a thirst in you, a tremendous desire for it. I cannot give you the truth, but I can give you the desire for it.

I cannot give you the truth, but I can show you the moon... please don't get attached to my finger which is indicating the moon. This finger will disappear. The moon will remain and the search will continue.

As long as there is a single human being on the earth the flowers of sannyas will go on blossoming. *last614*

What is the function and the importance of all head-quarters for You in Europe? And how will it impart Your spiritual guidance? Doesn't it imply organization and structure again?

The world head-quarters has nothing to do with organization, structure.

In fact, to avoid organizations and structures, the world head-quarters is being created. I receive thousands of letters, it is impossible for me to

answer them all. It is even impossible for me even to read them all. And I will be a wandering mystic onwards, because no country has the courage to let me settle there, even my own country where I was born wants me to fulfill certain conditions.

I have never fulfilled conditions imposed upon me by anyone. So for me the only course remains to wander around the earth. And in a way perhaps this is what existence wants me. Because in this way, I will be able to reach more people than in any other way. In this way I will be available to almost every sannyasin around the world than in any other way....

The world head quarters has nothing to do with any organization. It is simply my secretariat. That's why I have given it a namèRajneesh

Foundation International World Headquarters of Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh'.

It has nothing to do with anybody else. It is my personal secretariat where all the correspondence from the world can reach, from where people can find where am I, in which country's jail. Otherwise millions of sannyasins around the world were in a difficulty, they could not keep track of me....

The world headquarters will be publishing my books, will be releasing my tapes, videotapes, will be doing every kind of work. But it has no domination over anybody. All communes of the world are independent.

All centers of the world are absolutely free. They are under nobody's guidance. My sannyasins are directly related to me. The world headquarters will simply function so that you can have a connection with me.

Otherwise you don't have any place to whom to ask where I am, what is happening to me. The world head-quarters is not in any way a power over any sannyasin, over any other sannyas centers, ashramas, communes. It has nothing to do that. It is my secretariat. And its function is to convey to me messages of importance and to convey to the sannyasins my messages of any importance to anybody. It is not an organization. It is not a structure. It is simply a functional office. *last613*

Osho announces his Upanishad

On 16 August Osho begins discourses in English with the announcement of his Upanishad, his Mystery School, a new University of Mysticism, and several institutes for the expression of his vision; which continue to the present day

My beloved ones...

You are blessed to be here today, because we are starting a new series of talks between the master and the disciple.

It is not only a birth of a new book, it is also a declaration of a new phase. Today, this moment: 7:00 pm, Saturday, the sixteenth of August of the year 1986--one day this moment will be remembered as a historical moment, and you are blessed because you are participating in it. You are creating it; without you it cannot happen.

Books can be written, can be dictated to a machine, but what I am going to start is totally different. It is an *Upanishad.*

Long forgotten, one of the most beautiful words in any language, a very living word, ùpanishad' means sitting at the feet of the master. It says nothing more: just to be in the presence of the master, just to allow him to take you in, in his own light, in his own blissfulness, in his own world.

And that's exactly the work of a mystery school.

The master has got it. The disciple also has got it, but the master knows and the disciple is fast asleep.

The whole work of a mystery school is in how to bring consciousness to the disciple, how to wake him up, how to allow him to be himself, because the whole world is trying to make him somebody else.

There, nobody is interested in you, in your potential, in your reality, in your being. Everybody has his own vested interest, even those who love you. Don't be angry at them; they are as much victims as you are. They are as unconscious as you are. They think what they are doing is love; what they

are really doing is destructive. And love can never be destructive.

Either love is or is not. But love brings with it all possibilities of creativity, all dimensions of creativity. It brings with it freedom, and the greatest freedom in the world is that a person should be allowed to be himself....

The function of a mystery school is that the master--speaking or in silence, looking at you or making a gesture, or just sitting with closed eyes--manages to create a certain field of energy. And if you are receptive, if you are available, if you are ready to go on the journey of the unknown, something clicks and you are no more the old person.

You have seen something which before you had only heard about--and hearing about it does not create conviction but creates doubt. Because it is so mysterious...it is not logical, it is not rational, it is not intellectual.

But once you have *seen* it, once you have been showered by the energy of the master, a new being is born. Your old life is finished....

A mystery school teaches how to live. Its whole science is the art of living.

Naturally it includes many things, because life is multi-dimensional. But you must understand the first step: being totally receptive, open.

People are like closed houses--you cannot find even a single window open, no fresh breeze passes through those houses. Roses are standing outside but cannot release their fragrance into the house. The sun comes

every day, knocks on the doors, and goes back; the doors are absolutely deaf. They are not available for fresh air, they are not available for fresh rays, they are not available for fresh perfumes, they are not available for anything. They are not houses, they are graves.

An upanishad contains in itself the whole philosophy of a school of mystery.

The Upanishads don't belong to Hindus; they don't belong to any other religion either. *The Upanishads* are the outpourings of absolutely individual realized beings to the disciples.

There are four steps to be understood.

First, the student: he comes to a master but never reaches to a master; he reaches only to a teacher. It may be the same man, but the student is not there to be transformed, to be reborn. He is there to learn a little more knowledge. He wants to become a little more knowledgeable. He has questions but those questions are just intellectual, they are not existential. They are not his life concern, it is not a question of life and death. This type of person may go from one master to another master collecting words, theories, systems, philosophies. He may become very proficient, he may become a great pundit, but he knows nothing.

This is something to be understood. There is a knowledge: you can have as much as you want. yet you will remain ignorant. And there is an ignorance which is really innocence: you do not know *anything,* but still you have come to the place where everything is known. So there is a knowledge which is ignorant, and an ignorance which is wisdom.

The student is interested in knowledge.

But sometimes it happens: you may come to a master as a student, just out of curiosity, and you may be caught in his charisma, you may be caught by his eyes, you may be caught by his heartbeat. You had come as a student but you are turning to the second stage--you are becoming a disciple.

The student unnecessarily goes from one place to another place, from one scripture to another scripture. He collects much, but it is all garbage.

Once he comes out of the cocoon of studentship and becomes a disciple, then the wandering stops; then he is getting in tune with the master. He is being transformed without his knowing. He will know it only later on,

that things are changing. The same situations that he had faced in the past he faces now with a totally different response.

Doubts are disappearing, rationality seems to be a child's game. Life is much more, so much more that it cannot be contained in words. As he becomes a disciple he starts hearing something which is not said--

between the words...between the sentences...in the pauses when the master suddenly stops...but the communication continues.

A disciple is a great improvement upon the student.

In the past, in the days of *The Upanishads,* those mystery schools that existed in India were called *gurukula.* A significant word--it means `the family of the master'. It is not an ordinary school, a college or a university. It is not a question of just learning; it is a question of being in love. You are not supposed to be in love with your university teacher.

But in a gurukula where *The Upanishads* flowered, it was a family of love. The question of learning was secondary, the question of *being* was important. How much you know is not the point; how much you *are* is the point. And the master is not interested in feeding your bio-computer, the mind. He is not going to increase your memory because that is of no use. That can be done by a machine, and the machine can do it better than you....

The master is not interested in making you into a computer. His interest is in making you a light unto yourself, an authentic being, an immortal being--not just knowledge, not what others have said, but *your* experience.

As the disciple comes closer and closer to the master, there comes another point of transformation--the disciple becomes, at a point, a devotee. There is a beauty in all these steps.

To become a disciple was a great revolution, but nothing compared with becoming a devotee. At what point does the disciple turn and become a devotee? He is so much nourished by the energy of the master, by his light, by his love, by his laughter, just by his sheer presence--and he cannot give anything in return. There is nothing that he can give in return. A moment comes when he starts feeling so immensely grateful that he simply bows down his head to the feet of the master. He has nothing else to give except himself. From that moment, he is almost a part of the master. He is in a deep synchronicity with the heart of the master. This is gratitude, gratefulness.

And the fourth stage is that he becomes one with the master....

An upanishad is a mystery school.

And we are entering into an upanishad today.

I was a teacher in the university. I left the university for the simple reason that it stops at the first step. No university requires you to become a disciple; the question of being a devotee or a master simply does not arise. And there are temples which, without making you a student or a disciple, simply enforce devotion on you--which is going to be false, without roots. And there are devotees in churches all over the world, in synagogues, in temples: not knowing anything about disciplehood, they have become disciples, they have become devotees.

A mystery school is a very systematic encounter with the miraculous.

And the miraculous is all around you, within and without both. Just a system is needed. The master simply provides a system to enter slowly into deeper waters, and ultimately to enter a stage where you disappear into the ocean; you become the ocean itself.* * *Note: the rest of the discourse continues to explain the mystery school, which is too long to include here upan01*

All over the world there have been mystery schools. In Greece, Pythagoras founded mystery schools. In the religion of the Jews, Baal Shem founded a mystery school called Hassidism. In China there is the mystery school of tao, and when Buddhism reached China a new mystery school, a chain of new mystery schools opened, *ch'an.* The same mystery school, ch'an, reached Japan with the namèzen.' But the word

`zen' or `ch'an', or the Buddhist word *'jhan'* are all different forms of the Sanskrit word *'dhyan'.*

In India *dhyan* has been known for centuries--before Gautam Buddha ever meditated, that mystery school was there.

There was the mystery school of tantra. There were the mystery schools of different types of yoga.

I have gone through all these schools not as a scholar--that is not my approach--but as an experiencer. I can say to you: nothing rises higher than the mystery school of upanishads--because it is the shortest.

Nobody is expected to do anything, and yet the miracle happens. *upan09*

What is the difference between the ancient upanishad and the one which is happening here and now?

There is no difference. There cannot be, because it is not a question of time.

It may have happened thousands of years before, it may happen thousands of years in the future. The time is irrelevant; the question is of the happening.

Can you ask the same question, "What is the difference between the ancient lovers and the modern lovers?" Love knows no time. Whether the love was in ancient times or today or in the future, time is simply not relevant. Love is the same.

An upanishad is a love affair--a love affair between a master and a disciple, a love affair where the master is ready to share. He is just like a raincloud, ready to shower. And the disciple is ready to receive--open, with no windows closed, holding nothing back--totally available.

Whenever a disciple is totally available and the master is overflowing with his ecstasy, the upanishad happens.

There is no difference in the ancient upanishad, in this upanishad, or in the future upanishads. An upanishad is a phenomenon which is beyond time, beyond space. Don't call upanishads àncient' because that word àncient' makes them related to time. Don't call *this* upanishad `modern'

because time has no place as far as the phenomenon of upanishad is concerned. There is no ancient love, there is no modern love.

And neither is it confined to space: it can happen anywhere, any time; the

only necessity is that somebody is overflowing with blissfulness and somebody else has the guts to be available to this overflowing bliss, is not afraid.

People are always afraid of unknown things, and this is the *most* unknown.

People are always afraid of the strange, and this is the strangest experience possible.

People are always afraid of the mysterious, and this is the last word in the world of mysteries. *upan09*

Here with me, you are gathered for a special purpose: the search for the truth, the search for the purest kind of love, the search for a life which is a dance of sheer joy.

Nowhere else in the world are people gathering for the same reasons.

They are gathering for the purpose of creating more hatred; they are

gathering to create more wars; they are gathering to create more destructive activities in human life. Naturally, we have a sick world, an insane world.

Here, it is impossible to feel any superiority or inferiority.

I have tried my best to convince you of only one thing: that enlightenment is your nature; that it is not something achieved, you bring it with your birth. All that you have to do is not to create it but just to open the hidden secret of your life.

The moment you start feeling your inner light, your whole perspective starts changing. You will feel compassionate towards human beings even if they are doing stupid things. And you will feel immensely joyous, celebrating, even though you don't have anything to celebrate. Nothing is needed to celebrate--only excuses...my birthday is just an excuse! But if you want to celebrate, you will find a thousand and one excuses.

It is your life, and whatever becomes of it is your creation. *sermon12*

What is the purpose and task of the new University of Mysticism?

Mysticism is one of the forgotten languages. It has to be revived, because in forgetting the language of the mystics, life has lost all color, all joy, all music....

Mysticism is simply to bring into your life all those dimensions which are indefinable, and make you courageous enough to accept them, knowing perfectly well that definition is not possible, that reason is impotent.

Just because idiots have been asking questions--How?...Why?--slowly slowly the whole of humanity has dropped all those things about which they cannot give explanations. Life has become very mundane, profane; it has lost its sacredness, its divinity. It has lost its god.

To me, god is not a person. God is simply a symbol, symbolizing all those values which are indefinable--available to experience, but not available to reason; available to the heart, but not available to the mind.

This adventure of creating a university of mysticism is to bring all those values back to humanity. This is not going to be an ordinary university.

It is not going to teach all those subjects which are available to reason. It is going to help you to open yourself to all that which cannot be taught.

It will not have teachers, it will only have openers, masters. It will not be situated in a certain place, it will have schools all over the world--I'm

calling them mystery schools. All those mystery schools together will be the university of mysticism.

In true spirit it will be universal. A university has to be universal.

And its function is totally different: it is not going to teach you chemistry and physics, science and commerce and arts--all that is done already by thousands of universities, and it is all worthless. This I can say because I have been a student in the universities, a professor in the universities; on my own authority I can say that they are engaged in mundane things.

They create engineers, they create doctors, they create technicians. They are all needed. But they don't create poets; they kill the poets. They don't create mystics. They destroy the very roots on which a mystic can grow.

The university of mysticism will be concerned only with the supra-rational, that which is beyond the mind....

Man can exist on many levels. There are levels and levels above.

Mysticism simply means....

You are not using your potential in its totality; you are using it only partially, a very small part, a fragment. And if you are not using your potential in its totality, you will never feel fulfilled. That is the misery, that is the cause of anguish.

You are born to be mystics. Unless you are a mystic, unless you have come to know existence as a mystery--beyond words, beyond reason, beyond logic, beyond mind--you have not taken the challenge of life, you have been a coward. You have wings, but you have forgotten it.

The University of Mysticism is to remind man about the wings that he has. He can fly, and the whole sky is his....

There is no place where love is being taught. There is no place where love is being nourished. That is one of the functions of the mystery school: to make your love pure, pure of ego and power and domination--just a sheer gift of joy, a delight in the being of the other person, just a sharing of all that you have, holding nothing back.

Love is the greatest magic.

Don't be afraid of the other; let the other enter your life. I don't teach escapism. I teach you to go into the world, to transform the world, because only in that transformation will you be transformed. By escaping to the hills and to the monasteries you will miss transformation yourself.

You will shrink, you will not expand. And if you cannot love a single person, how are you going to love the whole universe? And that's what prayer is--

loving the whole universe.

People feel that it is easier to love the whole universe, because there seems to be no problem--the universe, the trees, the stars, the moon, the sun...they don't create any problem. *upan29*

A new University and new Institutes have been announced to spread your vision. Is every disciple also always a medium to spread the vision of the master?

Certainly.

I am against any kind of organization because every organization has proved an enemy of truth, a murderer of love.

I trust in the individual.

Each and every sannyasin, alone, is my medium.

Each and every sannyasin is connected to me directly.

There is no organization between me and you. There is no priesthood between me and you. So the more empty you become, the more you will be able to receive my vibrations, my heartbeat, my song, the more you will be able to dance in tune with me--and that is the only right way to spread the message. Because the message is not of language; the message is of being, of experience.

We cannot create catechisms, principles, ten commandments, five *mahabritas*-- we cannot do that.

I can only do one thing: to help you to be empty, so that you can radiate me as totally as possible.

And no religion in the past has ever tried to spread its message by word of mouth, individual to individual. They have all been dependent on organizations, churches. And all those churches and organizations have betrayed them, because those churches and organizations, sooner or later, start having their own interests. Then the real message is put aside.

I want my message to remain from individual to individual--pure and simple, immediate, without any mediators. *upan43*

It feels like meditation is happening here naturally, and without any effort.

Is your work different in India, or is there something here like a natural buddhafield?

India is not just geography or history. It is not only a nation, a country, a mere piece of land. It is something more: it is a metaphor, poetry, something invisible but very tangible. It is vibrating with certain energy fields which no other country can claim.

For almost ten thousand years, thousands of people have reached to the ultimate explosion of consciousness. Their vibration is still alive, their impact is in the very air; you just need a certain perceptivity, a certain capacity to receive the invisible that surrounds this strange land.

It is strange because it has renounced everything for a single search, the search for the truth....

For ten thousand years millions of people persistently making a single effort, sacrificing everything for it--science, technological development, riches--accepting poverty, sickness, disease, death, but not dropping the search at any cost...it has created a certain *noosphere,* a certain ocean of vibrations around you.

If you come here with a little bit of a meditative mind, you will come in contact with it. If you come here just as a tourist, you will miss it. You will see the ruins, the palaces, the Taj Mahal, the temples, Khajuraho, the Himalayas, but you will not see India--you will have passed through India without meeting it. It was everywhere, but you were not sensitive, you were not receptive. You will have come here to see something which is not truly India but only its skeleton--not its soul. And you will have photographs of its skeleton and you will make albums of its skeleton, and you will think that you have been to India and you know India, and you are simply deceiving yourself.

There is a spiritual part. Your cameras cannot photograph it; your training, your education cannot capture it....

But the mystic is India's monopoly; at least up to now it has been so.

And the mystic is a totally different kind of human being. He's not simply a genius, he is not simply a great painter or a great poet--he is a vehicle of the divine, a provocation, an invitation for the divine. He opens the doors for the divine to come in. And for thousands of years, millions of people have opened the doors for the divine to fill the atmosphere of this country. To me, that atmosphere is the *real* India. But to know it, you will have to be in a certain state of mind. *upan21*

Why do you always speak of the master in the third person?

Because I am only a witness.

My function as a master is not my identity.

It is just like somebody is a plumber and somebody is a surgeon; I am a master--but it is functional, it is not my reality. That's why I speak in the third person.

So I go on talking about the master as `he'--I don't use Ì'--just to make you aware that I am more than the master, that I am watching the master. Just as you are watching him, I am watching him too. You are watching from one side, I am watching from another side.

But I am as different from it as you are different from it. *upan22*

I have to work on two levels: one is the level where you live, where you are, and one is the level where I am and I want you also to be.

From the top of a hill I have to come into the valley where you are; otherwise you won't listen, you won't believe the sunlit top. I have to take your hand in my hand and persuade you--and on the way, tell stories which are not true! But they keep you engaged, and you don't create any trouble in walking; you go on, engaged with the story. And when you have reached the hilltop, you will know why I was telling long stories, and you will feel

grateful that I told those stories; otherwise you would not have been able to travel that long, that far uphill.

It is something to be remembered: all the masters of the world have been telling stories, parables--why? The truth can be simply said, there is no need to give you so many stories. But the night is long, and you have to be kept awake; without stories you are going to fall asleep.

Till the morning comes there is an absolute necessity to keep you engaged, and the stories the masters have been telling are the most intriguing things possible.

The truth cannot be said, but you can be led to the point from where you can see it. Now, the question is how to lead you to the point from where you can see it. *enligh06*

With you, all names and words disappear and I feel bright and enlightened. I love this state of being with you like this. What is your secret?

My secret is simple: I don't have a name, I don't have a form, I don't have any kind of identity. I am one with the whole. So the moment you remember me, you will not find somebody appearing on the screen of your consciousness, but only an empty sky. *sermon28*

Sometimes sitting in discourse listening to you, it feels like all boundaries disappear. It feels like being in total harmony with you, like a tambura humming together with the sound of the sitar. It feels like the ultimate orgasm. Is this what you mean by upanishad?

Yes, exactly this is what I mean by upanishad. *upan12*

Beloved Osho, Is your big smile the only answer?

I think you have found it! *upan25*

Why do you always look in your hand before you start answering the first question? Do I see it wrongly, or do you find the answer there?

My hands are empty.

I don't have any answer.

You have questions; I don't answer you, I simply destroy your questions.

And before destroying your questions I have to look at my hand because it is not only with my language that I destroy your questions, it is also with my hands.

So I have to prepare them, to ask "Are you ready?"

When they say, "Yes, master, go ahead" I start!

Without my hands, I cannot answer you. They do almost most of the work. My words keep you engaged, and they go on doing the real work.

So you are not seeing wrongly; you are seeing absolutely right.

I look at them--not for answers, but just to see whether they are ready or not. *enligh27*

About esoteric subjects like chakras, collective unconsciousness, energy fields, is such knowledge useful? Or will whatever is needed come to me through experience, in its own time?

Anything that is needed will come of its own accord, in its own time.

All this so-called esoteric knowledge about chakras, energy fields, kundalini, astral bodies, is dangerous as knowledge.

As experience it is a totally different thing. Don't acquire it as knowledge.

If it is needed for your spiritual growth, it will come to you in its right time, and then it will be an experience.

And if you have an acquired knowledge, borrowed knowledge, it is going to be a hindrance....

My own experience is that perhaps Buddha's experience is correct--and that does not make the Hindu yoga or Jaina yoga incorrect. Buddha is saying that there are energy fields, whirling energy fields, from the lowest point in your spine up to the very peak of your head. There are many; now it is only a question of a particular teaching which ones are important for it. That particular teaching will choose those...Hindus have chosen seven, Jainas have chosen nine. They don't contradict each other, it is simply that the emphasis is on whatever chakra the teaching feels to emphasize.

As far as I am concerned, you will come across only four chakras which are the most important.

One you know is your sex center.

The second, just above it, which is not recognized in any Indian school of thought but has been recognized in Japan alone, is called the *hara.* It is between your navel and the sex center. The hara is the death chakra.

My own experience is that life--that is the sex center, and death--that is the hara, should be very close, and they are.

So the first chakra is the life chakra; it is a whirling energy. *Chakra* means wheel, moving. Just above the life chakra is the death chakra.

The third important chakra is the heart chakra. You can call it the love chakra, because between life and death the most important thing that can happen to a man or to a woman is love. And love has many manifestations: meditation is one of the manifestations of love; prayer is one of the manifestations of love. This is the third important chakra.

The fourth important chakra is what Hindu yoga calls *agni* chakra, just on your forehead between the two eyes.

These four chakras are the most important.

The fourth is from where your energy moves beyond humanity into divinity. There is one chakra more which is at the top part of your head....

Your psychology, your mind, your body, are impressed by the vibrations in which you live.

So you will come to experience chakras, you will come to experience energy fields, but it is better not to be knowledgeable, because that is a difficult problem. You may read a book written five thousand years ago by a certain kind of people and you may not be of the same category. You may not find that chakra at the same place, and you will feel unnecessarily frustrated. And you will find a chakra in a place where the books don't mention it; then you will feel that you are abnormal, something is wrong with you. Nothing is wrong with you.

Energy fields, chakras and all esoteric things should be *experienced.* And keep your mind clean of all knowledge, so that you don't have any expectations; wherever the experience happens, you are ready to accept it.

And each individual has differences, and differences come in such small things that you cannot conceive....

So it is better not to memorize from scriptures. Those scriptures are the experiences of certain people, of certain times, of certain circumstances; they were not written for you.

The scripture that is for you can be written only by you, by your own experience. *upan39*

You recently talked about how bogus channeling is. As a Rajneesh group leader, I feel that my work is most successful when I manage to get out of the way and become a vehicle for you. At these times, whatever I'm saying or doing, I feel your love and silence pouring through me. Am I in a delusion, like all the other people who think they channel? Could you please say what my function is as a group leader, as your disciple?

The people who have been proposing for thousands of years that they are the mediums of God--in other religions of "gods"--or of those masters who are no more in the body, *are* becoming vehicles to them, mediums to them. The possibility is there.

If you have loved me, even when I am not in the body there can be still a contact. For love it makes no difference. But the whole thing depends on the medium--his purity, his silence, the absolute stillness of his mind.

The silence has to be so great that it is as if he is no longer present--only silence is there. He has become just a hollow bamboo.

I criticized those Californian pretenders who are talking about channeling themselves with dead masters, with the people who have gone beyond and cannot come back to the earth because their work on the earth is complete. These people in California have not gone into any discipline which makes them mediums. They know nothing of meditation. They know nothing of the state of no-mind--because only in the state of no-mind is there a possibility of contacting some unembodied soul.

These people who have become channels are not in any meditative state, one thing. The second thing is that whatever messages they are bringing are such crap that it is disrespectful towards the dead. Those poor fellows cannot say anything now, that "this is not my message."

When a message comes from a master it has to be something so absolutely needed that the masters who are no more in their bodies feel that a message should be sent to all unconscious, sleeping, blind people.

But it is only when there is something urgent; otherwise, there is no need.

I have looked into a few of the books which these channels have produced--they are absolutely rubbish! They can be valued only by weighing them--that much paper has been wasted. I have not come across a single mediumistic book which shows the greatness or the grandeur of a Gautam Buddha. And strangely enough, all these mediums are not mentioning the names of the real masters because then, compared to their statements, the rubbish message that they bring will look too poor.

If somebody says, "This is a message from Gautam Buddha," then it has to be of his quality. So they are talking about masters who have never happened, they are talking about masters who happened on the continent of Atlantis which has drowned. Fortunately there is no proof now, no

document, no evidence left about whether there was such a master, ever.

But I can say that these statements are not coming from any master. The statements themselves are not luminous. There is nothing that gives them the authority of experience. It is all gibberish.

And you should also see that these people who have been chosen for this great work of becoming vehicles...their lives don't prove it. They are just as greedy, as angry, as jealous as anybody else. Their mediumship would

have transformed them. In fact, unless they were transformed, they could not become mediums.

My sannyasins working around the world in therapy groups have felt that sometimes they are open to me, available to me, and sometimes they are closed. It is human nature, ups and downs; they are not enlightened yet.

Sometimes they see the eternal snows, far away in the Himalayas; but they are far away and just once in a while, when there are not clouds and the sun is shining, you can see them.

But you are not there.

When a sannyasin is closed, his first work should be not on the group participants, his first work should be upon himself. He has to open, he has to be available to me. This is simply an excuse--because if he is open to me, he is open to the whole existence.

The moment you open your door, immediately the fragrance of the flowers enters without making any noise. The sun rays enter. A cool breeze comes in. You have opened the door to the whole universe.

To be available to the master is just an excuse. You will be afraid to be open to the whole universe--it will be too much.

The master convinces you that there is no need to open all the doors and all the windows: "You just open a small window--a special window for me." But once you open even a small window, the whole sky enters in.

And the joy, the peace, the beauty that you feel will make you open all the windows and all the doors.

My therapists have been seeing the difference in their work. When they are open and available they can see and feel so decisively, so indubitably, that something from beyond is pouring through them. They have just become a hollow bamboo, playing the song, allowing the song to flow.

The song is not of the flute. The greatness of the flute is that it does not hinder the song in any way but helps it, allows it to reach into the world.

There is no question of channeling--although I have given you my number. It is a difficult number.

Zero is my number and unless you are zero, you cannot find it. You have to be zero to be in tune with me.

But then you will see a tremendous change in the quality of your work.

You can do miracles to the participants....

Right now, all over the world there are many therapists. But my therapist is unique in the sense that he is not only working according to the findings of psychology--he is working according to the findings of Yoga, of Tantra, of Sufism, of Zen, of Tao, of Hassidism. He's a spiritual guide.

But for that, knowledge acquired only from books will not help.

You will have to go through a transformation.

And the participants in your groups can also be helpful to you, just as you can be helpful to them; because their problems are your problems, your problems are their problems. And remember one thing: it is easier to solve somebody else's problem because you are not involved. You are detached, you can see more clearly because you are not in the mess. You can help that man to come out and you can learn something for yourself because many times, you will be in the same situation.

I allowed therapists in my communes to work on the participants and to

work on themselves.

The real work is upon yourself.

Only when you have a light within you, you may be able to share it with others. *sermon09*

The whole work of the mystery school is to somehow introduce you to yourself. That introduction is the introduction to existence itself. *sermon23*

What did you mean when you said that you have gone beyond enlightenment?

Existence has no limits. There is no point which is the full point.

Wherever you are, there is still much more to happen to you. The way is endless. There is no goal and this is the beauty of live, because if there was an end, a goal, that would mean nothing but death. Live is an ongoing affair. It goes on flowering from eternity to eternity.

Enlightenment is a tremendous experience, so vast, so mysterious, so blissful that people who have achieved it, have stopped there. They have thought that the whole has arrived. I am basically a homeless wanderer.

In the beginning I was also thinking, but the experience is so beautiful that there cannot be anything more beautiful than this. The experience is so ecstatic, that it is incomprehensible even to think, to imagine that there can be more.

But this is the mystery of live. There is always more. Just out of curiosity, I started looking beyond enlightenment. And I was surprised that enlightenment is only a beginning, not the end. Beginning of a journey of light which goes on expanding, goes on becoming more and more juicy--Rasso Viser.

The Upanishads have called the ultimate experience that it is very juicy.

I am a milestone in the history of man's growth and consciousness.

That's what I mean when I say, "Enlightenment has been left far behind.

I have gone beyond it." And the beyond has no limits. It is just like the horizon that surrounds you. As you come closer to it, it moves further back. You never reach, you are always arriving, but you never arrive.

This is the meaning of live. Just think that if there was an end to your search what would be left? What you will do then? Even enlightenment will become a boredom. Even blissfulness twenty-four hours every day, every month, every year, every life, for ever and ever will start collecting dust on it. It will loose the initial glamour, the initial youth, the initial benediction.

But up to now, nobody has said, that there is anything beyond enlightenment.

That's why I say, I am a milestone. With me, a new chapter in the history of consciousness begins. Enlightenment will be now the beginning, not the end. Beginning of a non-ending process in all dimensions of richness. *last613*

As a disciple in Poona and Rajneeshpuram, I feel that I have been in a continuous process of change--not only 'being' but 'becoming'--on this endless path.

This is the most important conclusion: that there is no question of just being a disciple, it is always becoming.

You cannot come to a full stop; the journey is endless, and this is the beauty of the journey. From being to becoming is a tremendous quantum leap. If you look around in life, you will never find being anywhere; you will always find becoming.

The fallacy of being is created by language, it is the poverty of language.

You see a roseflower...you see it and you say, "What a beautiful flower."

But the flower is continuously flowering, it is never in a state of stopping anywhere.

The tree is continuously growing; the word `tree' is not right. In existence there are no nouns, there are only verbs. It will be very difficult to make a language only with verbs, but the truth is, existence has no nouns. A tree is in fact treeing, a river in fact is rivering. You are each moment growing--either growing old, the ordinary way of the world; or growing up, the way of my people. Growing old, you have not to do anything--you will grow old, biology will take care of it. Growing up means a conscious alertness--so that the body goes on growing old, but your consciousness goes on growing upwards, growing up. But it is always growing; even in death a conscious being is growing. The whole existence is a great verb, not a noun--not a stone, but a flower. And there is no end anywhere because there has never been any beginning. The very idea of beginning and end is just our mind projection. Otherwise, we are always in the middle--never at the beginning, never at the end, always in the middle--

and we will remain always in the middle.

Gautam Buddha loved to say, "My path is the middle path, majjhim nikai"--there is no beginning, no end. We are always in the middle, growing eternally, flowering, blossoming, finding new spaces. You are blessed, Nityananda, to have felt the change from being a disciple to becoming a disciple. Becoming is a higher stage. In language it is not so, in existence it is so. *upan24*

With what love and compassion you fold your hands and do namaste to us. Thank you, thank you, Osho

When I greet you with folded hands it is not my humbleness.

Secondly, I don't greet *you.* I greet something which is within you and *beyond* you.

My greeting is nothing but an effort to remind you that you are not what you think you are, you are not where you think you are. I am greeting you deep inside--not on the circumference where you exist, but at the center where you never go. I am greeting you just as a reminder that you are carrying within you something divine, something that is waiting to be fulfilled. It is a seed, but it is ready to become at any moment a sprout; new green leaves,

ready to become a flower. I am greeting you as you should be--I am greeting your future.

Right now you are only your past. You are not even your present; you are just all that has passed by, a collection of memories. I am not greeting that. I am utterly against it.

I want you to look into the new, into the coming, into the future--the moment that has not come but is going to come any moment.

Don't just thank me, because the danger is that by thanking me for my greeting you may feel that the chapter is closed. The work is done: I have greeted you, you have thanked me.

No, you can thank me for my greeting only in one way, and that is by realizing the godliness to which the greeting is addressed. There is no other way to show your gratefulness, your thankfulness to the master. *upan43*

During the discourses I feel more intimacy than ever, and it feels like You are talking now to the individuals who are there in the moment with You.

I have been talking on different levels at different times; it was an absolute necessity.

At first I had to talk indirectly because you might get scared. You have to be persuaded to die and to be reborn, but the new life is unknown to you. The old life is the only life you know of. So at first I was speaking very indirectly....

For three and a half years I remained silent because I was not interested in those people who were only intellectually interested in me, I wanted them to drop out.

Those silent years disconnected me with the intellectually oriented people, because silence can keep people around me only if their heart is beating in the same rhythm as my heart. Hence, the new phase.

Now it is a mystery school. And I can talk without any reservations, without bothering whether you will be hurt, wounded, brainwashed. Now you are

my people, and you have opened towards me without holding anything back.

So you are right, it is a mystery school. To find it, I had to work for twenty-five years to find the authentic, the real, the genuine ones.

And it is also true that you are more open. That's why you feel there is a deeper, more individual contact-as if I am talking to each individual directly, not to a crowd. There is no crowd here.

You have to be reminded that if your minds are chattering, there is a crowd; and if you are all silent then there is only one mind, one peace--

because there cannot be one hundred silences in this room. There can be one hundred insane minds, but there cannot be one hundred sane beings. Sanity joins you with the others, insanity keeps you away from

others. So now I am not talking to a crowd, I am talking to each individual absolutely directly. But it all depends on your openness.

So both your feelings are right; your opening and the mystery school are simply two sides of the same coin. *upan26*

*Osho's interaction with sannyasins**

As Osho's discourses are in a private house and only one hundred people are able to attend each evening, he addresses sannyasins in a more intimate way.

*Note: Osho gives new names to some of his attendants: Vivek becomes Nirvano, Devaraj: Amrito, Chetana: Shunyo

In my work, neither the master does anything nor the disciple--but things happen. There is no doing on either side, but things happen. The master goes on creating devices without interfering with the individuals.

For example, I am talking to you. It is possible that you may start at first by just hearing my words, and then hearing my silences--first the visible, and second, feeling the invisible presence.

This is only a device. I am not doing anything to you in particular. I am just available here and if by chance, by coincidence, you open your eyes, you wake up, you see something, you hear something, you feel something and it starts working on you.... I am not doing anything, you are not doing anything, but something starts happening....

The master is there with his immense presence, and the disciple--

although he is asleep, he is not unconscious. He has somehow stumbled and found the place where the master is, perhaps from a faraway country.

Already there are three hundred sannyasins here from faraway countries, and we are preventing them because we don't have any space, we don't have any arrangement for them. So every center around the world is trying to prevent people: "Don't go, because right now there is no arrangement for you, and you will not be able to see Osho more than once or twice a week."

But still, three hundred sannyasins have arrived. We are preventing them, the Indian government is preventing, the American government is preventing, other governments are preventing--still, they have come. And

soon you will find Bombay full of my sannyasins. You are not seeing them because I have allowed them not to use red clothes, not to use the mala.

For a few years, the sannyas movement has to go underground.

There must be some part of them which is awake, some part of them which is not only awake but is capable of finding the way, and they have reached here. Now, being with me, that small part that has brought them here will become bigger, stronger, nourished, and things will start happening....

My whole approach is of relaxing and allowing the existence to do whatever is right.

Trust the existence.

And existence has never betrayed anyone. *upan42*

Swami Niskriya has been video-recording Osho's meetings during his

world tour. With his expertise and latest technology, the quality of the videos is greatly improved. He asks:

I feel contented and thankful, but one question disturbs me: how can I know that this is not the contentment of a donkey?

Niskriya--it is really the work of a donkey, but you are not an ordinary donkey. You are a German donkey!

What do you call a donkey in German-- *esel.* You are an *esel....*

So Niskriya, when I say you are a donkey, don't feel bad about it. Sitting in your room, just think of yourself as *esel,* and enjoy it. It is far better than insane human beings, far better than all kinds of sick souls. Have you ever heard of any donkey going mad, or any donkey going to a psychiatrist, or any donkey committing suicide, or any donkey committing a murder, or any donkey committing a rape? Such innocent people...I support them perfectly. So remember, even if the world condemns them, I am here in total support. Relax, however difficult it is.

But if a German decides to relax, he *will* relax. An Indian decides *many* times to relax, but he never relaxes....

You are fortunate, Niskriya, that you are German. If you decide to relax, it can be depended upon, reliable--and it will not disturb your work, I know.

He is a master of his work, he is a great filmmaker in Germany but he decided to close the whole business and just follow me. You might not understand that he has closed a big flourishing business; he was earning immense money, and now he simply takes my pictures and nothing else.

This decisiveness is of tremendous value. This decisiveness gives you a spine.

And you must see his work, with what concentration he looks after every minute detail. It takes him four hours every day to set up his camera here, and he must be thinking continually about how to improve--

because I go on seeing new improvements...these new umbrellas have

appeared!

So many people have been making the films, and they all have been harming my eyes. He is the first man who has thought about my eyes first. That's why these umbrellas...my eyes are not affected at all.

But such minute concern, and a decisiveness to do something to its perfection--the same thing can be turned into any dimension. If it becomes spirituality, it will be the same--the same quality, the same determination, the same devotion.

So if you are feeling relaxed, it is not against action. One has to understand that relaxation is the very source of energy; it can be converted into action. In the night you go to sleep so that in the morning you are rejuvenated. The night has not been a wastage, the night has helped you to recover the energy that you have used before. Again you are young, again fresh.

In meditation, whatever happens is bound to be expressed in creativity.

What you are doing is a creative act, and for your creative act you have renounced everything. For your love you have renounced everything. It will be appreciated by people when they come to know of it. *upan23*

Before and after discourses Osho is greeted with music

Wherever You are, there is a festivity and celebration. What is this wonderful phenomenon?

Narendra, festivity and celebration are our natural states; you have just forgotten them.

When you come to me, you suddenly remember that there is no need to be sad, no need to be miserable, that life wants you to sing and dance, that life is not serious, but playfulness.

The ancient seers used to call it *leela;* that word can only be translated as 'playfulness'.

It is God's playfulness.

You just have to be reminded.

Anybody who knows it...being close to him, you see your face in his mirror. And suddenly there is a remembrance, and your misery disappears--because your misery is false, your sadness is false.

Celebration is your truth. It has nothing to do with me; it is just that in my presence you forget for a moment your false mask of misery.

Suddenly you-feel-a joy, a cheerfulness, a fragrance arising in you. It is not mine.

I am just a reminder, just a mirror.

Seeing your face, there is celebration.

You cannot see your face without a mirror, that is a difficulty....

Without the mirror you would not have been able to know how you look.

The mirror is certainly a great invention.

The master is also a mirror--not for this body and this face, but for your original face, for your real being, for your inner flame. And the moment you see it, suddenly you feel all darkness, all misery, all sadness gone, and there is celebration.

Wherever the master is, there is Kaaba, there is Kashi, because there is a possibility to experience your authentic blissfulness.

Suddenly a song, a dance--you are no more your old self.

At least for the moment you are a new being.

And if you go on remembering this, then the need of the master is not.

Whenever you remember yourself there will be celebration, there will be Kaaba, there will be Kashi. *upan30*

I was very touched by the singing of the Indian swami who sings before

discourse. I felt as if he were playing me like a musical instrument. What is it about his music and the music of all those musicians who touch something inside us, that helps us to fly?

Music is born out of deep experiences of meditation; it is a dimension of meditation. By meditating, you may be able to be touched by music, but the reverse is also true: If you are totally absorbed in music, your heart will be touched not only by music but by meditation too.

Music is sound. Meditation is soundlessness.

The highest music is where the sound does not destroy the soundless moments in between. As the musician becomes more and more refined, he can manage to create sound, and between two sounds he can give you an experience of soundlessness.

That soundlessness touches the heart.

In the East, music has always been part of meditation. Temples have been full of music and dance.

Ashok Bharti loves me. His music is just a communication of his love. He pours himself totally into it. The same is happening with the other sannyasin musician who is present today. They are not just technicians, they are not singing because they are paid. They are singing out of love, out of gratitude.

Their singing is just pure innocence. And their words are not just words-

-they mean it. And because they mean it, they can touch your heart, they can transform your heart. *sermon16*

Ashok Bharti is a poor man, but has a very rich heart; and to have a rich heart is the only real richness in the world. He has the potentiality of becoming a great singer, a great poet, a great composer, but he was not aware of it. He had come just to see me; he's my old sannyasin. And knowing that to me, religion means celebration, he brought his *khanjhari*-- just to sing a song to me; what else to bring as an offering? He was very shy in asking, "Can I sing a song in Your presence?"

I said, "This is the most beautiful present anyone could have brought to me. You can sing every day." And I have been watching him for almost one month--the depth, the significance, the meaning of his songs has been deepening. His courage is growing, he is no more hesitant, he is not worried that so many people are watching. He is not a public singer--he's just like everybody else, a bathroom singer.

I have been watching Ashok. The first day there was that fear. Slowly slowly, the fear has disappeared; on the contrary, a fearlessness, a strength.... And he has been creating his own songs, tremendously

beautiful--not composed by the mind, but arising out of his love and out of his heart. They have a totally different beauty.

It is true, Ashok, that if you love me you will feel in my presence as if you are disappearing into a vast emptiness, or into a vast fullness. *enligh14*

For a few days Osho is silent; when he returns, he says:

I would not have started speaking. It is because of Darshan, Bhadra and Hansa. I was not seeing people for the simple reason that I find it impossible to say no to anything. And when Hansa recited a small piece of Urdu poetry, which means "I don't have any complaint. As it is, I am happy; I don't have any complaint. But life without you is not life at all....

"

It was impossible to say no.

So I said to them, "Inform my people that I will start speaking today.

Rather than saying no to you, I can stop again!" I have my ways--and this time I will not allow Bhadra, Hansa and Darshan to see me!

But this is significant to understand: whether I am speaking or not speaking, whether I am seeing you or not seeing you, if you can be here feeling the invisible presence, that is more than can be expected of human beings. And that is the golden key.

And in what situation you will wake up nobody knows. Everybody is asleep for different reasons and needs different situations to wake up. *sermon08*

Please tell a joke. Jayesh is going mad!

I understand Jayesh. He is saying that he is going mad...because for almost three months he has been away from me.

His has been a strange story.

He was a successful businessman; then he got tired. He heard about me, read about me and came from Canada to be with me in the commune in America with great expectations that "Now I will be sitting and meditating."

And the next day he was arrested with me, and we were behind bars.

He told me, "Osho, this is too much. I came to meditate...But in a way I am fortunate that from the very beginning I am with you. Although it is jail, it does not matter."

And then he was with me all around the world, being deported from this country to that country.

For three months he has been away--working for me. Certainly he must be going mad because he has been trying to find a headquarters for me.

He works to the last--everything is complete--and then at the very end American pressure comes in. Because the American spies are continuously surrounding him. The American ambassador is

continuously watching every move.

At the last moment, as they are going to sign an agreement that I can have a commune in their country, the phone rings and the American president himself is on the phone. And such blackmail! He threatens that

"If you allow Osho to remain in your country more than thirty-six hours then you will have to return all the loans that you have taken in the past"--which means billions of dollars. "And if you cannot return them, then your interest

rate will be doubled. Secondly, whatever loan agreements there are for the future"--which are again for billions of dollars--"are cancelled immediately. You can choose, you are free; you can choose Osho or you can choose American loans."

Naturally no country is in a position.... They have to drop the whole idea.

Jayesh has been working, working, working for almost the whole year. It takes a month or two months to negotiate with the politicians and everybody, and when the final decision is about to be taken then immediately American pressure comes in. And it is not pressure, it is simply blackmail; it is threatening them that "We will kill you."

And certainly a country *will* be killed--it cannot pay the loans, and it has all its future programs based on the loans that America is going to give.

All those programs...bridges will remain half built, hospitals will remain half built, and there will be such a great unemployment that the whole economy will flop. This is economic imperialism: on the surface politically you are free, but deep inside you are not free, nobody is free.

Naturally he needs a joke after three months, just to give him a laugh.
enligh22

For more than ten years I have been following you from place to place. I can't believe that I am back in India. Am I brainwashed, addicted, or what?

You are certainly brainwashed.

I use a dry cleaning machine, I am not old-fashioned. And naturally you are addicted. Who will not be?

Addiction is not always bad. If you are addicted to beauty, to poetry, to drama, to sculpture, to painting, nobody tells you to drop the addiction.

Addiction has to be dropped only when it makes you unconscious.

Alcoholics are told to drop the addiction, but here my teaching is of consciousness--be addicted to it more and more.

And what is wrong in being brainwashed?--wash it every day, keep it clean. Do you like cockroaches? When I brainwash people, I find cockroaches. Cockroaches are very special animals. It has been found scientifically that wherever you find man you find cockroaches, and wherever you find cockroaches you find man. They are always together, they are the oldest companions.

What have you got in your brain? So just washing it is perfectly right.

But people have given it a very wrong connotation; those are the wrong people.

Christians are afraid of somebody brainwashing Christians, because then they will not be Christians. Hindus are afraid because then those people will not be Hindus. Mohammedans are afraid, communists are afraid.

Everybody is afraid of brainwashing.

I am in absolute favor of it.

There used to be an old saying: "Cleanliness is next to God." Now there is no God, so there is only cleanliness left.

Cleanliness is God.

And I am not afraid of brainwashing because I am not putting cockroaches in your mind. I am giving you an opportunity to experience a clean mind, and once you know a clean mind you will never allow anybody to throw rubbish and crap into your mind. They are the criminals.

Brainwashing is not a crime--who has made it dirty? Dirtying other people's minds is a crime, but all over the world all the religions, all the political leaders, are using your mind as if it is a toilet. These ugly fellows

have condemned brainwashing; otherwise, brainwashing is a perfectly good job.

I am a brainwasher.

And those who come to me should come with the clear conception that they are going to a man who is bound to brainwash, clean their minds of all kinds of cockroaches. Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian--they are all against me for the simple reason that they go on putting in their cockroaches, and I go on washing people's minds.

It is just an up-to-date religious laundry. *upan23*

Avatari Lama is a buddhist lama, who has been seeking truth and meditating for forty years. His grace and silence now attracts many seekers. One of his disciples showed him your picture, and read some passages from your book Antar Yatra to him.

When he saw your picture, the Lama said: "Osho comes from the land where I go every day in my meditation. this time he has come with full glory, (sixteen kalas *)--which happens only in the incarnation of Krishna or Buddha. Now there is no need to come to me for guidance; follow Osho, he is the right master."*

Osho, how can people see so much just in your picture, which we disciples cannot realize even after such a long association?

The lama has been meditating for forty years.

He can see in my picture things which you cannot see....

The lama must be going well in his meditations. If he can see what he has seen in my picture, that validates that he is on the right path, that his meditation is bringing flowers, that he is very close to the home. *enligh15*

Swami Govind Siddharth writes in detail to Osho about a vision he had during his meditation. He sees Gautam Buddha and Osho together.

Buddha says:

"I have fulfilled my promise. I was to come as Maitreya after two thousand five hundred years, and I have come....

I am merging my third body with Bhagwan's energy without disturbing his

individuality.

"He is like an ocean; many small and big rivers merge with it, but still the ocean remains, unperturbed. Its identity remains as an ocean without any change. "In him, all enlightenments--past, present and future--have become alive and active; a unique event that has not happened before, nor will it happen again. "Osho is total acceptance, total emptiness, total nothingness, and unbounded compassion. He is both purna *and* shunya

incarnated.

"From my third body, I address him as 'Osho,' but from now onwards he will not be only 'Osho Rajneesh,' he will be Òsho Rajneesh, the Buddha Lord Maitreya'--A Buddha, a true friend to all."

Thus saying, Buddha's third body merged with our beloved, beautiful Osho. Bhagwan's radiance was increasing and filled the whole universe.

I remember the prophecy of Lama Karmapa, who had predicted this event, but had asked me not to talk about the event till it happened.*

Now it has happened and flowers have showered.

So let it be known to all, let it be shouted from the rooftops that Osho Rajneesh, the Buddha Lord Maitreya, is here; Buddha has fulfilled his promise.

Govind Siddharth, it is not a question.

It is a realization, and it is a declaration.

Whatever you have experienced was not a dream....

I love Gautam Buddha as I have not loved any other master, but my love is not blind. I have criticized him as severely as possible. I have praised him when I have found him right--right for *today,* right for tomorrow, right for the new humanity to come. And I have criticized him severely whenever I have found that he is twenty-five centuries old, still carrying conditionings, rotten ideas which are of no use for the new man, but will be a great hindrance.

Govind Siddharth must have been puzzled seeing what he has seen, because I would appear to be the last man that Gautam Buddha would choose to be a vehicle.

But this is the beauty of Gautam Buddha: he understands that the message has to be for the present and for the future, that he needs an absolutely fresh being--unattached to any old tradition, his tradition included--a man absolutely untraditional, unorthodox. A man of today,

as fresh as today's rose--even if the man goes many times against the teachings of the old Buddha.

I was not going to declare it for the simple reason that then it would become difficult for me to criticize the old man. So I was keeping completely aloof, so that my freedom and my independence are not in any way curtailed.

I have my own message.

If Gautam Buddha finds that my message has the essentials of his message too, then it is his choice. It is not a burden on me. I will go on criticizing him whenever I find anything that is not right for human growth in the future.

But Govind Siddharth's difficulty was that he could not keep it a secret.

One of the most difficult things in the world is to keep a secret--and such a secret!

But I will remain exactly the same as I am, no compromise. Gautam Buddha and all the masters of the past can choose me as their vehicles, but I will not allow any pollution. My message will remain *my* message.

Yes, they can...and Govind Siddharth says it rightly: The river can fall into the ocean; thousands of rivers can fall into the ocean--they don't make the ocean sweet. They themselves become salty.

Gautam Buddha has chosen me as his vehicle because it was difficult now to keep hanging around in his third body anymore. Twenty-five centuries have passed; in fact a few more years have passed. He had to choose, but

he has chosen a person who has his own message. It will surely be beautiful if it coincides with his essentials, but if it does not coincide, then I am going to be as hard on him as I have been before. It will not make any difference.

I am not going to be *his* voice, I am going to remain *my* voice.

But what Govind Siddharth has seen is a tremendous experience, a great realization.

There are two more persons present here--if they gather courage, then their questions will be coming. If they cannot gather courage, then they will always remain burdened with a secret. It is better to bring it in the open and be free of it--and anyway it is in the open, Govind Siddharth has done almost 99.9 percent of the work. Nothing is left for you.

Anybody who has been close to me has felt it many times, that I bring Gautam Buddha, his life, his stories, more than those of anybody else to illustrate some of my ideas. Gautam Buddha comes very close to me. The difference is not of twenty-five centuries--maybe only twenty-five centimeters--but the difference is there.

I am not a person who compromises.

I will not be compromising with Gautam Buddha either, but whatever is ultimate truth is nobody's possession, neither Gautam Buddha's nor mine. Only the non-essentials are different; the essential is always the same. And my effort is to cut all non-essentials and give you only the pure, essential message. Because only the essential religion is going to survive in the future. The non-essential rituals are all going to be dead.

With this century ending, there will be a religiousness in the world but no religions.

Perhaps he has chosen a right man.

And he has also chosen a right man in Govind Siddharth to declare the fact. I was not going to declare it, because declaration from my side brings a certain compromise, as if I have become a vehicle of somebody else's

message.

I am nobody's vehicle. In fact, my message and Gautam Buddha's message are almost parallel--so parallel, so similar that it can be said that he was my vehicle or it can be said that I am his vehicle. But it is not going to change my approach in any way. Now I will be even harder on Gautam Buddha, so that only the most essential and the purest part of him reaches to humanity in the future. *upan35*

*Note: see Part VI, and *Sannyas* Magazine, June-July 1972, where Lama Karmarpa, head of the Tibetan Kargyupta linneage, states that Osho is a world teacher

A vision is an objective phenomenon, it is not projected by your mind.

You are seeing something, you are not projecting. In a certain clarity, your mind is capable of seeing things....

The dream always happens when you are asleep.

The vision always happens when you are not asleep.

This is the first distinction: you are fully awake. And the vision always appears to be coming from outside, reaching to you. And sooner or later, you will find its validity, its reality. *enligh06*

A few months ago in Bombay, Govind Siddharth had a vision that Gautam Buddha's soul has been searching for a body. And he saw in his vision that my body has become a vehicle for Gautam Buddha.

He was right. But this is the misfortune of man: that you can go wrong even though you had touched upon a point of rightness. Because I declared him to be enlightened, he has disappeared. Since then I have not seen him. Perhaps he thinks, "Now, what is the use? I was searching for enlightenment and I have found it."

Enlightenment is only the beginning, not the end. He came very close and has gone very far away. *nomind01*

Is it all right with you to have a disciple who has so little authenticity and who hardly knows what love is?

The question is such...it is as if you are sick and you go to a physician and ask him, "Is it all right for you to accept a sick man as a patient, or do you accept only the healthy people?"

My whole business is to accept all kinds of people--hypocrites with all kinds of masks...insincere...obedient against their own intelligence. But these are the people who need me, and these are the people I need too.

Bring all your sicknesses.

Don't be worried, I have even initiated a few dead people in the hope that resurrection is possible! *enligh16*

Persecution continues

The Indian government has informed all the embassies that no sannyasins should be given entry into India, so sannyasins are going there without the mala, without orange clothes, but somehow they are caught. Now letters have started reaching me: "What is the matter?

Those people immediately start asking questions about you. They say there is something in sannyasins that makes them different--they look more stable, more centered; more integrated, more together; more graceful, unafraid of the world." *upan13*

I have received cuttings from Laxmi. The home minister was asked in the Indian parliament, "Have you prevented Osho's followers from entering

into India? If he comes to live here will his followers be refused entry as tourists?" He denied it.

The question was asked twice by two different persons. Again he denied it. He said, "No, there is no condition like that. Everybody can come and visit him."

And the next day somebody from the opposition party raised a question--

he is the leader of the party and knows me because he is from Poona. He asked, "Is there any income tax that Osho has not paid? or any kind of taxation that he has avoided?"

And the finance minister said, "No, because he has no income. How can he have any income tax? And he has not avoided any taxation."

To the parliament they are saying this, because if they say anything else then they will have to prove it. And to the other governments they are falling in line, in tune with every politician. *mystic05*

I am receiving letters from sannyasins that they are being refused at Indian embassies. In Athens they refused. Because the sannyasin had read the statement of the minister, she went to the embassy in red clothes. They immediately rejected her application and said, "No sannyasin can go to India."

Just two days ago, one sannyasin came from Australia and he said, "Two other sannyasins--who were not wearing red, who were not wearing the mala--were rejected. They asked, `Why are we being rejected?' and the ambassador insisted, `You are sannyasins.' They said, `We are *not* sannyasins; we don't know who Osho is,' but the ambassador said, Ì

know the very vibe of sannyasins.'

They have taken a written statement from the man, because I have informed my sannyasins all over the world: Whichever embassy refuses you, take a written statement that they are refusing you and that the cause is that you are sannyasins. Then we can sue them in those countries, and we can sue this government in this country--"Your ministers in the parliament are lying and deceiving the whole country.

You say one thing in the parliament and you order your embassies to do just the opposite."

These politicians cannot accept me.

They have neither any understanding of human nature, nor do they have any understanding of human consciousness. They have no

understanding of human evolution, nor do they desire that man should

evolve. Man should remain retarded so that they can remain leaders. It is easy to be a leader in a retarded crowd. When people are intelligent, things become different. *upan38*

A few sannyasins have just come from Nepal, and they were not thinking that there would be any problem because on the border--they came by road--there are no computers. All the computers of the Indian government in all the embassies all over the world and in all the international airports in India simply say, "This man is a disciple of Osho and should not be allowed in the country." But they were amazed to see that even on the road--no airport, just passing the boundary--the police have a thick book of all the names of sannyasins they may have been able to collect.

And in the ministry, the most egoist and the person most interested in power, Arun Nehru, has issued all these documents, names, to the computers. And if computers are not available, then they are put into a thick book. He made the statement in the parliament--asked by a member of the parliament, "Is it true that Osho's sannyasins will not be allowed in India?" he said, "It is absolutely wrong. Everybody is welcome."

These politicians can lie without any shame. *mess118*

The Indian parliament has urged Indian journalists and news media people not to give any space to my ideas. The American government has been pressuring the Indian government so that no news media people from the West should be allowed to take my interview. *sermon26*

One of my sannyasins works in the Indian television. She wanted to bring a small piece from my talks every day to the television. The director said, "We can accept the material, but we cannot mention Osho's name."

She said, "But this is absolutely illegal, and it is stealing."

But the director said, "You should not mention his name at all "--because that's what the Indian politicians want, and that's what the politicians of the whole world want.

The Attorney General of America (Ed Meese) has emphatically declared in a press conference, "Our whole effort will be to silence Osho's voice completely."

One reporter asked, "What does it mean? Do you want to assassinate him?"

And the Attorney General laughed. He said, "No, we will find some roundabout ways so he is not heard any more."

The American government is pressurizing the Indian government so that no foreign news media will be allowed to reach me. And I am receiving letters from Germany, from America, from Greece, from England, from Australia, "What is the matter? Why is the Indian government absolutely stubborn that they don't want any news media, newspapers, radio, or television people to come?"....

This is the way, in their eyes, to silence me. They are wrong. I have my own ways: I have my own people who are enough...just person to person.

If a man like Gautam Buddha, without any television, without any newspapers, without any radio, could convert the whole of Asia, what is the problem? I am not dependent on their news media.

But the fear of the politicians is...the whole media attention should be focused on them--and why are people asking to go to me? Why don't they ask to come to Delhi? That hurts them very badly. *pilgr01*

The attorney general of America has declared a few days ago in a press conference...He was asked why Osho had not been jailed. He said three things which are very significant to remember.

The first thing he said: "Our priority was to destroy the commune." But why should their priority be to destroy the commune? The commune was in a desert; the nearest American town was twenty miles away. We were almost an independent country. Nobody was going to visit the American towns. We were so blissful with our meditations, with our work, with our dances, with our singing, with transforming the desert into an oasis--and we had

succeeded....

The attorney general has unconsciously spoken the truth: "Our basic priority was to destroy the commune."

Secondly, he said, "Osho has not committed any crime, and we had no proof, no evidence for anything against him, so how could we jail him?"

And thirdly, "Even if we could jail him, we would not have done it because we never wanted him to become a martyr. Jailing him would have created a tremendous wave of sympathy around the world."

They had seen it. For just twelve days they had kept me in jail and they had seen that all over the world, America included, there was such tremendous sympathy that they simply wanted me to get out of America.

But his statement makes many things look very weird. He admits that he is the highest law authority in America; he admits I had not committed any crime--they had no proof, no evidence--yet I was fined four hundred thousand dollars. For what have I been fined? I am thinking to sue the attorney general of America, because if he is right, then that money should be returned.

But they had to fine me, just to show the world that they had not kept me in jail for twelve days without any reason. They were not ready to go to trial, so before the start of the trial the attorney general called my attorneys: "Why don't we negotiate rather than going into trial?"

They had a list of one hundred and thirty-six crimes that I had committed, and he was saying that I had not committed a single crime--

can you think of bigger criminals in the world?

They invented one hundred and thirty-six crimes, and they said to my attorneys, "If you want to save Osho's life, it is better that you accept any two crimes and then there will be no trial. For those two crimes, we will fine you a small fine and you can take Osho out of America *immediately*--

within fifteen minutes. We don't want him in America more than fifteen

minutes."

Now I can understand why they did not want me to be there more than fifteen minutes--because all those crimes were bogus; I could have gone to a higher court, because this was blackmail....

And now the attorney general is saying that I have not committed any crime and they don't have any proof.

And they said that I had to be out of America within fifteen minutes.

They did not give me even one day to remain in America, because even in one day things could be different--I could go to a higher court. So directly from the jail to the airport, just exactly within fifteen minutes, I was out of America.

These are the politicians. How can they accept me?

Their fear that humanity might become a celebration is very valid, because it is out of human misery that they are in power. If you are not miserable, their power is gone. *upan38*

Now the American government is pressuring the Indian government that I should not be allowed to make a commune here. The government has started doing harm--I am receiving summons from different parts of the country, which are politically motivated. The only reason for all those

summons is that somebody's religious feelings are hurt. So I have to be present in the court--in the south, in Bengal, in Kashmir--just to harass me, from one part to another part of the country, and from one court to another court. I will win *all* those cases. I have won all the cases of the same nature in the past, because whatever I have said is a truth. And if it hurts you, *leave* that religion because I am not making up that fact, that fact is in your scriptures.

And in fact, those facts are against the constitution of India. Rama pouring melted lead into a *sudra's* ears because he has heard the *Vedas;* hiding behind a bush where he has heard brahmins chanting the *Vedas,* and that is such a sin that both his ears are destroyed. Now, this is...if I mention it, it

hurts the Hindu mind. Then don't be a Hindu! It is strange, because it is in *your* scriptures; I am not creating it. And it is against the constitution; Rama is committing a crime. If I say that a man who can commit such an inhuman act cannot be a divine person, I am simply stating a fact. If it hurts you, it is your problem.

And I have been winning many cases. Just the other day I have won one case in Patna; a few days before, another case in Bengal. But they can harass me.

Now the parliament has sent...I have said that the politicians are retarded, that their mental age is not more than fourteen years; this insults the parliament. It does not insult the parliament, it simply praises the parliament: what a great parliament--we have given our leadership to innocent children, all saints, because these retarded people cannot commit anything criminal.

They have sent three notices to me. I have answered, and I hope they ask me to come to the parliament because I want to show them that this is simply a fact. You can inquire of the psychologists: the average age of *all* human beings is fourteen. You will have to prove that your members of parliament are not average; the burden is on you to prove it. I am a trained psychologist. I was a professor of psychology for nine years; I have the right to test all your members and prove that they are not above fourteen. If I am proved wrong I am ready for any kind of punishment; but if I am proved right then this whole parliament should be behind bars.

But they will not call me. They know--they cannot face me. I know all of them. They don't have any intelligence or any courage.

But they can do things in an indirect way. So a gang of fanatic, chauvinistic people in Bombay is provoked by the politicians from Delhi:

"Make the threat, burn the house. Throw stones." This they can do, but

this will simply prove what I was saying--that they are mentally retarded.

If they are not, then they should simply invite me.

I am not insulting anybody. If you are sick, if you have a headache and the doctor says that you have a headache, does it mean that you have been insulted? Are you going to court because your feelings are very much hurt by this doctor, his saying that you have a headache?

I am simply stating a fact, that fourteen is the average age of all human beings. And I don't think your parliament has superhuman beings. You will have to prove it. Forty years of Indian independence proves what I am saying, it does not disprove what I am saying.

They can burn the house, but that will simply prove that I was right: they behave like stupid idiots. *upan17*

Even here, just today a threat has come that if I am not going to leave this place the house will be burned. Just as I was coming to you I told Neelam to tell Suraj Prakash,*from me, that if there is any problem I can move to a hotel--because I would not like his family to be in trouble unnecessarily. *upan16*

Note:*Osho's host

I was in Bombay. One leader, a president of some powerful political group, wrote a letter to the chief minister and sent a copy to me. The letter was to tell the chief minister that my presence in Bombay would pollute the atmosphere.

I said, "My God, can anyone pollute Bombay? The worst city in the whole world.... " For four months I was there; I never went out even one time. I never even looked out of my window. I remained in a completely closed room--still, you can smell...as if you are sitting in a toilet! This is Bombay.

I started thinking of how to pollute it more but I am sorry to confess, I could not find any way. It is too far gone.

And then pressure was brought on one of my sannyasins in whose home I was a guest for four months: if I'm not removed from his house, he, his family and his house, with me, will be burned.

One sometimes wonders whether to cry or to laugh.

Somebody was continuously phoning every day--"When are you coming to Poona? I am a police officer and I am inquiring about it to give you

protection." We inquired of the Bombay police, we inquired of the Poona police. They said, "We have not been phoning you. Somebody is pretending to be a police officer."

I was going to come last Sunday, but my host became so much concerned that he asked for protection from the police. On Saturday night, the police informed him, "We can give you protection up to Thana.

Beyond that you will have to ask another district, up to Chinchwad; from Chinchwad you will have to ask the Chinchwad police for protection up to Poona."

I told him, "You don't be worried. Rather than asking for protection from these people...I know their protection."

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "When I was arrested in America, I was handcuffed, a heavy chain around my waist, chains on my feet....

To avoid the police protection--because I have seen the police protection--

rather than moving from Bombay on Sunday, I moved on Saturday night.

My host was not convinced, but the next morning, he *was* convinced because his house was surrounded by fifteen policemen with guns.

He had come with me. His family informed him that "Police are surrounding the house. We are almost under arrest, and we are telling them that Osho left last night." And they told the police, "Your protection was asked--but then he was leaving at twelve o'clock today. Why have you arrived in the morning, with guns? And we had asked only for six police officers, without uniforms--why a whole regiment?"

They remained there the whole day thinking that I would leave at twelve.

Finally, they thought that perhaps I was not in the house. Then the chief said to the son of my sannyasin, "Osho bluffed us."

Strange--we had asked for protection. If we don't want it, you cannot impose it upon us--"We will protect you whether you want it or not."

Where does the question of bluffing arise?

I reached here at four o'clock in the night, and within three hours the police were here. I was asleep. As I opened my eyes, I saw two policemen in my bedroom. *mess105*

On 4 January 1987, Osho arrives in the Poona ashram.

PART X 1987-1990 Poona-II

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The Police Commissioner's Conditions

Later that day, the Order is stayed by the High Court. Negotiations begin with Police Commissioner Misar to allow Osho to stay. Misar demands that the ashram agrees to a number of conditions.

I am not going to tolerate this police commissioner here. Either I am going to be here or he is going to be here! I don't believe in compromising....

His conditions...and he has not even the guts to say, "These are my conditions." He persuaded the office, the ashram in-charge, Svabhav, to sign saying that "These are *our* ideas," that "we will abide by the following norms." And you just look at the norms.

About two norms, I talked this morning. But then I found it is a long list.

You have to understand it, and you have to make the whole city understand it.

First: only for two hours a discourse is allowed. Is this the freedom for which thousands of people died? Is this the freedom for which Bharat Singh was crucified? Is this the freedom for which, for one hundred years

continuously, the country was struggling? And it goes against the constitution of India. A third-rate government servant violating the constitution of India--who is he to tell me that my discourse should be only for two hours? It will *never* be. But his stupidity knows no limits.

Second: only five meditations, one hour each. In the country where meditation was born, in the country where there are one hundred twelve meditations, in the country where all the geniuses for almost ten thousand years have done nothing but meditate...a police commissioner ordering us that we will abide, and we will do only five meditations, each meditation only for one hour. How much does he know about meditation? If he has any guts, he should come here and first let us decide how much he knows about meditation. I don't think he can even give the names of one hundred twelve meditations; to know about meditation is a totally different thing.

And the constitution gives us religious freedom. Why only for us?--if you are making it a law, then it should be for the whole country; for all the temples, for all the mosques, for all *gurudwaras.* This is a temple of God.

Nobody can say to us that we cannot meditate for more than one hour.

Today he is saying.... I warn the people of Poona: this insane person should be removed immediately, because today he is imposing himself on a small, nonviolent group of people who have done no harm to anybody--

"You should meditate only one hour." My discourse should be only for two hours. Soon he will be imposing on you--"Your intercourse should be only for two hours." What about intercourse? What about himself? What is the limit he has imposed upon himself? How long, three minutes?

And *Third: discourses will be open to police officers.* Why? Discourses are for the disciples. This is not a police academy. And do you think your police officers will be able to understand the discourses? Only idiots enter into the service of police. And why should discourses be open to police officers? If they are interested, they should come here as disciples; they are open to all. But we cannot allow specifically police officers--they can come here as human beings. Have they lost their humanity completely?

And not only police officers-- *their men accompanying* them...Who are these "men"? Shiv Sena people? Hindu chauvinists? Who are these "men"

who are going to accompany police officers? Why can't they come by themselves? Last time also--when the same person, Vilas Tupe, had thrown a dagger at me--they had asked for twenty police officers for my protection. It is strange...now things are more clear, looking retrospectively....

The same man and the same group--and again the same number of policemen are asking to enter here. This is a simple, logical inference: the men accompanying him are nobody else but Vilas Tupe and his group.

He should have also asked that at least one of them should be allowed to carry a dagger!

Fifth: the discourses will not be provocative. Then what is the purpose of the discourse? It has to provoke your sleeping souls, it has to provoke your potential. It has to be provocative; otherwise there is no purpose.

This is not a kindergarten school. This is a school of mysticism and the effort is to provoke in you a longing, a tremendous desire to see the truth.

But who is this man who is trying to destroy *my* freedom and *your* freedom?

Sixth: they should not be against any other religion. Hindus can be against Mohammedans; otherwise why don't they go to the mosques for their prayers? Mohammedans can be against Hindus, Christians can be against others.

I am against *all* religions, because I am a religious person and a religious person is neither Hindu nor Mohammedan nor Christian nor Buddhist. I will speak against all religions because they are pseudo--they are not true religions. And if he has any intelligence to prove otherwise, he's welcome. If he can prove that the organized religions are true religions...but destroying the freedom of people to be *religious* is against all human values.

I will speak against all religions. I have to, because I stand for religious *ness,* not for religions.

Seventh: the number of foreigners residing in the ashram will not be more than one hundred. We don't believe in countries and we don't believe in nations. For us, nobody is a foreigner.

We are children of the same universe, of the same earth--who is a foreigner? And what right has he got? Where in the constitution is the right given to police commissioners to restrict the number of foreigners listening to a master? From where did he get this number one hundred?-

-why not ten thousand? How has he decided for one hundred? It is arbitrary.

And as far as I am concerned and my people are concerned, here nobody is a foreigner. The moment you enter this house of God, you are simply

human beings.

And I am not going to change because of these stupid, ordinary public servants who know nothing of religion, who know nothing of humanity, and still.... He has some nerve. But I am going to put him right. He has got into trouble unnecessarily. Whoever gets into trouble with me will repent for his whole life.

And their names will be informed to the police. Here, everybody's name is a sannyas name. They are all rooted in the Sanskrit language. How are you going to find that this name is a foreigner's? I have my own ways....

Nine: the number of foreigners daily visiting the ashram for discourses will not exceed one thousand. This man seems to be...something is either loose in his head or something is too tight. But he need not be worried; we have in our ashram all kinds of mind-mechanics. He can come--either we will loosen his mind or tighten his mind. Just one problem about which I am afraid, apprehensive: if there is no mind inside?--then it is going to be trouble. But we will find some solution.

He does not understand. This is a democracy; this is a free, sovereign country. And if the government allows people from all over the world to enter the country...he seems to be superior to the government.

We are not going to abide by any nonsense, and if this man is not removed, he will have to face me in court. And in court, I am not going to have an advocate; I myself am going to face it.

Tenth: no member of the ashram or visitors is allowed to carry firearms.

What about the twenty police officers? They will have to leave their firearms outside, according to his own dictates. He seems to be having nightmares--nobody has any firearms here. He wants twenty police officers to bring firearms.

My attorney, Tathagat, had told him: "Usually there were seven thousand to ten thousand people from all over the world. You cannot cut the number to one thousand."

And he said, "We don't have enough people to control ten thousand people." This is said by a commissioner! He can control the whole district and he has enough people for the whole commissionery but just for a six-acre area of land, he does not have enough people to control. And who is asking him to control?

We have been here from 1974 and there was never a need to control our people. There has been no fight in the ashram. He does not even understand that the people who have come here have not come here to fight. They have come here to be more loving, to be more honest, to be more sincere, to be more truthful--they are seekers. There is no need of any control. Nobody controls here.

So he should remember: whoever comes to the doors of this temple--as a seeker, not as a police officer--whether his skin is white or black, whether his nose is long or short, he's welcome. And if he has any problem with that, either he can come here...or if he raises such nonsense questions again, I am dragging him into court....

Eleventh: members of the ashram are prohibited from indulging in any obscene behavior in the ashram or outside the ashram. Does he know what the word "obscene" means? The temples of Khajuraho should be demolished by the order of the commissioner of Poona because they are obscene. The temples of Puri should be demolished, the temples of Konark should be demolished. The beautiful caves of Ajanta and Ellora should be demolished.

These are the things which attract the whole world--and if they are not obscene, then he will have to show, in front of my people, what obscenity is.

You have naked Jaina monks and that is not obscene. You have naked Hindu monks and that is not obscene. And all over the country, you have shivalingas. Shivalinga represents the penis of Shiva and the vagina of Parvati, and they are all over the country--everywhere, in every city, under any tree. They are not obscene.

I would love to know: Is this police commissioner born not of a woman?

Wasn't his father obscene? Wasn't his mother obscene? And while his father was doing all kinds of obscenities to his mother, if my sannyasins had entered the room to give him an invitation..."You are invited for a discourse.... "

He is saying "inside the ashram or outside the ashram." The whole of India is obscene. Their scriptures are obscene. He should go to some library and just look into *Shivapuran* and he will find out what obscenity is. And Shiva is one of the gods of the Hindus.

These people are going to teach *me?* There is nothing obscene in the world. Everything is natural--it is your interpretation. Yes, I can understand if he had said, "They should not be indulging in any behavior which is obscene *outside* the ashram." I have no concern outside the

ashram. It is their individual responsibility what they are doing or not doing.

And it is for the police commissioner and his police to go to the court and get a clear-cut definition of obscenity. Up to now, all over the world, no court has been able to decide what is obscene and what is not. But I think you have got a police commissioner who knows what is obscene.

We would love to see him just give us a little show of his obscenity, so that we can also understand that this is obscene behavior and we are not to do it outside the ashram.

Twelve: the police officers will have the right to visit the ashram during any time of day or night. Their lawful directions will be complied with, without any hesitation.

Are my sannyasins also allowed to enter your houses during any time of day or night? No sane person could ask that police officers be allowed in the night. For what? We don't need them even in the day! Their faces, their uniforms, their retarded minds--for what do we need them? No.

This is a temple of God, and you will have to act according to *our* directions. You cannot order us unless we indulge in any crime. If we are murdering people, of course it is lawful for you to ask for permission to

enter the premises.

You have seen what has happened in the *gurudwara* of Amritsar. For three hundred years, the British people were more intelligent; they never entered the temple of the Sikhs. A temple should be respected.

It is our temple. Do you want to create another Amritsar? Then certainly we will need ten thousand licenses for machine guns. Of course they will be lawful. But if the police behave in such a way, then I am not a Gandhian. I do not believe in violence; but I also do not believe in anybody else doing violence to my people.

We are nonviolent people. We don't need any police. And there is no need for them to enter the premises of the ashram without permission, behaving in the same way they would behave in their own temples. They can come to the gate. That is the limit. Beyond that, it belongs to God--

not to the commissionery of the police commissioner....

And we believe in love, we don't believe in machine guns. But if you force us, you will find yourself destroying your constitution, your democracy, your prestige in the whole world. *mess107*

In February, police arrive in the night, at 1:00 am. Eleven ashram residents are arrested and jailed overnight. Telephone lines to the commune are cut. In the morning, several busloads of

police come to aid Municipal Corporation demolish so-called 'unauthorised' construction. The mayor arrives and tells the corporation authorities to leave.

Support from the Mayor of Poona

Balasaheb R. Borade from the City Youth Congress has written to me, saying that "We will fight for you."

And today, the Mayor of Poona, Ulhas Dhole Patil came, saying that

"Whatever has happened is so ugly that I have come just to apologize.

Forgive us; it should not have happened." He has written a letter to me, saying, "You are welcome in the city of Poona and I want you to stay here forever." And just now he came again and told my secretary, Neelam: "I am going to pass a resolution in the Poona Corporation that the Corporation should ask forgiveness, and ask that you please don't leave Poona, but remain here." *mess107*

Just yesterday I received another letter from the Mayor of Poona:

"With my deepest love and pleasure I wish to state that Osho, presently residing at 17 Koregaon Park, Poona, in my home constituency, is undoubtedly an enlightened person. His authoritative views on religion are most needed in these turbulent times. He is one of the well-versed, great mystics and a spiritual master of our time. His conduct and loving behavior cannot and has never created any legal problems, nor has he ever been found guilty in any provisions of criminal law. In fact, his teachings are conducive to creating a very peaceful and tranquil atmosphere in the present circumstances when the country as a whole is passing through a very disturbed state." *mess117*

A few days ago the mayor of Poona came to my room. He could not restrain himself; he touched my feet. And when he was going out, he told Neelam, "I have never been in such a silent room, so cool, so fresh--it is *really* a temple. I am overwhelmed by the atmosphere of the room."

Anybody who comes here will be overwhelmed. These trees are no longer ordinary--they are sannyasins. The very air has a different vibe: even when you go away, your song, your dance, your joy go on vibrating here.

This is how a temple is created. A temple is not made of bricks, is not made of statues; a temple is made of a different vibe--the vibration of silence, peace, joy, and blissfulness. *spirit16*

American and Indian government persecution of Osho and sannyasins continues

I am receiving messages from all over the world that sannyasins are being

refused by all the Indian embassies. And you will be aware of what is happening in Poona. Whatever is happening in Poona, a small public servant, the police commissioner, has not the guts to do it. He must have had the support of the Maharashtra government and the central government from New Delhi....

Hundreds of sannyasins are being turned back from Bombay airport.

Now who is going to pay their fare, their hard-earned money? They earned money just to come to see me and be here for a few weeks and they are thrown back.

I would like to tell Mr. Rajiv Gandhi that your government owes that money to my sannyasins. That money should be given back. On what grounds are you turning them back from the airport? They have never committed a crime in your country, they are not coming here to commit crimes. They can commit crimes anywhere in their own countries.

And if they are coming here to sit silently and listen to me, or just sit silently in my presence, to share my love--who are you to throw them out from the airport? And who is going to give them back their hard-earned money?

The Indian government should be aware of the fact that if you don't stop all this nonsense, I am going to the high court or to the supreme court, and bringing Mr. Rajiv Gandhi there. Things are so clear that I don't even need a legal expert--just common sense is enough. *mess111*

A friend from Delhi informed me that I should leave India, because the Indian government is thinking of arresting me. Their reason for arresting me is that I have paid four hundred thousand dollars as a fine and from where did I get that money? I myself don't know! I sincerely have no idea who the sannyasins were, from all over the world, who gave that money. *shanti12*

It is a strange story but even Indians coming to the ashram are being harassed by the police; and these are police sent from Delhi, by the central government. And Indians are being asked for their passports--in their own country. It is against the very constitution; it is against freedom of movement--in your own country you have to carry your passport! I have

never heard such a stupidity happening anywhere in the world; but India is really a genius in being stupid. *bolt07*

Many television companies have written saying, "We are continuously being refused. We are asking to come to Poona; they immediately refuse, and they don't give any reason why."

Newspapers have been refused permission to reach me. Thousands of sannyasins from all over the world have been refused visas. Somehow thousands have already got their visas, because now I have taken away the orange robe, the mala--so they cannot figure out whether the person is a sannyasin or not.

I am not a serious man, so I have told my sannyasins, "If they ask you, simply ask, Who is this man Osho? Do you *want* us to go to him? Where is Poona? We were never thinking of going but you seem to be interested..." Although many people have got visas, some have been turned back from Bombay airport and from Calcutta airport, back to their countries. This is because, the American government has given the Indian government a whole list of the people who were living in the commune. They are asking continuously, that every sannyasin who is here should give the police commissioner his full address and how long he is going to be here, so that, even if you have reached me one time, the next time you cannot. We have not given any names; we have asked them, "On what grounds are you asking? If you are asking one religious institution, you should ask all the religious institutions of the country to keep a record of anybody who comes there and make a report every day.

And if you want, you can open an office in front of the ashram, and anybody who comes you can take his name. That is your business; that is not our business. It is not our concern and it is against our philosophy and religion to discriminate between people of different countries or different races, or different colors. And we will not do anything against our own thinking."

So they are at a loss what to do, because if they do anything against the constitution we are going to fight. But Ronald Reagan goes on insisting.

The American Embassy goes on insisting to the Indian government to

prevent people from reaching here. Twice, the American Embassy has been here to watch how many people there are around the ashram. And now the police commissioner has asked *us,* "Why does the American Embassy come again and again to the ashram? This is strange."

They should ask the American Embassy. How do we know? And why should we bother? If all the embassies of the world start coming it is perfectly good. We are not doing anything criminal here.

But this man Reagan has lost his humanity. *invita09*

Just the other day I received a letter from a friend from Delhi saying that the American government is still insisting that my voice should be silenced. But while I am alive nobody can silence my voice. And of course, crucifixion is a little out of date. But they are trying in every way: my books should not reach the people, whatever I say should not be printed by the news media.

The speaker of the upper house of parliament in India told the parliament, "I am surprised why newspapers publish his views." And this is a democracy where freedom of expression is accepted as one of the fundamental rights. America is a great democracy. One democracy is telling to the other democracy that my voice should be silenced.

My friend was afraid. He enquired: "What does it mean? Does it mean that he should be killed? Is it a code--`His voice should be silenced'?"

And the officer said, "It is not possible for me to give you the exact meaning of it."

If you want to be wise, if you want to be intelligent, you are bound to be a rebel, because you will have to fight against so many superstitions, so many stupid ideas which people think of as ultimate truth, that you will irritate everybody. You will have to allow yourself to be completely free from the past, from the whole heritage of humanity. That's what will make you wild. *zara217*

I have turned the whole world into my enemy for the simple reason that I go on pulling the necks of the ostriches out of the sand, and tell them that it

does not matter whether you see the enemy or not. It is better to see, because by seeing you may have some way to escape, but putting your head into the sand you are absolutely defenseless. *razor02*

I have lived a very strange life. Anybody else would have found so many tangles in it, so many troubles. I have also passed through all kinds of tangles, troubles, problems, but I have remained unscratched; I have enjoyed the journey. Whatever life brought to me, I have enjoyed it. I have tried to make the best out of it, whatever it is.

There is no point in crying and weeping over spilled milk. Any situation can be made a learning, a step towards maturity, can be turned into a beneficial opportunity. That is what I call intelligence; otherwise, what is the difference between intelligent people and unintelligent people. *invita24*

I have lived life the way I wanted; it was difficult but it was immensely rewarding. It gave me the feeling that although society may be powerful, if you have guts no power can enslave you. They can kill you, they can

destroy you, but they cannot enslave you. And to be destroyed is not undignified; to be killed is not against your individuality, against your dignity, against your pride. In fact, these sacrifices will make you more and more authentically yourself.

Deep down, if you are a meditator, you know your body can be taken away but your being cannot even be touched--your immortality is sure. *invita08*

My own experience is, every day brings so much that when I think retrospectively I cannot conceive that I could have expected it--and it always brings in abundance! Existence is so compassionate and so sharing, but only to those who don't demand. Desirelessness is the foundation of all great happenings. *invita03*

Osho's Garden

I have been in this garden for seven years before I went to America. My people had planted small plants and now it has become really a jungle, so beautiful that you need not do anything--just sit silently under the shade of a

tree and feel what trees are whispering to each other. There is constant communion between the earth and the sky.

And if you have heard that whispering, your heart will start dancing with joy. That whispering will become your song of life. That whispering will make you understand the Song of Solomon. *mess114*

This garden is not just an ordinary garden. These trees have heard me as much as you have heard me, and these trees have loved me as much as you have loved me. These trees are as much my disciples as you are. So be respectful with them. With loving care, with sensitive alertness, you will not only be a good gardener, you will also become a higher consciousness--more human, more divine.

Shower on these trees all your love. They cannot speak, but they are very sensitive.

The latest experiments about trees are so revealing--they can even read your thoughts. Their sensitivity is far greater than man's sensitivity.

Scientists have developed certain instruments like the cardiogram. They put the cardiogram on a certain tree and the cardiogram starts making a graph of how the tree is feeling. The graph is symmetrical, and then

suddenly they bring a woodcutter with an axe, and the moment the tree sees the woodcutter the graph changes. It goes berserk, the symmetry is lost. Nothing has been done to the tree, it is just that the woodcutter has come with the idea to cut it. That idea is being caught by the sensitiveness of the tree, and now, there are scientific ways to find it out.

The strangest thing is that if the woodcutter is just passing without any idea of cutting the tree, the graph does not change. It depends on his idea--his thought creates a certain wave. Every thought is being broadcasted from your mind, creating waves around you, and those waves are picked up by the sensitiveness of the tree. They are very much alive. *splend21*

Just by the side of Chuang Tzu hall there were no flowers three days ago.

Then one day the storm came and the rains came, and in the morning

suddenly there were beautiful sunflowers--just in one night. I had seen the place; in the evening there were no flowers, in the morning there were flowers. *golden04*

And for a man like me who has an allergy to perfumes...

My gardener, Mukta, has to keep all the flowers outside my windows, which are never opened, so I can see the roses but the perfume cannot reach to me. And poor Mukta has to work hard because keeping those roses around my room... There are such big, huge trees, so much shadow, and roses cannot blossom perfectly unless they have sunlight.

So she has constantly to change the flowerpots.

But she manages for me to see the roses all around me wherever I am in the house. She is deceiving the sun and she is deceiving the roses. She has to continuously move them in a rotation; whenever a flower comes to its total blossoming, she brings it around to my side outside the windows. And when she sees that the plant is not happy without the sun, she takes the plant to the sun. So she has to keep a double row rotating. It is a rotary club. But she manages perfectly well. She knows I love the roses, but I cannot tolerate their fragrance. I am too sensitive to their fragrance. That immediately disturbs me. *gdead04*

Just for the last few days I have been seeing a bird. When I left for America it was not here, and I have never seen it anywhere else. It is so beautiful: pure white, with a black head and such a long tail--the bird is very small, the tail is almost six times bigger than the bird. Because the tail is so long, it cannot fly like other birds; it moves in air like a fish moves in water. I enquired...because it is a strange bird, I have never seen one so beautiful. It has made a point...every day when I am taking

my food in the morning and in the evening it comes for certain. Shunyo told me that this bird is a rare bird; it is called the "bird of paradise."

I said, "It looks like a bird of paradise--it doesn't seem to belong to the earth. The beauty is so unique...with a small black head, and so snow-white, and the tail is so long that it cannot fly, it just hops from one tree to

another tree. The way it moves is almost like a fish moving in water." I told Shunyo, "Watch, he cannot be alone, there must be a girlfriend or boyfriend--in this place he may be a bird of paradise, but he cannot be a saint!"

She says she has seen his girlfriend. She has a little small tail--that is the only difference. But I have not seen the girlfriend yet. It is my experience, if the girlfriend comes first to me the boyfriend is bound to come. But if the boyfriend comes first, then it is not necessarily so--the girlfriend even may become an enemy to me, jealous. The poor fellow comes alone. And every day I have been watching, looking; she must be sitting somewhere. But she is avoiding me.

This whole existence takes responsibility for the oceans, for the mountains, for the stars. *razor06*

The miracle of Osho's Discourses

On 8 January 1987, Osho gives a series of morning and evening discourses, in Chuang Tzu Auditorium, on Khalil Gibran's *The Prophet.* In February and March, Osho answers questions from disciples. There is a celebration of live music and dance as Osho enters and leaves the Auditorium.

Khalil Gibran says: If this is my day of harvest, in what fields have I sowed the seed, and in what un-remembered seasons?

Whenever I have read this statement, it has always reminded me of myself. My whole life I have been sowing the seeds in fields all over the world... *And in what un-remembered seasons?* I have not waited for the right season to sow the seeds because the next moment is not certain. I may be here, I may not be here. And if this moment you are available, it is better not to bother about the spring. Let the seed wait in you; whenever the spring comes, the seed will become a sprout. *mess103*

I try my best to invite you to dance, and if you are mad enough you are going to start clapping, at least. And that is the moment when you forget

that you cannot hold on to the window frame and clap too. The moment you start clapping, the window frame is lost; your hands have slipped from the root. *razor13*

You ask: *It is strange...The closer I come to you, the more ordinary it feels.*

It is a calmness and a coolness and a nothingness, and yet out of this space I find myself dancing, clapping, laughing, and rejoicing with you.

But it feels so different--as though something has gone, but I can't remember what. And if I look for words to describe this new feeling, I can only say, "love." But I say it uncertainly, insecurely. Oh, Beloved Osho, what is going on?

The observation that you have made is right and shows immense clarity.

You are saying, "It is strange." It appears strange only in the beginning.

The more you become acquainted with it, the more the strangeness will be gone....

Your dancing, your singing, your clapping, your laughing, your rejoicing...it feels so different for the simple reason that it is happening spontaneously; it is not your doing. In these beautiful moments of dancing and singing and clapping, it is not that you are doing them, they are happening. You are just a witness, at the most. The doer, the ego, is absent; hence, the difference....

Your observation is very clear, and I am happy; everybody's observation has to be so clear. You are simply in a state of awe. You are asking, "Oh, Osho, what is going on?"

It is better not to be rational about it, not to intellectualize it, not to label it. "What is going on?" I can say only that whatever is going on is tremendously beautiful. Allow it--no need to have any explanation.

Experience it--no need to understand it, to explain it. Be totally possessed by it, and this total possession by love will bring a new birth to you, a new life, and a new world all around.

You are passing through the most beautiful space every meditator has to pass through. Unafraid, go dancingly into the unknown without ever being concerned where it is going to land you. If love is the guide, then you need not be worried; if the ego is the guide, then you have to be really concerned and worried. Love can take you only to the ocean. The ego always tries to go upwards, up-current, against the current.

Love goes with the current.

Love is a relaxation, a rest, the peace that passeth understanding.

Don't start looking for that which is missing--it was not anything valuable, it was not your friend. That which you have lost, that something that you feel has gone, was your enemy. Say goodbye to it, and allow this new state to become more and more deep. There are depths beyond depths. There is no end to growth; there is no end to the mysteries of existence. Doors after doors go on opening. This is the infinity of the miracle of the universe. You should not be bothered about rationalizing your experiences, just drink them, and dance and sing and rejoice. And thank existence that it has been your fortune. *razor23*

You say: *In the discourses after you have danced with us and left the hall, something seems to linger in the air in this mandir that is not unlike the fragrance of a rare flower, ephemeral, and yet so tangible to the senses.*

Sometimes the silence is so profound that were my eyes closed I would never know that you were physically no more among us.

It will appear absurd to the logical mind, but the fact is that blissfulness has its own perfume, silence has its own fragrance, just as love has its own taste, its own sweetness. Although you cannot eat love and you cannot taste love, you know perfectly well that love has a sweetness.

Silence also has its own flowers, its own fragrance. And the enlightened man's consciousness can be approached through any of your senses.

You can see it in his presence, in his grace, in his eyes; in his gestures you can smell it. You can hear it, just a small whisper, as if a breeze has

passed through the pine trees--subtle, but absolutely certain. You can taste it....

When I go out, you have been through a great shower of love, peace, silence, song, music and dance. Your whole being is cleansed. You feel the freshness, you feel the profundity, so tangible that if your eyes are closed you may think I am still present here--but in a certain way nothing changes, only my body moves away from here.

I am always present--wherever love longs for me and a heart beats for me, wherever a consciousness searches for me, I am available there....

Buddha promised his disciples, 'Whenever five of you are together in deep silence and meditation, the sixth also will be present--I am the sixth.'

So if you are sensitive--and meditation makes you more and more sensitive--then even when I am gone and its only my physical body that is no longer here, your sensitivity will not let my consciousness go away so easily. I will remain amongst you for a little while.

There are many of you who don't want to go away from Chuang Tzu immediately, because it is an experience in itself--in my absence you are still feeling my presence. So people linger on a little, laughing, dancing, or sometimes singing, or sometimes just sitting surrounded by an unknown energy, an unnamed energy...but yet somehow familiar.

It all depends on your love, on how much you love. Love destroys distance, and if love is total, it destroys distance totally. Then even when you are alone--no need for five persons--you will feel me with you. *spirit27*

When Osho is unable to dance because of pains in his arms, his sannyasins return his namaste and spontaneously bow down

Communion is a silent meeting.

Just as a river disappears into the ocean, two beings disappear into each other, without holding anything back. Two flames come close to each other and suddenly become one flame. Neither loses anything, and both gain all the treasures of the other.

You are saying, "I have tried and cannot find the words that adequately convey the beauty of those moments when you enter the auditorium."

Words will always fail whenever something really beautiful, something existential, something of the beyond, something sacred is happening.

Words simply fall short.

Always remember, when words fall short, it is a very blissful moment; when you cannot express it, then it has some significance. If you can express it, if it is possible to put it into words and language, then it is just something below mind.

Everything below mind is mundane.

Everything beyond mind is sacred.

But that which is beyond mind cannot be put into language, into words.

So whenever you see a moment arising in you that is so big that no word can contain it, you are blessed; you are showered by flowers from the beyond.

You are saying, "I see the heads of my beloved friends bend down: their love and reverence for you is so poignant, and touches me so deeply. And when your eyes fall on mine, I feel as if I am drinking from a chalice full of golden light. This connection between you and us, your devotees, this is the real `holy communion', isn't it?"

Yes, this is the holy communion, where the egos disappear in a great flood of love, where small minds are left far behind, and you are flying like eagles across the sun, in the infinity of the sky--where you are not bound by your bodies, by your minds; where suddenly, you have become a freedom, a

spirit. And if there are many people together in the same space it certainly deepens the mystery, the glory, the magnificence, the divineness of the moment. Yes, this is what I call "holy communion."

I am not.

I have not been there for a long time.

In certain moments you join me, and you are also no more. In this silence, in this nothingness, where neither I am nor you are, but only a silence prevails--this is the "holy communion." This is the greatest beatitude, the highest benediction.

This is the door to the divine. This is the door invisible to the eyes, but perfectly visible to the inner being.

Those who enter this door are no more Hindus, no more Christians, no more Buddhists. They are simply pure spirits, just innocent beings--with a fragrance they have never known, which surrounds them with a light that dispels all darkness...with a music which is without any sound, and a feeling of dance, although there is not any movement.

This is the great secret of being religious. *dawn01*

Sitting here in silence, being showered by my silence, my serenity, everything in you becomes fresh, young. Silence is such a shower of the soul.

Listening to the music--not only listening, but participating, almost dancing with joy--you forget your ordinary worries and the world, the tensions and anxieties; those are the layers of dust on your eyes.

And just being with me here, something that is not visible to the eyes transpires between me and you. Some energy, which can only be called divine, passes from heart to heart. I can see that there are moments when you all disappear, and only one consciousness remains. You forget your individuality, your separateness. And this is such a rejuvenation, such a refreshment, such a rebirth, that when you go out--things are the same--but the green looks greener; the people look softer and more loving. The song

of the birds, although meaningless, starts having a significance of its own. All your senses are at their maximum sensitivity.

The light passing through the trees fills you with wonder. The wind passing through the trees whispers unknown secrets to you.

So on the one hand you are ready, available, fresh, rested, relaxed, and silent; and on the other hand you are part of existence. Existence rejoices with you. It is not only that your eyes are fresh and your mind is silent, that the trees are greener--that is only one part of the story.

The other part is that because of your silence, because of your dance, because of your music, they really are greener--just for you, a special gift.

It is said that whenever Gautam Buddha passed by any path, even if it was not the time for the trees to blossom, they blossomed. Buddhists have not been able to explain it; no scientific explanation is possible.

Only a mystic can understand it; only a meditator can understand what it means--that trees which were without leaves immediately started growing leaves and foliage, preparing a little shadow for the tired Buddha to rest under.

That is what you are experiencing: existence certainly rejoices when you are blissful. Existence is almost an echo of your being. If you are in anxiety, everything around you becomes tense; and if you are silent, everything around you becomes a silent music, a silent dance.

Remember that you are not separate from existence; so when you are happy, all these trees are also happy. Happiness is contagious. When you are dancing, these trees are also moving in rhythm with you.

When you are full of love whoever meets you--he may be a very primitive, crude man, but your love is more powerful than any crudeness, any primitiveness...with you, suddenly he feels he is becoming soft.

You have known this experience in many other ways. There are people with whom you become sad. They have not done anything to you and they have not said anything to you, but their sadness is so heavy and so powerful. We

are continuously broadcasting our hearts all around us.

If a sad man passes by, his sadness is going to touch your heart too, unless your joyfulness is bigger than his sadness; then he will be touched. And you know about people with whom you suddenly become joyous for no reason at all, just being with them it feels as if a certain joy, a certain happiness has entered into you.

But listening to me is nothing but a meditation. This is my simplest device, in which you have not to do anything at all. I tell you to meditate,

but I cannot leave it to you. You may think, "Yes, I will meditate," and you go on postponing. That is why every morning and evening I speak to you. It does not matter what I say. I am not an orator, neither am I a preacher, nor am I giving you a doctrine or a philosophy. This is a device: because you want to listen to me, you are bound to be silent. Without your knowing, you are falling deeper and deeper into your being.

So when you go out, you have not gone out of a lecture hall. This Chuang Tzu hall is not a lecture hall, it is a place--a temple--of meditation. That's why I always go on leaving gaps for you: in those gaps there is every possibility you may touch your innermost core.

So don't say after "listening" to me, say after "meditating" with me, when you go out all your senses are more sensitive. And the whole of existence rejoices because you have a totally different fragrance, a different presence. You carry something of me with you every day.

Slowly, slowly you will be able to sit by yourself alone, doing nothing, sitting silently. And in that silence, you will know all the mysteries of existence.

This is one of the mysteries: that everything is interconnected. Your joy is felt by the trees--your sadness too. Your silence is experienced by the birds--your dance, your music too. *spirit14*

Passing through the gate of this mandir for the first time in eight years, I felt a kind of fragrance which has stayed with me ever since. Is it possible to take this fragrance with me when I leave?

The fragrance that you have felt in this temple of seekers is not something that you can leave behind. This fragrance contains love, meditativeness, silence, trust, life-affirmative values, a song of gratitude, a dance with the trees and with the stars...This fragrance is an experience of a totally new atmosphere that does not exist in the outside world. If you meditate, you will become the same temple. Then, wherever you go the fragrance will go with you like a shadow; even others will feel it.

It is not the first time that such a question has come to me. The moment they enter the gate many people have felt suddenly, as if they are entering into another world--the air is different, the vibe is different--as if they have come home. And there is bound to be a certain fragrance, because so many people are meditating, and slowly, slowly their inner-being flowers are opening. The whole purpose of all these people to be here is absolutely different from any gathering anywhere outside in the world.

These are the people who are in search of the essential, existential life source. They are at different stages of evolution in consciousness, but they are all radiating something of higher stages. So when you enter the temple, you will find the air is different, the trees are different, the people are different. And if you also become a meditator, as I know you are becoming, this fragrance will start coming from within your own being.

Even others may feel it wherever you go.

I want my sannyasins...I have taken away the clothes which made them distinct; I have taken away their malas. But still people feel that they look a little different from others; still the airport officers catch hold of them! In Indian embassies when they go for a tourist visa, they immediately get the idea that they are going to Poona; Poona has become synonymous with my name. And many sannyasins have wondered--they are not wearing the orange, they are not wearing the mala--how they have become suddenly suspicious?

A sannyasin will have a certain fragrance, a certain style, a certain way which is subtle; it may not be very apparent to the eyes, but it can be detected.

I would like you to be known as separate from the crowds, not by your clothes not by anything outer, but just by your very being--your silence, your peace, your love, your eyes.

Every gesture of you should declare that you are a sannyasin. *invita20*

You say: *This morning, when you left Chuang Tzu, at the door you turned towards me and something happened between you and me which went beyond mind and heart. I felt my body moving in a way I could never do deliberately.*

For seconds everything stopped, I had no control of anything. It was like a delicious, fearless dying. For a long time afterwards I felt drunk, weak and strong at the same time. I don't know what really happened....

I am aware that something happened to you. It was a jump, and it was not short. But it was a jump of consciousness--that is why you are puzzled. And when consciousness jumps, the body goes into strange postures, which you could not do deliberately even if you wanted to. The jump of consciousness was not deliberate. Here, whatsoever happens is never deliberate.

Anything deliberate is going to be very small, it is going to be smaller than you. Anything that happens without any deliberation on your part--

you are just a watcher, and it happens...you are just standing by the

side, only an observer, not a doer: then something greater than you is happening.

Later on you felt both weak and strong. That must have puzzled you--

and will puzzle others--but it is an absolutely certain consequence, because something happened that was beyond your control. Your ego was not in control, hence the weakness. Your ego felt threatened; you had come too close to the point where the ego can simply fall apart.

And at the same time you felt strong. Your consciousness felt strong because for the first time, for a few moments, it was not controlled by the

ego. For the first time, for a few moments, it had wings of its own, it was not in the chains and the bondage of the ego. So your soul felt strong and your ego felt weak.

It is a good sign. The beginning of the death of the ego, the beginning of the end of the ego, and the beginning of your entry into the world of consciousness.

But later on your ego must have taken up its old possession, its old domination over your consciousness; and then you wrote: "The only certainty I have now is that I cannot jump." That is not *your* certainty, that is the ego, which has taken the power back into its own hands. For a moment the consciousness had slipped out.

You need not deliberately try to jump, that will not happen, because who will deliberately try? It will be your ego. You don't have any access to your consciousness yet. It was just that as I turned back and looked at you, you completely forgot about your ego--and jumped. Forgetting one's ego is the only jump that can bring you back to yourself. But never try deliberately. Allow it to happen just as it happened this morning, on its own. Do not make any effort. When it happens, just be totally with it, don't hinder it, and don't feel weak. The weakness is not yours, the weakness is of the ego--the false self that is pretending to be your real soul.

Your real soul has felt strong for the first time. Give it more chances. And slowly, slowly it will become capable of coming out of the bondage on its own. The ego cannot keep it; it is just a kind of hypnotic conditioning, because from the very childhood your ego has been supported by everybody. All the nourishment has been given to the ego, and your soul has been starving. You have forgotten all about your soul.

Being here with me, it is going to happen more and more. Now that it has happened once, the possibility will become greater and greater. It will happen suddenly, first in my presence and then even without my

presence. Sitting silently in your room, you will find a tremendous strength arising in you. And at the same time something is dying--

something that is not you; something that has always been pretending to be yourself. The pretender has to die, the false has to disappear, so that the real can take its place.

And once the real is in its own place, your whole life becomes authentic.

Each act takes on a tremendous beauty and grace; each word comes out from the very deepest part of your being, full of fragrance--fragrance that you cannot find anywhere else in the world. *spirit17*

Eight years ago I saw you on TV. There was a report about the Poona ashram. I saw you doing the energy darshan, putting your finger on to the third eye of some people, causing them to fall down. At that moment I recognized you. It took me six years to sit in front of you. The first time you looked at me, I fell down, and there was a flash in my brain.

What happened to you was tremendously significant, rare and unique. It is one of the contributions of the East to the world: the understanding that between these two eyes, there is a third eye inside which normally remains dormant. One has to work hard, bring his whole sexual energy upwards, against gravitation, and when the energy reaches the third eye, it opens. Many methods have been tried, to do that, because when it opens there is suddenly a flash of light and things which have never been clear to you suddenly become clear....

There have been other methods. When I emphasize watching, witnessing...that is the finest method to bring the third eye into action, because that watching is inside. These two eyes cannot be used, they can only look outward. They have to be closed. And when you try to watch inside, that certainly means there is something like an eye which sees.

Who sees your thoughts? Not these eyes. Who sees that anger is arising in you? That place of seeing is called symbolically "the third eye."...

Because you had seen on T.V. that by touching them with my finger on the third eye, people were going into some inner space, for these six years you must have been thinking to know that inner space yourself. So when you came here and I saw you for the first time, the experience happened

without my even touching your third eye. You were almost ready, just on the verge of it.

To see you is also a way of touching you. It is a remote way of touching....

So it may have just been a coincidence: for six years it was lying like a seed, in your unconscious, and when you came here and I looked at you,

suddenly there was a flash and you fell down. But it is a tremendously fortunate state; it means your third eye can function very easily.

Just try to watch with your eyes closed, and the third eye will become more and more active. And the experiences of the third eye are the door to higher spirituality.

The third eye is the sixth center, the seventh is the highest. Six is very close to the highest center of your experience; it prepares the ground for the seventh. At the seventh center you become not only a flash of light, but just light itself. That's why the person who reaches the seventh center...his experience we call "enlightenment." His whole being becomes just pure light, with no fuel--because any light that needs fuel cannot be immortal. There is no fuel; hence the light has an eternity. It is the experience of your very being and the being of the universe. *splend19*

The silences during Osho's discourses

The silences during Osho's discourses become increasingly longer. He draws attention to these silences as they are the essence of his teaching, of meditation

Just be watchful this minute. In this silence you are tasting something which is beyond time.

We are tasting the taste of this minute of eternity....

It is something very strange, that all the mystics, whether they were born thousands of years ago, or they are alive today, all fundamentally agree on the essential points of spiritual growth and realization.

For example: the silence, this minute, gives you not an explanation--but it gives you an experience.

Dancing and singing, allow yourself to be so completely overwhelmed that nothing is left behind. And you have entered into the temple of God, where you are the mirror, and you are the face mirrored in it; where you are the seeker and you are the sought; where you are the devotee and you are the God at whose feet you are offering yourself. *spirit23*

I realized that it is easier to become silent while listening to you than in any other meditation. When you stop talking everything seems to stop for a moment and I get a glimpse of what meditation can be! these are the most

precious moments for me! Why is it easier to become silent in your presence?

The question you have raised is significant not only to you, but to many more who are not fortunate enough to be in my presence, but who will be reading these words or listening or seeing this on the video screen all over the world.

The question arises almost for everyone, that the way I talk is a little strange. No speaker in the world talks like me--technically it is wrong; it takes almost double the time!...

My purpose is so unique--I am using words just to create silent gaps.

The words are not important so I can say anything contradictory, anything absurd, anything unrelated, because my purpose is just to create gaps. The words are secondary; the silences between those words are primary. This is simply a device to give you a glimpse of meditation.

And once you know that it is possible for you, you have traveled far in the direction of your own being.

Most of the people in the world don't think that it is possible for mind to be silent. Because they don't think it is possible, they don't try. How to give people a taste of meditation was my basic reason to speak, so I can go on speaking eternally--it does not matter what I am saying. All that matters is

that I give you a few chances to be silent, which you find difficult on your own in the beginning.

I cannot force you to be silent, but I can create a device in which spontaneously you are bound to be silent. I am speaking, and in the middle of a sentence, when you were expecting another word to follow, nothing follows but a silent gap. And your mind was looking to listen, and waiting for something to follow, and does not want to miss it--

naturally it becomes silent. What can the poor mind do? If it was well known at what points I will be silent, if it was declared to you that on such and such points I will be silent, then you could manage to think--

you would not be silent. Then you know: "This is the point where he is going to be silent, now I can have a little chit-chat with myself." But because it comes absolutely suddenly.... I don't know myself why at certain points I stop.

Anything like this, in any orator in the world, will be condemned, because an orator stopping again and again means he is not well prepared, he has not done the homework. It means that his memory is not reliable, that he cannot find, sometimes, what word to use. But because it is not oratory, I am not concerned about the people who will be condemning me--I am concerned with you.

And it is not only here, but far away...anywhere in the world where people will be listening to the video or to the audio, they will come to the same silence. My success is not to convince you, my success is to give you a real taste so that you can become confident that meditation is not a fiction, that the state of no-mind is not just a philosophical idea, that it is a reality; that you *are* capable of it, and that it does not need any special qualifications.

You may be a sinner, you may be a saint--it does not matter. If the sinner can become silent, he will attain to the same consciousness as the saint.

Existence is not so miserly as religions have been teaching you.

Existence is not like the KGB or FBI--watching everybody to see what you

are doing, whether you are going to the movie with your own wife or with somebody else's wife. Existence is not interested at all. The problem of whether the wife is yours or not is just a man-created problem. In existence, there is nothing like marriage. Whether you are stealing money, taking it out from somebody's safe or from your own, existence does not and cannot make the difference. You are taking out the money from the safe--that is a fact--but to whom the safe belongs, that is absolutely of no concern to existence....

My effort here to speak to you is to give you a chance to see that you are as capable of becoming a no-mind as any Gautam Buddha--that it is not a special quality given to a few people, that it is not a talent. Everybody cannot be a painter, and everybody cannot be a poet--those are talents.

Everybody cannot be a genius--those are given qualities from birth. But everybody can be enlightened--that is the only thing about which communism is right. And strangely enough, that is the only thing communism denies.

Enlightenment is the only thing, the only experience where everybody is equal--equally capable. And it does not depend on your acts, it does not depend on your prayers, it does not depend on whether you believe in God or not. It depends only on one thing and that is a little taste, and suddenly you become confident that you are capable of it. My speaking is just to give you confidence. So I can tell a story, I can tell a joke--

absolutely unrelated!...

My own understanding and experience is that the idea of sin, the idea of virtue, the idea of reward, the idea of punishment, heaven and hell, are simply ideas to exploit you, to keep you under control. It is a psychological bondage, because I don't see any point....

My own experience is that if you can be silent, and if you can transcend mind and your consciousness can grow, it does not matter what you are doing; your actions are not counted at all, only your consciousness....

So I have changed it completely. Religions were insisting on action; my

insistence is on consciousness, and consciousness can grow only in silence. Silence is the right soil for consciousness. When you are noisy you cannot be very alert and conscious. When you are conscious and alert, you cannot be noisy--they cannot co-exist.

So my speaking, my talking should not be categorized with any other kind of oratory; it is a device for meditation to bring confidence in you which has been taken away by religions. Instead of confidence, they have given you guilt which pulls you down and keeps you sad. Once you become confident that great things are available to you, you will not feel inferior, you will not feel guilty--you will feel blessed. You will feel that existence has prepared you to be one of the peaks of consciousness. But you have not been going accordingly; you have been following the priests who have destroyed your dignity and your pride.

You say, "I realized that it is easier to become silent while listening to you than in any other meditation," because in those other meditations you are alone. It will take a little time to gain confidence--that's why I am speaking morning and evening, almost for thirty years continuously.

Perhaps two or three times in these thirty years, I have stopped because I was not feeling well; otherwise I have continued to speak.

Every morning and evening I want to give you the confidence that you are losing in your meditations. When you are meditating, of course it is *you* who are meditating; your mind goes on with its old habit. And many people who have not been given the confidence have turned back. They try meditation for a few days and it becomes a failure and a sadness that it doesn't happen. And they start thinking, "Perhaps my evil acts of the past life"--which the religions have forced in your mind--"or perhaps my belief in God is not total; something is wrong with me."

I want you to be absolutely certain that nothing is wrong with anybody; all wrongs have been fed into you.

Religions have not been helpful in creating a better humanity. They have only destroyed all that was beautiful in man; they have stopped its growth, they have cut the very roots. Man has remained a pygmy in the world of

consciousness.

I have changed the whole focus. I don't say to you that you have to do this, you have not to do that, that this is sin and this is virtue. I say only,

simply be alert and conscious and silent and blissful, and everything else will follow. Alone, it will take a little time for you. As your confidence becomes more and more solid, then alone also you will be able to be silent.

With me, to be silent is easier because of one other reason--I am silent; even while I am speaking I am silent. My innermost being is not involved at all. What I am saying to you is not a disturbance or a burden or a tension to me; I am as relaxed as one can be. Speaking or not speaking does not make any difference to me.

Naturally, this kind of state is infectious. Seeing me, being here in my presence, looking into my eyes...even watching my hands, you can feel that they are the gestures of a silent man. Slowly, slowly you become infected, contagious; moreover, around a silent man there is a certain energy field created....

A man of silence moves with a certain field of energy around him, and if you are receptive, his vibe starts touching your heart.

Have you noticed? A husband and wife, if they have really been in love, non-possessive, non-jealous--and if they have helped each other to remain individuals and they have deep respect for each other--living a long life, for fifty years together, you will be surprised to know...it is a well-known fact noticed down the ages that they start looking almost the same. Their voices, their eyes, their faces, their gestures...they become so harmonious with each other.

Certainly, between a master and disciple the phenomenon is a millionfold greater, because there is no conflict at all. And particularly with a man like me--I am not in any way forcing you to be disciples, and I will not prevent anybody from leaving me. I welcome you when you are here; if you leave, my welcome remains the same. My love does not change. You can go away, you can even betray me, but my love remains the same.

There is no contract between me and you; you are here out of your freedom, any moment you can go. I am here out of my freedom; you don't bind me.

In this state of freedom the master and disciple can come closest, and naturally energy flows from the higher to the lower. It is just like water coming from a mountaintop towards the valley....

You say, "When you stop talking, everything seems to stop for a moment and I get a glimpse of what meditation can be." You have forgotten to note one thing. What you have noted is right, that you get a glimpse of what meditation can be. You have forgotten to note that you are capable

of having such silent moments, that you see that meditation is not something impossible, that it is not only for any exceptional category of people, that it is available to everybody. You have pointed out one thing absolutely correctly, but you have forgotten to see that you are also capable of being silent, which is very important to remember.

Because I cannot go on speaking the whole day to keep you in meditative moments, I want you to become responsible. Accepting that you are capable of being silent will help you when you are meditating alone.

Knowing your capacity...and one comes to know one's capacity only when one experiences it. There is no other way.

You are saying, "These are the most precious moments for me. Osho, why is it easier to become silent in your presence?" In my presence you forget your own ego, you forget yourself. The emphasis should be not on me, the emphasis should be on you, on the fact that in my presence you love me, you respect me, you trust me, so you put aside your defense measures--your ego is your defense measure.

Pay more attention to it, to why you become silent. Don't make me wholly responsible for your silence, because that will create a difficulty for you.

Alone, what are you going to do? Then it becomes a kind of addiction, and I don't want you to be addicted to me. I don't want to be a drug to you.

The so-called masters and teachers of the religions of the whole world--I have come across almost all kinds and all categories of teachers--want their disciples to be addicted to them, to be dependent on them. That is their power trip. I don't have any power trip. I love you, whether you are with me or not with me.

I want you to be independent and confident that you can attain these precious moments on your own.

If you can attain them with me, there is no reason why you cannot attain them without me, because I am not the cause. You have to understand what is happening: listening to me, you put your mind aside. Listening to the ocean, or listening to the thundering of the clouds, or listening to the rain falling heavily, just put your ego aside, because there is no need...The ocean is not going to attack you, the rain is not going to attack you, the trees are not going to attack you--there is no need of any defense. To be vulnerable to life as such, to existence as such, you will be getting these moments continuously--soon it will become your very life.

If you ask me, I have almost forgotten the taste of misery; and because I have forgotten the taste of misery and suffering and anxiety, I have also

slowly been forgetting the taste of joy, blissfulness, ecstasy--they have become natural. Just as a healthy man does not feel continuously that he is healthy, only sick people become interested in health. The moment that you have become healthy...coming out of your sickness, you will feel health but when it becomes your natural experience of every day, every moment, you don't have any contrast of sickness to compare it with.

You don't know your head unless you have a headache--have you observed it? Do you become aware of your head? You become aware of your head only when you have a headache. A headache gives you the idea--people who have not experienced headaches, don't know what it is to have a healthy head without any headaches.

All our experiences depend on their opposites. If you cannot taste the bitter, you cannot taste anything sweet either--they go together. If you cannot see darkness, you cannot see light. And if you are continuously in one state,

you start forgetting about it.

That's what I call going beyond enlightenment--the day you start forgetting that you are enlightened, the day it becomes just the natural course of your life, ordinary, nothing special. The way you breathe, the way your heart beats, the way your blood runs in the body, enlightenment also becomes part of your being. You forget all about it.

When you ask the question, I am reminded that yes, there is an experience called enlightenment. But when I am sitting alone I never remember that I am enlightened, that would be crazy! It has become such a natural, ordinary experience.

First go beyond mind. Then go beyond enlightenment too. Don't get stuck anywhere until you are simply an ordinary part of the existence, with the trees, with the birds, with the animals, with the rivers, with the mountains. You feel a deep harmony--no superiority, no inferiority.

Gautam Buddha had some glimpses of going beyond enlightenment. He mentioned it, that there is a possibility of going beyond enlightenment.

He did not say that he had gone beyond it, but he recognizes the fact that there should be a state when you forget all about enlightenment.

You have been so healthy, you have forgotten all about health; only then have you come home. Finally even enlightenment is a barrier--the last barrier.

Now a joke for you, not related to anything! I am grateful to you that you allow me to say anything that I want; you don't object.... *invita14*

Osho has a clipboard with copies of the sutras, questions and jokes. While he refers to these there is silence, and anticipation

What is the hidden mystery in the silence between the pages in front of you?

All that I want to say to you is in my gaps. I use the words only to create gaps. So when I am simply looking at the pages, I am giving you a chance

to receive the message which cannot be said in words, which can only be relayed, transferred, in utter silence.

There is an ancient proverb: "People will believe anything, if you whisper it." Particularly if you want the women to hear anything, whisper it! But I go one step further. If you really want to express the truth, don't say anything about it, just leave the gap. Let people hear without your saying anything. That's the only way truth has always been transferred--from one silent heart to another silent heart.

In utter silence is the only possibility to meet, to merge, to share.

A joke for you.... The purpose of the joke is not the joke. The purpose is the laughter that follows, because in that laughter your thinking stops.

In that laughter, you are no more mind. And after the laughter, just a very small gap and I can reach to the deepest core of your being. *invita09*

This beautiful silence...this is my creation.

Thousands of lotuses suddenly start flowering.

Thousands of hearts suddenly become a tremendous harmony, a song, a blissfulness. *satyam30*

I am giving you these moments of silence for a single purpose. I don't have a teaching, I have only strategies for transformation. I speak to you not to convey anything in particular, I speak to you so that I can give you a few gaps of silence.

Listening to me, there are two possible ways: the way of the scholar--he will listen to my words--and the way of the seeker, who will listen to my silences.

My silences are my communion with you.

My words are only to divide small pieces of silences for you. One word is being used only so that before I utter another word, you can feel a silence sweeping over you. Nobody has used language in this way. Language is

just creating possibilities for silence. Alone, your chattering mind does not allow you to be silent. But with me, I am chattering and you are freed at least for a few moments because in those moments you are waiting for what I am going to say. Naturally, a waiting gives you an experience of silence. *mani18*

Just a joke to make this silence deeper.... First experience this silence, so that after the laughter you can experience the deepness of it...how laughter can make silence deeper, how laughter can make love deeper, how laughter can make meditation deeper. But first, feel it.... *pilgr09*

This silence is beautiful, but each laughter makes the silence go deeper.

Have you observed it or not? After each laughter, there is a deeper layer of silence revealing itself to you. It is almost like being on a road, and a car passes with its headlights on. Suddenly there is light where there was darkness. But once the car has gone, the darkness becomes darker.

Something almost similar happens; hence I have started calling my jokes

"the time for prayer." *mani16*

Be more alert and watch and note down whenever you see something hilarious happening--and particularly in my place. Where do you think I get all these jokes? My people just go on watching each other and creating jokes and informing me. I never go out. But people are learning watchfulness, so they come across so many hilarious things in themselves and in others.... They go on preparing jokes for me.

I'm never short of jokes, because in my place in twenty-four hours there is nothing else to do. It is a continuous carnival. *chit02*

I have made you serious again! Once in a while I forget. So for no reason at all, just for a good laugh, because I hate to leave Buddha Hall unless I see you all are rejoicing and laughing... *pilgr06*

Last night you did great. I went on hearing your laughter for almost half an hour. I loved it so much that my people are starting to learn how to pray. Don't be miserly as far as laughter is concerned; that is the only miserliness

I hate. *satyam19*

Osho's discourses become more intimate and personal

Osho's discourses become more intimate and personal as friends arrive from around the world to sit with him again

You are asking, "What is this longing to be close to You?" Translated rightly, it is the longing to be close to yourself.

I am no more than a mirror. You see something of your originality reflected, something of your beauty reflected, something that you are missing, and missing very deeply. It is like a wound in you. You want it to be healed, and you know if you come closer, it will be healed. It is not knowledge gathered from books, it is your intrinsic wisdom.

It is almost like: a moth finds it irresistible to go close whenever it sees a beautiful flame, although it knows that by going closer to the flame it will be consumed. But moths are not skeptical, not doubting--they trust in their longing. Knowing that their death is sure, they also know somewhere deep within their consciousness that after death is resurrection. Nobody has told them.

This longing to be close to me is the longing of a moth to be close to the flame.

"To rest my head on Your feet"--this is something very strange, of which the West is absolutely unaware. The East, for thousands of years, has understood the longing; it is an energy phenomenon.

The master is almost like a river that is coming down from the hills, with all the coolness, with all the songs of the forest, with all the beauty of the wild animals.

The East has understood it, that if you put your head on the feet of the master, his energy will start flowing into you. It can flow only from his feet.

Energy cannot go upwards. It follows exactly the same law as water: it goes downwards....

"What is this longing to be close to you, to rest my head on your feet, to dance so wildly that the Rolls Royce stops, to play the guitar and sing so loudly, to look into and drown in your eyes, to stop breathing when you move your hand? What is this irresistable pull to be physically close to you?"

Just a natural longing of every disciple to be drowned in the blissful energy, loving energy, in the ecstasy of the master. And to be drowned in the ecstasy of the master, one wants to dance madly so that the ego disappears and only dance remains--because the ego cannot dissolve into the master, but the dance can dissolve. To sing so loudly and so

madly that the singer disappears; only then the song can dissolve into the master.

And because you are not yet aware of the whole phenomenon, you think it is "a pull to be physically close to You." There you are not understanding your own longing clearly, only very vaguely. It is not a question of physical closeness, it is a question of spiritual closeness. But because you have known yourself only as body, you are absolutely unaware of the treasures of your soul.

The body is there today, tomorrow it may not be; but your soul is going to be forever. The irresistable urge is to let your soul, your consciousness, become one with the master. I have called that state the state of a devotee.

The student is only intellectually interested; the disciple comes closer--he is not only intellectually interested, it is not only his curiosity to know more and more--the disciple wants to *be* more and more. But there comes a limit, when the disciple cannot resist the urge to be one with the master, to be one with the beloved. This is a spiritual urge.

But everybody feels it first as if it is an urge to be physically close. *spirit26*

When you look at someone as a master, your eyes radiate so much love that the love people are accustomed to knowing is left far behind. The ordinary, biological love becomes almost a contempt. The moment you have known, and your eyes are filled with the love for a master.... Falling in

love with a beautiful body is one thing; it is very superficial. Falling in love

with

a

beautiful

being

has

an

additional

depth,

immeasurable. *zara119*

When I am looking at you, it is not only that I am looking at you; you are also looking at me. The abyss has its own ways of gazing into you. The empty sky also gazes into you, the faraway star also looks into you. And if the abyss is allowed to gaze into you, soon you will find a great harmony between yourself and the silence of the abyss, you will also become part of the abyss. The abyss will be outside you and also inside you. *golden05*

I am as many as you are; my heart is beating in you. Without you I don't have any purpose to be here. Just a thin thread of love is keeping me amongst you. It all depends on you--as you grow more, I am more....

Your hands are my hands, and your eyes are my eyes, and only if this happens, you rise from disciplehood to the status of a devotee. So your

feeling is perfectly correct. I am talking to you just to keep you engaged so that I can work in other ways on you, on your heart.

It is spiritual surgery. Unless you are silent, quiet, calm, just absorbed in listening to me, I cannot do the subtle work. My speaking is nothing but

anesthesia. *razor24*

I rarely promise--but if you are absolutely certain that you will go on digging deeper and deeper to the very ultimate center of your being, I promise you I will be there to welcome you. Because the center is one...we are different only on the periphery.

Just think of a circle and a center: from the center towards the circle many lines can go. On the periphery those lines are very distant; as they move towards the center they come closer, and closer, and closer, and closer. And those who have reached the center are all ready to welcome you.

Not only will I be there, you will also find all those people whom I have been talking about. Just reach to the center, so I can introduce you to Chuang Tzu, to Lao Tzu, to Kabir, to Gautam Buddha, to Eknath, to Hotei, to Tilopa, Naropa...unique people; every one a unique flower, with a fragrance of his own.

And it is not only a promise to you (the questioner), it is a promise to you all: the day you reach the center, you will find me there ahead of you. I am already there, just waiting for you. Don't get lost on the way: reach to the very end. *spirit09*

These sannyasins have taken a tremendous step. They have risked their established mind to enquire into the unfamiliar and the unknown--and ultimately, the unknowable. They have put aside all their explanations in favor of the miracle and the mystery of existence. They have dropped their ambitions, their desires for money, power, prestige, respectability.

Now their whole concern is simple and single: how to know, Who am I?...

These people have taken a courageous stand against the whole world. It is not ordinary, it is absolutely extraordinary. To stand alone like a lion, and not to be a sheep in the crowd, is the greatest courage in existence.

Very few people are able to get out of the mass psychology, of the collective mind. The collective mind gives a certain sense of false security. Naturally it gives you the idea that so many people--there are five billion

people on the planet--cannot be wrong. Naturally there is no need for you to search for the truth individually. All these people have discovered it; it is easier and cheaper just to follow them...just to be a

Christian, or a Hindu, or a Mohammedan, or a communist. It is very easy when a crowd surrounds you to feel warm and cozy.

Standing alone like a tall Lebanon cedar, utterly alone in the sky, far away from the earth, almost reaching to the stars...But the beauty of the cedars of Lebanon--their courage to go beyond the crowd, their courage to be alone...

Gautam Buddha used to call sannyas a lion's roar. So whenever I am in a gap, if you are in tune with me, you are in a gap. Then you will become aware that you are surrounded by a strange crowd. It is not the ordinary crowd of the marketplace--these are seekers, these are enquirers. These are people who are ready to sacrifice everything for the truth. These are the people who have renounced all borrowed knowledge and are in search of something of their own, because that which is not yours, is not right. It may have been right for Gautam Buddha, it may have been right for Jesus Christ, but it is not right for you.

You are a unique individual in your own right.

You have to find the truth alone, not by following somebody else's footsteps. The world of truth is something like the sky where birds fly but don't leave any footprints. The world of truth also has no footprints of Jesus or Gautam Buddha or Lao Tzu. It is the world of consciousness: where can you leave the footprints? *pilgr25*

Osho is ill

For three weeks in April and May, 1987, Osho is il and unable to give discourses *When I saw you the other morning, you seemed so totally fresh, so new, so radiant--deeper, and higher, and vaster than ever before. What has happened to you in these days of silence?*

There are many things that have not been told by the mystics to people, just so that they don't freak out. One of the things is the moment you

become aware, conscious, reaches which were unknown to you before become available. Your contact with the body becomes loose, particularly after enlightenment.

The general understanding is that you will be more healthy. You are in an inner sense more healthy, but as far as your body is concerned, you become more fragile. So whenever I have a great opportunity of being

sick, I use it--just resting under my blankets, being utterly silent. I love to be sick, to tell you the truth, because then I can sleep twenty hours, at least. It is sleep to the outside people; but to me it is a deep meditation.

So, because both my arms and their joints are in bad shape, I cannot even participate in your rejoicing and in your music. I have been resting completely. And whatever I do, I do totally. That may have given you the idea that I looked "totally fresh, new, radiant--deeper and higher and vaster than ever before."

I am always the same. But as you become more and more centered inward, even to look outside is a strain on the eyes, even to speak a word is a strain because effort has to be made. Otherwise the silence cannot be translated in any way and conveyed to you. *golden15*

You are saying, "I see you here every day, so radiant, so full of light, so far away from the everyday reality of my life."

Don't take it for granted, because one day you will not see me. And then you will repent for all those old days when I was alive and available, and could have helped you in every possible way. It is a strange thing about the human mind that you become aware of things only when you have lost them. When you have them, you tend to forget them--they become too obvious.

You are saying, "You are a shining beacon showing the way, and the possibility of something more that can happen in me."

How long are you going to see me just as a shining beacon showing the way? It is time. You should walk on the way; otherwise, what purpose is my

beckoning, my shining, my calling you forth, if you don't move a single inch? Just don't get lost in enjoying my presence; it has to become your experience too, and for that, you have to walk the way. Gautam Buddha is reported to have said, "Buddhas can only show the way, they cannot walk for you." Nobody can do that. It is just not part of the nature of things....

Now you are saying, "It does not seem to matter really anymore, each day seeing you again is enough in itself."

That is a very dangerous conclusion, because one day certainly you will not see me. I cannot help it. I would love to remain with you forever, but that is not how things happen. Today I'm with you, tomorrow is uncertain, and the day after tomorrow it is certain that I will have to leave.

You can be nourished by my presence, you can drink me, you can allow yourself to be showered by me; but all these things should create a passion to reach to the same state in which I am. Otherwise, you will not be able to console yourself--your misery will be great because you have made me something ultimate.

My presence is momentary. We are together for the moment--for a few moments at the most--and then we have to depart. And this departure cannot be canceled. So enjoy it, but don't be contented with it. The enjoyment of my presence and your love for me should be shown by your passionate search for enlightenment. There is no other way. *rebel03*

Growth of Osho's new commune

The commune is rapidly growing around Osho again, along the lines he recommended during his world tour. There is no organisation. A few residents take care of administration of the premises.

You say: *Sometimes I am blessed by this overwhelming feeling that this commune is becoming gently one body, one organism, one heartbeat. Am I dreaming? Am I once more the usual utopian? Oh, amore, please tell me it is not a dream.*

Sarjano, it is a dream that is coming true, but it is a dream--not *your* dream,

but the dream of everybody who is here....

When the commune in America was crushed, almost bulldozed criminally, anyone in my place would have dropped the idea--but I am stubborn! I will go on till my last breath...or even after that.

Sarjano, what is happening here *again* is that the dream is becoming true. And we have learned much in the destruction of the commune in America--it has not been a bad experience. Learning is always good, and learning always comes through failures. The commune had succeeded, almost succeeded.

Here, we will avoid those possibilities of destruction. It is better to continue to dream for a better humanity than to settle into sadness and pessimism. Things are still coming together again. People are returning and they are more experienced now. They know not to have a structure that is capable of being destroyed. Something totally new, a more organic body, not a dictatorial regime; no enforcement of ten to twelve hours'

work, but a more joyous, life-affirmative...Each according to his need, each according to his choice. We are making every effort not to disturb

anybody's individuality, not to sacrifice any individual for the commune.

On the contrary, make every individual as strong as possible, because that will be the total strength of the commune--and the seeds have started sprouting.

You are right, Sarjano, when you say, "Sometimes I am blessed by this overwhelming feeling that this commune is becoming gently one body, one organism, one heartbeat. Am I dreaming?" No, it is a reality that is happening.

"Am I once more the usual utopian?" We are making every effort to change the meaning of the word, ùtopia'. The meaning of the word ùtopia' is that which never happens, and we are determined to change the meaning. We are committed to the idea that utopia is that which *can* happen. Its old definition has to be changed totally. Utopia is the very heart of human

beings. A man without dreams for a better humanity is not a man, he is a desert.

"Oh, amore, please tell me it is not a dream." Sarjano, it is both: it is not a dream because the dream is turning into reality, but it is still a dream because much more has to be done. You should not be satisfied.

This is a dream which goes on growing with new possibilities, with new dimensions. But we are determined to create it, to make it a reality. This is our religion. We are not interested in going to paradise; we are interested in making the paradise come here. It all depends on our love, on our silence, on our peace, on our meditation, and being aware and alert not to fall again into any trap of the vested interests.

Once the tree has become strong, has gained roots in the earth, it will be difficult for anybody to destroy it....

Be clear in your vision, be conscious in your efforts. The dream is gaining roots and I hope soon we will see the flowers. They are not far away. *invita01*

In this temple you are allowed to be yourself without any inhibitions. I would like this to happen all over the world. This is only the beginning.

Here, start living moment to moment totally and intensely, joyfully and playfully--and you will see that nothing goes out of control; that your intelligence becomes sharper; that you become younger; that your love becomes deeper. And when you go out into the world, wherever you go, spread life, playfulness, joy, as far away as possible--to every nook and corner of the earth.

If the whole world starts laughing and enjoying and playing, there will be a great revolution. *spirit17*

You ask: *All these years with you in the commune, I did what I was told.*

Now it is up to me, but who am I to know what to do?

I want you to be meditative; I want you to have some time to relax; I want

you to have some time to think about the vital problems of life, and to do something about them.

And we have all the arrangements for meditations, for group therapies, for counseling, for all kinds of possibilities that can help you to become a spiritual giant.

The work is needed because you need food, you need clothes. So, it is good working five hours--and that should also not be too tight. Here we are not going to create an army to conquer the world. We are creating a commune of individuals with their own spirituality, unhindered, uninterfered with. We want them to cleanse their minds, sharpen their intelligence and enter into the deepest center of their being. Those four, five hours' work is just to keep you alive so that you can meditate, so that you can realize one day a consciousness full of light, full of joy.

Here nobody is going to tell you what to do. I want you to find what you can do the best, what you would like to do; that which you can enjoy, which will not be a burden, which will not be imposed on you, which will be your own creativity.

I want your work also to be part of your spiritual growth; not against it, but for it. But that can come only from your own spontaneity. You have to take the responsibility on yourself.

I want individuals to be absolutely free, responsible, alert, aware, neither allowing anybody to dictate to them; nor allowing themselves to dictate to anybody. It has to be a beautiful communion. It is not based on any dictatorial ideology. It is based, basically, on ultimate freedom.

And if freedom is the ultimate goal then it should be your first step too, because only the first step will lead you to the last step. It is not possible that your whole life you are just a beast of burden, doing things that people tell you to do and then suddenly one day you will become enlightened. That is not possible.

You will have to take all the responsibility for what you are doing. And you will have to grow in your consciousness and awareness so that only

the right flows through your actions, so that whatever you do beautifies the commune, helps people.

This is a gathering, not a crowd; it is a brotherhood, not a factory. Here, every individual has an equal opportunity to grow into whatsoever he wants to grow. And my whole effort is that you should not be interfered with....

Now, stand up on your own two legs. Remember that you are alone, there is no God, there are no messengers, and there is no dictator. You have to be decisive about your own life. It is your life and you have to live it according to your own style. Only then you can make your life a celebration; otherwise it is burdened with so many rules and regulations that you cannot dance with that much burden. *invita10*

What place does a structured meditation technique have in the lives of your sannyasins, both when we are living near you and when we are away?

Is it sufficient to sit in meditation in your presence or listen to a video, and then to carry that meditativeness into the rest of the day, or should additional time be set aside to do zazen or vipassana?

It is up to everyone's convenience.

If you feel that it is not enough to be meditative in all your activities, then it is perfectly good to have some small time just for meditation. But if you feel that you have the same joy, the same silence when you are doing your work meditatively as when you are sitting especially for meditation, then there is no need.

Ultimately, there should be no need. For the beginners I am saying, at your convenience. But finally, your whole life should be nothing but a meditation. Whatever you do should be a meditation. And there should be no separate, particularly structured timetable. That is for the beginners. And I don't think you are beginners; now it is time enough not to be beginners. *turnin08*

Meditation is only a word to you. It has not become a taste, it has not been a nourishment, it has not been an experience for you; hence I can

understand your difficulty. But you have also to understand my difficulty: your diseases may be many, but I have only one medicine, and my difficulty is to go on selling the same medicine for different patients, different diseases. I don't care what your disease is, because I know I have got only one medicine.

Whatever your disease I will discuss it, but finally you have to accept the same medicine. It never changes. As far as I know, in these thirty-five years it has never changed. I have seen millions of people, millions of different questions, and even before I hear their questions, I know the answer. It does not matter what their question is; what matters is how to manage to bring their question to my answer. *satyam16*

To me, meditation and responsibility come simultaneously. As you go deeper into yourself, you become more and more responsible. You know that there is no God. You know that everyone is suffering around you and you have found the space where no suffering is possible.

The only thing that remains for you is to share your space, to indicate the innermost being of everyone. This I consider to be the greatest creative act in existence. If you can make somebody aware of his being, his indestructible being, his immortality and eternity, you have done the greatest creative act possible.

And you have to do it, because there is no God who can do it! Only *you* can do it.

Meditation throws you upon yourself. It takes away all responsibility that you have put in the name of God. Obviously, if God has created the world, then he is responsible for everything that happens in the world. If God created man, then certainly he has created his destructiveness also, his violence, his greed, his anger, his tendency towards murder, rape, suicide. For everything God is responsible, because he has planted the seeds in you of all these things. You are free of responsibility.

Do you understand what I am saying?...

God has to disappear from the mind of man; only then will you have a

tremendous feeling of responsibility, of sharing, of helping people on the path. There is nobody else; only we are here on the earth... *alone.*

Our responsibility is tremendous. *poetry03*

Being in the role of a therapist, I seem to be able to help some people from a space of loving uninvolvement and centeredness. But I realize at the same time that I cannot see my own blind spots of unconsciousness.

It is good to realize that you cannot see your own blind spots of unconsciousness--although you are in the role of a therapist and can help others to solve their problems. It is good to be aware of it, because many therapists, psychologists, psychoanalysts, and psychiatrists fall into a trap because they can help people through their expertise. They

forget completely that their own problems have remained unsolved. In fact, they have become so much concerned in solving others' problems, they have forgotten that they also have problems to solve....

You have to go deeper into meditation and you have to help those people who come into your therapy groups towards meditation. Give them as much help as you can through your expertise, but make meditation the foundation.

And while you are running a group...as a therapist you know much more than the people who are participants, but as a meditator you can join them as a participant, not as a therapist. That will bring you closer to them. That will give you a deeper understanding of your heart, and they will also feel your humanity more clearly, more deeply, your compassion and your love.

Meditate with them. Make it a point that in every therapy group one hour should be devoted to meditation. The remaining time you work your methodology, your technique--but start with meditation and end the group in the night with meditation. People should go to sleep after meditation. After meditation they should not do anything else, so that their whole night has some aroma of meditation, some vibe of meditation continuously floating in their being. And as they wake up, they wake up in a different way than they have ever awakened before: more peaceful, more serene, more

calm, more collected.

So, the first thing should be meditation and the last thing should be meditation, and in between you do your therapy group. In times of meditation you should be a participant. You should join hands with them, you should be one amongst them. In the therapy group you have a higher position--you are more knowledgeable, they are less so. They have come for help, you are helping them--certainly you have a superiority.

But in meditation no one is superior, no one is inferior. Begin with this beautiful equality and end your group with the same phenomenon. And your therapy group will become both together: a meditative therapy or a therapeutic meditation....

Not only you, but other therapists also should make it a point: it is one of my basic approaches to create a synthesis between therapy and meditation, because that will create the final synthesis between West and East. That is a very fundamental beginning. Because the West continues to work within the mind, goes on round and round in the mind, and the East has taken steps out of the mind long before, centuries before. And what the West is searching for in the mind, the East has found beyond the mind, without any difficulty.

A synthesis is needed. Western techniques of psychotherapy can be helpful in resolving life problems, relationship problems, mundane problems, ordinary problems, but they cannot resolve your fundamental problem of the meaning of life. They cannot resolve the quest for truth.

The East can resolve the problems which are not of this world. And if both are together we can help man in both ways: we can make him more capable to live in the world--with more efficiency, with more culture, with more lovingness--and we can also help him to go into his aloneness and to move out of the world. Even though he is in the world he can remain always in touch with the eternal.

Once a man has become efficient in both, he is a healthy bird with both wings ready to fly into the vast sky--to his ultimate destiny of faraway stars. Therapy can help in such ways. *rebel26*

It is one of the stupidities that no university in the world teaches people the art of living, the art of loving, the art of meditating. And I think anything else is far lower than love, life, meditation, laughter. You may be a great surgeon, you may be a great engineer, you may be a great scientist--still you will need a sense of humor, still you will need the art of love, still you will need the art of living, still you will need all these great values in your life.

But you will be surprised: I teach only these things--love, life, laughter, and as a background for all these, meditation--but the government of India is not willing to accept this school as an institution of education.

They would accept it as an institution of education, if I was teaching geography, history, chemistry, physics--the mundane things of life.

I don't say that they should not be taught, but they should not be the only education. They should be a lower kind of education, and each university should have a higher faculty of education where you are taught real values of life...because geography cannot make you a better man, nor can history make you a better lover, nor can chemistry make you meditative.

All that is being taught in the universities cannot give you the sense of humor. You cannot laugh, you cannot dance, you cannot sing. Your life becomes almost like a desert. *zara102*

Osho guides sannyasins on living in the world

Can you say something about coming to the master and going back to the world?

You need not be worried if you have found the master in me. Then wherever you are you will find me very close, nearby--just following you like a shadow. But if you get lost into the world, that will also be a good experience, to understand that you have not found the master. In any case, these are the only two alternatives--either you will find me in your gratitude, in your love, in your peace, in your silence, in your meditations, in your joy, or you will forget about me in the crowd. In both of the ways it will be a beautiful experience and a beautiful test.

I want everybody here...those who are essential to run the commune should remain here; otherwise, people should come and go. They can manage it to be here for three months--be here three months and go back into the world.

The day you can start finding me wherever you are is the greatest day of your life. *invita27*

I would like my people to remember it: never advise unless it is your experience. In the world, advice is the only thing which everybody gives and nobody takes, so why bother? Everybody enjoys giving advice and nobody ever takes it, and the reason is that everybody knows that advice is meant for others--not for yourself.

I would like my people to remember: never advise, unless it has been your own authentic experience. Then too you can simply say, "This has been my experience. It is not necessary that it will be right for you--you can experiment. If you feel that it brings more harmony to your life, more joy, you can go ahead. If you feel it is not bringing anything...because individuals are different. What fits me may not fit you, what is medicine to me may be simply poison to you."

An absolutely alert man is always alert about what advice to give and what not to give. Even if he gives advice, it is always conditional--

conditional upon experiment. He says it only as a hypothesis: "You try a little bit--perhaps it works. If it works, good. If it does not work, don't go on doing it. It has helped me, that's true, but that does not mean that it will help everybody on the earth."

People are different; each individual is unique, and each individual needs a unique way that suits him. *tahui04*

The greatest miracle in the world is that you should dance and disappear in the dance--then let the dance do whatever it can do. That you should

love and disappear in the love--then let the love do whatever it can do.

You cannot claim that you are doing it--you have already disappeared.

In your disappearance is the whole possibility of some miracle happening. So please don't guess; otherwise deep inside your love will remain half-hearted--you are doing it for some purpose. And when love becomes a purpose it is no longer love. Your joy will become phony, because if you are joyful so something can happen in the world, you are not really joyful--you are using joy. And if your dance is a means towards an end, it cannot be total. Unless your dance is an end in itself, there is no possibility of its being total.

And only a total dance, an authentic love, a whole-hearted joy, perhaps may create some miracles around you. But you will not be the one who has done them; you will not be the one who can brag about them. They will happen only when you are not.

God happens only when you have moved out of the way and left yourself totally empty, spacious. It is a very strange phenomenon: The guest only comes inside the house when the host disappears. *splend16*

On the surface it seems everything is going perfectly well, but deep down there is great turmoil in the unconscious layers of human beings. You are not even aware of your own unconscious nightmares, but humanity is suffering as it has never suffered before.

It is restless as it has never been before. It has forgotten the language of relaxation, it has forgotten the language of totality, it has forgotten the language of intensity. And all those qualities are needed to make your meditation a revolution in your being. It is not a question of morality, not a question of character, not a question of virtue--religions have been concerned with all those things for thousands of years, and they have not been successful in changing man. It is a totally different approach, a different dimension: the dimension of energy and the concentration of energy.

And just as atomic energy is the explosion of a small atom into its constituents of electrons, protons and neutrons--it is not visible tot he eyes, but the explosion is so vast that it can destroy a great city like Nagasaki or Hiroshima--exactly parallel is the inner explosion of the living cell. The atomic energy is outside and destructive--objective and destructive. The

inner energy, the subjective cell of your being, has the same qualities, the same tremendous power once it explodes--but it is creative.

It is a chain reaction: one cell inside you explodes, and then other cells inside you start exploding in a chain. The whole life becomes a festival of lights. Every gesture becomes a dance; every movement becomes sheer joy....

I am trying to change the whole pattern of religious thinking. I am trying to say to you: This is your home; this very moment is your paradise. It all depends on you. You do not need to be virtuous to dance totally; you do not need to be learned to dance totally; you do no need to be pious to dance totally. To dance totally, all that is needed is that we accept the reality only of this moment. We will accept the reality of the next moment when it arrives, but we will not be waiting for it.

All the religions have been teaching you to wait. I am teaching to live, to love, to dance, to sing--and don't wait. *splend15*

I used to be very hopeful. Still, I go on hoping against hope that perhaps, in a very dangerous situation, man may awaken. But there seems to be a sadness in my heart because I can see that if nothing is done, then this century is going to be our end.

And not only *our* end, but the end of the whole of existence's dream of creating consciousness....

My sadness is not about myself. I am absolutely contented. Death cannot take anything from me. My sadness is concerned with the whole of humanity, because their death will take away any opportunity of their becoming enlightened, of their becoming blissful, of their knowing meaning and significance. They have lived in darkness. Are they going to die in darkness too?

I would like my people, at least, not to waste time in postponing their own growth, because politicians are absolutely prepared to destroy each other--to destroy all and everything. Their lust for power has come to the climax. Before they succeed in committing a global suicide, at least *you* should

have known the god that exists within you.

You should spread your joy and your silence and your laughter to anybody you come in contact with. You cannot give a better gift to your friends, to your acquaintances, to your lovers, to your children.

The time is very short and the work is tremendous, but if you have courage, the challenge can be accepted. Don't depend on politicians; they cannot do anything; they are not even aware of where they have been leading humanity--into what darkness....

I was hopeful, but as the days have passed and I have become more and more acquainted with the stupidity of man...I still hope but just out of old habit; really my heart has accepted the fact that only a few people can be saved. The whole of humanity is determined to destroy itself. And these are the people...if you tell them how they can be saved, they will crucify you. They will stone you to death. Going around the world, I still laugh, but there is a subtle sadness in it. I still dance with you but it is no longer with the same enthusiasm as it was ten years ago.

It seems that the higher powers of consciousness are helpless against the lower and ugly powers of politicians. The higher is always fragile, like a roseflower; you can destroy it with a stone. That does not mean that the stone becomes higher than the roseflower; it simply means the stone is unconscious of what it is doing.

The crowds are unconscious of what they are doing, and the politicians belong to the crowd. They are their representatives. And when blind people are leading other blind people, it is almost impossible to wake them up; because the question is not only that they are asleep--they are blind too.

There is not time enough to cure their eyes. There is time enough to wake them but not enough time to cure their eyes. So now I have confined myself completely to my own people. That is my world, because I know those who are with me may be asleep, but they are not blind.

They can be awakened. *splend07*

Enlightenment is the greatest revolution you can conceive of because it destroys all fictions, all rituals, all gods, all traditions, all scriptures. It leaves you with only the essential consciousness of your own being. Its trust in consciousness is so total that there is no need of anything else.

It has not been said as clearly as I am putting it...I want to make it absolutely clear that the very idea of enlightenment is against all religions. Or, in other words, the only authentic religion is that of enlightenment. All other religions are part of the marketplace; they are businesses exploiting human helplessness, exploiting human weakness, exploiting human limitations.

Enlightenment is a rebellion against all traditions, against all priests, against all religions, because it declares that there is nothing higher than man's consciousness. And man is not suffering because some stupid man in the past disobeyed a fictitious God; man is not suffering because of millions of lives of evil acts. Man is suffering for the simple reason that he does not know himself. His ignorance about himself is the only cause of his suffering, misery, torture.

Enlightenment brings everything to a very simple and scientific conclusion. It pinpoints that all that you need is to learn the art of awareness....

Enlightenment is the key, the only key which opens all the realities and all the blessings and all the potentials which have been hidden within you. You are a seed: enlightenment is nothing but finding the right soil and waiting for the spring to come.

Enlightenment is such a radical standpoint.

It is not another religion.

It is the only religion.

All other religions are pseudo....

Enlightenment is the very essence of human dignity, human grandeur. It is certainly the key.... It is the golden key. And for anybody in the world who really wants to be religious, except enlightenment there is no other way.

tahui34

Russian Sannyasins, and Osho's prediction on Gorbachev

In May 1987, Osho predicts that the Soviet Union wil open up, and dedicates a book to Gorbachev

You say: *After six years of sannyas and a long struggle with authorities, I succeeded in leaving my home country--the Soviet Union. Sitting in darshan just a few meters from you, I remembered all my sannyasin friends who are not able to travel to you, and my joy was mixed with deep sadness. Do you see the Soviet Union under Gorbachev becoming a more open society, so that your message of love and meditation will spread more easily there?*

I can understand your sadness for those friends in the Soviet Union who cannot reach me. But the night in Soviet Union seems to be coming to an end. The man, Gorbachev, is, perhaps for the first time in the whole history of the Russian Revolution, a man who has an insight into human

values and is trying his best to make the Soviet Union a really communist democracy, an open society....

Gorbachev's coming into power is a great hope, because the man does not seem to be a politician. He is a man in politics, but he is not a politician. His vision is for a better humanity--it is not confined to the Soviet Union alone. And he is slowly relaxing the dictatorial bureaucracy that has grown up like a monster in the past sixty years.

He is taking one of the most risky steps. If he succeeds...and I hope that he will succeed For sixty years half of humanity has lived under such tremendous slavery that it can be expected that a second revolution will come. And a second revolution will be bigger than the first, greater than the first. The first revolution in the Soviet Union destroyed feudalism; the second revolution will destroy the dictatorship and the slavery of millions of people.

Gorbachev to me is almost a reincarnation of Lenin. In the world of politics,

he is the only man I have any respect for.

It will not be a long time until the Soviet Union becomes an open society, and it will be possible for my sannyasins to come to me. It will be possible for them to be sannyasins openly.

I have dedicated my book on human rights to Gorbachev and Sakharov--

I have never dedicated any of my books to anybody before--because I can see a ray of light in this man, and a courage to create a second revolution which will be bigger than the first. The sannyasins in the Soviet Union should help this second revolution to the utmost of their capacity.

Gorbachev needs every support of all those who believe in freedom, who believe in individuality, and who respect differences in people; who are not of a fascist mind to impose themselves on others, but of a democratic spirit to help everybody to be himself.

Gorbachev has a task which not only can make the Soviet Union an open society, but will prove that all condemnation by the American politicians of the Soviet Union is utterly false and baseless. The Soviet Union becoming an open society will take away all the power that America has accumulated by creating fear in the world against it. If that fear disappears, the power of America will disappear with it. America does not want the Soviet Union to become an open society....

The question of a nuclear victory is simply not possible. And Gorbachev is the first man who has seen the fact that with the invention of nuclear weapons, the third world war has become an impossibility--because nobody can win, nobody can be victorious. If a third world war happens,

everybody will be destroyed. There will not be somebody left even to write the history of what happened in the third world war....

Give the message to my sannyasins in the Soviet Union: "Your day has come." Just as the first revolution had come unexpectedly to the Soviet Union, even more unexpectedly the second revolution is coming--it has already begun. They should rejoice and make every effort to help

Gorbachev in making the Soviet Union the land of freedom, love, friendship, respect to human life. It is going to happen--you can take it from me, almost as a prediction....

I predict that Gorbachev is going to succeed in bringing the second and greater revolution to Russia, and his revolution in the Soviet Union is going to affect everything in the whole world.

I would like my sannyasins to meet him--they have to meet him to present my book that I have dedicated to him. Invite him to come to my people here whenever he needs a little encouragement and hope, whenever he needs a spiritual support, a nourishment. And tell him that his meetings with Ronald Reagan are not going to fulfill anything, but if he dances with my sannyasins he will gather a new spirit, a new joy to accept the great challenge that is his destiny.

And it will not be long before sannyasins from the Soviet Union will be allowed to come here, and my sannyasins from other countries will be entering into the Soviet Union.

I have gone around the world--except to the Soviet Union. It will be an immense help for Gorbachev to make the Soviet Union an open society if he invites me and my people.... Nobody else can destroy the people who are full of lust for power, and nobody else can revive the spirit of the people which has been repressed for sixty years.

If my people just go and sing and dance and move around in the Soviet Union, they will create an atmosphere in which Gorbachev can work more easily for the second great revolution. This is my message for my sannyasins, and for Gorbachev, and for Sakharov.

So when you go back, meet Sakharov and tell him from me that he should make arrangements for my sannyasins in the Soviet Union to meet with Gorbachev. He is the right person, in the right place, in the right moment.
golden17

You are asking me, do I have a special message for this great man, Gorbachev, who is bringing a second revolution in the Soviet Union? Yes, I

have a message for him. And my message is not special, but the same

as it is for every human being, wherever he exists. But the situation is certainly special....

My message to Gorbachev is: Introduce meditations in the schools, in the colleges, in the universities; open the doors for Zen, for Tao, for Hassidism, and let people see that the essential religion is not a bondage, but the ultimate freedom. All other freedoms are small--political, economical, social. The only freedom that cannot be destroyed by anybody, and cannot be taken away by anybody, is of the spirit. He is trying to introduce political freedom, freedom of expression. These are good, but they are not enough; they are all superficial.

The Soviet Union is in a very special state. For sixty years they have been denied.... There is a deep longing for truth, for freedom, for love--it is almost like a land that has been lying unused for sixty years, waiting for its spring, waiting for someone to sow seeds. It has gathered so much potential and power that if you sow the seeds this land can produce the most beautiful flowers, the richest crops.

Gorbachev himself has to be introduced to the art of meditation, and he has to open the doors and the windows to all the dimensions that have been closed for sixty years, so people can choose the method to find themselves. A spiritual realization has to be made available to the people of the Soviet land. That will be the greatest contribution Gorbachev can make. *golden21*

Just now there is an exhibition going on in the Soviet Union. I have sannyasins in the Soviet Union; of course, they have to remain underground--they cannot declare that they are sannyasins--but there are a large number of sannyasins. Our stall of books is overcrowded; it is the most successful stall even in Russia. But the people don't have money, so they are stealing books. I have informed my people, "Don't pay any attention--let them steal. At least those books will reach to millions of people, and if you catch somebody red-handed, just tell him, Ì'm not against stealing; what can you do if you don't have any money? Just keep one thing in mind: when you have read it, pass it on. That is the price.'"

They confiscated first all our videos, all our audios--because they were worried, one never knows what is in them.... Now they have released the audios and videos. They must have seen them first, the KGB must have watched everything!

The president of the exhibition was so surprised that an unknown man, who has never come to Russia...and you cannot send any book into Russia, you cannot send any newspaper, you cannot even correspond

with people; everything is censored or confiscated. They could not believe that such a crowd would be there on our bookstall the whole day. All the other bookstalls were empty.

The president came to Lani, who went from here, saying, "What is the matter?" Looking at my beard in one of the pictures he said, "Is this man something like Leo Tolstoy?"--because Leo Tolstoy had a big beautiful beard. "Why are so many people around here the whole day?" They don't know that most of them are my sannyasins! I am the only underground movement in Russia...and there was trouble. The KGB thinks that I am an American agent, and America thinks I am a Russian agent--and the Indian government thinks it is unfortunate that I was born here, because they cannot deport me. That is their trouble!

Success brings so many troubles. If I had known...

There is a beautiful song of Meera which says, "If I had known before that love brings so many agonies, I would have informed the whole world that nobody should fall in love." I can say to the world that success is not a bed of roses--not even mixed with thorns; it is completely thorns. *pilgr12*

In America, nearabout one million dollars' worth of my books were being sold every year. But suddenly no bookseller, no chain stores--who were continually saying that "your supply is not enough for our demand"--are ready to put my books in their showcases. Who is a fascist country today? America has turned into a far more fascist country than the Soviet Union or Germany has ever been. *mess114*

Osho's books; bad and good publicity

Just a few days ago one of my friends from Delhi informed me, "There is talk going on in the inner circles of the government that your books should first be censored, your tapes should first be censored, by the government. Only then can they be allowed to reach the masses."

I informed him, "Let them decide it, and they will have to face me in the Supreme Court!"

Who is the man--I would like to see his face--who is going to decide what is right in my book and what is wrong? I know all those ministers, I know most of the parliament members. They don't have the caliber or the

intelligence. None of them has ever meditated; how can they decide whether what I am saying is right or wrong?

Tomorrow they may start telling scientists, "Before you publish your papers, government bureaucrats will see whether they are right or wrong." And the government bureaucrats have no idea of science, no idea of philosophy, no idea of poetry, no idea of music. If they had any idea of poetry and science and literature and philosophy in the first place, they would not have been bureaucrats! That is the ugliest thing in the world.

To be a government bureaucrat means you have become part of an ugly machinery and you have lost your soul. You don't exist anymore as an independent thinker. *rebel31*

The other day I received a letter from Australia. Just like other lands and other continents, Australia also has a Rajneesh Foundation, and we have thousands of sannyasins in Australia. The Theosophical Society of Australia was selling my books up to now, and those books were their best sellers. This time, when the representative of the Australian Rajneesh Foundation went to the Theosophical Society, they said, "We have been ordered by our world headquarters that your books should not be sold."

The sannyasin saw that books that were written against me were being sold, and he asked about it and the man said, "I love Osho myself, and his books were our best sellers. I even wrote a letter that this is not right, but they overruled my letter and they said, `You have to do what you have been

told. Books against Osho can be sold, but literature of Osho or any literature written in his favor is banned.'"

It was not a surprise to me--but it is very inconsistent with the Theosophical Society's own philosophy. They pretend that they are synthesizing all religions, all philosophies, all approaches--just excluding my standpoint! They are exposing themselves, because this letter banning my books must have gone not only to Australia; it must have gone to Japan, it must have gone to America, it must have gone to other countries in Europe.

What is their fear? Their fear is that they cannot make my approach fit with all other religions' approaches. It stands aloof and apart and alone in its own majesty. *satyam19*

Shiva used to be sitting by my side every evening in darshan. He was a guard--not my bodyguard, just one of the guards--and his function here was that when people in darshan sometimes fell down, if they felt such an upsurge of energy that they could not manage to sit, his function was

to take them back to their seats or take them and make them lie down by the side.

I had never seen anything that could be called intelligent in him. He never wrote a single word, he never wrote any book about his experiences here. Perhaps he was so insensitive that although he was amidst tremendous experiences happening, his insensitivity did not allow him to be aware of it.

The day I left for America he followed me. Certainly in America there was a different arrangement; the whole commune was a different kind of functioning organization, and he was not chosen to be a guard....

Shiva was so much hurt because his power had been taken away that he wrote a book, *Rajneesh, the god that failed.* If he had been authentic and true he should have written, *Shiva, the guard that failed.* But nobody looks at himself; people always project on others. *satyam27*

Shiva has written a book against me, full of lies. I have told the English sannyasins to sue him in court, because what he is saying is utter

nonsense. And you can see the cunningness. In Poona, every evening I used to have a meeting for people who were taking sannyas. It was an open meeting--almost sixty, seventy, sometimes a hundred people would be present. One dozen people or maybe more would be initiated. And ten sannyasins were dancing as mediums to create a vibrant energy.

And Shiva has written in his book that every night I need ten women, without making any reference to the fact that those ten women are mediums and they dance in an open place with one hundred people watching, a dozen people present to be initiated. He does not mention that; he simply mentions every night I need ten women.

Can you see--can a person be more ugly? And he used to trust in me so much that he used to say that he can give his life--and this is what he is giving! And there are thousands of things which are absolutely wrong, fabrication, fiction, from his own mind. *mystic25*

The people who know me, who have come into deep inner communion with me, who have experienced me, remain silent.

It is not new. It is part of a strange human psychology. The positive person is humble; even to say something he feels embarrassed, because he knows that whatever he is going to say is not going to be up to the experience that he had. It is going to fall very short; hence the embarrassment.

But the negative person has no fear, no embarrassment. He has not experienced anything. And to deny or to lie, or to create a fiction, is sensational. The people who have been writing against me...all the publishers are eager to publish their books--without knowing what they are writing, all kinds of rubbish.

And a few of my sannyasins who have been with me from the very beginning have written books just to answer those lies and allegations, with facts and figures, with solid arguments.

The publishers are not willing to publish them. They say there is no sensation in it. Lies have sensation; the truth is non-sensational. And the

masses are interested in sensationalism, they are not interested in knowing the truth. Truth is simple and plain.

But this situation has to be reversed; there is a limit to everything. The positive people have to come out in the light, and tell with emphasis their own experiences and what they understand about me and my relationship to my people. Unless they come out and do it, they are in an indirect way helping the negative people. Because if those negative people are not contradicted, it becomes an argument in their favor--why are they not contradicted? *dawn14*

Maneesha is writing a book about her experiences with me. Just the other day I heard that her mother from Melbourne, Australia, has written a very angry letter, "First you made me condemned by the Christian society here in Melbourne, and now you are trying to write a book, I hear.

That means you would expose it to the whole world, and particularly in Melbourne where I will have to suffer."

And it is not any exception. Devageet has received a letter from his mother saying, "Stop writing the book," because he is also writing a book.

Now these poor mothers are in great anxiety. What are these people going to write about them?--that must be a deep fear. Secondly, they will expose that Christianity is no longer relevant, that something new, something basically discontinuous with the past is needed. And that's what sannyas is. So they must be afraid of the crowd, of the church, of the congregation, of the priest; what they will say: "Look what your son has done," or "Look what your daughter has done. You did not bring them up rightly; they have gone astray."

Everybody is concerned that everybody else should not go astray. And what do they mean by astray? You should not go in a different direction than they are going. And you know their whole life is misery, you know their whole mind is full of anxiety and agony; you have never seen them joyous. You have never felt a deep harmoniousness with your own

parents. And they have tried in every way--in your helplessness, because

every child is helpless--to force you onto the way that they think is right.

But their whole life proves that they are not right. If their life was a life of joy and songs and celebrations, the children would have followed without any punishment, without any harassment, without any torture. And now Maneesha and Devageet are not small children; they have their lives, they have their lifestyle and they want to share it with the whole world.

Why should their mothers be so concerned? What is the fear? *invita12*

Just the other day I received a letter from a sannyasin who was present in a Jaina gathering, which also had one night invited the great poets of the country. One of the greatest poets of contemporary India, Neeraj, was there--he has been here, so you all are acquainted with him--and he was hooted down, forced to leave the stage, and the reason was that he mentioned my name. He introduced himself before the recital saying, "All my poetry belongs to Rajneesh. He is my source of inspiration."

Thousands of other writers and poets go on repeating what I am saying, but don't have the courage to make it clear to people from where their inspiration comes. Sheer fear of the crowd! But Neeraj is a man of all the qualities of a lion. He said, "It does not matter even if you shout. This hooliganism, this *goonda*- ism, won't make any difference." He left the stage saying, "Long live Rajneesh!" *isan04*

Just today I received a letter from one of my old sannyasins in Holland, Amrito. He is a famous Dutch writer, with all possible qualifications, degrees, honorary degrees. He has written many books, including at least eight books on me. Today I received a letter saying he is writing another book on me and is coming for my blessings in just a few days. The title of the book is, *Ten Years of Preparation.* Ten years ago he became a sannyasin, and still he calls those ten years just a preparation.

This patience is needed. In a hurry, you can get only seasonal flowers.

They come and go. The deeper your patience, the greater will be your growth. *chit04*

Deva Amrito wants it to be his whole pilgrimage, the seeking and the search, and he wants to end it by finding me. He has already written eight books on me and he thinks this book is going to be very comprehensive--answering everything, destroying all lies that have been spread by governments, by politicians, by journalists, by all kinds of criminal people who are around. *mani14*

Just a few days ago, I was seeing one of the most significant books to be published in this century, *Millennium.* It is a deep research into

Nostradamus and his predictions. Eighty thousand copies were published--which is very rare--and they were sold within weeks. Now a second publication, a second edition, is happening in America, another is happening in England, and the book is being translated into many other languages--Dutch, German....

Nostradamus was a great mystic with an insight into the future. And you will be surprised to know that in his predictions, I am included.

Describing the teacher of the last days of the twentieth century, he gives eight indications. Krishnamurti fulfills five, Maharishi Mahesh Yogi fulfills three, Da Free John fulfills four--and I was amazed that I fulfill all eight.

In this book *Millennium,* they have made a chart of the teacher about whom Nostradamus is predicting--that his people will wear red clothes, that he will come from the East, that he will be arrested, that his commune will be destroyed, that flying birds will be his symbol, that his name will mean moon.... Three hundred years ago that man was seeing something that fits perfectly with me--my name means "the moon." And in their chart they have declared me the teacher of the last part of the twentieth century. *golden17*

Just a few days ago I received a message that one of my books, *The Supreme Understanding,* is the biggest selling book of one publisher in Japan. Sixty thousand copies...and it is still in demand; more editions are needed. It has gone through twelve editions already.

Somebody has sent a list of the books: my books are the top sellers, next to me is Friedrich Nietzsche, and then third comes somebody Japanese.

Although I have not been in Japan, almost two dozen of my books have been translated into Japanese and have been received with great love and understanding. Almost every university in Japan is teaching Zen through my books. It is their tradition, they have developed it, but my interpretations have appealed to them more than their own commentaries and their own interpretations. *dawn33*

My people in Europe have been thinking to make a book with a cassette.

The book will give all the background of the meditation and the cassette will give all the instructions, so you need not go anywhere. Just sitting in your room with your tape recorder and you have a master! Gautam Buddha is no longer needed.... *pilgr13*

One of the most important novelists of America (Tom Robbins) has asked me a question: "Osho, what do you think about the Jewish and Arab conflict in the Middle East? What is the solution, and what are the implications for the future?"...

So I have given my answer to Tom Robbins, because he is going to write a book and he wants my opinion. I know he must be surprised, because nobody has ever said this, that Israel is a strategy of Christian politics to destroy Jews--not directly, but by creating a situation so that Mohammedans can do the job and Christians can keep their mask that they have been so helpful, even to the enemies. They have followed Jesus'

philosophy: Love your enemies. They have been pouring money and help in the form of outdated arms--armaments which are of no use, which have to be thrown out, either into the ocean, or in Israel.

And at the same time American Jews go on helping American politicians because they are helping Israel. So the American politicians exploit their money, they exploit their support.

Just by chance, yesterday when I dictated my letter to Tom Robbins, I received the message: the Supreme Court has specifically made it clear that the government has been absolutely illegal in restricting the use of the commune's land, its other properties. So now it is again in our hands.

I have said to Tom Robbins that my suggestion is that if you want to help the Jews, Oregon should be given to them as a new Israel. Move the Jews from Israel and give Israel to the Mohammedans; it belongs to them, it is ugly to keep their land.

And as for me and my people, we offer our commune land as a beginning. It is enough for at least one hundred thousand people. We give all our assets--all our houses, hotels, roads, dams, fields--everything that we have in Rancho Rajneesh we give them as a friendly gesture, without taking any money for it, with the condition that Rancho Rajneesh should be the capital of the new Israel.

And let America show its real face. If they want to help them...half of the state of Oregon is already owned by the federal government, and it is very sparsely populated so there is no problem. Half the land already belongs to the federal government; give that land to the Jews. *pilgr15*

You will be happy to know that the University of Oregon did a survey about the commune: how much intelligence the commune people have and how much intelligence the average Oregonian has. They were surprised, shocked.

They did not publish the survey until after I had left and was deported from America. But now the survey is published and it says that the average Oregonian has only seven percent intelligence, and the average

commune member had fourteen percent intelligence--double that of any Oregonian.

And the research is being done by the Oregonians. You might think that people who have seven percent intelligence cannot judge about people who have fourteen percent. They must have tried to bring their intelligence as high as possible. My understanding is that it cannot be more than three or four percent; seven is make-believe. And the commune people must have nearabout twenty; they were reduced to fourteen.

But still, it is so obvious that the lower intelligence destroys the higher intelligence.

Stones are very much against the flowers.

Belief is of the ignorant people who do not want to explore the truth themselves. But a man of sincerity never believes in anything--any God, any scripture, any religion. He searches. *turnin08*

Just the other day an Italian sannyasin has told me that he wants to put on record--he is collecting my statements--what I think about illegitimate children. I said to him, "There are no illegitimate children, there are only illegitimate parents." How can a child be illegitimate? And who are the illegitimate parents?--not necessarily those who are not married. Any child who is not born of love makes the parents illegitimate. Whether they are married or not is irrelevant--but the child certainly is never illegitimate. *tahui33*

An invitation has come from the Italian Radical party that they would like me to be their president. I have informed them: I cannot be a member of your party, but I can be a friend--and if you need guidance in bringing more rebellion to your country I can be immensely helpful.

I am particularly interested in Italy because of this pope: until the Vatican is destroyed completely, humanity will not know what freedom is. The pope is not the representative of God, he is the representative of the whole idea of how to enslave people. *spirit11*

You are going to be my ambassadors.

They can prevent me from entering their countries, but they cannot prevent my ambassadors. So I am going to declare soon, in all the countries, my ambassadors--propagating the birth of a new man and a new world. *mani10*

In fact, every sannyasin is my ambassador. To make a certain man responsible is not making him a dictator for you. It is making him a help, a contact center, because the fight is going to be all over the world.

Twenty-five countries have prevented me from entering them. Now I have to find my own ways to enter. And in each country I am going to have my

embassy.

For the first time, a single individual is going to have embassies around the world.

And those embassies will be your meeting places, because the fight is going to become more and more intense. Because I cannot enter, in every country sannyasins have to fight their own governments and their stupidity.

And the fight is so total that I disagree with the past on every point. It is not a question of choice--it is a question of breaking away with the past completely and creating a new man. I can see the new man arising in you on the horizon. And with this new man will be born a new humanity, a new vision, and a new way of life.

I am not interested in creating a religion, which is a very simple affair. I am interested to create as many religious people as possible--an atmosphere of religiousness, with no organized church but every individual having his own individuality as his religion.

Man has never been given that freedom. I want every individual to have his own religion--in other words his own lifestyle, his own philosophy--

and to live according to his own deepening insight.

You have to be alert of a tremendous responsibility that I am handing over to you:

You have to be the harbingers, you have to be the dawn of a new, totally new humanity, completely discontinuous with the past. *mani14*

Memorable discourses

In March 1987, Osho comments on Neitzsche's Thus Spake Zarathustra and, in July, gives two memorable series on zen masters Bodhidharma and Ta Hui. Osho was heard to say that his discourse on Ta Hui's sutra 'The Inescapable' was the best he had ever given. Below is an excerpt:

The inescapable...it is one of the most significant problems for every

meditator.

There are things which will disappear as your meditation deepens. All that is false will be gone, all that is illusory will no longer exist; all that you have projected, expected, or dreamt will have no reality. But still there will be something left which is not your dream, which is not your projection, which is not the creation of your mind: this is called the inescapable. In other words, the real will remain--only the false will be gone....

Ta Hui is making an immensely important point, and only a man who has come to this experience can make that statement. Otherwise it is very simple, ask anybody: to go with means to be in harmony, and to go against is to be in discord.

But Ta Hui says, "Even to go with is a discord, very subtle, very hidden, but you are keeping yourself separate. Real harmony is neither to go with nor to go against. Let reality possess you. Just be overwhelmed by that which is inescapable, and you will find immense peace."

These sutras are important for every meditator on the path....

Meditation has to be only a watchfulness, then it is possible to have it twenty-four hours a day. Even while going to sleep, be watchful. To the last moment, when you see that now sleep is taking you over--the darkness goes on growing, the body is relaxing and the point comes when suddenly from wakefulness you move into sleep--watch up to that moment. And first thing in the morning, as you become aware that the sleep is finished, immediately start watching; soon you will be able to watch even while you are asleep. Watchfulness will become a lamp that goes on burning day and night inside you.

This is the only authentic meditation. All else that has been told to you in the name of meditation is simply a toy to play with, to deceive yourself that you are doing something spiritual. With this meditation you will come across the inescapable. Everything illusory will disappear.

But everything in existence is not illusory. That which is not illusory is inescapable, and what are you going to do with the inescapable? Perhaps

you have never thought about it.

This very inescapability itself is meditation.

If you go on watching even the inescapable, you will be able to see clearly that that which disappears while watching is illusory; that which

becomes even more clear, more crystal clear, which was before hidden behind the cloud of your illusory dreams, desires, now stands absolutely clear....

Ta Hui is saying, *This very inescapability itself is meditation. tahui24*

Death of Swami Maitreya, and his Mahaparanirvana

On 17 July 1987, Swami Maitreya, one of Osho's oldest and most loved disciples, dies from a heart attack. There is a big celebration for him.

Earlier Osho has answered a question from Maitreya:

You say, *"Every day You are becoming more and more mysterious."*

This is a good symptom. That means you are slowly, slowly coming closer and closer to me. The closer you come to me, the more mysterious you will find me.

And that moment will also come, Maitreya, when not only I will be mysterious; you will also be mysterious. And when two mysteries meet, they are not two. There is no demarcation line between two mysteries.

Two mysteries always become one, just like two zeros always become one; two nothingnesses always become one.

You are asking, "What is this unending mystery?"

This is life.

This is love.

This is a deep laughter. *spirit04*

This is a special evening, because one of us has left for the other shore.

Swami Anand Maitreya was certainly a man of tremendous courage. He met me sometime near 1960. He had already been a member of parliament for twelve years and he was very close to the first prime minister of India, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. But the moment he heard me he simply dropped his whole political career.

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru tried to persuade him, saying, "There is every chance for you to become the chief minister of your state."--he was from Bihar, the land of Buddha.

But Maitreya said, "I want one thing understood clearly: ambition is hell and I am not going to look back; politics is finished for me. All ambitions are finished for me." And since then he has been with me.

He has never asked a single question. He has never doubted, his trust was absolute. In these years, thousands of people have come to me; many have been lost, but he remained unwavering. He could not conceive how people can find contradictions in my statements.

Sometime in 1984 Maitreya became enlightened, but he had chosen to remain silent, so he remained silent. He did not even tell me what had happened to him....

All these years before his enlightenment and after his enlightenment, he just remained absolutely ordinary, with no ego, with no desire, with no greed.

Just before I came back to Poona, Maitreya told me in Bombay, "I have got ten thousand rupees in a post office deposit in Patna, Bihar; that's all I have, but now I will not need it." Certainly he was becoming aware that his time of departure was coming closer. And he transferred the money to Neelam for the ashram. He died without anything, any possessions.

And he slipped very slowly, very silently, from sleep into eternal sleep.

I am saying this evening is special, because one of us has moved from the

world of mortals to the world of immortals. He will not be born again.

He has attained to the freedom and the liberation we have been talking about.

This is a moment of great celebration and rejoicing. It happens very rarely. In millions of people perhaps one comes to this silent explosion of light and disappears into the ocean of consciousness that surrounds existence.

I would like these talks to be dedicated to Swami Anand Maitreya, who slipped from sleep into eternal sleep. But he was not asleep! He has gone in full awakening. He has gone with full awareness. You will keep him in your memories because he has shown the path to you, too. He lived joyously, although he had nothing, and he died peacefully, blissfully.

That's what attaining to one's destiny means. Those who live in misery and die in misery go on missing their destiny. They are failures, and

because they have failed so many times, they become accustomed to failing again and again. But even if one person amongst you succeeds, it is your success, too. He has proved that what we have been talking about is not mere philosophy--it is an authentic path to self-realization.

Maitreya will be missed. Just the other night, when I last saw him, I had a certain strange feeling...as if he is going to depart very soon. And this feeling happened to many other people too; it was as if he was gathering himself and preparing for the eternal pilgrimage. He has gone the way a man should go--joyously, ecstatically.

You have to remember that his whole experience was based on two things: one, that he has fallen in trust with me...It is a strange language that I am using. You may not have ever heard the phrasèfalling in trust'. Falling in love happens every day. Falling in trust happens only once in a while.

And secondly, not for a single moment since he has met me has he missed entering into meditation as much as possible. His death was not an end to life, but the ultimate culmination of a tremendous trust and meditativeness. Where trust and meditation meet, one attains to one's potential in its whole

glory and splendor. *tahui06*

Maitreya! Maitreya!

Forever dividing himself,

He is here, there, everywhere--

Yet scarcely noticed.

This haiku is particularly important for us, because Maitreya is lying here. Hotei was not aware where Maitreya is. He used to sit here in the front row, and he has been missed....

He is being missed tremendously, but anyway he is here in the trees, in the air. *exist03*

Osho is ill again, and nearly dies

From mid-September 1987, for two weeks Osho is again too ill to give discourses. On 29

September, he returns to give discourses for 5 days.

All these days that I have not been coming, I have been watching. An ancient tree, just by the side of my house, has been dancing in the rain, and its old leaves are falling with such grace and such beauty. Not only is the tree dancing in the rain and the wind, the old leaves leaving the tree are also dancing; there is celebration.

Except man, in the whole existence nobody suffers from old age; in fact, existence knows nothing about old age. It knows about ripening; it knows about maturing. It knows that there is a time to dance, to live as intensely and as totally as possible, and there is a time to rest.

Those old leaves of the almond tree by the side of my house are not dying; they are simply going to rest, melting and merging into the same earth from which they have arisen. There is no sadness, no mourning, but an immense peace in falling to rest into eternity. Perhaps another day, another time they

may be back again, in some other form, on some other tree. They will dance again; they will sing again; they will rejoice the moment. *pilgr20*

During the days you were not speaking, I was in a total emotional and mind crisis. I got so much love, juice and energy from sitting two times a day in discourse--and after you stopped speaking my energy broke down.

It is going to happen to you--it is natural. But you have to learn to transcend it. I cannot be always with you. I would love to, but existence does not allow it. Existence gives only so much rope, and it is good; otherwise you will start taking me for granted.

One day I will not be amongst you. It is good that once in a while I am absent, so you can start learning that what happens in my absence is your reality. When I am with you, you become overwhelmed with me. You forget yourself.

And you have not to forget yourself!

You have to remember yourself, because only through remembrance you will be able to transform yourself.

It is natural; hence I am not condemning it. But you are in search of something beyond--beyond the normal, the natural--something transcendental. You have to learn the way, and the way has to be traveled alone.

I cannot come with you. I can show you the way, I can show you the moon. But my fingers are not the moon, and I cannot continue to show

you the moon. Sooner or later you have to forget my fingers and you have to look at the moon yourself. You have to follow the path alone.

Naturally when I was not coming daily, morning and evening, to be with you, you started feeling a kind of breakdown. It was not a breakdown; it was simply that your reality was surfacing. It had not been getting the opportunity to surface. I was so much with you that you had gone into the shadow, into the background. I had become more real to you than yourself.

When I was not coming, in my absence your reality was exposed to you.

It is good, because unless you know what you are, where you are, your pilgrimage cannot begin. So those days were of great importance.

Remember: whatever you find within yourself, however much rubbish it may be, it is your reality. It can be cleaned, it can be dropped; you can move away from it. But before anything can be done about it, you have to know it. That is the first and the most significant thing. *pilgr26*

Never take me for granted.

I am simply alive just for you.

My work is finished and my boat has been waiting for long to take me to the other shore, but your love and the fear that without me, you may be lost...and you are coming so close, that if I can manage to wait a little longer on this shore, I can give all of my people what I have received from existence. But the moment you take me for granted, immediately you forget, become unconscious, create distance. *pilgr18*

I am laughing for you, speaking for you, living for you, but it is not in any way making you obliged to me. It is just my joy. You need not even be thankful towards me. It is out of my own joy that I will continue to rejoice with you as long as existence goes on giving me a little more time to linger on this shore.

My time is up, that is certain. It has been up for almost thirty-five years.

But existence is very understanding and very intelligent and very compassionate. It knows that I am not living for myself. And to take me away is not just taking *me* away, it is taking away millions of people's laughter, their joy, their possibility of flowering; and existence will not do it. It will allow me a longer holiday. Nor am I in a hurry to reach to the other shore, because I know both the shores are the same; one is on this side of the river, the other is on the other side of the river. When you reach the other side you know it is the same shore, there is nothing different.

And existence understands certainly that my body or my mind are no more

a bondage to me. I am no more confined to them. I am already free.

Death is not an urgency to make me free. I will continue until I penetrate into the deepest core of your being. All that I have experienced I would love you also to experience. Hence I am not keeping anything secret. *chit21*

Was Osho poisoned by the US government?

From 4 October 1987, Osho is seriously il and nearly dies. On 6 November resuming discourses, Osho discloses that his doctors believe he was poisoned while in the custody of the United States government

My beloved ones,

I have been away from you much too long. It has been a very painful absence for me. For seven weeks continuously I have been only filled with your love, your patience, your thirst, your longing.

These days were remarkable in many ways. Seven weeks before, I was infected in the ear. It was a simple thing; according to the best expert available here, Dr. Jog, it cures in four days at the most--but it continued for seven weeks. He has never come across such a case in his life. He could not believe it, because no medicine was working. He tried all kinds of medicines, all kinds of ointments. Finally he had to do an operation, but then the wound of the operation was not healing. Doctor Devageet thought perhaps it was something to do with my teeth--he is my dental surgeon--but nothing was found.

My personal physician, Dr. Amrito, immediately informed all sannyasin doctors around the world and asked them to contact the best experts about poisoning, because his own analysis was that unless I have been poisoned there is no possibility to explain why my body has lost all resistance.

And as this idea became stronger in his mind, step by step he started searching into the matter and he found all the symptoms that can happen only if some kind of poison has been given to me.

I myself had been suspicious about it, but I have never mentioned the fact to anybody. The day I was arrested in America for no valid or even invalid

reason, they refused to bail me out--although the United States attorney argued for three days and concluded in the end by saying, "I have not been able to prove anything against him, but neither has the other party been able to prove anything."

It was hilarious, because the innocent cannot prove his innocence by any means, and no law in the whole world requires that an innocent person should prove his innocence. The burden was on the government of America, which had arrested me, to prove the reason for my arrest....

Now, Dr. Amrito feels I was poisoned. Perhaps they poisoned me in all the six jails; that was the purpose of not giving me bail and that was the purpose in taking twelve days to complete a journey of six hours. A slow poisoning which will not kill me immediately, but in the long run it will make me weak--and it has made me weak.

Since those twelve days in the American prisons, all sleep has disappeared. Many things started to happen in the body which were not happening before: disappearance of all appetite, food seeming to be absolutely without taste, a churning feeling in the stomach, nausea, a desire to vomit...no feeling of thirst, but a tremendous sense as if one is uprooted.

Something in the nervous system also seems to have been affected. At times there has been a sensation of tingling all over the body which was very strong--particularly in both my hands--and a twitching of the eyelids.

The day I entered the jail I was one hundred and fifty pounds; today I am only one hundred and thirty pounds. My food is the same, but I have been losing weight for no reason at all. And a subtle weakness...And just three months ago, the bone in my right hand started hurting tremendously.

These are all symptoms of certain poisons. My hair has fallen, my eyesight has become weaker, my beard has become as white as my father's beard was when he was seventy-five. They have taken away almost twenty years of my life.

Dr. Amrito immediately informed all the doctors who are my sannyasins to

approach all the best poison experts in the world. And one of the doctors, Dr. Dhyan Yogi, immediately took my blood samples, urine samples, samples of my hair, and went to England, to Germany, to the best experts. The European experts suggest that after two years there is

no poison which can be detected in the body, but all the symptoms show that a certain poison has been given.

No resistance against disease, falling weight without any reason, hair becoming white before its time, hair falling out without any reason, tingling sensations in the extremities, loss of appetite, tastelessness, nausea, the bone pain in my right hand...One of the experts, a doctor from Germany had come twice to check my bone; he could not figure out what kind of disease it is--because there is no disease. The expert here--

Dr. Hardikar, a man who loves me--has been here continuously watching for three months and has not been able to figure out why this pain should be there.

The European experts in England and Germany have suggested a name of a certain poison, thallium. It is a poison of a family of poisons of heavy metals. It disappears from the body in eight weeks' time, but leaves its effects and destroys the body's resistance against diseases. And all the symptoms that I have told you are part of thallium poisoning.

The American experts have suggested a different poison which they think has been used by governments against rebellious individuals. The name of the poison is synthetic heroin. It is one thousand times more dangerous than ordinary heroin. All the symptoms are the same as with thallium, but the poison is more dangerous and after two years there is no possibility to find any trace of it in the body.

The Japanese experts, who have been working in Hiroshima and Nagasaki on atomic radioactivity, have suggested that these symptoms can also be created in a more sophisticated way by radioactive exposure-

-either while I was asleep, or food can be exposed to radioactivity and there is no way to find any trace of it.

One of the scientists who is immensely interested in me is coming within a week or two. He has been working for twenty years only on radioactivity. His suggestion is that the Americans, the bureaucracy in America, must have used the most sophisticated poisoning which leaves no trace.

Dr. Amrito's own research...and he is a genius as far as medical science is concerned. He is a fellow of the Royal Society of Physicians in England, and he is a rare individual in the sense that he is the youngest man ever accepted by the Royal Society of Physicians as a member. He has all the highest qualifications. His own research is about a fourth, very uncommonly used poison. The name of the poison is fluorocarbon. This poison disappears immediately. Even within minutes, you cannot find

any trace in the blood, in the urine, but all these symptoms indicate towards it.

It does not matter which poison has been given to me, but it is certain that I have been poisoned by Ronald Reagan's American government.

There is other circumstantial evidence for it....*

It is absolutely certain that I had been poisoned, and these seven weeks I have been in an immense struggle.

I don't have any reason to live in the world. I have experienced, I have realized the very essence of eternal life, but something else forces me to linger on a little more on this shore before leaving for the further shore beyond.

It is you, it is your love.

It is your eyes, it is your hearts.

And when I say `you' I don't mean only those who are present here; I also mean all those who are spread all over the earth--my people.

I would like these small sprouts to become trees. I would like to see the spring come to you all, the flowering of your ultimate being, the blissfulness and the ecstasy of enlightenment, the taste of the beyond.

These seven weeks you were not aware...you were simply thinking I was sick. Doctor Premda, my eye surgeon, had immediately rushed from Germany with the recentmost medications, but nothing helped against the poisons except my meditations--the only medicine that can transcend all that belongs to matter.

These seven weeks I have been lying in darkness almost the whole day and night, silently witnessing the body and keeping my consciousness unshadowed by anything.

I was struggling with death.

It was a fight between death and your love.

And you should celebrate that your love has been victorious.

This time Jesus has been crucified in America by Christians themselves.

The story is repeated again. I was crucified--this time in America...and these seven weeks I have been struggling against the poison.

And I am happy to declare to you that the crucifixion is over and I am resurrected.

It is symbolic that Jesus is crucified this time in America and is resurrected in India. It is symbolic in many dimensions. It is the victory of love over hate. It is the victory of life over death. It is the victory of East over West. It is the victory of truth over criminals like Ronald Reagan. It is the victory of consciousness over body.

These seven weeks I have been only thinking of you.

It would have been immensely painful for me to leave you in this beautiful state when you have started growing upwards.

My garden is still a nursery.

I would leave the body rejoicingly the day I see you all have blossomed and you have released your fragrance and you have attained your destiny. The

day I see the great pilgrimage--from here to here, from crucifixion to resurrection--is over for you all then I can go with a dancing heart and melt into the universal consciousness.

And I will be waiting there for you still.

It is certainly of tremendous importance that even after twenty centuries a man like Jesus will be crucified by Christians themselves. It was a conspiracy of the fundamentalist Christians of America and Ronald Reagan.

Perhaps civilization is still an idea--it has not happened in reality.

I would like my people to transform themselves and through them I would like to bring authentic civilization and humanity to this beautiful planet.

There is only one religion, and that is the religion of love.

There is only one God, and that is the God of celebration, of life, of rejoicing.

This whole earth is one and the whole humanity is one. We are parts of each other.

I have no complaint against those who have poisoned me. I can forgive them easily. They certainly do not know what they go on doing.

It is said that history repeats itself. It is not history that repeats itself; it is the unconsciousness of man, the blindness of man that repeats itself.

The day man will be conscious, alert and aware, there will not be any repetition anymore. Socrates will not be poisoned, Jesus will not be crucified, Al-Hillaj Mansoor will not be murdered and butchered. And these are our best flowers, they are our highest peaks. They are our destinies, they are our future. They are our intrinsic potential which has become actual.

I am sure you will not have any anger in your hearts or any hatred for anyone, but just an understanding and a loving forgiveness.

That is the only authentic prayer. And only this kind of prayerfulness can raise humanity to higher levels of consciousness.

I have absolute inner certainty: they may have been able to poison my

body, my nervous system, but they cannot destroy my consciousness, they cannot poison my being. And it was good that they have given me a chance to see myself beyond my body, beyond my mind.

These seven weeks have been a fire test. Without your knowing you have always, each moment of these seven weeks, been a tremendous help to me. Without your love it would not have been possible for me to overcome the poison, because without your love there would be no need for me even to struggle. I am fulfilled and absolutely contented; I have arrived home. But I see you are stumbling, groping, and it will be very heartless and uncompassionate for me to leave you in this situation. I would like in all your lives a sunrise, the birds singing and the flowers opening. Other than that, I don't have any reason to be here at all.

Remember it: I am here for you.

That remembrance will help you not to go astray. That remembrance will help you to be aware of the uncivilized world in which we are living, in this madhouse that we call humanity. It will go on reminding you that we have to give birth to a new man and to a new humanity.

This is the tremendous challenge. Those who have guts and intelligence and a desire and a longing to touch the farthest stars...only those very few people have been able to understand me, have been able to become my fellow travelers. I don't have any followers--I have only lovers and friends and fellow travelers.

I would like you all to reach to the same beatitude, to the same blissfulness, to the same ecstasy that has become my very heartbeat. It is also the heartbeat of the whole universe. *crucif01*

*Note: see Part VIII

Investigation of American persecution

My attorney, Swami Prem Niren, is sitting here. He is now doing deep research into what was going on behind the screen when I was arrested in America. And such hilarious facts are coming out! One cannot figure out

whether this world is sane or a big madhouse. *mani23*

He has been going through all the jails where they mistreated me in every possible way. And they are lying--I have to speak with Niren about the points where they are absolutely lying. I have an inner, intuitive guarantee that in the Oklahoma jail I was poisoned, poisoned with thallium, which has shown its effects over the last two years....

And in Oklahoma--Niren has been there--they simply denied that I have been in that jail....

But I was not alone in the car. Another prisoner, a woman, was also sitting by my side. I told her, "Listen carefully to what is being said."

Niren has to find that woman, because all records have disappeared--

records about me, records about that woman, because she will be the witness. When Niren reached there he found that on their computer there is no record. They have made their records on the computer since 1986. He had to force his way, insist that "I have an absolute guarantee that he has been in this jail and I want to look into the records in your basement."...

Niren found the document and he has brought a photocopy of the document, but my signature is missing. Still, that document indicates one thing: "David Washington, Rajneeshpuram, Oregon." And that is in the handwriting of the U.S. Marshall of that jail. My feeling is they have simply destroyed the form on which I have signed, knowing that it will create difficulty, and they have filled in another form. I would like Niren

to go back to Oklahoma, because the question is very simple, that on this form there is no signature, either of Shree Rajneesh or at least of David Washington. Some signature is needed; otherwise what is the value of this record?...

And these people go on lying. He said to Niren, "I treated Shree Rajneesh the best. In no other jail he was treated the way I treated him." In fact the truth is that I was treated the worst in Oklahoma. And I have witnesses.

Just by chance they put me in an isolation cell with a small window--and the

glass of the window was completely dark, so dirty you could not figure out what was beyond the window. But just across from me there was another person. I don't know him, but one thing is certain: he was an orthodox Hindu sannyasin, because he had orange robes. And his face...I tried in every way to clean the window and to see that man, and just a few days ago that man was here--perhaps he may still be here--

and he told Anando, "I am a witness that Shree Rajneesh was brought to Oklahoma and was put into the cell just across from me."

Niren has to find the girl, who was released that very night. She is a fat girl, nearabout thirty years of age--but a courageous one; almost a jailbird. The way she was behaving in the jail was as if it were almost her home. Niren has just to advertise in Oklahoma and the girl will respond.

Niren has also to ask the pilot of the plane, because there is only one U.S. Marshall's plane--that makes things simple. They all became very friendly to me--the pilot, the co-pilot, and a woman who was serving food to people. And they all felt that this was strange: "From North Carolina it is only five or six hours' flight to Oregon, and you are being tortured unnecessarily for twelve days!...

And when these government people say things to you--I have to listen to Niren's interviews; he has brought all the tapes--don't trust them.

Because in those twelve days they were all lying to me.

Just by chance Niren met Judge Leavy, who finally gave me the punishment of four hundred thousand dollars, deportation for five years from America...and for fifteen years if I come back to America and commit any crime, then there will be no trial for it; I will be jailed. It will be enough that somebody has complained against me. Niren met him on the plane and for two hours they were together....

Perhaps he has also been bribed in the same way, because now he has moved to a higher court. Just one step more and he can move to the Supreme Court. If he is a man of any guts, he should admit that he was not concerned with justice, he was concerned with his own promotion.

I can understand Niren's difficulty, but you have to gather courage and you have to encounter these people. *mani12*

Just today I have received the whole investigation report. I had asked them whether they have investigated how the bomb entered the jail with all their security and how it managed just to be under my seat. Now comes long report with so many contradictions and stupidities.

The report says that at four o'clock, just after the judgment was given by federal judge Leavy against me, an anonymous phone call came to the police station, to the jail, and to a television station, that a bomb had been placed under a certain seat in the visitor's room. And the report says--it is from the police department of Portland--that "we searched the whole place, we evacuated the whole ground floor. But it was only a threat, no bomb was found."

I have asked my legal secretary to write to them, "If you had evacuated the whole ground floor, why did you take me to that ground floor? You evacuated everybody from the ground floor and immediately you took me there." The first thing I had noticed was that there was nobody on the ground floor, where there used to be hundreds of people working. I asked the man who had taken me there, "What happened to all the people--

some kind of holiday?" If it was a bomb threat, then certainly they should not have taken me on that ground floor....

Looking at the police department's report, it is absolutely clear that now they are trying to make it simply a rumor. But if it was a rumor, why did they evacuate the prison? And if they believed in the rumor and evacuated the prison, they should not have taken me in there. It is so clear.... So what they have been doing for investigation is finding out who phoned. They found out the locality from where the call had come, but in that locality there are many people and many phones. That is the end of the street. The investigation has stopped. Where to go from there? *satyam14*

Just the other day one man has been caught as a murderer and he confessed in the court that he was offered the opportunity, at whatever cost, to bomb the house where I lived in the commune. He went there, but

seeing that it was too well guarded he did not dare. But his statement shows that people were trying to kill me, and now they are trying in a psychological way. *shanti12*

Two days ago a sannyasin informed me that a man has been jailed in America for one and a half years. And the charge was that he had advertised in 1984, while I was there, that he was willing to kill anybody if half a million dollars were made available to him. From this

advertisement he was caught. And the sannyasin went to the jail to ask the man, "Did you receive any answer to your advertisement?"

He said, "I did, I received it from a government agency. But I am a professional killer, and I know how governments work. They will promise you half a million dollars--and they gave me the whole plan..."

We had a small lake near the entrance of the commune, Krishnamurti Lake. They had given him a plan, knowing that I always went for a drive past Krishnamurti Lake...and that is a silent place; the commune is left behind, and for twenty miles there is nobody.

"So you plant a bomb there which functions from remote control. And you hide--we will tell you where. We will take you there by helicopter so nobody can trace it. And after the car and the person in it have exploded, we will take you away in the helicopter."

But a professional killer knows perfectly well.... He simply refused. He knows that governments do this business, but they never give the money. On the contrary, you perform, and then they give you a shot, so that all evidence is removed. Instead of half a million dollars, you receive death as a reward. That is a well-known fact all around the world.

Government agencies go on killing people, and they always kill the killer.

In that way money is saved, and also the evidence is removed. Knowing this, he refused. But because he had advertised, the court sent him to jail although he had not committed anything.

This new evidence shows the interest of the American government in killing

me. This sannyasin is trying to find more and more sources. He wants to write a whole book* about the conspiracy to murder me. *zenman09*

* *A Passage to America* by Max Brecher (Book Quest Publishers, Bombay 1993) President George Bush was very angry with me because of my Rolls Royces. But my ninety-three Rolls Royces cost only five point three million dollars--and I was not the owner of them, they belonged to different people who had donated to a trust.

George Bush, I have come to know from very intimate friends of the White House, was very much against me. Again and again he was criticizing me: "The world is poor. Why does this man have ninety-three Rolls Royces?" As he became president, a special Lincoln Continental limousine was made for him. It took three years to make it, and six

hundred thousand dollars; and he forgot all about what he had been saying about me.

I want to remind him, "You have still a second-rate car." My sannyasin, Avirbhava, has a Rolls Royce here for me. It is the greatest Rolls Royce that has ever been made by the Rolls Royce company.

George Bush is going to spend thirty million dollars on his inauguration as president--and this same fellow was talking about my Rolls Royces.

And they were not mine. I don't own anything; I have enough friends around the world to take care of me....

My interest was something else: to provoke the jealousy of the American so-called rich. And I succeeded absolutely. Even the president was jealous, the vice president was jealous. The super-rich, Rockefeller and others, were feeling defeated. For the first time somebody had made them appear poor. That was the purpose; otherwise, what is the use? I cannot ride in two Rolls Royces simultaneously. They were all of the same model, they all looked the same from the inside--and I was not sitting on the bonnet!

In America, three million people are dying of cold and hunger, and President George Bush is spending thirty million dollars just for his

inauguration. Jimmy Carter managed his reception on only three million dollars. If Jimmy Carter can manage on three million dollars--and that too was too much--then why can George Bush not manage?

Has he forgotten all about me?

Now it is my turn to hit him as hard as I can. *yaku03*

Footnote: An unknown Dr Gilada gains world-wide press coverage when he accuses Osho of having AIDS. It seems he has been receiving large funds for his new institute from undisclosed American sources, indicating that he was bribed to accuse of Osho of having AIDS. Osho did not comment on this. *see Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh: the Most Dangerous Man Since Jesus Christ,* by Sue Appleton (Rebel Publishing)

Discourses: the Mantra Series

On 7 November 1987, Osho begins a five month-long series on ancient sanskrit mantras, in response to questions from disciples

These are the mystic sounds. They are very few. I have talked to you about *satyam-shivam-sundram, sat-chit-anand, hari om tat sat, om mani padme hum, om-shantih-shantih-shantih.* These five I have chosen as the most significant, as the most deep-going. I will try to give you the meaning also, because that meaning will help the significance to become deeper. That meaning will not only touch your heart, it will also touch your intelligence. And you have to be touched in your totality to be transformed.

I will begin with the last one. That is the sound every Eastern scripture ends with... *om-shantih-shantih-shantih.* It means "The soundless sound, or the sound of silence: peace...peace...peace..." Just giving you the sense of the whole scripture in these few telegraphic words. Every scripture in the East ends with the same. It may be Hindu, it may be Buddhist, it may be Jaina--it doesn't matter.

They are all different in their philosophies. They are all different in their theologies. They are different religions continuously in controversy for at least ten thousand years. But strangely, they all end their scriptures with the

sound of silence: peace...peace...peace...It seems they are all different roots of this experience.

They may differ about their roots, about the description of their roots.

They may quarrel, they may contradict each other, but as far as the end is concerned, when they reach to the highest peak of consciousness, all that is found is the sound of silence and utter peace, so deep that they have to repeat it three times: peace...peace...peace...

The fourth is used by the Tibetans, although it takes almost all the words from Sanskrit: *om mani padme hum.* It is a very mystic statement. It says, "The diamond in the lotus...the sound of silence." You cannot conceive a more beautiful thing than a beautiful diamond in the most beautiful flower on the earth, the lotus. They are trying to convey to you the beyond in some way comprehensible to the mind: the sound of silence-- *om*-- the diamond in the lotus. I have loved it from my very childhood. Just the words, "the diamond in the lotus..." They have managed in the most beautiful way to express the beyond.

And the third is *hari om tat sat:* "the sound of silence...this is the only truth."

And the second is, *sat-chit-anand:* "truth, consciousness, bliss."

And the first is, *satyam-shivam-sundram:* "truth, godliness, beauty."

These five I can say to you belong to the universal religious consciousness, not to any organized religion, because they have come from individual mystics. They have poured their heart, they have poured their enlightenment, they have poured their awakening into these five mantras.

There is no word in English to translate *mantra.* It means a sacred word, not of any use in the day-to-day life experiences, but only significant when you go beyond this visible world and enter into the invisible consciousness. A mantra is a secret key. It opens the door to the ultimate. *chit07*

Buddha Hall roof and mosquito net

An enormous canopy is erected over Buddha Hal with attached mosquito

net. From December 1987, al discourses take place here.

I look again and again, and I see only Jayesh and his great tent.

Sometimes I think perhaps God is sitting on Jayesh's tent--but we have looked; our engineers have been searching all over the tent, and they have never found any God anywhere.

On which cloud is God sitting?

The physicists have explored as far away as possible. Just empty space and stars, but no God. *yaku02*

And when I came to Poona, I realized the mosquito net is far more necessary in this religious, cultured city. You can see all around--even in such a hall you have to put up the mosquito netting. I have looked at the mosquitoes; they are bigger than the mosquitoes of Sarnath. *satyam13*

Flies will be there, and mosquitoes will be there--although you have the biggest mosquito net in the whole world! But they are waiting outside!

They are very silent people, and very musical; when they get you caught, they sing a small song. And they are the ancient enemies of the meditators, but you have not to bother. You have to go on. *fire06*

Osho's personal life, and friends

I don't usually ask personal questions about your private life, because I feel it is private and none of our business.

It is good not to ask me personal questions, because they are not going to help you in any way. You are here for your own personal growth, you are not to be worried about my personal life; in fact, I don't have much personal life. Eighteen hours at least is sleeping.

I have been told many times that I should write my autobiography. What autobiography? No love affair...Even Niskriya is smiling. He must be thinking, "Now look in what trouble I have been up to now."

I am not in trouble. Just to avoid trouble I am not in any love relationship. And without love relationships, without a wife and children what autobiography...? I am not a man of actions.

Today after I finished lunch, my Coke was just sitting in front of me on the table, but I waited and waited for Shunyo...

Finally she showed up. She said, "You have finished?"

I said, "I have finished long ago, I am just waiting for my Coke."

She said, "But the Coke is here."

I said, "It is there, that's what I am thinking. The Coke is here; I am here-

-nothing is happening. I am simply waiting for someone..."

These people, you don't know...Anando opens the door and forces me into my bathroom: "It is time to take a bath."

I said, "This is strange, I could have walked myself."

They don't even allow me to open the door of the car...!

I have looked many times--at the most, half a page will do for my autobiography, and the rest of my life I have been sleeping. Seeing the fact that for eternity one has to sleep, I thought, why bother? Just start it right now.

My physician, Dr. Amrito goes on trying to cure my troubles. My hand hurts--he has been injecting it as many times as he wants. I am so lazy

that I will not even stop...so let them do what they want to do. Finally, this morning I said, "Just wait a few days. When I am gone keep my skeleton and study it well, and wherever things are incorrect correct them. Why torture me unnecessarily now?"

I don't have any personal life. Just today I told Hasya not to answer any letter from anybody who addresses me as "friend," because I don't have

any friend.

I don't take any responsibility. Once you accept somebody as a friend you have accepted somebody to be an enemy in the future. It is better from the very beginning to be on the safe side. Already I have so many enemies, why go on increasing them?

A person who is asking questions, but is not ready to be a disciple does not deserve to be answered either, because disciple simply means one who is capable of learning. And a person who himself is accepting that, "I am not going to be a disciple, but I want these questions to be answered"--why should I bother? He has not even the respect.

You don't ask spiritual questions to your friends; you don't ask questions about meditation and the inner life to your friends. Friends are in the same boat; I am not your friend. I may call you friends just out of my love, but that does not mean that you can call me your friend. The moment you call me your friend, I am not going to answer, because you are in the same state of consciousness as I am...what is the point of answering? You must know!

If you want to learn you have to be a learner, a disciple. If, because of my love, I call you my friend that does not give you the permission to start calling me your friend.

The distance between our consciousnesses is infinite.

I am calling you from a sunlit peak.

And you are in a dark valley.

And anyway Maneesha, neither do I have any personality nor any personal life.

Reduced to its simplest: I talk to you twice if my body allows. Once in a while it freaks out. Then two times a bath--just a quick shower, as quick as one can do. Fifteen hundred calories of food--which even small babies will find insufficient--because if I take more I will have to become a member of the Couch Potato Club.

I don't have any antagonism as far as potatoes are concerned. They are very good people; they have never done any harm to anybody. But still I don't want to enter into that company.

So for your information, this is my autobiography.

And then two times of sleep--in total eighteen hours. I don't have any ambition for tomorrow. If by chance I am still here I will talk to you about things which may help you on the path. If I am not here perhaps that may also help you, because then you cannot take me for granted.

Perhaps my remembrance may give you much more light than I can give you.

Never take me for granted, because I have nothing to stay for: no desire, no ambition, nowhere to go. I have not even visited the M.G. Road market. I hope that some time, by chance...

Just a few days ago I had to go to Jehangir Hospital to see one of my old lovers, Manik Bafna, because he had a second heart attack. If it was the first I would not have gone. A second is too much. The third is the last--

after the third also I will not go, because there is no point. The right point was the second.

And I heard from sannyasins that there is a rumor in the hospital that I had a heart attack, and I had come to be checked, but I did not like the place so I did not go--because within two minutes I was out. Naturally the hospital servants and doctors must have thought that I did not like the place. Who likes places like hospitals?

So Maneesha, there is not much. I think I could have given you more information--Maneesha is writing books about me; she would have been helped--but I am helpless. You can invent anything you like. I will say yes, so you need not be worried. Even if you say that I have a wife and five children, I am not going to contradict it. What is wrong in it?

Everybody has a wife, everybody has many children. And there is no harm; one really feels proud.

But it is better not to ask such questions. *shanti21*

I would like to be in synchronicity with you. Would you mind telling me what time it is, so that I can set my watch by yours?

Anand Vimal, it is not difficult for me to tell the time. But keeping your watch in synchronicity with my watch is not the real thing; your heart has to be in synchronicity with my heart. The watch will not help. Just

for your consolation, on my watch it is eight-ten. But you have to synchronize with my heart, with my being.

And I know you are coming along, slow but steady...and the moment will come when your heart will beat with the same rhythm as my heart....

In deep silence you all synchronize with me, because silence knows no distinctions. In laughing together you synchronize with me, because laughter knows no boundaries. In understanding what I am saying and where I am leading you, you synchronize with me.

Watches won't do, Vimal. In fact, you don't want to synchronize with the watch; you want to synchronize with me. That happens as your meditation deepens, as your love becomes unconditional, without any expectations. Once it happens, it has happened forever.

And the synchronicity, the harmony with the master, does not think of contradictions, inconsistencies; those are all far below in the dark valleys. The moment you synchronize, you start rising towards the sunlit peaks, towards the stars.

It will happen.... The way I have been watching you, it is already happening. Don't bother about watches--because what will you do if I don't have a watch? In fact, the watch I have is not mine. Even if you synchronize with it, you will be synchronizing with somebody else, whose watch I am wearing. People give me watches to wear while they are here, just to bless their watches, so they can rejoice when they go that they are going with something, some heartbeats of me. This is difficult for the outside world to understand.

Gayan makes my clothes. She could have been paid highly anywhere; she is a perfect seamstress. Here she gets nothing except my love. She works day and night--but perhaps she has got the insight that there is nothing more valuable than the love of one who has arrived. His love will pull you also with invisible strings to the whole.

Everything I have does not belong to me. My shoes Arpita goes on making; my hats Veena goes on making. They rejoice that I am wearing their hats, their shoes, their dresses. Somebody brings a car and is grateful that I am using the car for coming to Buddha Hall. I could have come walking--it is not such a great distance, just from one house to another house--but then I would not have made somebody happy without any effort.

It is difficult for the outsiders to understand me. They have never known such a thing--that anybody will give me their watches just to wear so

that the watch starts vibrating with my heart, and then it becomes sacred to them....

It does not matter whether it is valuable or not valuable...people from around the world go on sending me strange things, knowing perfectly well what I will do with them. Just the other day somebody sent a beautiful stone from Mount Sinai, where Moses met God, according to the theology of the Jews, so Mount Sinai has become a holy place.

I respect the idea, although the story may be false. The story may be just a story, but the person who sends a stone, packaged beautifully, has a tremendous love in his heart. What should he give to me?--everything is trivial. But this stone from Mount Sinai, which is the only place God has ever spoken to any man, is holy. Although it is just a stone, because it is holy, somebody sends it to me.

I go on receiving all kinds of things, and I will go on distributing them to others. What will I do with them?--I have come naked and I will go naked from the world. And I am still naked under my clothes, I know it!

I have been seeing you, watching you, Vimal. Perhaps you need a few

sutras: they bring you closer to me. Seriousness separates; laughter brings closer.

Never put off until tomorrow what you can enjoy today.... *pilgr10*

Last night, I noticed your beard. It is really a magnificent thing; it reminds me of a lion's mane. Does a beard like yours come with enlightenment? Or do you have to be born with it?

Vimal, you are a little bit crazy, but not more than me. I insist: if you want this kind of beard, you will have to be born with it. It does not come with enlightenment. Enlightenment has no concern with your beard.

Even a woman can become enlightened. That does not mean she will have a beard. This kind of beautiful beard comes only with your birth. *chit09*

I don't even shave my own beard! Nirvano goes on saying to me, "I can trim it a little."

I say, "No, absolutely no! These are my original hairs. I have never shaved my beard. They are the same original hairs as when they first had started growing in my youth, and I am going to keep them to the very last."

She feels worried that they will become thinner, that this beard will become too long. I said, "Don't be worried. Even if it starts touching the ground, I am always in favor of the original." *pilgr16*

I have never done anything in my life. If somebody happens to do it...

Just on the way, Shunyo was telling me--she must have met Jayesh, and I have told Shunyo that without Jayesh I don't know how things would have been settled. He has been doing too much. The poor fellow had come to Rajneeshpuram to meditate, renouncing the world to sit silently, and he met me in the plane and got arrested with me! Since then, he is running continuously all around the world. He has completely forgotten for what he has come; he has no time.

And I simply go on watching him doing everything, just nodding--"Well done! Good boy!" So Shunyo must have told him, and he started crying.

I know those tears are of great joy, of deep love....

From my very childhood, my parents, my neighbors, my teachers, my professors...everybody has repeated again and again: "Listen, if you don't change your ways you are going to end up into nothing." I *have* ended into nothing! They were all right, but I am enjoying this nothing so much.

Gautam Buddha had to try for it. I have not tried, I have just not listened to anybody--and ended up into nothing. I have never listened to anybody's advice, howsoever great. I simply remained my lazy self, bone-lazy.

Anando was worried that I used to sit cross-legged always, but just for a few days...

"Why are you not sitting cross-legged?"

I said, "This *is* strange, but it does not happen to me. It used to happen...but what can I do?" Should I cross my legs because Anando will be in trouble?

I am not going to listen to anybody; I am going to sit this way.

Even Niskriya is laughing. When he laughs I know everything is all right.

Otherwise, he is a serious person. *yaahoo26*

Just this morning I said to Shunyo that Anando has too much work--and I go on loading her with more and more work. I go on calling her morning, evening and night. And if I don't call her she waits; if I don't call her I feel guilty that she must be waiting. And the strangest thing is

she has never said no to anything. Howsoever burdened, she immediately is ready to take on a new project, knowing that it is almost impossible for her to do all these things. But if I am saying it, that is enough for her:

"There must be the potential in me which I am not aware of--but my master has to be aware. If he is saying, `Do it,' I will do it." I have never heard even a hesitation.

Sannyas needs a total yes and then it can happen this very moment.

shanti26

I seem to have become very muddleheaded and scatter-brained lately...

Anando, you are a rare intelligence but it often happens that the people who are intelligent don't have a good memory. And people who are intelligent, if they are not a little eccentric, are very flat and boring. You are not flat and boring. You are a born cuckoo....

Anando is an intelligent woman. Somehow she has escaped from the trap, and all intelligent people are so individualistic that the crowd thinks that something is wrong with them, particularly about a woman.

In the first place, she is not expected to be intelligent; in the second place, she is not allowed to be a cuckoo, and Anando is both! And I love cuckoos, because cuckoos will reach enlightenment before anybody else.

And a man or woman who does not have something eccentric in them is not interesting. They are too flat, too boring. A small eccentricity makes people more juicy.

So Anando, there is no need to be worried....

So as far as I see, everything is going perfectly well. And I am watching you every day--because Anando is one of my secretaries, so I see her every day. She is growing, becoming more and more silent, joyous, humorous, sharp. *dawn32*

Knowledge cannot bring tears. Tears are indicating something very deeply significant, that you have touched something which can only be expressed by tears or laughter or dancing--which are all irrational. You cannot explain them rationally!

I gave Shunyo a small antique Rolex watch for Veeresh. I told her, "Find him and give it to him."

She came running back to me saying, "Veeresh is really crazy. When I gave him the watch, he simply started crying and dancing. I could not believe it! He did not say anything, he is simply dancing outside!"

And because she was searching for him, she told Anando also to look for him. After Shunyo had given the watch to Veeresh, Anando found him and she could not believe either--"What has happened?" Just tears and laughter together, and he was dancing, jumping. She brought him close to my room, to inform Shunyo.

And Anando said, "It is strange...What has happened to him?"

Shunyo said, "It is nothing, just that Osho has given a watch to him." *chit03*

Now my Veeresh is here, hiding himself; this is the crazy type of man I am talking about. He has been following me everywhere on my world tour, but always hiding, just like that. He has not even a desire to be recognized--"I have been following you all around the earth"--but a pure love. He goes on working for me in Europe, in every possible way, doing whatever he can do. He puts his total energy into it and when he comes here--and he must be wanting to come here every day--he hides.

That's the way of unconditional love. It is enough that I have looked into his eyes. It is enough...If I can catch hold of him once in a while he is fulfilled, he is contented; that I have recognized him, I remember him--

that's enough. *satyam28*

Veeresh, in Europe, is creating "Rajneesh Misfit Cities."...

The misfit has to accept one thing: that he will not be respected by the ordinary society. He will not get recommendations and honors and awards for being a misfit. I am certainly thinking to create an award, a world award each year, to be given to the greatest misfit in the world....

The society needs a few misfit people. They are the people who carry the torch

of

freedom

and

consciousness

from

generation

to

generation. *splend21*

Osho is ill; he receives and comments on therapeutic bodywork

Osho is sick and unable to give discourses for approximately two weeks in each month of December, January and February 1988. He is given sessions by sannyasins trained in therapeutic bodywork, including massage and rebalancing

You ask: *Is it possible for a master to take the pain of his disciples in helping them to understand their enlightenment, and in the process cause his body to become sick?*

Amrito, it *is* possible for a master to take the pain of his disciples in helping them to understand their enlightenment, and in the process cause his body to become sick. Theoretically it is possible, but practically it is not.

When I say, theoretically it is possible, I mean, there is no barrier in its happening. But the problem is that the moment the master becomes enlightened, his grip over his own body comes to the minimum. Most of the people who have become enlightened have died either immediately or within a few minutes or a few hours. The experience is so great, and the shock to the system of the body is unabsorbable. Out of thousands, perhaps a few have survived. And there are reasons why they survived.

But they suffered tremendously from sicknesses. These are not sicknesses taken away from disciples, these are sicknesses intrinsic to the experience of enlightenment. Enlightenment means suddenly becoming aware that you are not the body, and a distance is created. The old identity that, "I am the body," was keeping you together. You start falling apart. Mostly, the shock is so much that people have died.

But it has not been discussed because to discuss it...People have thought, "Rarely does somebody become interested in enlightenment.

And if you tell them that enlightenment means that you will have to suffer afterwards, then anybody will simply say, `Then why should we become enlightened? We are good as we are.'" That part has not been disclosed. But I don't want to keep anything secret, because I know my people can die celebrating, laughing, rejoicing. Death is not a fear to them.

Just today, Anubuddha was massaging me, because my hand has been in terrible pain for many weeks. He said, "You seem to be aware of every pain point, wherever I touch. I have never seen anybody..." And he is our best body worker--very sensitive, very alert, very loving, and very successful.

His work is that ordinary people, who are identified with the body, should become more aware, if there is some pain or not. "But you are not identified with the body. Then how do you become aware? And so minutely?" Because I go on telling him, "This is the right point, this is where you should work." Nobody may have told him before, because you don't tell the body worker--he is the expert, not you.

And I go on telling him, "You missed a point just now." And he has to go back and he finds it. So he was asking...I told him, "After the massage."

But then I forgot, so I said, "It is better to tell it now."

Once you are enlightened, a distance starts creating itself between you and your identity with the body. That does not mean that death is inevitable. It only means that now you will not be able to control the body in the same way you used to control it in the past. But it does not prevent your awareness; it gives you more awareness. You become a witness.

Just as he is working on my body...for him it is only guess work, whether some point is a pain point or not. To me it is not guess work; I am seeing from within that it is a pain point.

Awareness comes with enlightenment, but awareness brings its own problems. Ramakrishna died of cancer, Maharishi Raman died of cancer,

J. Krishnamurti suffered for forty years continuously with a terrific migraine. The migraine was so much, twenty-four hours a day, that he said, "Sometimes I feel like hitting my head against the wall and crushing it. The pain is unbearable."

Amrito, your question is created by the disciples, because disciples cannot understand--"J. Krishnamurti suffering from migraine? No, it cannot be. There must be some hidden reason. He must have taken the migraines of many, many disciples." And then they feel satisfied--a right explanation has been found.

Ramakrishna suffered from cancer, and his disciples go on writing that he had taken the cancer of some disciple. But even if you take the cancer of some disciple, that disciple is not going to become enlightened, so what is the point? The poor fellow was suffering with cancer. At least there was something--you have taken even that.

In fact, if your body sicknesses can be taken by enlightened people, you will not think of becoming enlightened. It is better to be unenlightened and let the enlightened people take care of your sicknesses, and meanwhile enjoy--unless accidentally you become enlightened, because then you cannot go back. That's what I mean when I say, theoretically it is possible. That needs some explanation.

You have two words in English, `sympathy' and èmpathy'. Sympathy is when you feel superficially: somebody is miserable, somebody is sick and you feel sympathetic. You sit by the side, cry a little and then go on to the movies. What else to do? Your eyes are more clean, and

now...Empathy means that you become so one with the person that sicknesses or anything can be transferred.

(Here Osho recounts the story when Ramakrishna inexplicably experienced pain as if beaten. It was then discovered that nearby a man was being beaten.)

That's why I say, theoretically it is possible. And once in a while it has happened, not because consciously enlightened people take other people's

sicknesses and diseases on themselves, but accidentally, just like in the case of Ramakrishna.

The reality is that the enlightened person is somehow pulling together his body. He has lost all desires, all ambitions. He has no impetus for tomorrow. Even to breathe one more breath he has no reason for. So a great gap goes on growing. Awareness becomes more and more clean and clear, he can witness his own body from inside, but a witness is only a witness; he cannot do anything.

So all these stories that are being spread around, that some master took away a disease, are just an explanation to protect the so-called master.

But how can a master fall sick? In fact, the master can fall sick more than anybody else, because he has separated himself from his body. The old clinging, the old grip is gone. Now it is a miracle that he goes on living for a few days. Hence he lives in a very calculated way.

You can see me: I live in such a calculated way that all that I do is speak to you. I have saved all my breath just to give you a sense of the eternal and an experience of the ultimate. And mostly I am asleep. You cannot find a more lazy man in the world. *hari16*

Osho undergoes extensive dental work

A fully equipped dental room is prepared in Osho's house, and for several months, Osho undergoes extensive dental work.

Naturally, if my body is sick, then my doctor knows more than I know. I don't interfere with my doctor. I am really a good patient; you can ask Devaraj, you can ask Shunyo. When something is wrong with my teeth--

you can ask my dental surgeon--I am quite patient.

In fact he must be wondering...because nobody loves the dentist's chair, but I love it. I really enjoy it. I find a small excuse and I immediately tell my dentist to make arrangements, I am coming. Just a slight excuse, it does not need any dentistry--but I love the chair. And I never interfere in whatever they are doing; messing with my teeth or whatever they are doing

I allow them to do. That is their work and their responsibility, and I don't know anything about it so I simply keep out of it. *last218*

This very morning, Devageet was working on my teeth. For the first time in years, when I left his dentist's chair, I asked him, "Are you satisfied?"

Because I could see his dissatisfaction--that he has not been able to do the work that he wanted to on my teeth.

In the evening, I told him to finish it, because who knows about tomorrow? I may not be here, then fixing my teeth will be absolutely absurd. He did try his best but I am a master who is teaching everybody to be present at every moment....

Shunyo works hard continuously, taking every care for my well-being, but she still goes on asking, "Do you love me?" I am in the dentist's chair under maximum gas and she is asking, "Do you love me?" And because I had promised my dentist that, "I will not talk"...but it is impossible.

Because I did not say, "I love you," she must have become so disturbed that she forgot to put the towel in my bathroom. I had to take a bath without a towel. Later on, when I asked her, she said, "I am sorry."

But it is not only her situation. It is almost everybody's situation. And my whole teaching is that you have to be respectful to yourself. It is falling from dignity to ask this--and particularly from a master whose love is already being given to you. Why be a beggar? My effort here is to make emperors of you.

The day, the moment you understand the tremendous glory of being present, nothing else is needed. You are enough. Out of that arises the great joy, "Aha! My God! I have been *here* and was looking everywhere else." *this07*

The other night, I went to my dentistry--it is just by the side of my library--and Shunyo was with me. New shelves are being created with mirrored glass, so she showed me and said, "Osho, it is not right that only women stand before mirrors for hours. I have been watching: everybody who

passes here stands before the mirror, puts his collar right, smiles a little, looks all around whether anybody is watching or not."

You are so afraid. Even to look in a mirror, you are worried somebody may be looking. Enjoy looking, there is no problem. If one side of your mustache is going this way and the other side is going the other way...put it right! There is nothing wrong in it, no sin. *yaahoo24*

Work begins to convert Chuang Tzu Auditorium into a new bedroom for Osho, with marble floors and walls, enclosed by ground to ceiling windows overlooking the gardens where a waterfall feature is being created. Osho's library will expand throughout the ground floor of his house.

World Academy of Sciences for Creativity

In January 1988, Osho again talks of a World Academy of Sciences for Creativity, which he had envisioned in Rajneeshpuram.

I have my vision, and I want my people to be aware of the vision. This ashram is not only for the old and the retired who don't want to do anything but need shelter and food. That has been the situation with ashrams in the East....

I want this ashram slowly to develop into a World Academy of Sciences for Creativity. This will be perhaps the greatest synthesis ever. Your search for religious truth in no way hinders your search for the objective reality, because both areas are absolutely separate; they don't overlap.

You can be a scientist and a meditator. In fact, the more you go deeper into meditation, the more clarity, the more intelligence, the more genius you will find flowering in you which can create a totally new science.

The old science was created as a reaction against religion. The new science I'm talking about is not a reaction against anything, but an overflowing energy, intelligence, creativity. Politics corrupted science because its own interest was only war. Religions could not accept science because they were all superstitious and science was going to demolish all their gods and all their superstitions.

Science has passed these three hundred years in a very difficult situation, fighting on the one hand with religion and on the other hand, unconsciously becoming a slave to the politicians.

I want this place to grow and I am making arrangements for a world academy of sciences and arts totally devoted to life-affirmative goals....

Just a few days ago Dr. Masashi Murakoshi from Japan was here. He has been working for twenty years in Hiroshima, experimenting. As the radiation of the atomic explosion becomes less and less, he has come upon a far more important discovery than Albert Einstein himself did. He went to Hiroshima and wondered at the fact that atomic energy, radiation, is destructive only at a certain quantity. At a lesser quantity it is very creative, very productive, immensely helpful.

He himself, when he had gone to Hiroshima, was forty-five years old. Now he is sixty-five years old, but looking at him you would not say he is sixty-five; he still looks as if he is forty-five. His colleagues are dead and those who remain cannot believe the miracle that has happened to him.

Radiation in small quantities is life-affirmative. It is the higher dose that destroys.

I have been in contact with scientists, Nobel Prize winners, who have been fighting for my rights in other countries. In Italy eighty-four of the most eminent people have just signed a protest against the government.

Amongst those eighty-four there are at least six Nobel Prize winners. The same is the situation in Germany and in Holland.

These Nobel Prize winners, eminent scientists, artists of different dimensions, will constitute the academy, and they will make efforts to change science's whole trend of being destructive.

Our sannyasins--and there are many who are scientists, artists, physicians--will help the academy. We will arrange scholarships, and people from all over the world can come and study a new way of science, a new way of art that affirms life, that creates more love in humanity and that prepares for

the ultimate revolution.

That ultimate revolution is a single world government--because while the world does not have one government, you cannot stop wars. Each nation has to have its own military, its own defenses, its own weapons, and there is competition as to who has more destructive power. But once there is one world government there is no need of any armies, air forces or navies; all these can be transformed into services dedicated to life, to the whole of humanity.

And the World Academy of Sciences will be the first step, because if we can take scientists from all over the world slowly out of the grip of the politicians, all the power of the politicians will be finished. They are not powerful; the scientist is the power behind them. And the scientist is in a difficulty, because there is no institute in the world which will give the

scientist enough of the materials, instruments, machines that he needs to work with....

It seems existence is arranging for the money that we will need to create the academy. Another very important man in Japan, who holds many foundations for humanitarian services, is also coming to see whether it is possible to bring money from those many foundations to create this world institute. And it will have support from all over the world, from all the scientists without exception, because now everybody is seeing that they are serving death, not life.

We can have the greatest library for scientific research and we can have sannyasins working, studying. The synthesis will be that everybody who is working in the institute will also be meditating, because unless meditation goes deep in you, your love sources remain dormant. Your blissfulness, your joy remain unblossomed.

Man is not for science, science is for man....

Scientists are in a difficulty. They cannot work individually; they have to work under a government. The government's interest is war, and no religion is going to support them because their findings go on destroying religious

superstitions.

There is an immense vacuum which I want to fill by creating a world academy absolutely devoted to life, love, laughter--absolutely devoted to creating a better humanity, a better and more pure, healthy atmosphere, to restoring the disturbed ecology.

I have called these two people, and Dr. Murakoshi has already been here.

He has already created a few things which radiate atomic energy, but in such minute doses that they help; they remove diseases, they give more well-being.

He has made for me, specially for my bathtub, a small radiator disk: just ten minutes and the whole bathtub becomes full of radiation. Just to check whether it works or not, I have used the bath; it certainly works.

He has made a few belts filled with radiating material, and sannyasins are using them and are finding immense energy that they have never had before. He is going to come with more gadgets that he has invented.

He loves me so much that he informed me that it will be better if I move the ashram to Japan, because there he has contacts with the emperor, with other scientists. And he is ready to found the academy and provide

the money that will be needed--and it is going to be an enormous amount of money.

But I have informed him that Japan is running out of land. It is the most crowded country in the world; they have even made artificial islands in the ocean, and they have floated a few to create industries on them.

Secondly, Japan is very costly. Its currency is now the most valuable in the world. It will prevent my poor sannyasins from going there...and to be there for months will be too costly.

I have called him and I am certain I will convince him that this is the right place. The whole of Koregaon Park is for sale!--and we are finding sources of money to purchase the whole of Koregaon Park. Then all the gadgets

can be used by every sannyasin. Mechanisms can be managed to purify water, to purify air--because Poona is utterly polluted. But one thing is good about India: things are cheaper, and people can come from every country, be here for three or four months, and then in eight months back in their country they can earn enough and come back.

There is no need for them to work here.

Here is their temple of meditation. And I want all the dimensions--the best musicians to teach you music, the best artists to teach you painting, the best poets to teach you the experience of poetry and the expression of it.

I am an incurable dreamer.

But I can say to you that whatever I have dreamed in my life, I have managed it, without doing anything. Just a proposal to existence....

For four months a sannyasin remains here. He will learn much about natural cultivation, how to live in tune with nature, not against it; how to make your life free from all bondages that the past has imposed on you....

The most important thing for the academy will be to create pure science, just the way I am making every effort to create pure religiousness.

Man can have inside him a pure religiousness--that means love, that means silence, that means meditation--and also a sense of pure science, so that no branches of science go on doing work unnecessarily which is destructive to other parts.

The second great thing the academy has to do...Up to now science has developed accidentally. There has been no sense of direction; people just

went on discovering anything without any idea for what. Moving accidentally, still they have created much, but it is in the service of destruction. Pure science will give the sense of direction and a unity of all the sciences, so that science works as a whole, not as different branches....

There are so many things that the world academy has to do. The first thing is to spread around the world the idea that misery is unnatural, that

sadness is sickness, that the lust for power needs psychiatric treatment, that a man who goes on gathering money is mad.

And once we make the whole of humanity aware of the dangers of our past ways of life and where the whole past is leading us--to a global suicide--it will not be difficult to convince the intelligent, the young, to drop the past and to welcome the future.

The world academy, devoted in every sphere to creativity, is going to happen. I don't like to prophesy, but once in a while...This is my prophecy: the world is not going to be finished by idiot politicians. All over the world, that's all they are doing--preparing the funeral pyre for the whole of humanity. We are going to stop it. And if they insist, we will tell them, "Jump into the funeral pyre yourself!"

Once we can get rid of the priests and the politicians, the whole earth will become so full of peace, silence, love...so many flowers and so many rainbows. We have been in the wrong hands; the world academy has to create an atmosphere so that these wrong hands are no longer powerful.

We have destroyed so many trees that the oxygen layer on the earth has fallen low. That is affecting everybody's health, because without oxygen you cannot live. We have created industries, and the smoke from those industries has such chemicals that it has made holes in a certain layer around the earth, the ozone....

We have done the same stupidity by sending rockets to the moon; those rockets have also made holes. But perhaps it has all happened unconsciously. Nobody was aware what the effects were going to be.

The world academy is a conscious effort to do everything perfectly aware of what the consequences will be. Small experiments can be done which will give us the idea of the consequences. Right now there are thousands of inventions of scientists which have been purchased by the vested interests and are lying down in their basements; they have never been brought into the market for the people to use.

Because we are behaving so insanely, any invention is bound to change

many things. Perhaps many industries will be closed because a better product, more life-affirmative, is available. Now those industrialists will try to purchase the rights and keep those scientific discoveries hidden from humanity.

Even Dr. Masashi Murakoshi was approached by the greatest nuclear manufacturer of America who said, "We want to purchase all your discoveries and all the things that you have made. Whatever the price, say it and you will be given."

But Masashi is a man of tremendous courage; he refused. He said, "That means all my life's effort will be lying somewhere down in your basements." He is not ready to sell his patents; he wants to give the patents to the academy so that millions of dollars can simply come here just from his small inventions.

The second man I mentioned is one of the most respectable men in Japan and has many foundations in his hands, with millions of dollars for any humanitarian purpose. I cannot think what more humanitarian purpose there can be than creating an academy of sciences and arts totally devoted to life and to enhancing life.

This is going to happen. When I am saying this is going to happen, I am not saying it; I am simply a vehicle for existence. I know perfectly well that when it comes from my absolute nothingness it is a message from existence itself.

It is going to happen.

Nobody can prevent it.

And this is the only hope for the new man and the new humanity. *mani30*

AIDS-Negative certificates required

to enter the ashram

Osho again anticipates science when he says the outbreak of AIDs in the East will be wide-spread. In January 1988, AIDS-negative certificates are

required by people entering the Ashram

In the commune, I was the first man in the whole world who proposed all the preventive methods. And in the commune, we managed perfect control. And I was criticized by Christians, I was criticized by all kinds of journalists, I was criticized and laughed at by the politicians, who said that I was unnecessarily creating fear. And now they are all thinking on the same lines. exactly the same program is being given to all the countries all over the world. And the dishonesty is such that not a single country has said that I was the first to tell the world that at least two-thirds of the world's population can die if immediate steps are not taken to prevent AIDS.

The steps that we have taken are now being accepted by EVERY

government in the world, and nobody is laughing and nobody is criticizing. And nobody is mentioning who the person was who first brought this whole program. *sermon23*

Just to give you a total view, I can say that if the Eastern countries are also surveyed, where homosexuality has existed longer than in the West, there may be at least twenty million people suffering from AIDS--which has no cure. *...*

The AIDS virus can come from any liquid coming out of the body, even perspiration, saliva, tears--anything coming out of the body can carry the virus. And the virus seems to be immortal; no medicine kills it. It becomes immune to all kinds of treatment. *satyam21*

Here, there are a few sannyasins...because I have made it an absolute rule that no AIDS-positive person should be allowed to enter the gate. If he wants to go anywhere, he should go to the Vatican. The Vatican is the most responsible for creating AIDS. And the pope's position has to be changed--not as a representative of God but as the superintendent of an AIDS hospital. All people suffering from AIDS should move towards the Vatican.

I have prohibited their entry. People have to bring a certificate saying that they are negative. But you will not believe how irresponsible man can be. There are many doctors who are selling negative certificates, so you simply

give some money...there is no need to be worried, take the certificate. It seems we will have to make our own lab to test people before we allow them into the campus. Their certificates can be bogus.

You give just a few rupees, and in Bombay you can get a certificate. And this is happening all around the world. But such irresponsibility has never been seen. They only think of themselves and the money that they are getting. They are not worried what harm this man can do--to his friends, to his family, to his children, to his wife....

Here, we will be creating an institute to check your AIDS report, whether it is authentic or not. I want my people to be saved not only from nuclear weapons, but also from inner causes that can destroy the whole humanity. *hari06*

Osho talks about Music

Since the move to Buddha Hall, there is space for a larger group of musicians, instruments from around the world, and better electronic equipment. Osho guides the musicians on how he wishes them to play before and after discourse

I hear your blessed music, but I don't see your guitar. Beloved Master, what is your instrument?

Milarepa, neither the music is mine nor the guitar. The music belongs to existence, and the guitar belongs to you. You *are* the guitar, and this whole vast universe is the music.

I am at the most just a passage for the music to reach to the guitar.

That's why you don't see my guitar--because you don't see yourself. Who are you? On whom am I playing my music? You hear my words and you also hear my silences, and naturally you feel a certain music surrounding me. That music is your response, your love, your trust.

In a way I am not here. It has been a long time since I left this small house for the eternity. It is the compassion of eternity that this small house still goes on continuing to function. It is also your love, your prayers, your

gratitude that helps my body-mind system to function. I don't have any desire to be fulfilled. All is fulfilled--and when all is fulfilled a music arises. I don't have any ambition....

We take the present moment and squeeze the whole juice of it--that's our religion. Wherever we will be, one thing is certain: we will recognize each other just by the style of squeezing the juice from the present moment.

Faces may be different, planets may be different, that does not mean anything. We have a key to recognize our people: in their eyes, in their faces, they are always existential.

Milarepa, you are my instrument. Your guitar is my guitar. Your fingers playing on the instruments are my fingers. Can't you allow that?...

Milarepa, you hear my music; that music comes from the beyond. I cannot claim any monopoly, any copyright on it. And you want to see my guitar--just look at your guitar, just look at your hands. In deep love a synchronicity happens. You start doing things which my deepest being wanted to do, but I don't know music; I cannot even recognize which is a guitar and which is a harmonium and which is a saxophone.

I have never been a singer, not even a bathroom singer. I have lived in many houses in this country with many friends, and many times people have asked, "At least we were thinking you will be singing in the bathroom, but you don't sing?"

I don't know singing...I *am* a song. I don't know singing--you will have to sing in me. You will have to allow yourself to be totally available to me.

You can dance and it will be my dance.

You can sing and it will be my song.

You can play on instruments, but your fingers will be in synchronicity with me, and I am in synchronicity with the whole. So it is just formal to say that you are my songs, that you are my music. I am just a small passage; the beyond comes through me to your eyes. And because it is of the beyond it has a tremendous capacity to transform you.

I have not said a single word to you on my own; hence I can claim originality in the literal sense of the word. Ordinarily originality means nobody else has said it, only I am saying it; that is using the word wrongly. Originality should mean it is coming from the origins...origins of life, origins of love, origins of existence. *pilgr06*

You shower me with love and I am so ashamed, I can't look at you sometimes. Inside I know I don't have anything to give you, and what little there is feels so inadequate. Master, my heart is broken. Please help me.

Milarepa, your question surprises me, because you give so much love to me. You have given yourself to me--your music, your poetry, your dance.

What can be more valuable? You have trusted me--a stranger. What more can there be that you should feel ashamed? You should rejoice, because all that you had, you have given to me, without holding anything back. You have given your heart.

But perhaps you don't think that your songs, your music, your dance, your love, your trust, have any value. They certainly are of the greatest value--although they don't have any price.

You are not poor. Just not to have money does not make a man poor; not to have power, not to be a president or a prime minister of a country, does not make a man poor. What makes a man poor is not to have a soul. And your soul is so full of songs, so full of dance, so full of laughter--there is no question of your feeling ashamed. You have given to me the richest gifts that anyone can give. But perhaps you have not thought of it in this way.

There are some of the richest people in the world who are so poor inside that all their money cannot make any difference. Their money is outside, and their poverty is inside--anything from the outside cannot destroy the inner poverty. The inner poverty is destroyed only by inner values: love, compassion, silence, prayer, meditation--these are the things that make a person really rich. He may be just a beggar on the street, it does not matter, but even emperors will find themselves jealous of him.

You are misunderstanding. Put things right.... *splend18*

In February begins a series of remarkable concerts by world famous Indian classical musicians, dancers, and poets, who perform out of their love for Osho, and for the meditative atmosphere of the ashram. Musicians include Pundit Hari Prasad Chaurasia, flautist, Ustad Zakir Hussein, tabla-player, Pandit Shivkumar, on santoor

Music is not something biological; it is not something concerned with your chemistry or physiology. Music is not even of the mind. Music is something...a space between mind and meditation. It is one of the most mysterious phenomena. To conceive of it in intellectual terms is almost impossible for the simple reason that it is beyond mind--but it is not yet meditation.

Music can become meditation--it has both possibilities--it can come down and become mind. Then you are only a technician, not a musician.

You may be playing perfectly on the instruments, without any faults, but still you are only a technician. You know the technique perfectly and entirely, but it is not your heart and it is not your being; it is just your knowledge.

Music can go higher and further away from mind, and then it starts becoming closer and closer to peace and silence. One is a musician only when he understands the sound of silence, and one who understands the sound of silence is capable of creating sounds which are synonymous with silence. That is the most miraculous thing. Then the musician has come to his full flowering. Beyond *this* music starts the world of meditation.

In fact, as far as the East is concerned, the ancientmost sources say one thing definitively about music, and that is that it was born out of meditation. People who went deep into meditation enjoyed the silence of it, loved the peace that seems to be unfathomable. They wanted to convey that you are far more than you think you are, far bigger than you think you are; you are as big as the whole universe--but how to say it?

Words are very poor philosophical concepts, almost like beggars.

The ancient meditators tried to find some way to convey their peace, their silence, their joy, and those were the people who discovered music.

Music is a by-product of meditation.

But you can go both ways: either from meditation you can come to music as an expression, a creative expression of your experience; or you can go from music to meditation, because music brings you closer and closer to meditation as music becomes immense silence, sounds merging into silence, sounds creating deeper silences than you have ever known. Then you are very close to the boundary of your meditation....

Music is not in the same category as sex, although in the West the modern music has fallen so low that it has come very close to the category of sex. Only that music is appreciated in the West which provokes sexuality in you. Sex is the lowest point of your life energy, and if music is used to provoke sexuality, then naturally it has to fall to the same category.

Superconsciousness is the highest point of your life energy. When music reaches superconsciousness, it provokes within you unknown territories, unexplored skies. It can become a door to the divine. Just as it can become a door to the animal on the lowest, on the highest it can become the door to the divine.

Man is only a bridge to be passed. Man is only a bridge between the animal and the divine. You should not make your house on the bridge--

bridges are not for making houses on--you have to pass on, from this shore to that further shore. *satyam22*

Music is your creativity.

But we have lost contact with the authentic music. And slowly slowly, as humanity has become less and less interested in the inner world, its music has become lower and lower. The contemporary music is absolutely the lowest that has ever existed. It touches you, but it touches you at your lowest center of sexuality. The contemporary music is sexual, and the classical music was spiritual. I would like my people to create

music on the path of meditation--or create music if you have found meditation, as a language to express the silence of it. *mani22*

Compared to classical music, jazz music is in the lowest category, because rather than creating a spirituality in you it simply activates your sexuality. The great classical music takes you higher, beyond your mind, to silences which can give you a taste of meditation, a taste of existence.

But always remember that a certain reference in a certain context does not mean my whole approach to a thing.

You are saying, "This question comes from two jazz musicians. Is our love of jazz music an obstacle on the path to enlightenment?" It depends on you. You can make your jazz music free from the lower gravitation of sexuality. You can make it connected with your higher centers of being, and then it will not be an obstacle on the path to enlightenment.

In fact, as far as my people are concerned, they are going to enter enlightenment with jazz music! It has never been tried; hence it is a great challenge and must be tried. *hari09*

The Mystic Rose

On 19 March 1988, Osho begins a series on the Mystic Rose. In the following days several events occur, in response to which Osho experiments with devices to bring consciousness and fun to the situation.

Love is the blossoming of your inner being just like a rose.

That's why I have called this gathering and the talks, *The Mystic Rose.*

Mystic, because only stupid people think that life can be understood. The greater is your intelligence, the more you will become aware of your ignorance; the wiser you are the less you know. And the wisest is one who becomes absolutely innocent, and the whole of life, existence in its all dimensions, becomes just a mystery. A mystery to be enjoyed, loved, lived, but not to be understood. The very effort to understand existence is an insult. Love does not want to understand; love simply wants to share. *yaahoo27*

The mystic rose is an ancient symbol of tremendous importance....

Evolution needs to be not of the body but of consciousness; then it becomes a spiritual progress. But Darwin had no idea of any spirit in man. To him, man was just the body and nothing more.

I propound a theory of spiritual evolution, and that has been the basic of all mysticism in the world.

Man is born as a seed.

To accept the seed as your life is the greatest mistake one can commit.

Millions of people are born as seeds, fresh, young, with tremendous potential of growth. But because they accept the seed as their very life, they die as a rotten seed; nothing happens in their life.

The symbol of the mystic rose is that if man takes care of the seed that he is born with, gives it the right soil, gives it the right atmosphere and the right vibrations, moves on a right path where the seed can start growing, then the ultimate growth is symbolized as the mystic rose--

when your being blossoms and opens all its petals and releases the beautiful fragrance.

Unless you blossom into a mystic rose, your life is nothing but an exercise in utter futility. You are born unnecessarily, you are living unnecessarily, and you will die unnecessarily. Your whole biography can be reduced to a single word: unnecessary.

But if you can blossom and release that which is hidden in you, you have fulfilled the longing of existence. You have given back to existence the fragrance that was hidden in your seed. You have come to fulfill your destiny.

The mystics have never accepted man as the ultimate product. Man is only a beginning and one should not die as a beginning; that is ugly, insulting, damaging to your dignity. Man should reach to the absolute fulfillment--not

only for his own contentment, but for the contentment of the cosmos. That is the secret of the mystic rose.

Yes, in a few traditions the mystic rose is also called the magic rose. Both words are meaningful. It is certainly magic when you see within yourself the blossoming of the rose, the beauty of it, and the divinity of it, and the truth of it.

Satyam, shivam, sundram.

You cannot believe your own eyes. You have never dreamed that you contain so much, that your potential is so valuable, that your interiority is a treasure inexhaustible, that you need not be in debt to existence forever. You can return to existence a millionfold what existence has given to you. That moment is of great joy, not only on your side but on the side of the whole cosmos.

The experience is such a mystery that there is no way to demystify it.

You can experience it but you cannot explain it--that is the meaning of the word `mystic'--you can have it, but you become almost dumb. You cannot utter a single word that may carry something of that rose, its beauty, its fragrance, its dance, its music--nothing can be carried through any word.

The word `magic' is also meaningful. Things like this only happen in magic. Unbelievable...you see with your own eyes things which should not be happening but they are happening....

Magic simply means something unbelievable, so absurd, so irrational that you cannot find a way to figure it out. That's why both the words have been used, the mystic rose or the magic rose. But even the rope trick is nothing compared to your inner flowering. Because you don't think you have anything inner, just hollowness...but in that hollowness is the possibility and the potentiality of a rose blossoming.

And this is no ordinary rose; it does not die. It is not that in the morning it blossoms, dances the whole day, sings songs, plays with the wind and the rain and with the sun, and by the evening all the petals are fallen to the

ground and tomorrow you will not find even a trace of it.

This inner rose is eternal. Once you have found it, it will be always within you. *satyam18*

The man in Japan who is thought to be the richest man, just because he has twenty-two billion dollars; and the richest man in America, who has four billion dollars--both are just poor in comparison to the person who has reached his own being, who has touched the reality of his eternal existence, whose mystic rose has opened its petals. *yaahoo20*

Osho and a Hitler salute

Osho often teases Swami Niskriya who operates the video camera in front of the podium.

Love is not the ultimate, it is just a training school for learning how to be alone. This togetherness is so painful that finally, even the most retarded learn that to be alone is the secret of being blissful.

Even Niskriya has learned it! He is a silent fellow; he tolerated as long as possible. He has no time for anything except his work, but even to him it

became a trouble and finally, he had to get rid of it. Since then, he is looking very happy. I have just been wondering how long he will remain happy. It is possible--he may remain happy--he has his camera to hold on to! *invita03*

Niskriya is so statue-like that one feels afraid.

I have heard people ask for photographs of Niskriya just to make their children afraid....

Just last night he was standing almost the way the soldiers of Adolf Hitler used to stand: straight. And the day before he was wearing the Chinaman's cap with a small note: Excuse Me. You will have to think of the whole joke, then you will understand what "Excuse Me" means. He is trying his best. Just see what he does today...!

(As Osho leaves the Hall, he raises an arm to Niskriya, in a playful Hitler

salute) shanti20

Last night, when you stood up to leave, you saluted with the gesture that we call in Germany the "Hitler" greeting. May I ask you what was your idea in doing this? What were you conveying through this gesture?

Now look Niskriya, how many troubles you are creating for me! This question is from Hilmar Pabel and Inge Byhan, photographer and journalist for *Bunte.* Soon you will see my photograph on the cover of *Bunte* with the salute...and I hope with a negative article. I enjoy negative articles!

And Pabel, I know you are not negative. You have loved the place, you have loved my people. You will be in difficulty now. You will have to write lies. But write! If you write anything positive about me, the article will not be published.

I am just making you aware and alert: if you want your photographs and article to be published, make it as negative as possible. I love all kinds of things.

Your question may seem superficial to others--it is not. As far as I am concerned there are many kinds of greetings....

The people who have gathered here are not soldiers, are not in any way interested that there should be any violence, any destruction. They know, and I want you and your readers of *Bunte* to know, that I am not a serious man. So I was just making a joke. And I have chosen Niskriya because he looks...Should I tell him to stand up again?

It is better...when I go then I will give you another chance to take the photograph--not only of me, but of everybody else! Let the *Bunte* readers also enjoy!

Pabel, you will forgive me, it is time for prayer (jokes). *yaahoo03*

Osho repeats Hitler-like salute, and encourages everyone to do so too. German magazine Bunte reporters are upset.

Last night, I was amazed to see that the people from `Bunte' *magazine*

were upset by your remarks in the discourse. For myself and other German sannyasins it was beautiful to see you make such gentle and hilarious fun of the whole Nazi trip. My laughter helped to dissolve the whole heavy past and guilt associated with Hitler's Germany.

But the `Bunte' *reporter, Inge Byhan, could not see the joke. She was totally enraged and wanted to leave in the middle. She said that what you were doing was a terrible insult to humanity. She was screaming afterwards.*

Osho, I feel so sad that this stupid woman behaved so insanely. I ask you for forgiveness on her part and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for liberating me.

Turiya, it is amazing and yet it is not amazing. It is amazing because the old woman from *Bunte* magazine could not understand simple humor. I am absolutely against any Nazi ideology. It may be German, it may be Italian, it may be Indian--basically, I am against all fascist attitudes towards life. My message to all is: never for a single moment desire to dominate anybody, nor allow anybody else to dominate you.

The very idea of domination has to disappear from the world. Only then can we call this world a human reality. Otherwise, it is absolutely inhuman. Millions of people all over the world are standing with loaded guns just watching for orders to be given. Missiles are ready, just buttons to be pressed, which any idiot can do. Pressing a button does not need much intelligence.

And the whole world will be just a huge fire. Not even grass will grow for millions of years. I was making a joke against Adolf Hitler, but to understand a joke needs intelligence--and particularly for a German; that too an old lady journalist of a yellow, third-rate magazine. That's why I say it is amazing yet it is not amazing.

She wanted to scream. I also feel sad--not that she wanted to scream, I felt sad that she did not scream. We would have loved it, and screamed

together with her! It would have been such a tremendous revelation; she

would have been shocked to see what was happening all around. She would have been the first to stop screaming! But unfortunately, she did not scream. She had not even the courage to say what her whole being was exploding with.

What was the trouble with her? It is not only with her; it is with all of my German sannyasins, more or less. But it is natural. Under Adolf Hitler, Germany has made such wounds in the heart of humanity that every German, although he was not a participant in it, perhaps he was not even born at the time of the second world war--still, just being German and something inside hurts that "my country, my people have been so nasty, so destructive, so inhuman." They have destroyed forever a healthy heart without any guilt.

My effort was simply to help you to laugh at the point, because what is past, is past. And what Adolf Hitler did, you are not responsible for. If you can laugh, the wounds can be healed, the guilt can disappear. But rather than laughing, if you start screaming at me, you are simply proving my point that inside you the same fascist attitude still prevails.

Still you think you are a superior race, superman; that the second world war was only a small battle, the real war is going to happen when the real Aryan German blood will rule over the world.

These may not be conscious ideas in you. But the whole atmosphere in which you have been brought up has left its imprints in your unconscious. And unless you start laughing at the very stupidity of the idea of ruling over the whole world, of being somebody special, superior to anybody else...Laughter is a great medicine. It is a tremendously powerful therapy. If you can laugh at your own unconscious, the unconscious loses its force. In your very laughter your guilt, your wounds, disappear.

Those two old German goats...it was specially for them! My hand has been hurting for months, but thinking that these poor fellows have come from Germany, I forgot about my hand. And they were so angry that today they were going to have interviews with sannyasins but because of their anger they left Poona immediately--with a threat to Turiya, because Turiya is a princess of Hannover, so that old woman who was screaming, or wanted to

scream, was calling Turiya again and again "Your Highness"...Poor Turiya felt ashamed at what that old goat was saying: You are a princess, royal blood, the last descendent of the German emperor, the oldest royal dynasty in the world, and you are mixing with these common people? She told Turiya, "I am going to write against Osho."

I laughed, because I told her beforehand! She was really stupid; otherwise I would have helped her more. I did as much as I could on my own. If she wanted to write...and that was specially the purpose, because *Bunte* magazine and those kinds of magazines and newspapers are not in search of anything good happening anywhere. They are in search of something dirty, nasty. They are seekers of gutters. Unfortunately, we don't have any gutters here....

That old goat was threatening that she is going to write against me. I have told her myself--"Please, write against me, because nobody is writing against me and I enjoy people writing all kinds of lies and fictions. I have nothing to lose." All these idiots have made me a world celebrity, and I am just an ordinary man.

But she has gone in great anger. I have told her, "Let my picture with thèHitler salute' be on the front page of *Bunte,* with seven thousand hands raised." And she could not understand that this is a joke, and in a very nice and loving way I am telling that you are still carrying your past within you. It doesn't matter that you are carrying a German past--

everybody is carrying his past, and my effort is to destroy your past, to free you from your past....

Just enter into your own kingdom. And a kingdom which cannot be conquered by anyone--unconquerable. A kingdom which once found cannot be lost. A kingdom which blossoms in everyone.

I was talking about that kingdom yesterday as the mystic rose. But that old goat did not hear a word of what I was saying. She was only concerned that I have "insulted humanity." I cannot see any logical connection between the fascist salute of Adolf Hitler and humanity. Adolf Hitler killed humanity, insulted humanity. Forty million people--a very good account!--he

murdered, butchered, gassed. And that old woman did not think that *he* has insulted humanity.

I am simply making you aware that if some part of you is still carrying, without your knowing, the junk that the past always leaves behind...and it goes on being given from one generation to another generation. Let it evaporate in a great laughter. Drop it. Forget that you are a German, forget that you are an Indian, forget that you are English.

It is enough that you are human. *yaahoo04*

Let-go Meditation at the end of Discourse

And the Yaa-Hoo! Mantra salute

On 24 March 1988, Osho introduces a let-go meditation to be done at the end of discourse. Osho tells a joke featuring the yell 'Yaa-Hoo!'. He asks Niskriya to shout 'Yaa-Hoo!' to signal the beginning of the meditation. Osho experiments with this meditation, and leads it at the end of every discourse from then on.

Recently, you said: "Remember, 'let-go' is the most important word in existence." It penetrated me like an arrow. Since then your words have been haunting me. Beloved Master, could you please speak a little more on the art of letting go?

Let-go is certainly the most fundamental principle of religiousness. It simply means no goal, no desire, no longing, no past, no future--just being here in utter totality, drowning in this silence, without any resistance.

There is no art, there is no knack, there is no method; just a simple understanding. Who is preventing you? Your own past, that you think is valuable...how can you drop it? It is a treasure, it is your heritage! The future...how can you drop it?--although you don't have it. Still, you are worried how to drop it: "How can one drop the future? Future is all that we have. All the dreams, all the tomorrows, all the great things that have to happen are in the future."

And when I say to you, "Drop the past, drop the future, just simply be"...

In that moment of simple being, immense blessings descend on you, silences, ecstasies--effortlessly. And because you have not made any effort and the flowers go on showering on you, it creates a very new dimension in your being: the dimension of gratitude, which religions have wrongly interpreted as prayer.

You cannot pray before you have known let-go. All the churches and all the temples are full of people who are praying, but they don't know; they are not in a state in which prayer arises on its own as gratitude.

Prayer cannot mean anything else but gratitude--gratitude for so much that is given to you each moment without your asking. You could not have conceived of any more than what happens in the moment, if you allow it to happen.

And the allowing is very simple:

No past, no future--just this moment.... *(there is a long pause)* This silence is let-go.

You are not creating it.

It is surrounding you.

It is overwhelmingly here.

It is all around you. If it can touch your heart, you have understood more than anybody can elaborate on let-go.

O'Reilly walks into the pub, orders a triple whiskey, swallows it in one gulp, spins around and falls flat, face down on the floor.

"That's what I like about O'Reilly," remarks the bartender to the others in the bar. "He always knows when he has had enough."

Just learn something from Mr. O'Reilly. Existence is not to be understood but to be drunk. It is alcoholic, there is no other drug that makes you more silent, more festive, more in tune with existence. Just one gulp of it...and flat

on the ground! What more can be said about it? It happens every day to almost everybody except a few dodos. Just the ground is not much, so people spin in their own places.

But if you want I can allow it one day: Don't bother who is sitting by your side or in front of you or behind you. Just fall flat! And enjoy let-go.

Niskriya... *(Niskriya lets go!)* That's the way, right! Today we will do it in the end, after the prayer.

So a few prayers to prepare you for the final let-go. And let us see how many dodos are there. Once in a while, it is good to check....

A pretty girl is driving through the American West when her car runs out of gas. An Indian comes past and gives her a ride to a gas station, sitting behind him on his pony. Every few minutes as they ride along, he lets out a wild whooping yell that echoes around the hills. Finally, he drops her off with a last, "Yaa-Hoo!"

"My god," says the gas station owner, "what were you doing to that Indian to make him shout like that?"

"Nothing," says the girl, "I just sat behind him with my arms around his sides, holding onto his saddle horn."

"Miss," says the man, "Indians don't use saddles."

Now, before the let-go, there are a few questions which have been waiting for long. So, Maneesha, you can ask your questions before the great YaaHoo! happens.

It is going to happen, there is no way to avoid it. How else are you going to learn let-go?

Now, the dodos are looking very afraid. I can see how many dodos are all around.

Just do it carefully, because poor Niskriya's camera is there, somebody's glasses are there. Do Yaa-Hoo! but just have a look all around.

Meanwhile, I will answer a few questions. You take a careful look, which side will be good to do Yaa-Hoo! And don't do it on the poor musicians.

Just a little care has to be taken.

So, one question more...

Beloved Osho,

As I write this question my hands are shaking.

Soon, more than your hands...everything will shake! Okay, let them shake.

You ask the question. Go on!

Even the dodos are laughing now. By the time your question is complete, I don't think anybody here will dare not to let-go.

(Given the festive mood, everyone laughs uproariously at the seriousness of the question and Maneesha is forced to pause. Osho himself is laughing, which tickles everybody into even more laughter.)

While reading the chapter called "the wanderer" from the sound of running water I saw that the culminating sentence was, "Yet the call is heard, as somewhere in our being the promise is remembered." With this sentence there was an explosion of energy in my heart, bringing tears to my eyes.

Yes, it will happen again. An explosion too will happen. And tears will also come to your eyes--they are already coming!

Complete the question.

(The reading of the question is accompanied by continuous laughter, as Osho jokes about the coming let-go...)

Osho, I have always known--but I feel so afraid: even as the explosion happened...

You have been always afraid and now it is *going to happen!*

Just gather courage.

Go on.

Even as the explosion happened, I was escaping. Osho, I call you "Beloved Master" but still I escape.

(There is a silence as Osho searches through the pages of his clipboard, and chuckles.)

You read the next question now because the reading of your questions is preparing people. Go on.

Beloved Osho,

Ten years of sannyas have finally brought me to a total chaos.

Give a good applause! Somebody has come to a total chaos!

But you have not known *total* chaos--just wait...

On the one hand I welcome it; on the other hand there is so much fear about whether I'll come out of it.

There is no hope--once you are in it, you are in it. Nobody has ever come out of the chaos.

(Everyone is overwhelmed with laughter...)

Just complete his question.

And this "tiger" about whom you were speaking to me comes closer and closer.

That's true.

What to do at such a meeting? My fear is of dying or going cuckoo.

Most probably cuckoo, because in let-go nobody is going to die. A few people will shout "Yaa-Hoo!"--that means they have gone cuckoo. A few

will remain sane and try...but they will be stupid. Such chances rarely come in life.

Beloved Osho, My heart is trembling. Can you please say something?

I don't know what to say! Should we do the exercise?

Niskriya, stand up. Yeah.

Now, give the order--"Yaa-Hoo!"

(Everyone falls from their meditation cushions onto the ground in a great let-go)

That is good! Now...stop!

Come back...

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho. *yaahoo06*

Let-go is a simple phenomenon. It is not a question of who is going into this let-go. And last night when you went into let-go, there was nobody.

Everybody was gone.

Seeing that everybody was gone, I was gone too. I was feeling hungry and I said, "I don't know when these people are going to be back." And I sent Shunyo to check whether people had come back or gone. She reported,

"Don't be worried; a few have come back, but most are still flat. A few are coming back, a few are moving towards the canteen..." But now I see that everybody has come back.

So this let-go is beautiful; you take a dip, and you come out fresh and young.

Last night must have been the most beautiful night in your life. *yaahoo07*

The Hitler-like salute becomes the two-armed salute with a shout of "Yaa-Hoo!". This is known as the 'mantra salute'*.

*Note:In 1989 this is changed to a shout of "Osho", with the two armed salute *What do you mean by the raised hand and "Yaa-Hoo"?*

Neelam, you must have seen that today I have raised both my hands, because the German idiots have made a law in Germany that raising one hand is a criminal act. And what about all the dogs? They are not just raising one hand, they are raising one leg all over the Fatherland and pissing! They are the real followers of Adolf Hitler.

I had not been aware that Germany will never become intelligent. It is unfortunate that they have banned me from entering Germany; otherwise I would have been in jail by now, another deportation...I have missed a great experience!

Because if you have seen a German jail the American jail is nothing you have seen the very hell. But the Germans themselves have prevented me; otherwise I would have raised one hand, without fail!

But thinking of my sannyasins...I don't want to create more trouble for you. I have created so much trouble already. So we leave behind that son-of-a-bitch Adolf Hitler. We will be raising *both* hands, meaning that our longing is for the stars.

And as far as "Yaa-Hoo" is concerned, it means nothing, but it has tremendous significance. It somehow vibrates you without saying anything; just say, "Yaa-Hoo!" and something in your belly...

And, as I have told you, all other greetings are born out of war. This is the only greeting which is born out of laughter, out of love in fact, out of a joke. I searched the whole day for the Red Indian who created the trouble, because in India you can find Indians, but Red Indians...very difficult. But in America, they will not allow me to enter; otherwise I would have searched there and asked the fellow, "What was the reason?"

But a great salute certainly has to have some meaning. And all words have

to be given meaning by us; no word has a meaning on its own. You must have heard Mohammedans say, *ya allah.* It means, "Ah, God." *YaaHoo* means "Ah, God."

It is easy to give meaning, just a little searching I have to do. I am a lazy man I could not find any Red Indian. What to say about Red Indian, it is very rare to find an *Indian* here. I looked all around; then I finally thought, "It is better that I should put in a little of my own effort and work out the meaning." Now it is absolutely clean, clear: it means "Ah, God." So you need not be worried if somebody asks you what it means.

And naturally, two hands reaching to the stars...you have to shout, "Ah God!" in *our* language; why should we borrow from anybody else? Adolf Hitler himself has borrowed his swastika from India; we never objected.

And now, my raising one hand they will discuss in their parliament: "One more reason that this man is criminal." And certainly, according to the definition I become a criminal.

Unfortunately, I am not in their territory so they cannot do anything to me. But many of the sannyasins come from Germany. For them, I had to find a way. And I am not a man to step back. To step forward is my way so from one hand, I have gone to two hands. Now let them make a law against raising two hands....

And you call these countries democracies, where you cannot raise your hands? It is a crime, and dogs are free and man is in all kinds of chains.

Just on the first day, when I raised one hand, Premda...he is a doctor and my personal optician. He became afraid because he was sitting in the front row, and his picture was also taken. He started trying to find ways..."Somehow drop my picture, because if this picture is found in Germany, I am finished!"

In fact I told my people, "Don't let him remove his picture"...because as it happens he is the head of the darkroom! Then I understood also that Niskriya looks so innocent but is not so innocent...that cunning fellow was raising both hands, knowing perfectly well that one hand can create trouble

back home!

I was thinking, "What is the matter? Why is he raising two hands?" But there is no need to be worried. Now, knowing that those idiots have passed a law that raising one hand is a crime...I had even to consult one of my sannyasins who is an attorney in Germany to ask him what is the situation. He said, "One hand is going to create great trouble, unless we can prove that it was raised in a comedy or in a drama."

I said, "It will be very difficult because it is not comic and it is not a drama. And even if it were because of me it is impossible for any court to accept that this is a drama." So I told my sannyasin attorney, Sadhu, that I would change it.

And why not find something better? Why bother about a dirty past and an ugly nightmare? I had raised that hand only to provoke those two dodos who had come from *Bunte* magazine. That work is done. Now we settle for two hands and a good full-heart "Yaa-Hoo!"

Just give me a demonstration....

That's good! *yaahoo08*

Now the let-go meditation is preceded by two-minutes silence:

Now we can do our prayer. Two minutes of absolute silence, and no movement. And when I say, "Let go," then simply allow your body to fall, without any effort on your part. So, begin. Relax...

Okay, come back. *yaahoo18*

Disturbances cause Osho to leave discourse

Osho creates many opportunities for laughter during discourse. However, while he is speaking and in the pauses between his words, there is pin-drop silence. On 7 April 1988, one visitor interrupts Osho's speaking with continuous hysterical laughter.

The following evening, this laughter becomes louder when a thunderstorm

tears the roof bringing in wind and leaves.

Osho has continued speaking, but now he stops. Now there is only the sound of wind and rain, the immensity of his silence, and still--

unbelievably--the giggling. Finally he speaks.)

This is out of the joke.

(But the giggling continues. Osho rises from his seat without further comment, namastes and walks to the exit. He raises his arm in salute, and the stunned assembly responds--"Yaa-Hoo!"

Away from the microphone, his words can be heard only by those in the first few rows.)

Don't wait for me to come out tomorrow night. *yaahoo20*

The following evening there is general meeting in Buddha Hall. Anando explains that so many sannyasins have apologised to him, and requested him to continue speaking. There is a celebration of music and dance as Osho arrives.

Beloved Osho,

Last evening I had my first experience of death. Your answer to the beautiful question put before you had taken me so deep within, so high, that by the time I realized what was happening--you were gone.

Oh most precious and most Beloved Master--you have told us to be here only if it is top priority. Your presence makes the Buddha Hall into our temple.

You have told us how J. Krishnamurti died with the regret that he had only been an entertainment to his people. How shamefully we take you--

your love, your grace, your compassion, your being with us--for granted.

We must hurt you again and again and again.

Osho, Please forgive us?

Zareen, it was not your fault. It was my fault, because I have loved you too much. I had not kept a distance between me and you. That's why it became possible for a few people to misbehave. They did not hurt me, they hurt you all. Otherwise there was no need, because you can see--a bigger storm has come and there is no need to laugh.

In fact it gives you an opportunity to be more silent. If you cannot be silent when there is storm and darkness, your silence is not true. It is only a question of looking at things in a right way. The storm is so beautiful, so fresh, is bringing you news of a constantly changing life.

The old leaves are dropping, without making any fuss about it, to make way for the new leaves to come. The very dropping of the old leaves...if watchfully, consciously understood, you have understood the secret of relaxation. The dead leaf does not cling to the tree, neither the tree clings to the dead leaf; they depart peacefully, in silence. They loved, they lived, and it is now time to depart.

As far as I am concerned, just as the storm has come again, I have come again. I was not going to come, it is the storm that persuaded me: "I am going again--you will be missed."

Hundreds of letters just like Zareen's have come to me. And many more people must have been sad and with tears. But I have felt your sadness, your tears.

I wanted you to know that I am not an old-style Zen master, but I also hit--in my own way, more sophisticated. I also destroy your clingings, your egos; I also destroy your taking me for granted, because one day suddenly I will be gone, just like the storm will be gone. Before I am gone, I would like you to blossom into the biggest roses possible.

When I see you in silence, in peace--and also in laughter which comes out of silence and peace, not out of hysteria...Yesterday I had to leave because a few of you behaved so unconsciously that they needed to be made alert, that this is not a gathering where you can remain unconscious. The whole

purpose here is to become more alert, more conscious. If the storm has come, nothing is wrong in it. You should have listened to it and its song, and you should have rejoiced in the

falling leaves. You should have learned something of tremendous importance.

But rather than learning anything a few of you behaved in a very stupid way. I had to hit you hard, knowing perfectly well that it will bring many tears to you and your hearts will be crying and weeping. But it can be of great value to understand that it is absolutely wrong to take my presence for granted. Then it becomes a routine, and you forget completely that one day I will be gone.

Before I go I would like to see you all blossom in mystical roses, releasing your fragrance.

Laughter is beautiful when it comes out of understanding, out of innocence. But when it is hysterical it is insane and stupid.

I was not angry, I cannot be angry. I was simply sad to see that a few people are still here whom I continue to call my people, but they are not yet alert enough to be given that much dignity. There is no question of forgiving you, because I have not been angry. It is just that I have been feeling that perhaps my love has not reached a few people.

I allow you more laughter than has ever been allowed; I have loved you as no master has ever loved his disciples. Gautam Buddha would not have loved you at all. Yes, he was compassionate, but being compassionate is not the same as loving. Compassion is dry, compassion is a distance; one is higher and one is very far down in the darkness.

I am not compassionate to you; I authentically love you. My love is not dry; it is not in any way a feeling of superiority, of taking your dignity and reducing you to inferiority. I give you so much honor, as has never been given by any master to any disciple.

Because to me, being a master or being a disciple is just a fiction. The

difference is very small: whatever I am, I know; and whatever you are, you do not know. Only this much difference does not make somebody superior and somebody inferior. You are exactly the same universal soul which any Gautam Buddha or Zarathustra or Bodhidharma has experienced. It is within your reach any moment to enter into the ultimate, into the very roots of your being, and all differences between the disciple and the master disappear.

The whole function of the master is very strange. He is destroying his mastership continuously, as he is making you more and more aware. The day you become fully aware--and I will be able to rejoice in seeing my garden full of roses--there will not be any difference between my heart

and your heart. We are all part of one universal heartbeat. And in every possible way--even impossible way--I am trying to bring that synchronicity between you and the universal which is your real and original face.

But if I see that you start taking me for granted, that I am speaking and you start laughing unnecessarily, at a wrong point, that means either I am in a wrong place or you are in a wrong place. What has happened yesterday, remember: it should not happen again. I am holding myself with difficulty together. I can disappear any moment. Then all your tears will not bring me back; then all your sadness will be of no use. Perhaps sooner or later you will forget it, as a beautiful dream that you had seen once.

Very few will be able to continue on the journey without me, and to meet me finally in their self-realization. But those will be very few. You need me, because my garden is almost a nursery; you have just started growing. It is not the moment for me to retire and to relax into the universal.

If yesterday's incident makes you more understanding and conscious, then it has been a blessing in disguise. Storms will be coming again and again, but you have to remember.

I have been using laughter itself as a device to wake you up. Nobody in the whole history of man has used laughter as a device. Sometimes I wonder why it has not been used, because it is a well-known fact that in a dream you cannot laugh loudly. If in a dream you laugh loudly you will wake up. In

a dream, mostly you never laugh. Laughter is too far away; even to smile in a dream is a very rare experience.

But one thing you know: almost everybody once in a while has experienced nightmares. In a deep danger, perhaps falling into a bottomless abyss, or perhaps being approached by a ferocious lion--

trembling, you wake up.

My own experience says to me that if you can laugh rightly, in the right moment, it will bring you out of unconsciousness into the open sky, from the darkness to the light. I am introducing laughter as a meditation because nothing makes you so total as laughter; nothing makes you stop your thinking as laughter does. Just for a moment you are no more a mind. Just for a moment you are no more in time. Just for a moment you have entered into another space where you are total and whole and healed.

For Zareen, I will give a few moments to laugh totally. They are for all of you. And I have chosen her question out of hundreds of others just as a representative, because they were all saying the same things but not with so much totality and with so much love and with so much heart....

(Osho tells several jokes, while the rain has begun drumming insistently on the roof.)

The storm has come back!

Now laugh totally, whether the storm comes or not. It is coming....

I have been told that you have been celebrating for almost one hour. I want everything to be celebrated--even tears, sadness, even the feeling that "I have done something wrong or at least participated in something that should not be done, or only remained silent, without interfering with the wrongdoer."

Our way of asking for forgiveness can only be a celebration. I believe only in celebration. Whatever the excuse--somebody dies, it is not a time to celebrate, but I say to you, "Celebrate!" because death too is part of existence. And one should not reject existence, and one should not be

afraid either.

Committing mistakes, just as you committed yesterday, is simply human. By celebrating, it can be dropped. I don't want you be sad for anything or guilty for anything, because these are the things which all the religions have used to exploit humanity: making them guilty, making them sad, making them feel that they are unworthy.

I don't want you to feel in any way unworthy. Even when you commit a mistake you are not committing a sin.

Because you have been celebrating for one hour, I would like to have our prayer: two minutes of total silence, no movement, close your eyes...

Now, let go.

...Come back to life.

The storm is coming too. *yaahoo21*

The revolutionary new Mystic Rose Meditation

Out of this incident Osho introduces the new Mystic Rose Meditation as one of the greatest revolutions in meditation since his Dynamic Meditation.

I have chosen Leela, one of my therapists, to create a new meditative therapy. The first part will be Yaa-Hoo!--for three hours, people simply laugh for no reason at all. And whenever their laughter starts dying they again say, "Yaa-Hoo!" and it will come back. Digging for three hours you will be surprised how many layers of dust have gathered upon your being. It will cut them like a sword, in one blow. For seven days continuously, three hours every day...you cannot conceive how much transformation can come to your being.

And then the second part is "Yaa-Boo." The first part removes everything that hinders your laughter--all the inhibitions of past humanity, all the repressions. It cuts them away. It brings a new space within you, but still you have to go a few steps more to reach the temple of your being, because you have suppressed so much sadness, so much despair, so

much anxiety, so many tears--they are all there, covering you and destroying your beauty, your grace, your joy.

In old Mongolia they had an ancient idea that every life, whatever pain is suppressed...and pain *is* suppressed, because nobody wants it. You don't want to be painful so you suppress it, you avoid, you look somewhere else. But it remains.

And the Mongolian idea was--and I agree with it--that life after life it goes on accumulating in you; it becomes almost a hard shell of pain. That's why all the saints and the sages have been telling you, shouting--"Go into yourself!" You listen to them, but you don't go. There is a reason why you don't go: you know that going in, you have to encounter pain; going in, you have to encounter misery, suffering, agony. It is better to remain outside--engaged, busy. Never be alone, because in your aloneness you may unconsciously start moving inwards. Being alone, having nothing else to do you may start looking inwards....

If you go in you will find both, laughter and tears. That's why sometimes it happens that by laughing, suddenly you find tears also start coming together with it--very confusing, because ordinarily we think they are contrary. When you are full of tears it is not a time to laugh, or when you are laughing it is not the right season for tears. But existence does not believe in your concepts, ideologies; existence transcends all your concepts, which are dualistic, which are based on duality. Day and night, laughter and tears, pain and blissfulness, they both come together.

When a man reaches into his innermost being he will find the first layer is of laughter and the second layer is of agony, tears.

So for seven days you have to allow yourself to weep, cry, for no reason at all--just the tears are ready to come. You have been preventing them.

Just don't prevent, and whenever you feel they are not coming, just say,

"Yaa-Boo!"

These are pure sounds, used as a technique to bring all your laughter and

all your tears and clean you completely, so that you can become an innocent child.

This is absolutely my meditation.

Leela will be in charge of it and you will be surprised that no meditation can give you so much as this small strategy. This is my experience of many meditations, that what has to be done is to break two layers in you. Your laughter has been repressed; you have been told, "Don't laugh, it is a serious matter." You are not allowed to laugh in a church, or in a university class...

So the first layer is of laughter, but once laughter is over you will suddenly find yourself flooded with tears, agony. But that too will be a great unburdening phenomenon. Many lives of pain and suffering will disappear. If you can get rid of these two layers you have found yourself.

Maneesha, there is no meaning in the words, `Yaa-Hoo' or `Yaa-Boo'.

These are simply techniques, sounds which can be used for a certain purpose to enter into your own being.

And you may have felt it--when you shout, "Yaa-Hoo!" you may have felt a sudden breeze of freshness and joy.

I don't want so many people to cry here; that's why I have not used the other part. That is to be used in special groups.

I have invented many meditations, but perhaps this will be the most essential and fundamental one. It can take over the whole world. Already from every country news cuttings are coming to me--"What is this YaaHoo!?" People are making up meanings of their own, but it has taken over around the world. Now the second thing is Yaa-Boo! And the whole process of Yaa-Hoo and Yaa-Boo, the couple, married...arranged marriage!

Every society has done so much harm by preventing your joys and your tears. If an old man starts crying you will say, "What are you doing? You

should feel ashamed; you are not a child, that somebody has taken your banana and you are crying. Have another banana, but don't cry."

Just see--stand on the street and start crying and a crowd will gather to console you: "Don't cry! Whatever has happened forget all about it, it has happened." Nobody knows what has happened, nobody can help you, but everybody will try--"Don't cry!" And the reason is that if you go on crying, then *they* will start crying, because they are also flooded with...

Those tears are very close to the eyes.

And it is a healthy thing to cry, to weep, to laugh. Now scientists are discovering that crying, weeping, laughter, are immensely healthful; not only physically but also psychologically, they are very much capable of keeping you sane. The whole of humanity has gone a little cuckoo, for the simple reason that nobody laughs fully because all around there are people who will say, "What are you doing? Are you a child?--at this age?

What will your children think? Keep quiet!"

If you cry and weep without any reason, just as an exercise, a meditation...nobody will believe it. Tears have never been accepted as meditation. And I tell you, they are not only a meditation, they are a medicine also. You will have better eyesight and you will have better inner vision.

I am giving you a very fundamental technique, fresh and unused. And it is going to become worldwide, without any doubt, because its effects will show anybody that the person has become younger, the person has become more loving, the person has become graceful. The person has become more flexible, less fanatic; the person has become more joyful, more a celebrant.

All that this world needs is a good cleansing of the heart of all the inhibitions of the past. Laughter and tears can do both. Tears will take out all the agony that is hidden inside you and laughter will take all that is preventing your ecstasy. Once you have learned the art you will be immensely surprised: why has this not been told up to now? There is a reason: nobody

has wanted humanity to have the freshness of a roseflower and the fragrance and the beauty.

I have called this series of lectures *The Mystic Rose.* "Yaa-Hoo!" is the mantra to bring the mystic rose in your very center, to open your center and release your fragrance. *yaahoo30*

Just today, Leela has sent a question to me: "People who are doing the Mystic Rose meditation in the third stage, the watcher on the hills--many

start feeling tears coming for no reason at all. What has to be done about it?"

Leela, nothing has to be done about it. This is simply beautiful. These tears are not of pain. These tears of people in silence are of gratitude.

These are just flowers, they are pouring unto the feet of existence itself.

Rejoice in their tears. Remember this saying of Saigyo--a great master--

What it is, I know not; but with gratitude my tears fall. bolt07

I am not a religious person in the sense of being a blind believer--I am just the opposite. But what is true is true, and cannot be denied. My own experience I cannot deny. I have never cared about myself; I have never thought about the tomorrow and never thought about the yesterday. I have simply lived moment to moment, day by day.... *yaahoo27*

Live Zen and drumbeat

In April 1988, Osho begins a new series on Live Zen. In May, while commenting on Zen master Kasan, he asks percussionist Nivedano to beat the drum loudly for each stage of the let-go meditation at the end of discourse.

Before I talk about the anecdote, I would like...Who is at the drum?

Nivedano, beat the drum first.

(Drumbeat)

(Nivedano hits the drum hard.)

You will have to do it again and again whenever I say....

This anecdote about Kasan's beating the drum looks so simple from the outside, but from the inside it has tremendous meaning and is multidimensional.

The first....

You have to understand what a drum is.

A drum is emptiness enclosed.

Nivedano.... (Drumbeat)

There is nothing inside the drum. That is our actual state. We are just an outside cover, inside is emptiness. And just as the drum can speak out of emptiness, you are doing everything out of emptiness. This is one dimension of the meaning of Kasan's beating the drum.

The other dimension is that whatever question is asked to him, he goes on saying in answer, "Beating the drum." It does not matter what question you are asking--there may be millions of questions but there is only one answer:

Nivedano.... (Drumbeat)

...and the answer cannot be verbalized. That's why Kasan used to keep a drum by his side. You ask him anything--it does not matter what you are asking, he will simply beat the drum. That was his answer....

A monk asked, "What is true passing?"

Kasan said, "Beating the drum."

Nivedano... (Drumbeat)

The monk asked again, "What is the true teaching of the Buddha?"

Kasan said, "Beating the drum."

Nivedano.... (drumbeat)

The monk asked once more, "I would not ask you about this very mind is the Buddha, but what is no mind, no Buddha?"

Kasan said, "Beating the drum."

Nivedano.... (drumbeat)

The monk still continued to ask: "When an enlightened one comes, how do you treat him?"

Kasan said, "Beating the drum."

Nivedano.... (Drumbeat)

This "beating the drum" of Kasan is a tremendous device. He says, "All your questions, howsoever great they look, howsoever profound and philosophical, they are all coming out of an emptiness within you." He is saying, "Just for a moment think of yourself as a drum."

That was his meditation to his disciples. If you can conceive of yourself as emptiness enclosed by the body, you will have understood the absurd action of Kasan. It is not logical; in fact, a logical person will think this man is mad. And by the way, Nivedano is--otherwise, why are you beating the drum?

Nivedano.... (Drumbeat)

Good!...

He is saying, "Kasan is simply concerned with the ultimate truth of your emptiness. Out of your emptiness all kinds of sounds, thoughts, imagination, dreams...but a good hit on your coconut..."

Nivedano.... (Drumbeat)

Yeah, it hits well--many people seem to realize the emptiness!

Even if nobody else becomes enlightened, Nivedano's drum is going to become enlightened. That is not a small matter....

Nivedano.... (Drumbeat)

Have you got the feel of beating the drum?

There is nothing inside, still...it makes so much noise. Just look within yourself. What is there? A heartbeat, breathing coming in and going out...and what else? When you are utterly silent you are pure emptiness.

Emptiness breathing...emptiness full of the dance of the heartbeat.

This is what is called going beyond, passing beyond--beyond knowledge, beyond ignorance--into the world of no knowing....

Now, Nivedano, the last beat on the drum.... (Drumbeat)

Now the drum should be allowed to rest. And specially for the drum, I am going to tell a few stories: *livzen14*

Gibberish, and Meditation at the end of discourse

For three weeks Osho is unable to come to discourse. When he returns on 26 May 1988, he introduces the final form of the meditation at the end of discourse: (1) few minutes gibberish; (2) silent sitting; (3) let-go, lying down; (4) sitting silently. This is followed by celebration.

My Beloved Ones,

I am introducing you to a new meditation. It is divided in three parts.

The first part is gibberish. The word `gibberish' comes from a Sufi mystic, Jabbar. Jabbar never spoke any language, he just uttered nonsense. Still he had thousands of disciples because what he was saying was, "Your mind is nothing but gibberish. Put it aside and you will have a taste of your own being."

To use gibberish, don't say things which are meaningful, don't use the language that you know. Use Chinese, if you don't know Chinese. Use Japanese if you don't know Japanese. Don't use German if you know German. For the first time have a freedom--the same as all the birds have. Simply allow whatever comes to your mind without bothering about its rationality, reasonability, meaning, significance--just the way the birds are doing.

For the first part, leave language and mind aside. Out of this will arise the second part, a great silence in which you have to close your eyes and freeze your body, all its movements, gather your energy within yourself.

Remain here and now.

Zen cannot be understood in any other way. This is the last part of the series *Live Zen.*

In the third part I will say, let go. Then you relax your body and let it fall without any effort, without your mind controlling. Just fall like a bag of rice.

Each segment will begin with the drum of Nivedano. Before Nivedano gives the drum, there are a few more things I have to say to you....

I am extremely sorry that I have not been physically here for many days, but I am also extremely happy that you never missed my presence.

I was in your heart

and I was in the wind and in the rain

and the thunder of clouds.

I was in your tears,

in your nonsense utterances....

I was absolutely present here with you--

and those who are present know it perfectly.

I was absent only for those who themselves are absent. At least today, don't go anywhere.

Nivedano, give the first drum....(Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

(Everyone bursts into a sea of sound, volume and tempo clashing and crashing in one great crescendo--a tidal wave of mind.)

(Osho motions to Nivedano for the second drumbeat, and an instantaneous silence falls over the whole of Buddha Hall.)

(Drumbeat)

Now the third drum...Relax. (Drumbeat)

The fourth drum...Come back! (Drumbeat)

This begins and ends the series called *Live Zen.*

What I could say, I have said to you.

What I could not say, I have given to you. *livzen17*

Now, Nivedano...

Remember, the first step of the meditation is gibberish. And gibberish simply means throwing out your craziness, which is already there in the mind, piled up for centuries. As you throw it out you will find yourself becoming light, becoming more alive, just within two minutes.

You will be surprised that when Nivedano gives his second beat, to enter into silence, you enter into silence as deeply as you have never done before. Just those two minutes have cleaned the way.

In fact in those two minutes, if you put your total energy...the more you put into it, the deeper will be the following silence. So don't be partial, don't be middle-class. Just be a first-rate crazy man!

About women there is no question, they beat every man every day.

Nivedano... *cuckoo12*

The following evening at the end of discourse, Osho experiments with a variation of the Mystic Rose meditation: laughing, crying, sitting silently, lying down. This is the only occasion he leads this technique. After this, he retains the gibberish technique.

Osho also creates the new No-Mind Meditation Group: 1 hour of gibberish, followed by 1 hour of silent sitting, daily for one week.

Osho gives detailed instructions for further meditation groups: Born Again, and Reminding Yourself of The Forgotten Language of Talking to Your Mind and Body. All his meditation groups continue to be popular programs in the Meditation Academy.

Discourses on Zen

From May 1988, on al discourses are on Zen. Osho comments on anecdotes about Zen masters.

Zen is special in many ways from other traditions of the mystics. But one thing that stands out, very unique, is these strange, small dialogues: just reading them you cannot see how those small dialogues can bring enlightenment to someone.

Secondly, Zen itself gives no explanations. That is one of the reasons a living tradition of enlightenment has not overtaken the whole world. I would like you to understand these small dialogues which apparently mean nothing, but in a certain circumstance, produced by other Zen methods, can bring awakening. The dialogues are remembered down the centuries; and the people on the path of Zen enjoy them immensely. But for outsiders they remain an anathema, because the context is never told; in what reference the awakening happened is never discussed.

Behind these small dialogues there is a long discipline of meditation, understanding--maybe years and years of work. But only the dialogue is known to the outside world. You don't know the men who are discussing

with each other; they are not ordinary people. The awakening is possible only if they have a background which can make the small piece of dialogue--which in itself is nothing--of tremendous importance.

But when you read them, you cannot believe how these dialogues can make somebody enlightened--because you are reading them and you are not becoming enlightened! Something is missing in your perspective.

My effort will be to give you the whole context, and to explain not only the words of the dialogue but also the individuals who are engaged in

these small dialogues. Only then will you see that they are not small things, they are the very optimum. Those people have reached to the last point; these dialogues are just a little push. They were almost ready...it can be said that even without these dialogues they were going to become enlightened, maybe a week later. These dialogues have cut not more than one week from their being enlightened.

Now that Zen has become fashionable all around the world there is so much written about it. But nobody I have come across up to now...and I have seen almost everything that has been written about Zen by people who don't have any enlightenment, but who are impressed by the beauty of the people who have been following Zen. They have picked up things which make no sense, are almost nonsense, and they don't have the capacity to give you the background.

Remember, everything depends on the background: long years of preparation are there, long years of waiting, longing, long years of silent patience, meditating. This dialogue comes at the apex, at the very end. If you can understand the whole process, then it will be explained to you how the dialogue can bring enlightenment to someone.

Without knowing the whole process, Zen will remain just entertainment to the world. What is enlightenment to Zen people falls down to a state of entertainment. These dialogues are not the whole process. It is just like an iceberg: a small piece is showing above the sea--one-tenth of the whole iceberg--and nine-tenths is underneath. Unless you understand that nine tenths, this one tenth will not give you any insight....

Zen believes in the very essentials. It has no nonsense around it, no rituals, in which all other religions have got lost, no chanting, no mantras, no scriptures--just small anecdotes. If you have the right awareness, they will hit you directly in the heart. It is a very condensed and crystallized teaching, but it needs the person to be prepared for it.

And the only preparation is meditative awareness. *tahui25*

These small anecdotes are small only in size; in depth, no ocean can compete with them. It is a miracle that in such small dialogues, the greatest of experiences, which are inexpressible, are expressed. *cuckoo11*

I hope these anecdotes will take away all the nonsense that modern times have forced upon you and will give you a taste of eternity. *quant12*

I am interested in Zen only because Zen is pure meditation. The very word `Zen' means meditation. It has nothing else, it requires no rituals.

Just as you are, the only requirement is to go in and discover your eternal self.

That eternal self is pure ecstasy. You can sing and you can dance and your singing and your dancing, if they are coming from your innermost core, become your only prayers. They are the only authentic prayers; all others are composed by man, and a prayer composed by man is of no value.

A prayer that arises within you, like a flame...and that is what happens in deep meditation. Suddenly you start experiencing a new warmth and a new flame, a new joy that you have never experienced before. It has been dormant, it has been repressed continuously, for millions of years. It has gone so deep that you will have to go that deep to find it.

That's why I go on insisting: go on, deeper and deeper, and go on throwing the garbage that the past has left in you.

These small anecdotes are all concerned with meditation in different ways. *cuckoo15*

These anecdotes belong to another dimension which the world has

completely forgotten. It is a totally different language, a different understanding, a different kind of opening of the mysteries of existence.

In these simple anecdotes you will see the world that we have lost, and the world that we want to create again. This is the man who has reached to the ultimate peaks of consciousness at a time far away in the past, and this is the man who is needed again so that this whole stupidity of the world--its politicians, its priests--can all be dissolved and the world can again dance with joy and rejoice in love.

I am fortunate to have the right assembly; otherwise these anecdotes will not be of any meaning--because you are also searching for the same door, you are all one in this search, dissolved into a deep silence. Only this silence can understand, because out of this silence these anecdotes have arisen--this silence is their source. The clouds are the witness; the bamboos are the witness; you in your silence are the witnesses. These are your stories. So don't think that you are reading some fiction. It is simply a hint to show you the way into your own being.

A man is utterly useless, his life has no meaning, his love is futile, if he himself is not aware who is residing *in.* Of course, the body is not you, nor the mind; there is something else which is witnessing both the mind and the body. To provoke that witness is the whole art of any master, and these anecdotes are about great masters. *bolt08*

I call Zen the only living religion because it is not a religion, but only a religiousness. It has no dogma, it does not depend on any founder. It has no past; in fact it has nothing to teach you. It is the strangest thing that

has happened in the whole history of mankind--strangest because it enjoys in emptiness, it blossoms in nothingness. It is fulfilled in innocence, in not knowing. It does not discriminate between the mundane and the sacred. For it, all that is, is sacred.

Life is sacred whatever form, whatever shape.

Wherever there is something living and alive it is sacred. *livzen01*

Zen comes closer to science than any other religion for the simple reason that it does not require any faith. It requires of you only an intense inquiry into yourself, a deepening of consciousness, not concentration--a settling, a relaxing of consciousness, so that you can find your own source. That very source is the source of the whole existence. *orig06*

Zen is the very principle of existence. Whether there is anyone who teaches it or not, whether there is anyone who learns it or not, it is there.

Zen is the very heartbeat of existence. It is not dependent on any teaching, not dependent on any masters, not dependent on disciples.

Masters come and go, disciples come and disappear; Zen remains. Just as it is. It is always just as it is.

I have made my comment....

I know Zen--not from any scripture. I do not belong to the tradition of Zen; I belong to these clouds. I belong to existence on my own accord. I have found Zen--not through the scriptures. That's why I can say, even in Japan there are only teachers and followers, no Zen. I am almost a stranger to the tradition; but I have found Zen on my own accord. It is my discovery, it is not an inheritance from the tradition, an inheritance from Mahakashyapa, Bodhidharma, Obaku. I don't have anything from these people--I don't owe anything to anybody....

I am not a man who follows anybody; I am nobody's disciple. I have tasted existence and I have declared that I have known it. Anything that goes against my experience is wrong. *livzen05*

These evenings have been very special and those who are present are very fortunate. The silences, the laughter, my eyes and your eyes meeting, my hands being understood...and we have created a golden age which has disappeared from the world. We have brought back the times of Mahakashyapa, Bodhidharma.... This assembly would have made any enlightened person rejoice.

It is true that when communication happens, the communicators disappear-

-you can feel it immediately. Here you are as if one

consciousness, undivided. In your silence you are one, in your laughter you are one. This oneness is the door to the ultimate awakening of your consciousness.

We have been one in silence, let us also be one in our laughter. To me a silence that cannot laugh is dead and a laughter that has no silence in it is superficial. When silence and laughter meet they create a dance, and our effort here is to join in this cosmic dance.

Just relax into the whole...

Don't keep yourself as a spectator.

Don't remain separate.... *livzen06*

Master Shui Lao asked Ma Tzu...Ma Tzu is one of the strangest masters in the assembly of strange masters of Zen. Shui Lao is asking a simple question: "Why did Bodhidharma come to China? What special transmission was there that he had to deliver?" *Ma Tzu then knocked him down with a kick to the chest: Shui Lao was greatly enlightened.*

Now incidents like this make intellectuals confused. What has happened? Ma Tzu has shown him that Bodhidharma has come to kill your ego, to release you from the fear of death. He kicked him in the chest, knocked him down. It was so strange and so sudden, it was not expected. He had asked a simple routine question; any intellectual could have explained why Bodhidharma had come to China--to spread Buddhism, to spread the message of the great master.

But nobody could have thought that Ma Tzu would do this to the poor questioner and it was so sudden and so unpredictable...But it is only sudden and unpredictable to us; Ma Tzu could have seen the ripeness of the man, the maturity...that he needs just a small push, that this moment should not be missed. His kicking him on the chest and knocking him down may have completely stopped the functioning of his mind, because it was so unexpected and so strange. In that stopping of the mind is the release.

Suddenly the goose is out! Shui Lao became enlightened.

He got up, clapping his hands and laughing loudly, and said, "How extraordinary! How wonderful! Instantly, on the tip of a hair, I have understood the root source of myriad states of concentration, and countless subtle meanings." Then he bowed-- in deep respect-- *and withdrew. Afterwards, he would tell the assembly--* he became himself a great master-- *"From the time I took Ma Tzu's kick, up until now, I have not*

stopped laughing. How can one stop laughing? This great affair is so ridiculous!...

Naturally, people who have not been accustomed to the tradition of Zen will be shocked by such behavior. If I suddenly knock Maneesha here and now, although she is not yet ripe--but if I knock, will you understand? You will think, "This man has gone mad." You will think,

"We already knew that he was mad; now he has crossed all the boundaries." And from tomorrow, those who sit in front will remain alert: at any moment...

And this *is* going to happen, because I am not going to leave this world unless I make more people enlightened than Gautam Buddha. I am watching who is growing wings, who is becoming ready to be knocked--so don't be surprised. And when somebody gets knocked, rejoice in the happening! The man has become enlightened.

But people who are not in a deep resonance with Zen will not be able to understand it--Hindus or Mohammedans or Christians or Jews--because there is nothing like that in their whole history. Their whole history is more or less just intellectual gymnastics.

Zen is absolutely existential. The master is there not only to teach you certain doctrines; he has to release you from the prison that you yourself have made. Whatever arbitrary, expedient methods are needed, he is not going to be worried about what people will think of them; he will use them.

There have never been more compassionate beings than Zen masters....

Get ready and be prepared. It is a totally different world from the days of Ma Tzu, but I would like to make that beautiful time and those beautiful incidents contemporary again. But it all depends on you. If you are gradually dropping all your garbage, becoming more alert, not forgetting for a single moment--walking, sitting, working, lying down, a constant undercurrent of remembrance--then the day is not far away when I will start knocking people down. There is no necessity to actually knock somebody down, because between me and Ma Tzu much time has passed, and I have got more refined methods! He is, in a way,primitive.

I do my own kind of kicking and knocking, so don't wait for me to actually hit you on your chest. There is no need...I have developed more subtle methods--but you have to be ready anyway. *tahui31*

Osho teases Niskriya Stonehead

Osho teases cameraman Niskriya, who has shaved his head. Osho calls him Stonehead, after the zen master Sekito Stonehead, and asks him to bring a Zen stick to discourse I am so lazy that I cannot even hit my own head, let alone anybody else's.

I am keeping for that purpose Zen Master Sekito--Stonehead.

(*The Master addresses Niskriya.)* Where is your staff?

(Niskriya picks up his staff and shows it to the Master)

Yes, that's good, because any moment it may be needed. And I have chosen a German Zen master...because Japanese Zen masters will hit, but their hit will be just like a peacock feather. A real hit only a German knows. *dogen08*

Our minds say that spiritual growth is very difficult. Our religions make it as difficult as possible. According to them it takes many, many lives to reach to your own self--how ridiculous, how stupid! If I am to reach to myself...in fact I will tell Zen Master Niskriya to give a good Yaa-Hoo hit to Joshu.

Niskriya...

(Niskriya is dressed up as a zen monk. It fits him very well!. He is hesitant, what to do.)

Give it without any fear.

(Niskriya gets up.)

Where is your staff?

(He produces a long wooden staff, to everybody's astonishment.) Right! Have the staff. Good.

Whom do you think to hit?

(Niskriya hits with the staff on his own head! Osho laughs and signals to him to sit down again.)

Good.

The real way is not difficult, because there is no way. You are already where you have always been and will always be. *livzen02*

This. This. A Thousand Times This

On 27 May 1988, Osho begins a new series of discourses entitled: *This. This. A Thousand Times This*

Before I start a new series of talks on Zen--called *This. This. A Thousand Times This*-- I want to devote today to preparation for the coming Zen anecdotes...absurd yet profound, without any rationality but still as truthful as language allows. *this01*

This. This. A Thousand Times This... is the essence of existence, is the essence of your being, is the essence of Zen-- *This.*

This is vast: a small word, it contains total, universal, eternal truth.

There are no boundaries to *this.*

It never begins and it never ends.

It is always here.

You can wander here and there, but it is just like a fish moving in the ocean; it is the same ocean wherever it goes. You can be a child, you can be young, you can be old, you can be dead, but *this* remains an eternal truth of your being. Alive or dead, you cannot get rid of *this.*

This essential point is being discussed again and again by Zen masters.

In different ways they have sung their song, in different ways they have signed their signatures; but only the ways differ, all their arrows converge on *this.* We will see how it has been repeated and why it has been repeated--why for thousands of years those who have known, either said *this,* or remained silent in thisness. But whatever the case, whether they say it or not, they are pointing to *this* by words, by silence, by dance, by music, by just being....

And a very small minority, one in a million, stops running, just remains standing here and now, drops all desires, asks for nothing and suddenly he finds everything within himself.

This is the door of the kingdom of God....

This is the only poetry, the only song, the only dance, the only answer, here, now, in your very breathing, in your very heartbeat....

And if you can understand *this,* nothing else is needed--you have come home. You have been long going astray, you have wandered through lives in many forms on many paths; *this* brings you suddenly back to your essential self. And your essential self is the universal self. There is no distinction between the individual and the universal. Once the dewdrop falls into the ocean, all distinctions disappear, the dewdrop becomes the ocean....

Every master worth the name lives only for those who can understand *this.* There is no other reason for an enlightened man to live--even for a single moment more. He has arrived home, but he can see many of his fellow travelers are still wandering in darkness. It will be very unkind not to give

them a call.

All the masters are nothing but calls to those who are wandering unnecessarily and suffering unnecessarily. *This!* and you suddenly open your innermost lotus. *this15*

After a long profound silence, Osho comments:

This is what Zen is all about: just a simple awareness.

A flame, unwavering, a sword that cuts deep to the very core of your being.

Remember, Zen is not a word but only a shadow of an experience.

You are the reality.

Everything else is just non-essential commentary. *this13*

Zen has become my most beloved for the simple reason that it does not create any theology. It does not bother about God. Because God is always *that,* God is always *there.* And the real concern is *this,* not that. *Here,* not there. *Now,* not then. *this02*

A furious monsoon rainstorm erupts and the power briefly goes out, plunging the whole assembly into an abrupt and silent darkness. When the power returns, Osho waits a few moments before beginning again.

Do you hear the rain?

If you can hear it intensely, totally, this moment can become your enlightenment.

It is not a question to be discussed, it is an inquiry into your own inner space. It is stopping the mind from its wavering thoughts and coming to a stillness within you where nothing moves. *this13*

I have always wanted to bring Seppo to you because he is one of the most precious buddhas who has walked on the earth.

He was unique in his own way; in his teaching, words were not important but only thisness, the utter silence of existence. The chattering of the birds are the only holy scriptures in the world. And the commentaries of the bamboos are really honest, sincere and to the point.

Seppo would have loved this assembly, this moment of silent waiting. He was not as fortunate as I am. He had very few disciples but that is very unjust of existence. Seppo should have had the whole world as his disciples because what he is giving is the ultimate essence.

(The chirping of birds runs through the silence of Buddha Hall.) This was Seppo.

They have all gathered here. *this02*

Nansen was one of the greats. I count him with Gautam Buddha, Mahakashyap, Bodhidharma, Joshu, Hyakujo. There have been

thousands of masters, but Nansen will still stand out with his own beauty, uniqueness. He became so well known to the people that the very mountain where he had a small cottage is now called Mount Nansen. *this03*

By the way, just a few days ago I received an invitation from the Soto sect, founded by Tozan. They were celebrating a thousand-year-old tradition on a great scale. And the chief of Soto Zen must have read my books. He must also have heard the story that I have accepted that I am the fulfillment of Gautam Buddha's promise that he will be coming after twenty-five centuries and his name will bèfriendliness'-- *Maitreya.*

The representative of Tozan and his sect--there are only two sects of Zen, Soto is the more ancient...And you will be happy to note that the chief of Soto Zen has recognized that I have the consciousness and awareness, that I have fulfilled the promise. He asked if I could come to their ceremony, and if I cannot come, I should at least send my robe--that is an old tradition in Zen.

I have sent one of my robes--with my message--to their ceremony. In the ceremony almost a million people are participating, and more than two

hundred fifty government officials are deputed by the government of Japan to be present in the ceremony.

I have told my sannyasins there to go with my robe, my note and message. The chief of the sect presented my robe and my message to the whole gathering with deep love and devotion. He has informed me that he will be coming here soon to visit me and to see my people.

In fact this is the only alive Zen assembly. In those one million people and two hundred fifty government representatives, not a single person knows exactly the space that you are feeling every day....

Because the words--Buddha or Bodhidharma or Nansen or Baso--are just names of the forms. They all represent the same space; and whenever there are people who are ready to receive, they suddenly descend there.

I have received many letters saying that in the meditations a strange feeling happens--as if something is descending, a deep silence from beyond, heavy, almost tangible. In that silence Baso is present, Buddha is present. When you are absent all the awakened ones are present to you. Then this assembly becomes an eternal phenomenon.

We have been here always and always. Once in a while you forget who you are, but it is immaterial: Sooner or later you recognize again, sooner or later you again see your crystal clear being.

Neither time matters, nor space, you are the one who never comes and never goes, the one who simply is.

THIS! *this04*

Just a few days ago a man from Japan who is translating one of my books on the Dhammapada--Gautam Buddha's greatest scripture, "the path of religiousness"--wrote to me, "I was surprised: you don't know Japanese, you don't know Pali, you don't know Sanskrit. And in your talks on the Dhammapada, in many places you have changed words which have been put there by the Christian missionaries." He was simply amazed because he looked in the Japanese translations and he found that I was right every

time. He could not believe how a man who does not understand Japanese can say that instead of `faith', there should be the word `trust'.

I can understand his difficulty, but it is not a difficult matter for me. I am not a commentator. When I speak on anyone, I have no commitment except to my own understanding, to my own illumination. And when I say that something is changed in a wrong way, translated wrongly, it does not mean I understand the Japanese or Chinese from which the translation has been done. It simply means that I know the very heart of Gautam Buddha. I know the emptiness of that heart, it is my own experience. No master who has touched the emptiness of the heart can talk in terms of faith. Faith is only for the blind....

But I can understand the poor translator's difficulty. He is doing his best, but his conditionings pop up here and there, unintentionally.

I don't blame these translators, but they have created a difficulty for the West. Just reading them, the Western mind will not be able to understand exactly where they have translated wrongly. I can see where they are wrong. And I can indicate to you that when you see, you see; when you know, you know--no belief, no faith. Those are words belonging to the world of the blind. We are entering into the world of the buddhas. *empti03*

Silence, bamboos, cuckoos

Buddha Hall is surrounded by tall trees and stands of giant bamboo, which sigh and creak in the monsoon thunderstorms. Osho comments on the silences, and the sounds of bamboos and birdsong

Listen to the bamboos. They are giving their support to my statement.

Listen to your hearts and you will find all the buddhas together, silently dancing without making any noise.

Before you enter into your living flame, the bamboos are asking for some laughter. They cannot laugh, but they can hear. They can give commentaries. This series is dedicated to these bamboos. *this09*

A real master will simply sit silently, listening to the wind coming from the

mountains, listening to these bamboos chitchatting amongst themselves....

Listen to the bamboos....

(Osho waits for the bamboos, but at this moment they sing very quietly.)

These bamboos are mischievous fellows! When you are ready to listen to them, they become silent. And when nobody is listening they are telling great truths.

(The bamboos answer--very loudly!)

Perfectly good!...

Now something particularly for the bamboos; a few of them are bananas... *(jokes follow) livzen08*

I hear the gossip has spread in the garden--the bamboos have told the birds--that you dedicated one of these zen discourse series to the bamboos. Is that why the birds were singing so fervently last night?

I have heard them. That's why I am dedicating this series to the birds. I knew that they were feeling neglected: the bamboos were standing proudly in the sky and the poor birds were thinking, "Nothing is being said about us, and we are singing here and nobody is being even thankful to us."

I am thankful to the birds. This series will be known in Basho's words--

Zen: The Solitary Birds, Cuckoo of the Forest.

Zen is very pagan; it trusts in nature, not in nurture. It trusts in the original, not in the carbon copy. It wants you to make your statement, but don't repeat the scriptures; they take away your dignity as man.

Find your own signature.

This is our whole search--finding your own signature.

Before we enter into our daily meditation...now I have to mention also the

birds. They are silent, being happy and proud. Soon the clouds will start asking! Before they ask...the coming series will be devoted to them.

To the birds and to the bamboos and to the clouds, a few laughs, because they cannot understand our language but they can understand our laughter. *cuckoo01*

In Zen, a saint means one who can listen, who can listen to the profound silence of existence. It has nothing to do with virtue, with doing good things. It has something to do with your being conscious, alert, aware...waking up, and suddenly you see the bamboos are saying the same truth that the buddhas have said. The birds are singing from the

same life source that you are breathing from. It is one cosmic mystery, in which we all share....

(In the pause, a cuckoo sings her evening song.)

The cuckoo has just spoken it. Do you hear it?

(And the cuckoo repeats her song.)

It is the same life source, without any discontinuity...the heart of the cuckoo and her song is also your being. You don't hear it, you simply become it. You forget the distance between the singer and the listener, you simply become the song. In this silence, this cuckoo is doing her job, knowing perfectly well that these lectures are dedicated to the solitary cuckoo, deep in the forest....

In the silences of the heart, there is a meeting between the master and the disciple.

Both know that something has moved, some energy has been transferred, transmitted. The flame that was asleep in the disciple is asleep no more; it has jumped into aliveness and consciousness.

This is the transmission of the lamp. But you can do it only if you have it. A strange situation is needed: the master has to have it and the disciple has to be ready to receive it.

Nothing is said, nothing is heard and the dialogue is over. *cuckoo07*

Listen carefully....

The cuckoos are absolutely free to sing their song or not. Listen carefully to the birds, because these sounds are coming from the very center of existence. It is life singing, dancing, rejoicing. *cuckoo08*

Is it not so, that we are literally "lost in thought" and found again in meditation?

Ordinarily what you are saying is absolutely right. In thought, you are lost, in meditation you are found. But if you want to listen to the answer in Zen language, there is no losing and no finding.

There is simply silence.

You are not.

These songs of cuckoos pass through you just as through a hollow bamboo.

In thoughts, you start imagining that you are. When thoughts are not there, don't start imagining that now you are REALLY. Once thoughts are gone, you are also simply a thought; you are also gone. Then what remains is only a pure consciousness, without any "I" attached to it.

You don't find yourself, you simply lose yourself, both the ways: either you lose yourself in thoughts or you lose yourself in no-thought. But losing yourself in thought is very ordinary; losing yourself in no-thought has a splendor and an eternity of joy and bliss. You are not there, but there is a dance of pure consciousness. It is not your dance--you are gone with your thoughts. You were nothing but the combination of your thoughts. As one by one your thoughts disappear, part by part you melt away. Finally, you are no more.

And this is the moment--when you are no more--that the ultimate is in your hands.

It is a strange situation:

When you are, your hands are empty.

When you are not, your hands are full.

When you are, you are simply misery, anguish. When you are not, there is bliss. You cannot say, "I am blissful"; there is only bliss.

There is only silence.

There is only truth.

The cuckoos have become silent, waiting for a few laughs from you.

Remember, laughter is one of the ways in which you can disappear. Only laughter remains....

The cuckoo has started again, calling forth. *cuckoo11*

Once a monk asked Joshu, "What is the word of the ancients?"

Joshu said, "Listen carefully! Listen carefully!"

In this silence, listen carefully.

It is an actual experimentation, it is not a sermon or a preaching.

Listen carefully.

You will not find any word but you will find a wordless silence, drowning you in immense joy.

Joshu's answer is one of the great answers:

Listen carefully!

Just be silent and the whole existence opens its doors. *cuckoo08*

"My religion has no words and sentences. It has nothing to give anybody."

In that silence, he suddenly became awake.

In this silence, anyone can become awake....

This whole silence says more than any scripture can say. *cuckoo08*

Sit still and all three worlds disappear. In this moment, listening to the cuckoo, all has disappeared. There is only a deep silence, in, deepening within your being. *cuckoo11*

The bamboos are very silent, waiting to have a few laughs. Poor bamboos, they cannot laugh with you. But trust me: they hear your laughter, they feel the touch of your silence. They are with you, part of the assembly. *cuckoo08*

Only in this silence have buddhas blossomed. Every day you have some feel of it. One day, suddenly, this feel will become your very breathing, the very beating of your heart. I declare this assembly to be the most blessed on the earth at this moment. Everywhere, there is the clicking of teeth. This small assembly of seekers is moving in a totally different dimension to the mind. It is moving in the dimension of no thought, no feeling, no emotion--just pure nothingness.

Once you have attained to pure nothingness you have found the dance of the universal, of the eternal. You have found the meaning of life. There is no other way to find the significance and the fragrance of your own being.

Before we enter into our silence, into the very essence of Zen, the bamboos are silent, waiting for a few laughs from you. Shunyo informed me yesterday that, since these meditations, since this silence and this laughter have begun, the bamboos have grown so much and new sprouts have come.

Just for these bamboos, particularly for the new ones... *quant13*

Before we enter into today's meditation...the bamboos are very silent and waiting for your laughter. My gardeners have informed me that they have never seen bamboos growing so fast. Particularly as the evening arrives they all start jumping up. They are participants, they meditate with you.

They cannot say anything, but saying does not matter. They understand your laughter certainly. *dogen04*

Poona has never known such rains as it has known this year. What is the reason? When ten thousand people sit silently, the clouds come by themselves. You just be silent, and everything comes simultaneously to you--and in abundance! Nature is absolutely ready to give up all its treasures to the empty heart. *empti04*

Haikus

For many years, Osho has commented on haikus, small poems from Japan. Now he il ustrates his discourses with poetry

A haiku is a special form of poetry which exists only in Japan. It has very few words but it tells much. Its beauty is that it is a condensed philosophy. And what cannot be said in prose, can sometimes be said in poetry.

Both plains and mountains have been

Captured by the snow--

There is nothing left.

He is describing his own being. Everything has been taken away. Even he has disappeared into the vastness of the universe; nothing is left behind.

Just as a dewdrop disappears into the ocean, a man of enlightenment disappears into the universal consciousness. Nothing is left behind. *matzu10*

These haikus are, as I have said to you, paintings in words. *hyaku02*

Haikus don't belong to time. No objective art belongs to time; it is forever, because it comes from beyond the mind, from eternity itself. That's why you feel as if these haikus are written for you. These incidents have happened for you. This will be forever so; as long as man goes on

searching for inner truth these haikus will remain contemporary, these anecdotes will not become out-of-date. *nansen09*

These are not ordinary poems. These are statements of something that cannot be said but still has to be said. You can sing it but you cannot say it, you can dance it but you cannot say it. It is in my gesture but it is not in my word. You can see it but I cannot show it to you. *cuckoo04*

Temple bells die out.

The fragrant blossoms remain--

a perfect evening!

Basho writes with such a golden touch.

You can see it exactly! You can hear the bell ringing and dying into deep silence. You can see the blossoms still remain, and the fragrance.

The silence deepens, the fragrance deepens...a perfect evening.

Haikus are, as I have told you, word pictures. Without painting, just through words, the haiku paints a picture, a very living picture. With paints the picture is dead. The poet's great art consists in painting a picture that will remain alive forever. *1seed03*

Kido wrote:

This cold night bamboos stir;

Their sound--now harsh, now soft--

Sweeps through the lattice window.

Though ear is no match for mind,

What need, by lamplight,

Of a single scripture leaf?

The moonlit night and the silence...there is no need of any scripture.

You are the only scripture.

Just learn to read yourself. *cuckoo08*

Another poem runs:

In the utter silence

Of a temple,

A cuckoo's voice alone

Penetrates the rocks.

These are great statements. Just feel for a moment...because these poems are written not to be understood by the mind, but to be felt by the heart like a cool breeze.

In the utter silence-- and that silence is here-- *Of a temple, A cuckoo's voice alone Penetrates the rocks.*

In this silence you discover your truth, your beauty. *cuckoo13*

The cuckoo:

Its voice alone fell,

Leaving nothing behind.

When every day in meditation you throw away all your garbage, what is left behind is pure silence. *cuckoo15*

Meditation at the end of discourse

The gibberish, silent sitting, and let-go meditation at the end of discourse becomes longer. Osho draws attention to the experience itself

Nivedano... (Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

Nivedano... (Drumbeat)

Be silent.

Let your body be completely frozen.

Close your eyes, and look inwards with as much urgency and totality as possible.

Deeper and deeper...you are entering the space we call the buddha.

This beautiful evening can become a great radical change in your life, if you are courageous enough to go on, just like an arrow, to the very center of your being.

You are just a witness, an empty mirror.

To make it more clear, Nivedano... (Drumbeat)

Relax.

Watch--the body is not you, the mind is not you.

Only the watching, only the witnessing is you.

This witnessing is your eternity.

With this witnessing comes all the ecstasies, all the blessings that existence can offer to you.

The deeper you are, the more watchful you are--the more silent, the more peaceful.

It is a great event.

Every evening you go a little deeper into your buddhahood.

Look around this empty space within you; you have to remember it, twenty-

four hours, when you come back from the inner journey.

Nivedano... (Drumbeat)

Come back, but come back as buddhas--peaceful, silent, graceful, with a beatitude.

Sit down for a few moments just as mirrors; remembering your inner world, collecting the experience so that it can become an undercurrent in your daily life.

I don't want anybody to escape from life; I want everybody to make life richer, more blissful, more ecstatic.

I am all for life, because to me life is the only God.

The buddha is another name for life.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Beloved Master.

Can we celebrate the ten thousand buddhas?

Yes, Beloved Master. *matzu01*

The evening was beautiful on its own, but your presence, your silence, your witnessing, your melting into each other...This Buddha Auditorium is no more filled with ten thousand people. It has become just a lake of consciousness.

Losing the boundaries is the greatest joy; melting into the universe is the greatest splendor.

Before I call you back, have a good look at this space where you are, because you have to visit this space again and again.

Take a good look at the path you have followed to reach to your center from the circumference. The same path, you will be traveling again coming back.

It is a small path, just one step. But what a miracle in a single step! The ordinary becomes extraordinary, the nobody becomes a buddha.

Nivedano...

Come back, but come back as buddhas without any fear and without any doubt. The buddha is your essential self. Sit down silently for a few moments just to recollect the experience you have gone through. And live it out in your gestures, in your activities, in your words, in your silences. *nansen05*

Before Nivedano calls you back, look at the space you have reached, look at the path that you have traveled. This path will be traveled again and again, back and forth till your buddhahood grows from the center to the circumference. At the center it is a seed, at the circumference it will become a full-fledged buddha. *nansen07*

I have been using the word àrrow' purposely so that you can understand that going into yourself is not a morning walk--that you can return from anywhere. It is not something that you can do in parts; you have to do it

one day in a single quantum leap. Whenever you decide, then don't look back, just go ahead.

Certainly it needs guts and courage because you are moving in a dark and unknown space. You don't have with you even a lamp--no companion, you don't have any map. And meditation demands that you go with the speed of light, so fast that the journey of thousands of lives is completed in a single moment. *exist02*

But my effort here is exactly that you should go inside. And there is no need to be afraid. You will meet no one else but yourself. And the sooner you do it the better, because nobody knows about tomorrow. At least know yourself in authenticity. *nansen08*

You don't know your center...and I go on insisting, "Go to the center."

And I know perfectly well that you don't know your center. So where will you go? But I know that *wherever* you go, just go--if you go with your full

energy, then you are going to end up at the very source of your being.

This is such a valid experience of thousands of mystics that there is no anxiety about it.

I have not told you where the center is. I know only one thing, that if you go inwards with your totality and urgency, you will reach it. Nobody has ever missed. The moment you are total and there is urgency the center pulls you--the center itself pulls you towards itself. You don't go, you are being pulled.

It is just that you have to be together. That togetherness is the problem.

People are so fragmentary that even when I say totality, urgency, you think perhaps it is for somebody else--"I am not going to die this moment." But that somebody else may be you! Some moment you are going to die--why not this moment? Who knows?

And in the moment of death, if you have not been going and coming, in and out, and you have not made the path clean from the circumference to the center, you will not be able to in the moment of death. It has to be done when you are alive, so fully alive that you can gather all your energy and go towards the center. Totality and urgency are the absolute prerequisites. If you go in a lousy way, just with a curiosity in the mind--

"Let us see, what is in?"--you will not enter in.

A curious mind has no way inwards. To reach your center a tremendous intensity is needed. You have to gather yourself, all that you have, into a single spearhead. Then don't be worried: go with speed, and wherever you reach will be the center of your being. You cannot go anywhere else.
joshu01

It hurts me to disturb your silence by using words, but I hope a day will arrive when we will be sitting together allowing the silence to become deeper--because whatever can be said only touches the periphery, it never goes beyond the periphery. No word has ever reached to the center.
kyozan04

Be as if you are dead and you have found the way--just surging inside you, a tremendous awareness, the very existence. It sings in the cuckoos, it blossoms in the roses, it has flowered in you as human beings; it can flower in you as buddhas.

Hence I address you as my buddhas. Perhaps a few of you may realize like lightning, but a few of you may have a little more sleep.

But tomorrow we will try again. If you have come here, you are caught in a net. Unless you become a buddha, you don't leave this place.

Unfortunately, such places have almost disappeared from the world. *bolt03*

That's why I say, every night, these few moments are the most valuable moments in your life. And every evening, when so many living buddhas gather here, this place becomes the most important in the whole world--

the spiritual capital of the world. Because nowhere are so many people meditating together. Nowhere are so many people digging so deep that they can find the very life source, the eternity, the deathlessness. *dogen07*

You have to look into your life, where you can find some natural experience of let-go. Listening to me you can experience a let-go. It happens every day, but you are not aware. I can see your faces changing, I can see your silences deepening. I can see when you laugh that your laughter is no longer chained and handcuffed, that your laughter is now your freedom. I can observe every day: you go on becoming more and more relaxed, as if you are not listening to a talk, but listening to soft music, not to words but to my silences. *satyam05*

I make the atmosphere available to you. All kinds of people, in this atmosphere, can have a little experience. And that little experience starts growing just like a seed grows into a huge cedar, aspiring to the stars.

Those who were more concerned with non-essentials have come and gone. In these thirty years thousands of people have passed--but now, as we are coming to the most precious experience, deeper and deeper, only those who are authentically interested in digging for the gold have remained.

Now this assembly has become one of the greatest assemblies of seekers that has ever been on the earth. *miracl09*

The very mastery, the art of being a master is to create an atmosphere in which things start happening on their own. What are we doing here? I don't know many of you, I don't know your names, I don't meet you personally. I simply create an atmosphere in which you can drown, in which you can drink the very juice of life. There is no need for me to work on individuals--that is a very poor and primitive way. I work by creating an atmosphere, an energy field, and every day that energy field becomes more and more powerful. Every one of you contributes to it. You are not just on the side of taking; you are also a giver.

Here your presence, your consciousness, certainly creates a chain reaction. Just the man sitting by your side...you may not know him at all, but in your silence you meet with him. When everybody becomes silent there is simply a lake of buddhahood--one consciousness, one existence, one dance. You are not in tune with existence, you *are* it....

You see the miracle every day. The new person comes and as he joins in this energy field he becomes as old as you are. His laughter is as deep as yours. Perhaps one day he may hesitate, but the next day he will see that everybody is laughing--"Why should I hesitate?" Perhaps one day he will not die, but when he sees another day that everybody here dies and comes back, then there is no fear in dying...one can die.

The newcomer becomes very soon an old disciple, just within days. I can see when the newcomer for the first time enters the Buddha Hall he is hesitant, worried what is going to happen, cannot understand how he is going to do gibberish. But any child can do gibberish, it doesn't need any training. From the very first moment you are almost trained. Gibberish needs no training, nor does laughter need any training.

If you can do the gibberish you are cleansing your mind of all kinds of dust that goes on gathering. And as the mind becomes silent...there is nowhere to go other than inwards. All roads are forgotten, there remains a single one-way traffic.

Just for a day or two you may hesitate to go that much inside. Who knows whether you will be able to come back or not? That's the whole purpose of creating an energy field--so that you can see that so many people are coming and going, becoming enlightened, unenlightened. It is a playful, joyful exercise; there is nothing to be worried about, you can go as deep as you want. *miracl02*

In ordinary life go on remembering that you are a buddha. Nothing else is needed, this very remembrance that you are a buddha is going to transform all your activities. *exist07*

There is nowhere to go. You are already there, where you needed to be.

And once you recognize it, then you carry your consciousness wherever you go. Then time makes no difference, nor does space. You are a buddha in the temple and you are a buddha in the shop; you are a buddha sitting silently, deep in meditation, and you are a buddha having a good laugh.... *miracl10*

I can say to you, it is true: every day you become a buddha. I see you coming back from your home, resurrecting. You are a totally different man--so silent, so peaceful, so fragrant, such a beauty to see.

But I know you will forget. Forgetfulness has been your habit for millions of years. So this one moment of buddhahood will become a beautiful memory, and then the forgetfulness comes like a flood of old habit and the whole moon disappears behind the black clouds. But the moon is there; we will discover it again. There is no harm in discovering your buddhahood again and again.

One can hope, one can trust that one day these old habits will become weakened and your whole buddhahood will become a simple matter, just like breathing....

So when I say to you after your meditation that now we should celebrate the ten thousand buddhas, I am not joking. I am making a certain point again and again to you that you may forget after a few minutes, and rush to a party somewhere in a hotel! Buddhas are not supposed to do that!

But times have changed--modern buddhas always do that. After having a good experience they celebrate it in many ways. And where to go to celebrate, to have a real Italian party?

Nothing is wrong in it if you go on remembering that you are a buddha.

Nothing is wrong in the world if your remembrance remains there in the background. *turnin04*

When one becomes absolutely centered, one is almost drunk, drunk with an inner ecstasy.

Many have reported to me that when you get up after your meditation,

"We feel a little drunk." You start moving towards the canteen, but you can see people standing by the side; they are wobbly, they don't know what is happening. Because everybody is going towards the canteen they join them, but not absolutely certain whether they want to go there or

not. But because everybody else is going there, it is better to keep company....

It is dangerous to go out of the ashram. The police can get hold of you:

"You are drunk!" You may say that, "I have been in ecstasy," and they will say, "Yes, that's what we are saying. You have taken the drug ecstasy. Just come along with us to the police station!"...

I teach you drunkenness. There is no need for a man who has tasted his own inner being to take any drugs or alcohol.

There is only one way to stop people from drugs and alcohol, and that is meditation--to pass through all the layers of the body and enter into a space which is no-body, no-mind. Then you are so full of contentment, so fulfilled that you don't need anything anymore. *poetry03*

Sunglasses and US presidential elections

I am wearing sunglasses in the night; it is due to the courtesy of President

Ronald Reagan. His poisoning has created many after-effects.

One of them is that my eyes have immensely weakened; they cannot face even the daylight. But even through my glasses I am perfectly able to see you.

In this connection a practical joke:

I have received an invitation from one of the most important global promoters in the election of the president of America. They want me to run for the presidency and they are ready to promote me. Even though I have been prevented--illegally, unconstitutionally--from entering America for ten years, certainly I can enter the presidential election. The law cannot prevent me. I can remain outside of America.

I have told Global Promotions to go ahead.

It does not matter whether I win or I lose. What matters is that it will decide how many intelligent people live in America, how many people have a sense of humor and how many people have a universal sense of humanity as one.

If by chance I win the presidency, it will be really the greatest laughter in history. And it will be the beginning of a new day. I certainly hope there

are people, irrespective of party or religion or prejudice, who will support me just for the sake of a good laugh.

These glasses will do good, they will look good on American television. At least my face will be more presentable than Ronald Reagan's. *this01*

Just today I received information from my sannyasin representative in America that he was interviewed by the press, because they have become worried that I am going to enter the presidential election in America? And there is no law that can prevent me, although everybody knows it is a joke. I cannot fall that low. Twenty percent of American presidents have been murdered, so that is the most stupid place to be. A twenty percent chance of being murdered...! Even men like Abraham Lincoln and Kennedy are no exceptions. The best America has produced it has destroyed.

Just as a joke I have said, "Yes," to the Global Promoters, the biggest promoting agency in America, to make it known to everybody in America that I am still alive and kicking. Who cares about being the president of America, I am not that stupid.

The press has also asked the Immigration Department, "What do you say, now that Osho is going to enter the presidential election?"

And the chief of the Immigration Department said, "This is possible only if God wants it."

It is good to know that the Immigration Department of America will at least not prevent God from coming into America. And also it seems that the American Immigration Department--which fought me for five years and had not the guts even to arrest me--seems to be a very faithful, religious, God-loving company. These are the people who have killed God also, because anybody who is preparing to destroy this planet--and America is number one...

It is so hilarious that on the one hand they go on saying they believe that God created the world, and now Ronald Reagan is going to destroy it. Is this what fundamentalist Christianity means? *quant06*

Osho's teases Sardarji

Sardar Gurudayal Singh is laughing. And he does nothing, he just remains a buddha the whole day. You can find him in any position, but he will be the buddha. He has been with me for thirty-five years. Hitting him again and again, I have awakened him so much that now it is difficult for him to sleep! So he goes on waking up other people. What else to do when you cannot sleep? You cannot allow anybody else to sleep, it is too much. *turnin04*

Now it is time for Sardar Gurudayal Singh.

Sardar Gurudayal Singh has a special time *(Sardarji gives a special whoop at this, and everybody laughs with him)* because he is a special man. *(Sardarji releases an even longer "whooooooo!" Accompanied by more laughter.)*

His speciality is--there are many new guests so I want to tell them--that he is the only man in the whole world who laughs before the joke is told!

And these jokes have a certain spiritual purpose. We have been serious.... *(Sardarji punctuates again.)* Before going into meditation, you have to calm down, relax, laugh, forget all about religion.... *(This time, Sardarji* really *enjoys!) christ01*

When you laugh, laugh totally, without any considerations. Don't hold anything back. Learn to laugh from Sardar Gurudayal Singh, who is a laugh unto himself--a real joke. He is the only man in the whole world I have come across who laughs before the joke. There are people who laugh in the middle of the joke because they suddenly realize what is going to happen. But from the very beginning, when I have not even started...that is the real and authentic man of laughter. And I know...he has his disciples. He is a very respected, old sannyasin. People sit around him just to have a good laugh. *dogen05*

It is time for Sardar Gurudayal Singh--a really great time. Put on the light, because I want to see the faces of my people laughing! *celebr02*

And a good news before I take the sutras.

A famous New York sculptress, Martine Vaugel has just now taken sannyas from the New York Center of Neo-Sannyas International. She is a world-famous sculptress. She must have been listening to my tapes, and must have been hearing Sardar Gurudayal Singh's name every day.

So, without seeing him--she has not yet come to Poona, and she has not seen Sardar Gurudayal Singh...but this is the sensitivity of an artist, a creativity. She has made a statue of Sardar Gurudayal Singh, and she has sent me a picture of the statue to see whether she is right? And I was

amazed. She is absolutely right. The picture looks almost like Sardar Gurudayal Singh.

(the master holds up the photograph of Sardar Gurudayal Singh for all to see. In response, everyone cheers and claps.)

Sardar Gurudayal Singh...take your picture!

(The master, enjoying the situation immensely, holds out the photograph for Sardar to take.) celebr06

Osho's teases Vimal

Vimal, who reads the questions whenever Maneesha is unable to, wears on one occasion a Ghandi cap and pyjamas

I am puzzled looking at Vimal's situation. Now the poor fellow is wearing a cap to deceive me. He must be thinking that perhaps I will think somebody else is there. He was even using glasses--and he cannot read with the glasses on, that's why I had asked him to take off the glasses.

And this shirt, and this cotton pajama...This seems to belong to that fellow who lives in the bamboo hut! Perhaps he forgot to mention about the Gandhi cap--Gandhi cap, Nehru shirt...and the pajama certainly belongs to someone else because I have never seen Vimal in such a situation. He is praying day and night--but Maneesha is also very stubborn. Now she will prolong her cold one knows not how long and poor Vimal is going to suffer every day.... *yaahoo18*

On another night Vimal wears a sari

A real woman is sitting in front of me! I offer to introduce you to this woman. You will not find such a woman anywhere in the world; with a small beard, a beautiful mustache...And really looking beautiful!

I wonder, why has Vimal not been using this dress from the very beginning? After I have left, you all have to see her--I really mean *her,* it is not a mistake--and rejoice in a real woman. *yaahoo19*

Just before osho's car comes, a big black gorilla enters the hall and sits behind Maneesha.

Now look, just by the side of Maneesha, a gorilla is sitting. Gorilla, sir, will you stand up?

That's good.

Soon it is going to be very difficult, if tigers and gorillas hear you--and they are bound to hear, because here is a place where they can be respected.

So playful, so childlike, so non-serious, so alive is the approach of Zen.

It is perfectly good for tigers and lions and deer to come to this gathering.

They will appear, for this gorilla is going to spread the news. Gorilla sir, please be silent, although it is not your way, neither is it in your nature; but please don't start gossiping about this temple. We don't want tigers and lions, because we don't have space. Just wait a little...once we have got a bigger space, which we will be getting, then you can bring all the gorillas--you must have friends, a wife, children. A gorilla does not believe in celibacy, he is not a Catholic monk.

And having a few gorillas here dancing with you will be a real joy. Today you will have to be satisfied with only one. But when one comes, a second will be close behind him....

I would love every species to be represented here, but unfortunately there is not much space and when such great people as gorillas start coming...They are your forefathers, be respectful. This is not me, but Charles Darwin speaking.

I don't know whether this gorilla can give a good gorilla shout.

(the gorilla screams loudly.)

Don't make Maneesha afraid! Be a gentleman! It is a question of the dignity and respect of gorilla culture. Anyway, everybody is happy that you have come. I hope you will give a dance too at the end. So get ready.... *quant03*

Although Vimal was hiding behind a gorilla coat, still Vimal was Vimal.

The body that Vimal has is another coat, given by biology. Behind that coat, given by your society there is another layer: the mind. And within that mind is your temple, your buddha. We are searching here for nobody else but our

own authentic being.

It was good of Vimal to come in a gorilla dress, because everybody is wearing different kinds of dresses. The inside has the same taste, the same sweetness, the same song, the same laughter. *quant04*

Osho teases Avirbhava

Avirbhava waits by the door when Osho arrives and leaves, and he makes a playful mock-threatening expression towards her, at which Avirbhava screams with delight. Now he teases her during the discourse as well.

I don't scare anybody except Avirbhava, because she has a quality of a child. I don't know why. Perhaps her father is dead, her mother is dead...I feel a tremendous feeling for her--and she is utterly innocent. So once in a while--not once in a while, almost every day--whenever I have the chance and she is close by, I try to do my best. *pilgr16*

Last night, when I went out, Avirbhava was on the outside door to open the car...And I have my own way of relating to people; I scare her, and she is so innocent, she gets scared--at least she pretends. She never disappoints me, "No..."...

It is just out of my love, and everybody knows it: whenever I see her, I like to scare her a little--and she enjoys it. Many times I wanted to pass without scaring her, and I felt, "No, it is not good, because she will be expecting it and I am going without doing it. It is inhuman.... " *pilgr09*

Two Zen masters are just like children--shouting, shrieking, screaming, for no reason at all.

You know Avirbhava's shrieking.... That is Zen shrieking--for no reason at all. Because I don't do anything to her...! But I miss her when she is not there at the door. She is almost like a gong declaring: "The Master has come!" When she is not there, I miss her. Her screaming is just like a small child, so innocent, without any purpose. But she is total when she screams, it is not from her mind, it is coming from deeper spaces. So even sometimes when I have entered the hall, she goes on screaming. My car

goes away and then she drops on the ground with immense joy. *celebr05*

I have known one person who does not need to be tickled. Just from far away you make the gesture, and that is enough. Here there is also one person, everybody knows her. She is sitting so buddha-like, but just if I do this right now...

(The Master jiggles his fingers in a tickling gesture towards Avirbhava, who shrieks in surprise. Each time he "tickles," everyone roars with laughter, and the Master himself is chuckling behind his sunglasses. He alternates his tickling gestures with a series of hand movements to calm us down...Until the next outbreak of laughter.)

And where is Anando?

(The Master, spotting Anando, begins to jiggle his hand in her direction and is laughing himself. More waves of laughter.)

That is Anando, I could see.

This is the only way buddhahood arises: the master has to tickle. Now do you see the effect? I have not even tickled Avirbhava, neither have I tickled Anando, and you are all laughing!

(More "tickles" and more laughter ensue.)

This tickling is called, in the sutras, *The Great Transmission.* I have not even touched...

(He "tickles" several people, laughing, and everyone is carried along with him again.)

The master can only create a device. The device has no logical connection. Now do you see why you are laughing? Of course Avirbhava, at least, is tickled from far away--remote control. But why are you laughing? I have a remote control...

(The Master demonstrates his remote control on Avirbhava, and we all laugh some more. He laughs, and then motions to her to be still.) Calm

down. Just sit like a buddha...close your eyes *(He giggles)...* look inside. *(Another burst of laughter.)...*

You have just seen it. Do you want to see it again?

(The Master begins to "tickle" again provoking waves of laughter, with a few chuckles from him.) I have two remote controls--one for Avirbhava and the other for Anando. Wherever they are in the universe...just tickle and they will laugh. And with them, others will laugh for no reason at all.

I want you to understand: enlightenment is so light, so loving, so peaceful--just like a laughter. The theologians have made it so heavy, so burdensome, that people ignore it. Enlightenment should also be entertainment at the same time. *dogen08*

That's why Zen does not take things seriously. What does it matter?--in this life or in some other life you *are* to become a buddha.

The buddha is the New Man.

He is the man of the future.

The whole human consciousness is moving towards buddhahood.

Strangely, it is already there within you, but you are not aware. Hence, a master can be helpful to you.

It is just like tickling you *(The master makes tickling gestures towards us)...* and you start laughing, and I have not tickled yet! *(Again he makes the movement)...* And you will start feeling...(*For the third time, he stretches his fingers towards us)* the master's work is to tickle you. And it is a joy to tickle ten thousand buddhas! *isan08*

Osho inaugurates a Museum of Toy Gods

In August 1988, Osho playfully inaugurates a Museum of Ancient Gods during discourse. Over the next few months, Avirbhava and Anando bring toys of animals which have been worshipped as gods.

I have told Avirbhava, "Collect all kinds of toys. We will make a beautiful museum and I appoint you the director general." She has brought me a beautiful bear which walks, which makes sounds very similar to Avirbhava, and when he makes the sounds he waves his tail. It is really a beautiful toy.

But all the gods are not even that much alive. The bear at least moves, waves its tail and makes sounds--and strangely enough those sounds are exactly like Avirbhava makes. Tomorrow you will see; Avirbhava will bring it herself.

(The Master is laughing so much that he has difficulty speaking. Avirbhava is also laughing loudly.)

Now this is...give it a try...how he walks and makes the sound...You will just be missing the tail, otherwise you are perfect.

We are going to make a museum of all kinds of toys which humanity has been worshipping, so when visitors come you can show them that "These are your gods!" miracl03

Before I enter into the serious statements of a scholarly Dogen, I would like Avirbhava first to inaugurate.

It is not a bear, as I said yesterday--because around the world I have so many cases against me, accusing me of hurting people's religious feelings. And the bear is worshipped by men.

It is really a pig. I had to ask Anando to research whether somebody's heart feelings would be hurt if we inaugurate the Museum of the Ancient Dead Gods with a pig. Avirbhava is going to be the Director General. She is completely ready--with the ears of a pig, and a tail too.

(Avirbhava is dressed in pig ears and a curly tail.)

About pigs: "In the ancient world pigs were considered the embodiment of thèCorn Spirit,' Osiris. He was the great Egyptian god of the underworld and judge of the dead.

In Greece pigs were sacred to Demeter, the goddess of the fruitful soil and

agriculture. And today they are considered sacred in New Guinea....

In China, pigs are venerated because they represent good fortune."

So it is absolutely appropriate for Avirbhava to inaugurate the museum with her own hands. Avirbhava, bring your pig...and inaugurate!

(Avirbhava places a cuddly soft pink pig on the podium and it proceeds to waddle across the marble in front of The Master's feet, making grunting noises as its snout and tail wriggle.)

That is good.

Now we can turn to the serious matter. *miracl05*

Before I discuss the great matter of Zen, Avirbhava has brought a few ancient gods to be inaugurated into her Museum of Gods. Her assistant, Anando, has also brought a few small gods. Before I tell them to show you what they have brought...

The research on the subject of the rat as an object of worship.... The rat is a very ancient god, but still prevalent, not dead. The research was done by the appropriate person, Sardar Gurudayal Singh....

And simultaneously Anando is also contributing something to Avirbhava's Museum of Gods, the monkey. The monkey has also been a problem in India. You cannot shoot a monkey--a monkey can shoot you, there is no constitutional law against that....

Now, Avirbhava, bring your rat, and Anando, your monkeys.

(Avirbhava puts a big, black toy rat at The Master's feet. It starts dancing and making comical sounds. She also puts a clockwork monkey on the podium which wanders around The Master's feet. Anando sits a small rubber monkey on the podium.)

Very meditative monkey!

Well, where are your small monkeys?

(Many little monkeys are put on the podium. Meanwhile Avirbhava's monkey is running away and Avirbhava has to jump to catch it. Everybody is laughing.)

Just give a good clap, too.

Now, remove your gods. Just ask all the sannyasins around the world to find out about all the animals that have been worshipped by human beings--to show to everyone what kind of past we have had. And there are still people who are worshipping animals.

Religion has been reduced to such nonsense. And the harm is that people become involved in these absolutely absurd ideas and forget completely about themselves. The only religion is the religion of being conscious. All other religions are simply toys for children.

But we go on living unconsciously, without seeing what people are doing.

They celebrate monkeys, elephants, they worship even rats. This is such an undignified state of affairs that it has to be changed completely. *miracl08*

Before I discuss the very important man of Zen, Bankei, and his remarkable statements, I have to introduce Avirbhava's new gods for the museum. Before I do it, I will say something to you about insects, which are worshipped by many people as gods.

This museum is going to be a hilarious phenomenon. It is going to be a mirror for you of what humanity has been doing--its priests, its so-called wise men, all driving humanity into different directions of stupidity. But when religious garbage is poured on anything, poor people, the poor masses believe in it. And this is not only in the ancient world; man has worshipped almost anything, and is still worshipping almost anything, without considering at all that it is very undignified, that you are destroying your own humanity.

My researchers have found that certain creatures of various insect species have been considered to be expressions of God since the earliest times....

Okay, Avirbhava, bring your things.

(Three huge butterflies start dancing around the podium, humming wildly.

A large moth flies up to the roof of the auditorium, while a spider and a caterpillar parade past.

The Master is chuckling in his chair, and everyone is going crazy with laughter, enjoying the show tremendously.) turnin07

Every few days Avirbhava and Anando bring more toys and costumes, including talking parrots, fish, a dolphin, tiger, lion, a dragon...

Anando, you are a hot potato. You may not know it but everybody else knows it--that this Anando is a hot-potato buddha.

Satisfied?

Now everybody will taste you. And just feel whether she is really a hot potato! Don't take my word, experience it.

There is an even bigger hot potato, Avirbhava. She is taking a suntan somewhere in Singapore just to become more hot. Within two or three days you will hear her. She is bringing a whole load of old gods...forty she has already collected. Anando is her associate director. You can call the museum the Museum of Gods, or you can call it the Museum of the Hot Potatoes--they are synonymous. *orig02*

My calling some of you hot potatoes or dancing plums, German stoneheads or laughing sardarjis--they are all devices. And I know that you are in the right place and you will not misunderstand me. It is out of love and out of compassion that I call you any name. For example, I called Avirbhava a big ripe plum. She understood it. She waved me a kiss. And today she is sitting there, hiding an egg.

Avirbhava, bring your egg here...bring it.

(Avirbhava puts a big green egg in front of The Master, on the podium. She breaks it, and two mechanical baby chicks jump out and hop around while The Master chuckles.)

Yeah, that is the right egg! *matzu04*

Ma Tzu, and the great matter about Anando and Maneesha's jealousy

In mid-September 1988, Osho speaks on Zen master Ma Tzu, who introduced extreme measures to enlighten his disciples. During this series, Osho uses his own methods to draw awareness to jealousy. This is triggered by a horse for the Museum of Toy Gods.

Ma Tzu rebelled against the traditionalism that had grown after Bodhidharma. He introduced totally new ideas, new devices--hitting, shouting. Nobody had ever heard that you can wake up a man just by shouting at the right moment; it was a great contribution to human consciousness that hitting can become a reward....

Ma Tzu went even further: the shoutings and the beatings nobody had ever

heard of. His effort was so new--that enlightenment is possible if the master hits you at the right moment, or shouts at you at the right moment; that his very shout takes your consciousness to the deepest center of your being. What meditation does slowly slowly, a good shout of the master, unexpectedly, in a situation when the disciple was asking some question, and the master jumps and shouts, or hits him, or throws him out of the door, or jumps over him...These methods were never known. It was purely the very creative genius of Ma Tzu, and he made many people enlightened.

Sometimes it looks so hilarious: he threw a man from the window, from a two-story house, and the man had come to ask on what to meditate. And Ma Tzu not only threw him, he jumped after him, fell on him, sat on his chest, and he said, "Got it?!"

And the poor fellow said, "Yes"--because if you say "No," he may beat you or do something else. It is enough--his body is fractured, and Ma Tzu, sitting on his chest, says, "Got it?!"

And in fact he got it, because it was so sudden, out of the blue--he could never have conceived it. He had heard that Ma Tzu hits people, Ma Tzu shouts at people, but he had never heard that he throws them from a two-story building. He had multiple fractures...and then Ma Tzu jumped on him and sat on his chest. At that moment he was absolutely in such a shock that the mind stopped functioning--and that was the purpose of the whole thing. And because the mind stopped functioning, and Ma Tzu was sitting on his chest, looking into his eyes--a great silence, the same blissfulness that comes out of meditation. What a strange way! *isan04*

Before I discuss Ma Tzu and his statements, I have to inaugurate another god to Avirbhava's Museum of Gods. This is a very important god. I will tell you about the god before Avirbhava brings it in front of you.

The name of the god is horse. It has been worshipped around the world for centuries. Even today there are places where the horse is worshipped as a god....

I am allowing these animal gods in this campus to make you aware of your past. And it is not passed completely, it is still hidden in your mind....

Varanasi, in the whole world...

(At this moment ripples of laughter spread through the assembly as a white horse enters the auditorium through the door to the left of the podium, gallops around it and disappears through the door on the right.) So, Avirbhava, you can come back, your horse is introduced. Come back to your seat.

(Great applause from the audience.)

Now, Maneesha's statements about Ma Tzu and his work: *matzu08*

The following evening Maneesha is unable to come to discourse. In her place, Anando reads reads the sutras and questions to Osho, including a question from Maneesha Now, the question that has created in Maneesha a migraine, so that Anando has to represent her. She has asked:

A situation that occurred last night was such a vivid illustration for me of how you are a living teaching Master of Zen, a Man of Tao.

When the horse came trotting into the hall, anyone in your place would have been disconcerted because they could not see what the cause of the laughter was. You simply stopped talking and allowed events to take a new course. You looked so vulnerable, so innocent and unknowing, in those moments...

This is not really a question; I just wanted an excuse to make sure the incident did not go unrecorded.

This question--which is not a question--has created in poor Maneesha a migraine. She must have felt, how is she going to read it to me? But she

is perfectly right, and she need not be worried that just for the record she has asked a question which is not a question.

In Maneesha I have found a better recorder than Ramakrishna had in Vivekananda, or even Socrates had in Plato. She records everything perfectly well, that's why she has become shy--it is not a migraine.

Tomorrow she will be here again.

There is no need to be afraid, you can ask me anything. You can give any record of events. I enjoyed last night's episode. It is not that I was annoyed, I was enjoying it so tremendously because it was such an unexpected phenomenon. I thought perhaps Kalki, the white horse, had come; because his time is close--just twelve years more. By the end of this century Kalki is going to come. So I thought if he has come here it is a really great moment, and here there will be no need for him to make any judgments because all are sinners!

And he came a little early, because inside him was great Avirbhava, and Avirbhava's associate, Anando, and naturally inside that horse you cannot remain long. One must be feeling suffocated. So they came a little early. It was Anando who was pulling Avirbhava back, "This is not time!"-

-but Avirbhava jumped in.

It would have been a great accident if the horse had fallen in two. That would have been absolutely against the tradition, and somebody would have put a case against me, that their religious feelings are hurt--Kalki breaking down in the middle.

But they both managed perfectly well....

Maneesha, your recording is perfectly good. Next time when you feel the migraine, still come. When people do two minutes' gibberish, throw away your migraine--somebody will catch it! Just throw it far away. Everybody is trying it a double way: he is throwing his things out, and moving his hands to protect himself, because others are also throwing out all kinds of bullshit. One has to protect oneself--just exchanging your bullshit will not help.
matzu09

The following evening, Maneesha is back, but Anando is unable to attend This book is dedicated to Anando in spite of her reluctance. She has behaved very unconsciously for these two days.

First, I am always worried about it that Maneesha is not allowed to take a

holiday, migraine or no migraine, because if she is absent even for one evening--and I know she has this trouble of migraine for years--

somebody else has to take her place. But just to take her place for one day is dangerous. The taste of it, and then one starts thinking, "Why should I not continue?" It is almost as if you are made the king for one day. It will be difficult for your whole life.

So first she freaked out because I still addressed Maneesha, care of Anando. I could see her face and I could see her response. She did not like it, she wanted to be addressed directly. But I knew it was better to be

"care of," because tomorrow she would be gone.

The same trouble happened with Vimal. For a few days he was sitting with almost tears in his eyes. Once he has tasted the joy of asking me the questions, and then he has to give back the place, his kingdom is taken away. Now he has come back to his right mind. I did not want to disturb him again. That's why I ask Anando.

And I have my own ways of working. In every way I try to find out some secret which needs to be revealed to the person. Anando may not be aware that she is never nice to anybody who is nice to her. She becomes nasty. It is her wrong upbringing from her childhood that she has carried. Secondly, she is never happy to receive anything. It needs courage. Perhaps you may not be aware. One loves to give, because by giving you are higher, but one has to learn to receive. At least when you are sitting at the feet of your master, you have to learn to receive. It hurts the ego that you are on the receiving end, not on the giving end.

I wanted to see how she would receive it. She missed the point. First she freaked out about Maneesha's question, because she thought that Maneesha had indicated in it, that the horse came a little early and disturbed my speech. Because she was one half of the horse, she thought Maneesha was trying to raise the question again before the whole assembly, although there was no question of Maneesha raising it.

Maneesha was asking something else. She was trying to inquire about me,

what my response was to this suddenness. That's why Avirbhava was not disturbed. She was the main part of the horse; Anando was just the back part. Avirbhava proved to be more alert and conscious, seeing that the question did not have anything to do with the coming in early. In fact the early coming was very good: it surprised everybody except me.

But I am crazy anyway. Nothing surprises me....

Anando was not exactly disturbed by it; that was a very superficial thing.

She was disturbed because I called Maneesha a better reporter, a better recorder than Ramakrishna had in Swami Vivekananda, or Socrates had in Plato. She became hurt because she is doing so much work. She is working hard on all the new books and their publication. She is in

charge of the whole of publications and all of the construction that is going on in the ashram. Obviously she thought that Maneesha has been praised--and a subtle jealousy, and the female mind.... I wanted them to be exposed.

And the next day when I said that this new series was going to be dedicated to her, Anando freaked out even more--so much so that she is suffering from a fever which is absolutely psychological, emotional. She was absolutely okay when she was sitting here, and just as she reached her room, she declared that she had a great cold coming. And immediately, because that is the time she comes to see me--when I am taking my supper, she comes to see me--she did not come. She really wanted to avoid me because I have seen something which she was hiding. Not only did she not come to me, but she even removed herself from Lao Tzu House to Krishna House, with an excuse that she was getting a cold. She phoned Nirvano to say that she was getting suspicious, and that by dedicating the new series to her, "Osho is trying to blackmail me."

This way you can see the difference between the disciples that Ma Tzu and Hyakujo had. Even if they were hit on their heads, they would bow down and touch the feet of the master. So much has changed in the world of consciousness. Man has fallen so low. For what should I blackmail? But just anger, the anger of being "care of," that anger became almost hysterical. Now whatever she is saying...again and again she has been

phoning Nirvano asking, "What has Osho said about me?" I have not said anything. I waited for this question from Maneesha. I cannot take my word back....

This book will be dedicated to Anando with the words, "In spite of herself." And I will be dedicating more books. I would love to dedicate books to all of you.

If time permits and existence allows, each buddha is going to have a book in his name as a respect and love from the master. *hyaku01*

Two evenings later Osho says:

I have to settle this great matter about Anando. I call it the great matter, because to me you all are buddhas. You may know it, you may not know it, but in my vision, I perceive you in your perfection. I want and hope that one day, you will also be able to see clearly your buddhahood, because that is the only solution out of the troubles of the mind....

Anando has written:

Beloved Osho,

I am sorry. I must be the most stubborn and stupid disciple of all time. I am not even sure I can be called a disciple after my behavior.

I feel terrible that I forced you to hit me so hard, but I saw that my layers of pride and my stupid defenses of independence from love were so old and so thick, that I needed something drastic.

I still don't know what you did, except that boy, did it hurt. Now I understand why the truth is so unpopular.

But in spite of my worst efforts, you, with your love, have managed a miracle again. I feel healed and so grateful.

Thank you sounds so inadequate, but I say from the depth of my being: I wash your feet with my tears of gratitude.

Anando

Anando, you have done perfectly well. It was something troublesome in you that you have dropped in this crisis. This crisis was painful--every crisis is--but few crises bring a new approach, a new attitude, a new being in you. And this crisis has brought a new dawn to your life.

People don't understand at all that they are afraid of love. People think they are very loving, but their unconscious is very afraid of love. Love means merging, and that seems to the mind as if you are losing your independence, your individuality.

In ordinary love affairs it is true to some extent. That is the whole struggle between lovers, continuously fighting. It is not certain things that they are fighting about--any excuse and they are fighting. Their fight is to survive as an individual. This flood of love creates great fear in them.

But this is about the ordinary love affairs. What to say about the great love affair between the disciple and the master? It is a very tidal wave, but the difference is that the tidal wave will not take away your independence. In fact, you don't have independence right now, it is just a vague idea. You don't know freedom, you don't know independence.

With the tidal wave of a master's love, all that is slave in you will be drowned. You will come out fresh, more independent, more individual, and yet, more grateful, more peaceful, more graceful.

That's what has happened to you, Anando, you have come back home.

You have gone a little astray, but with me it is very difficult to go astray. I give you as much rope as you want--I give you the whole rope--and then you come back with that whole load of rope.

You proved to be an authentic disciple. And what you are saying is not simply words, it is your very heart.

When I hit someone, remember always, I hit myself more deeply. I can understand that you are healed, because my pain has disappeared, and I can feel your gratefulness. Not only was I feeling the pain through which

you were going, the whole assembly was sad.

I would like Anando to bow down to all the buddhas here--they were all sad for all these days that you were in deep pain. Fighting with it, you have come victorious.

It is not enough to be grateful to me, you have to be grateful to all the buddhas who are working here together in search of a lost treasure, a lost golden climate. It is not an organization of buddhas--buddhas don't organize--it is simply a meeting of brothers and sisters in a deep love.

They are all moving towards the same center of their being, and the universal being.

Anando, come in front and bow down to the whole assembly. This will be a record for the future.

(Anando walks to the front of the assembly and stands in front of everyone in namaste. Osho tells her to bow down. She bows, and in response, before she returns to her place, everyone bows down.) hyaku03

My heart is empty. And the more empty you become, the more you can be intimate with me. You will be intimate with me in becoming an empty heart. Then you will be falling into the same tune, the same dance, the same music. And this intimacy is not the old intimacy we talked about. It is a totally different intimacy, qualitatively different. I may not even know your name, you may have never met me personally, but still you can be intimate with me, because I am giving intimacy a totally new dimension.

If your heart is empty, suddenly you will be in tune with me. And this intimacy will not create any jealousy.

All those old intimacies were creating jealousies even in the masters'

assemblies. If three persons were intimate, do you think others were not offended? Do you think others were not jealous? Everybody wants to be specially intimate. That was not possible in the old way, but my

definition of intimacy is such that the whole universe can be intimate with

me without creating any jealousy in anybody.

You can be intimate because it is not dependent on me, it is dependent on you. You empty your heart and in that emptying of the heart you will become my intimate. You may be on another planet, that does not matter. And in this dimension of intimacy, there is no limitation.

Everybody can be specially intimate to me. *matzu05*

Two weeks later, Osho addresses the same problem of jealousy, in answer to Maneesha's question about a Zen anecdote

Whatever Nansen meant when he requested "special treatment" for Joshu, apparently it didn't mean Joshu moving into Lao Tzu House and having private, daily chats with the master. On the contrary, Joshu's first job was in Zorba the Buddha restaurant, slaving over a hot stove. What is the lesson here for us?

Maneesha, in the first place your question has come neither from mind nor from no-mind, but from migraine. I would have given you a good hit, but I don't hit people. My representative, Stonehead Niskriya, is hitting people in Germany. I have heard that he hits people, strangers, sits on their chests and asks, "Got it?" And obviously, to get rid of this fellow they have to say, "Yes! But what is it?" Niskriya says, "I don't know myself; I am just spreading the message." Fortunately he is not here; otherwise he would have given you a good hit.

"Special treatment" does not mean a special job. "Special treatment"

means: Be careful of this man; his flowering is very close. Don't neglect him in any way, because there are thousands of monks...Whatever job you give him, that is not the point. But just be careful: it is a precious time for him, he is ripening. And any moment, suddenly he will explode into enlightenment. He already had a satori....

So when the head monk was told by Nansen to give Joshu special treatment, that did not mean to give him special comforts. That did not mean to give him no job, that did not mean that he had to be thought of as

superior to others. Give him any job--that is the function of the head monk in a monastery--but keep an eye out, don't forget him. There are thousands of people you have to take care of. Keep an eye out, because this man is not going to stay unenlightened long. He is going to become a buddha very soon.

So it is not a question Maneesha, that special treatment means "moving into Lao Tzu and having private, daily chats with the master." If you are aware of what you are asking...do you see your jealousy? Do you see

your woman? How do you know that the people who are allowed to come to me are chitchatting? They have their work; they need instructions, they are called because of their work. It is not that they have the right to come to me to chitchat. What will I chitchat about?

They have their work just as you have your work. Others are jealous of you. You are also in Lao Tzu and you have the special work of collecting my words, of editing my words. When we are all gone, Maneesha's collections will be remembered for centuries. But it is very difficult to get rid of our jealousies....

The first commune was destroyed because of women's jealousies. They were fighting continuously. The second commune was destroyed because of women's jealousies. And this is the third commune--and the last, because I am getting tired. Once in a while I think perhaps Buddha was right not to allow any women in his commune for twenty years. I am not in favor of him: I am the first who has allowed men and women the same, equal opportunity for enlightenment. But I have burnt my fingers twice, and it has always been the jealousy of the women.

Still, I am a stubborn person. After two communes, immense effort wasted, I have started a third commune, but I have not created any difference--women are still running it. I want women here in this commune not to behave like women. But small jealousies...Now, somebody has to bring my food--the whole commune cannot do that.

Somebody has to make my room clean, my bathroom clean--the whole community is not needed there; otherwise the result will be the opposite!

I call Anando every morning while I am eating, every evening while I am eating, just to give her instructions so that nothing goes wrong. Things go wrong so easily...and because Anando has been in all three communes, and is a law graduate, she understands very clearly why these two communes, created with such great effort, with so much money poured into them, got destroyed. She has a very clear conception.

And whatever I say, she manages to do it. I have not heard her saying a single time that, "I have forgotten." She immediately takes notes and reports the next day what the situation is. Otherwise, very easily things can go wrong....

I don't go anywhere. I don't know where the office of my secretary is, where the office of my president is, where the office of the ashram in-charge is. I know only three places: my bedroom, my bathroom, and Buddha Hall. If anybody asks me any question about the ashram, I am absolutely ignorant. Somebody needs to inform me--and somebody who has a comprehensive insight. So only Anando comes, and she comes only because I ask her to come. Just while I am taking food, she gives me

information about publications, the books, how many books are in publication, how many are going into publication...how we should manage exhibitions around the world, how we should find publishers.

And just in five or ten minutes--she is very accurate, not a gossipy type.

Now Maneesha's question is full of jealousy. Not only I am saying it; Nirvano brings the sutras and the questions to show me--she wanted to change it. I said, "Don't change it, let it be as it is," because in commune life we should expose ourselves without fear. Love knows no fear. If something is arising in your mind, you should tell it.

And remember one thing: everybody is doing his work. Nobody is to dominate anybody. Yes, everybody is allowed to suggest, to help, but to suggest and to help does not mean that you are being made a puppet.

Nobody is a puppet here. It is a gathering of absolutely independent individuals.

But just *because* it is a gathering of independent individuals there has to be much more responsibility, much more awareness, much more remembrance. Outside in the world you have learned jealousy, you have learned domination, you have learned stubbornness. You have learned that "I will do things according to my own mind; whether it is right or wrong does not matter." It is perfectly okay outside in the world, where there is so much mess that you cannot make it worse. But at least in this small commune don't bring in the outside world and the outside world's tendencies.

We are trying a great experiment, that independent individuals can live together without enslaving anyone. Here everybody is equal. It does not matter what job he is doing. He may be editing, he may be cleaning, he may be cooking, it does not matter. What matters is that you should cook with awareness, as if a buddha is cooking. And you are cooking for other buddhas; your cooking has to be done with great awareness and love. It is not a duty; it is your contribution, your share, to the commune.

It is as valuable as anybody else's work. If you are cleaning bathrooms, it is as respectable as being the president of the commune or the secretary of the commune. There is no question of jealousy at all, because nobody is superior to anybody else. *joshu02*

And the following evening:

Maneesha has asked a question:

Beloved Osho,

Has one only received a hit if it hurts?

Maneesha, a master hits not to hurt but to heal. And a disciple receives the hit with tremendous gratitude, not with anger. Unless a hit is received with gratitude it cannot do its work of healing. You are all full of wounds, and they all need to be exposed to the sun, to the open sky.

Unless you allow yourself to be exposed completely, you cannot get rid of those wounds. The normal way in the world is to hide the wounds so nobody knows about them--go on hiding them deeper and deeper in the

unconscious, so even you forget them. But to work on the consciousness, cleaning it from all the wounds is absolutely necessary. Those wounds have to be brought into the open.

You are asking, "Has one only received a hit if it hurts?" No, Maneesha. If it hurts you have missed. If it does not hurt but creates a gratitude, a love, it heals.

Last night I did not feel hurt.

You are an old sinner, Maneesha. You have been with this strange man long enough....You are saying:

I saw the truth of what you said but did not hate myself or stop loving you.

Did I miss?

No, Maneesha, fortunately you did not miss. *joshu03*

I am harassing you every night; whether you want to be a buddha or not, I am intent that you have to become a buddha. *matzu05*

Osho brings gifts: Zen sticks, Buddha statues, and swans

In October 1988, Osho brings several gifts:

The master enjoyed hitting and the disciples enjoyed being hit. It is a very loving gesture, the hit was not hurting.

Somebody has brought me a Zen staff. It is made of bamboo, and the bamboo is cut in such a way that howsoever hard you hit, it makes only sound, not much hurt. I have put it with Anando, so when Zen Master Stonehead Niskriya comes back he can have this really authentic Zen stick from Korea. However you hit, it makes a good noise. It seems as if somebody's head is broken!

But Zen is a very playful religion. It has made even hitting a joyful play.

There is no other religion in the world which allows playfulness and laughter

and life and love. Zen allows total freedom in all the aspects of life....

Zen has created a totally different approach to everything. If the world understands Zen, it will be a different world. It is certainly the most alchemical process.

So when I said to you, Maneesha, that I will hit you just for the joy of it, remember that the joy is not only my joy. It has to be your joy also; only then it takes the great quantum leap. Then the master and disciple are simply playing with each other. Nobody is higher and nobody is lower....

I am introducing you to Zen for a simple purpose: all other religions have destroyed your laughter, destroyed your smiles, destroyed your creativity--destroyed even the sense of humor. And life without a sense of humor is not much of a life. *joshu05*

Our stickholder--because I am a lazy man, I cannot carry the stick--has come from Germany. Just show your stick and hit poor Maneesha!

(Niskriya takes the stick and taps maneesha on the head. It makes a loud, sharp click.) isan08

In my dining room I have got a small statue of Buddha. It is only a statue, but when Jayesh came for the first time and saw it, he said, "This statue has a great presence." I have loved that statue and carried it from India to America, from America to India, because it has a presence. It is only a statue, but a statue of a meditating buddha. Something of meditation in that very posture radiates a very alive aura.

I have brought another statue for your Buddha Auditorium, to be placed just at the gate, so you can see that even a statue, because it is in a meditative posture, radiates something. Just sitting by the side of the statue you will find something flowing from the statue towards you. It is not a worship, it is just being silently close and watching the posture.

Because the posture is of meditation, something of meditativeness radiates even from the stone.

So when you are meditating, you are doing both the things: on one hand

you are throwing away all that is garbage, and on the other hand you are helping roses to blossom. You will have an absence and you will have a great presence, together: absence of all that was ugly in you, and presence of all that is beautiful. *rinzai06*

The marble buddha statue is installed at the entrance to Buddha Hall. In the meditation at the end of discourse, Osho says:

Relax. But remain a witness. The body is lying there as an object, the mind is there as an object. You are the witness. You are neither the mind, nor the body. You are a pure consciousness. This pure consciousness we have been calling the buddha. The buddha is only a symbol.

So many flowers have blossomed, so much fragrance...all boundaries have disappeared and the Buddha Auditorium has become a lake of consciousnesses without any ripples. You have to bring all this fragrance with you, all these flowers with you.

Now I have brought the Buddha statue, just in front of the Buddha Auditorium. He is waiting there. When you pass by, remember: he was also one day just a human being, as you are. Pay your respects; pay your gratitude, because this man alone introduced the world to a new dimension--of beautitude, of truth, of dignity. This man alone declared that man is God, and other than man there is no god. This was the greatest revolutionary statement ever made.

Nivedano... *(Drumbeat)*

Come back, but with the same gesture of peace, silence and grace. Bring the buddha with you. Sit for a few moments silently, reminding yourself of your potential, and the glimpse, the center and the silence. Remember the beauty of eternity in the moment and the encounter with your buddha.

You have brought a few invisible flowers; while going out of the Buddha Auditorium you can shower Buddha with flowers in gratitude.

At this moment you have become his contemporary. I want to make everyone in the world a contemporary of Buddha. This is the only possibility

for humanity to survive on a higher plane.

You are not working only for yourself, you are also working for the survival of this beautiful earth. *isan02*

Swans are brought for the large pond in Lao Tzu Garden. Osho designs a new logo of a swan flying, against a background of the moon.

Zen wants you to know that even the leaves falling from the trees have a consciousness of their own. Nothing is unconscious. There are different ways of being conscious, but we are living in an ocean of consciousness.

Millions are the aspects...so that we cannot understand exactly what the bamboos are doing.

Now in Mukta's pond, two beautiful snow-white swans have come, flown from England. Great visitors! And every night when I come and go, I cannot resist looking at them. They look so meditative, the whole day doing zazen...because they don't have any rented bicycle, they don't have to go to any movie. They are so silent that if you sit by the side of Mukta's pond you will become silent, seeing their silence. They just don't do anything--simply exist, no philosophical argument.

Seeing those swans I remember that in India, the man of self-realization is also called *paramhansa. Hansa* means swan and *paramhansa* means the great swan. Every day seeing them, I could understand: they look so buddhalike, just enjoying being--no work, no job, no strike, no lock-out, no interest in the whole world around them; they don't have anything.

But with their coming, the pond has become a temple. They are meditating day and night. What is happening inside them is difficult for us to know, but something must be happening inside them. They are such beautiful people. It must be in a different dimension, so we never crisscross each other, but in the same direction there must be other people, other birds.

There were ducks also--now, ducks are small; they became afraid when the swans came. So the ducks were in a very great trouble for a few days because the peacocks peck them on the head, so they cannot come out of

the pond. And in the pond, two big swans are there--so unfamiliar, one does not know what they will do. So the ducks were hiding in the bushes. But slowly slowly some communication is certainly happening, because the ducks are coming closer...and yesterday Avesh informed me that they have entered the water with the swans. In silence, something has grown, a friendship. Nothing has been said, nothing has been heard, but something must have transpired between them.

Either the swans must have told them, "Come on, don't be worried," or the ducks must have asked, "Can we come in?" Something is bound to have happened, because suddenly it cannot be. But it is outside the area of our intelligence. *joshu05*

Who shall halt the swan

In its flight?

Or life in its flow?

I have been telling you: everything is moving so fast--and there is nobody who is capable of preventing a swan in its flight.

The great swans live deep in the Himalayas, in the highest lake in the world, Mansarovar. Mansarovar remains frozen for nine months of the year, you can drive a car on it. It is a lake miles and miles long, but the snow becomes hard as stone.

The swans leave--they have to leave because there is no water to drink, no fish to eat, they cannot penetrate the thick layer of hard snow--and three thousand miles they fly over the Himalayas and come to small lakes, rivers, around North India. It is a very mysterious phenomenon.

In those nine months...nature has such balance, such harmony, that those nine months are the months for their mating also. So they mate and they lay the eggs, but before the eggs open and their children come out, nine months are over. Now Mansarovar will be melting. They fly again, leaving the eggs in the plains of North India, a three-thousand-mile flight--thousands and thousands of swans disappearing into the Himalayas.

The miracle is, when the parents are gone, then the eggs open and those small swans immediately start moving towards Mansarovar. They don't have any map, no guide, no parents to tell them which is exactly the same route the parents have taken for millions of years. Every year the miracle happens: those small swans start flying three thousand miles high above the Himalayan peaks where the snow has never melted since eternity, and they take the same route and they reach to the same Mansarovar lake.

And people think nature has no intelligence!

Nature has tremendous wisdom, just we have forgotten to listen to it. The only way for you to listen to nature is by going deeper into yourself, because there are roots which are spread into existence. Those roots still understand the language of existence.

Far away from the roots, you are hung up in the head. You don't know anything about the wisdom of existence. That's why you ask questions which are not needed at all. You need only one thing: to find a connecting link with existence, and all questions disappear.

My new symbol is going to be a flying swan.

Who shall halt the swan in its flight or life in its flow?-- but people try hard. *christ03*

Coleman Barks and sufism

In October 1988, Coleman Barks, the noted American translator of Sufi poetry, visits the ashram.

In answer to his question, Osho suggests he move from Sufism to Zen, since the former is based on out-dated concept of God.

Professor Coleman Barks has asked a question:

I feel very grateful for your enlightenment, your wisdom, your daring experiments, your life. Thank you!

Rumi said, "I want burning, burning...." What is that burning? Shams said,

"I am fire." What do the burning and the fire have to do with my own enlightenment?

Coleman, you have asked a very dangerous question!--because burning has nothing to do with your enlightenment. On the path of enlightenment there is no question of burning.

But because you are in love with Mevlana Jalaluddin Rumi...I also love the man. But you have to understand that Sufism still depends on a hypothetical God. It is not free from the hypothesis of God. And particularly Sufism has the concept of God as a woman. Love is their method--love God as totally as possible. Now you are loving an impossible hypothesis, and totality is asked. You will feel the same kind of burning, in a more intensive way, as lovers feel on a smaller scale....

So although I love Sufis...I don't want, Coleman, to hurt your feelings, but I would certainly say that you will have one day to change from Sufis to Zen. Sufis are still living in imagination; they have not known the state of no-mind. And because they have not known the state of no-mind, however beautiful their personalities may become, they are still just close to enlightenment, but not enlightened. Remember, even to be very close is not to be enlightened....

So it is perfectly good, Coleman; enjoy the poetry, but don't think that these poetries are coming out of enlightenment. They have not even heard the word enlightenment. No word exists in Persian, in Urdu, in Arabic, equivalent to enlightenment. They have "God realization,"

realization of the beloved--but the beloved is separate from you....

And I say unto you, the same is true with us. We are born in godliness, we live in godliness, we die in godliness. Just one thing has to be

remembered: either you can pass through this tremendous experience of life asleep, or fully awakened.

Meditation is the only way to make you aware. And once you are fully aware, all around is the ocean of godliness. The very life, the very

consciousness is divine. It expresses in all the forms--in the roses and in the lotuses and in the birds and in the trees. Wherever life is, it is nothing but godliness. We are living in the ocean of godliness. So don't search anywhere. Just look within, because that is the closest point you can find.

Sufism is beautiful but is not the ultimate answer, and you should not stop at Sufism. It is a good training to begin with. End up with Zen....

You are asking, "What do the burning and the fire have to do with my own enlightenment?" Nothing at all. You are enlightened in this very moment; just enter silently into your own being. Find the center of your being and you have found the center of the whole universe. We are separate on the periphery but we are one at the center. I call this the buddha experience.

Unless you become a buddha--and remember, it is the poverty of language that I have to say "Unless you become.... " You already *are.* So I have to say, unless you recognize, unless you remember what you have forgotten.... *rinzai02*

The Book of 300 Mystics

Anando is compiling a book on all the mystics I have spoken on. She talked to Professor Coleman Barks. He was very much interested; he wanted to publish it himself. But he said, "From where has he found these three hundred? I have not even heard these names--three hundred buddhas!" He has left, otherwise I would have sent him the message that I am still living and I am going to speak on at least two hundred more.

There are more still, but even their names are lost.

You are listening to people and their sutras which have been forgotten by the majority of humanity. My effort is to revive all those golden peaks in your consciousness, so you can have the trust that "If so many people became enlightened, there is no reason why I cannot become enlightened."

My speaking on these people has a single purpose: to create a trust in you about yourself, that your destiny is to be a buddha. *rinzai08*

I would like to write history completely from the very scratch, particularly

about these people, because I know them from my own insight--I don't have to be bothered about facts, I know the truth. These people had not gone against life: they had gone simply for solitude; they had gone for being alone; they had just gone away from distractions. *zara101*

Each awakened person has a uniqueness of his own. This has created great misunderstandings in people, because Christ does not behave like Gautam Buddha, Mahavira does not behave like Gautam Buddha, Krishna does not behave like Gautam Buddha. Even Bodhidharma, a disciple of Gautam Buddha, does not behave like Gautam Buddha. This has created a great confusion in the world. People think these people cannot all be right.

Buddhists think only Gautam Buddha is right; Christ cannot be right.

The misunderstanding arises because they think every buddha down the ages is going to be the same.

In existence, nothing is the same.

Every person has his own uniqueness.

And when he becomes enlightened, his uniqueness becomes even more unique. He becomes a Himalayan peak, like Gourishankar, standing aloof, alone, reaching to the stars. It is not like any other peak in the Himalayas, or like any other mountain. It is just itself.

That's why I have been speaking on so many awakened people. This has been done for the first time in the whole history of man. Hindus have been speaking on Krishna, on Rama; Buddhists have been speaking on Buddha, on Bodhidharma; Christians have been speaking on Christ, St.

Francis, Meister Eckhart. Mohammedans have been speaking about Mohammed; Sufis have been speaking about Jalaluddin Rumi, Sarmad, Al-Hillaj Mansoor. But nobody has dared to bring all the enlightened people together.

My whole effort has been to make it clear to the world that all enlightened people, howsoever different in their behavior, howsoever different in their philosophies, howsoever different in their actions, howsoever different in

their individualities, still have the same taste, still have the same no-mind. Their innermost core is the same. It is the same light.

Don't go according to the shape of the candle. The candle can have any kind of shape, but the flame in every candle--of different shapes, different sizes, different colors--is the same. Those who know the flame don't bother about the candles and their shapes and their sizes and their colors. What is important is not the candle; what is important is the flame.

No-mind is the flame of every awakened being. He functions out of his self-nature, not out of his mind....

I want it to be impressed in you as deeply as possible that all over the world, in different ages, in different races, enlightened people have existed. And it is time that they should be recognized as belonging to the same category, although protecting their uniqueness. They have a certain oneness but that is their innermost core. On the periphery, they are as unique as you can conceive. And it is beautiful. *bodhi05*

Osho is ill

In October 1988, the pains in Osho's arms and hands increase. He is no longer able to dance, but sends a message to continue the celebration while he holds his hands in namaste.

First I have to express my apology to you that I could not join in your dance. The whole credit goes to President Ronald Reagan. For no reason at all he dragged me through six jails in twelve days; I thought it was sheer torture. But as symptoms of poison started appearing in my body, experts in England examined every possible kind of poison that may have been given to me.

And they found one poison which is a category in itself. It is the only poison that disappears and cannot be found either in blood or in any other way except in the symptoms. And that poison, given in a big dose, kills the man immediately.

That made it clear to me why I was dragged through six jails. It was to give

the poison in small doses so it would not kill me immediately, but would take years to destroy my body from inside.

I have almost overcome the poison. Just in my hands, in the bones and particularly in the joints it is still stuck. I have been dancing with you without bothering about it. I would have continued, but today the pain became too much.

But the pain is not the problem for me. The problem is: if I continue then perhaps I may have to stop speaking. So it is better to let this pain settle.

I hope soon I will be joining with you again.

It would have been good if Ronald Reagan had killed me completely; that would have been a great credit to Christianity and to American democracy. But he has poisoned me through his administration in such a way that I will remain crucified for years. I am saving all my energy just for these two hours in the evening; otherwise, I am lying down in the darkness.

For me it does not matter whether death comes this moment or the next, my purpose is fulfilled, my dance is complete. I am just lingering around for you all to join with me in the great matter of enlightenment.

So I thought it is better not to put too much stress on the hands; you can understand even my unmoving hands and their gestures. But I would like you to continue the dance before I come and to continue the celebration when I leave the podium. I hope that with your love the poison will be defeated and I will be able to dance with you, to celebrate with you.

I don't have any complaint against anybody; nature, existence itself takes care of things. The day I was given poison--I remember the night in Oklahoma jail--that very moment Ronald Reagan's days were finished, he started declining. His associate, Ed Meese, the attorney general who was the main agent as far as the poisoning is concerned, has now had to resign because he has been found to have committed great crimes.

His representative admitted at a press conference, after I was deported from America, that there is no evidence, no proof that I have committed any

crime. "Our main object was to destroy the commune and without deporting Osho it was impossible to destroy the commune."...

And they have forced the Indian government not to allow in sannyasins coming from all over the world, so that I am isolated, almost imprisoned in my own home.

But my people are intelligent enough to manage to come against all odds.

And it is your love that is now my life. It is a question whether love wins or the poison.

There is every evidence that from the whole body the poison has disappeared. Just in the hands it is there. It will have to disappear from the hands too, because you cannot destroy an innocent man; existence would not allow it. But I have to be a little careful now about the hands.

Why have they not been able to silence me? Truth cannot be silenced, neither love nor joy. But this is the stupid thing, for centuries people have been doing that: they killed Socrates by poison, but his voice is still ringing in the ears and in the hearts of those who want to understand the deepest meanings of life; they crucified Jesus, but that has not made any difference, in fact it gave a tremendous importance to his teachings.

I want to remind you that whether I am here or not the celebration has to continue. If I am not here, then it has to be more intense and it has to spread around the world.

Celebration is my religion.

Love is my message.

Silence is my truth. *nansen10*

In November, Osho is sick for twenty-five days. From 1st December, Osho gives discourses for one week.

And the love between a disciple and a master is the most intimate, is the ultimate. You have to learn my absence; you have to rejoice my absence

the same way as you rejoice my presence, because I cannot remain here forever. And don't postpone it, because any day...

My work is absolutely complete as far as I am concerned. If I am still carrying on, it is just out of my love for you. But you have to learn my absence, because the days of my presence will be shorter. Every day the days of my presence will become shorter; my days of absence will be longer.

I am not going to come again in the body; this is the last time. You have to become as silent, as loving, as meditative with me or without me. The difference between my absence and presence should completely be lost. *isan07*

I am a master who had no master. So I cannot see and cannot say what you see in my eyes, in my face. But whatever you are seeing is really a pure reflection of your love and your trust. This body will wither away, but I have another body, of light. Before this body withers away, you have to become acquainted with my light body, with my inner center.

And your center and my inner center are not two. In that area there is always one--neither two nor three. *dogen08*

Osho is recognised as Maitreya Buddha, and changes his name

From 7 December 1988, for three weeks, Osho is very sick and nearly dies. During this time he becomes a vehicle for Gautam Buddha.

This time has been of historical importance.

For seven weeks I was fighting with the poison day and night. One night, even my physician, Amrito, became suspicious that perhaps I cannot survive. He was taking my pulse rate and heartbeats on his cardiogram.

Seven times I missed one heartbeat.

The seventh time I missed a heartbeat, it was natural for his scientific mind to think, "Now we are fighting a battle that is almost lost." But I said to him, "Don't be worried. Your cardiogram can go wrong; it is just a mechanical

device. Trust in my witnessing. Don't bother about my heartbeats."

On the last day of the seven weeks' struggle when all the pain from my body disappeared, Amrito could not believe it. It was happening almost like a miracle. Where has all the pain disappeared?

That last night, in the middle of the night I heard somebody knocking on the door. It is rare; nobody knocks on my door. I had to open my eyes.

There was absolute darkness in the room, but I saw suddenly, with the door closed, a human being made of pure light entering. For a moment there was silence, and I heard from nowhere, "Can I come in?" The guest was so pure, so fragrant. I had simply to take him into the silences of my heart.

This body of pure light was nobody but Gautam the Buddha.

You can still see in my eyes the flame that I have absorbed into myself, a flame that has been for twenty-five centuries wandering around the earth to find a shelter. I am immensely blessed that Gautam the Buddha knocked on my doors.

You can see in my eyes the flame, the fire. Your inner being is made of the same cool fire. You have to carry this fire around the earth, sharing, from eyes to eyes, from heart to heart.

We are not here to create a new religion; our every effort is to destroy all religions....

I will be continuing to create so much fire in you that it will burn your ego and your slavery simultaneously and make you a freedom, a light unto yourself. In your very eyes is the hope of the world. *nomind04*

On 26 December, Osho resumes discourses and says the poisoning has final y left his body.

Katue Ishida, the Japanese seeress, recognizes him as the vehicle for Maitreya Buddha. He drops the name "Bhagwan", takes the name Gautama the Buddha. This is the first of four new names.

My Beloved Ones, I have been too long away from you. But this

"awayness" was just like the glasses I'm wearing. Although you cannot see me, I can see you.

I used to hear your "Yaa-Hoo." And each time I heard it stars showered over my small hut.

These few days and nights have been days and nights of a certain purification. The poison that has been delivered to me by President Ronald Reagan and his staff...from all over the world experts in poison said that amongst all the poisons this is the one which cannot be detected in any way. And it has been the practice of the CIA in America to give this poison, because there is no way to find it out. And if you cannot find it you cannot give any antidotes. Death has been almost certain.

These long days and nights I have taken the challenge of the poison, just witnessing. The poison was a constant torture on every joint of the bones, but a miracle has happened. Slowly slowly, from all joints it has disappeared. The last were the two arms. Today I am free from that too.

I have a strong feeling that although I was not physically present here, you have felt me in the air. You have felt me more closely than ever before. And in your songs, I was present. In your meditations, remember, I was more present than physical presence allows.

I had to come out today for a special reason.

A few months ago in Bombay, Govind Siddharth had a vision that Gautam Buddha's soul has been searching for a body. And he saw in his vision that my body has become a vehicle for Gautam Buddha.

He was right. But this is the misfortune of man: that you can go wrong even though you had touched upon a point of rightness. Because I declared him to be enlightened, he has disappeared. Since then I have not seen him. Perhaps he thinks, "Now, what is the use? I was searching for enlightenment and I have found it."

Enlightenment is only the beginning, not the end. He came very close and

has gone very far away.

But I was waiting for the recognition from a Zen source that Gautam the Buddha is trying to use my words and my silences, my heartbeats and my inner sky to create a few more rainbows, to spread a few more flowers in the world. That recognition has come from a very famous seeress and prophetess from Japan.

One of our sannyasins was there. He could see the sincerity of the woman. She never praises anyone; her insight is clear. He was afraid to ask about me, but finally he decided to ask and without any hesitation she said, "I was waiting for a messenger. You have come at the right time. Gautam Buddha is using Bhagwan's body.

"Right now take these twenty-one very precious real pearls as a present to Bhagwan with my congratulations that a soul that has been wandering around in search of a vehicle has found it."

The sannyasin was a little doubtful, because he said, "Bhagwan's body has been poisoned in America. Will Gautam Buddha accept a vehicle which has been poisoned?"

The sincerity of the woman reminds me of Almitra of Kahlil Gibran's *Prophet.* She said, "Have you ever heard that a Satan or a devil has been poisoned? It has been the destiny of the Buddhas. Don't think that the body has become impure by poisoning. This has been a fire test, and Bhagwan has come out of it. You take these pearls and my message, and I will be coming myself to pay my respects."

By the way, I have been calling myself "Bhagwan" just as a challenge to this country, to the Christians, to the Mohammedans, to the Hindus.

They have condemned me, but none has been courageous enough to explain the condemnation. From faraway sources there have been articles and letters sent to me saying, "Why do you call yourself Bhagwan?" And I have laughed, because why does Ram call himself Bhagwan? Is he appointed by a committee? And a Bhagwan appointed by a committee will not be much of a Bhagwan, because the committee does not consist of

Bhagwans. What right have they?

Is Krishna elected by the people as Bhagwan? Is it an election matter?

Who has appointed these people? No Hindu has the answer. And a man like Krishna has stolen sixteen thousand women from different people--

they were mothers, they were married, unmarried--with no

discrimination, and yet no Hindu has the courage to object that a man with such a character has no right to be called Bhagwan.

They can call Kalki, a white horse, "Bhagwan." Strange people! And they ask me why I call myself Bhagwan. I don't have any respect for the word.

In fact I have every condemnation of it. It is not a beautiful word--

although I have tried in my own way to transform the word, but the stupid Hindus won't allow it. I have tried to give it a new name, a new meaning, a new significance. I have said that it means the Blessed One, a man with a blessed being, although it was my invention.

The word `bhagwan' is a very ugly word. But the Hindus are not even aware of it. They think that it is something very special. Its root meaning-

- *bhag* means a woman's genital organs. And *wan* means a man's genital organs. The meaning of the word `bhagwan' is symbolically that he brings about in the feminine energy of existence, through his male chauvinistic energy, the creation.

I hate the word! I have been waiting for some Hindu idiot to come forward, but they think that it is something very dignified and I have no right to call myself Bhagwan. Today I say absolutely, "Yes, but I have every right to denounce the word." Nobody can prevent me. I don't want to be called Bhagwan again. Enough is enough! The joke is over!

But I accept the Japanese Zen prophetess. And from now onwards I am Gautam the Buddha. You can call me "The Beloved Friend." Drop the word `Bhagwan' completely. Even very intelligent people, people who respect me

and love me...

Just the other day I received an appreciation of my book *Zarathustra* by an internationally famous journalist. He has praised it, and he has said that after Adi Shankara--the most famous Hindu philosopher--I am the second as far as intellectual, rational, spiritual authenticity is concerned.

But still he could not forget the word `bhagwan', why I called myself Bhagwan. But does he know that he is comparing me with Adi Shankara who has been called for over a thousand years "Bhagwan Adi Shankara."

And nobody asks the question why.

Anybody would be happy to be compared with Adi Shankara, but I am not. It is not a compliment to me, because Shankara is the reason that Buddhism, which was a higher flowering, was destroyed--by Shankara and the Hindu priesthood. I cannot accept that Shankara has any genius. He is orthodox, just trying to protect the investment of the Hindu priesthood, which is the world's worst, the ancientmost rotten priesthood.

I refuse to be compared with this man, particularly because he was the reason the roses were destroyed that Gautam Buddha had managed to

grow in the soil of this land. In my eyes he is a criminal of the worst kind.

But as far as Gautam the Buddha is concerned, I welcome him in my very heart. I will give him my words, my silences, my meditations, my being, my wings. From today onwards you can look at me as Gautama the Buddha.

I will tell you about the Japanese Buddhist seeress--she has sent her picture:

"Katue Ishida, mystic of one of the biggest and most famous Shinto shrines in Japan, stated recently after seeing Bhagwan's picture, that:

`This is the person that Maitreya the Buddha has entered. He is trying to create a utopia in the twenty-first century. Lots of destructive power is against Him, and some people call Him Satan. But I have never known Satan to be poisoned. He is usually the poisoner, not the poisoned. We

must protect this man, Bhagwan. Buddha has entered Him.'"

With great love and respect I accept Ishida's prophecy. She will be welcome here as one of my people, most loved. And by accepting Gautam the Buddha as my very soul, I go out of the Hindu fold completely; I go against the Jaina fold completely. *nomind01*

On 28 December 1988, Osho changes his name to Maitreya the Buddha.

I am feeling so light, just by dropping a single word. I feel I can fly like a swan to the eternal snows of the Himalayas. That small word I had chosen as a challenge to this country's whole past. For thirty years I carried that word....

By dropping the word `Bhagwan' I have disconnected myself absolutely from an ugly tradition--inhuman, barbarious. It has created a mind for slavery, uncreative in every sense, and in the name of spirituality every kind of nonsense goes. *nomind02*

Yesterday you witnessed a historical moment.

I have accepted Gautam Buddha's soul as a guest, reminding him that I am a non-compromising person, and if any argument arises between us,

"I am the host, and you are the guest--you can pack your suitcases!" But lovingly and with great joy he has accepted a strange host--perhaps only a strange man like me could do justice to a guest like Gautam the Buddha. Twenty-five centuries ago he was the most liberated, but in twenty-five centuries so much water has flowed down the Ganges. It is a totally new world of which he knows nothing.

With great respect he will have to depend on me to encounter the contemporary situation.

He understood it immediately. His clarity of vision has remained pure all along these twenty-five centuries. I am blessed to be a host of the greatest man of history. And you are also fortunate to be a witness of a strange phenomenon....

Gautam Buddha fought like a lion. I am immensely happy that he has chosen me. His area of fight was very small, just the state of Bihar in North India; my field of work is the whole world.

I have to fight not only against the Hindu superstitions, I have to fight with the Mohammedans, with the Christians--alone, but with great rejoicing, hoping that the courageous ones are going to join my caravan.

The fight is at the most crucial time. The world cannot be saved. These coming twelve years are going to be the last for this beautiful planet to breathe, to blossom into flowers. My work and yours is to find the chosen people before the idiotic politicians destroy the world. Let us create as many buddhas as possible because they will be the only ones whose bodies may be destroyed but whose souls will have wings to fly across the sun into the blue sky and dissolve into eternity with joy, with dance, with gratitude....

It is my great destiny that he has chosen me to be his host. I will do--in fact I have been doing already--the same kind of work of spreading awakening. Hence it is not a problem to me. An ancient buddha residing inside will certainly strengthen my work.

You are asking about poisoning, "Is there any connection (between the poisoning of Gautam Buddha,* and yourself)?" Certainly, seeing that I have overcome the poisoning, which was far more dangerous than the poisoning that Buddha suffered. The poisoning has been a great purification for me. This purification makes me receptive to the wandering soul of Gautam Buddha.

He is not a weight. He is rather more like wings. He is not the man to dictate anything--the pure agnostic, the greatest individualist, the utter rebel. I have been, without knowing, preparing a home, a shelter, for a wandering Buddha. It is my fortune that he has accepted me to be his home for a few days at least.

You are also fortunate to be the assembly of two Buddhas, a bridge stretched between twenty-five centuries, so rich that if you miss, nobody except yourself will be responsible for it.

It is time for Sardar Gurudayal Singh. Gautam the Buddha may not be aware...because I don't find in his scriptures any sense of humor. But now in this assembly even a dead man will start laughing. *nomind02*

*Note: Gautam Buddha died after eating contaminated food.

Beloved Buddha, Is it not a paradox that you--who must be the most truly individualistic of beings--have proved also to be the purest medium for another?

I am not the medium for anyone. Gautam Buddha is just my guest. It does not in any way interfere with my individuality. He knows it, there is no need to say it. He is not the man to interfere. He himself is one of the greatest individualists. That's why meeting with him is almost like meeting with oneself.

I am not anybody's medium. I have just found another companion, a tremendous force to help you. Now the caravan is not only to depend on my insights. Now my insights will also be supported by the greatest human being, Gautam Buddha.

And his choice to be my guest is simply because what he has known I have known, what he has become I have become. There is such a deep synchronicity that it is only in language I can say there is a division between the host and the guest. But in existential terms, the host and guest have become one. When two unbounded souls meet, it is a merger.

It is just a merger like a river descending deep into the ocean and disappearing. *nomind04*

On 30 December, Osho announces that Gautama was unable to adjust to the 20th century, and has left. Osho is now to be called Shree Rajneesh Zorba the Buddha My Beloved Ones,

These four days have been of immense difficulty to me. I had thought that Gautam Buddha would be understanding of the change of times, but it was impossible. I tried my hardest, but he is so much disciplined in his own way--twenty-five centuries back--he has become a hard bone.

Small things became difficult.

He used to sleep only on the right side. He did not use a pillow; he used his hand as a pillow. The pillow was, for him, a luxury.

I told him, "The poor pillow is not a luxury, and it is sheer torture to keep your hand the whole night under your head. And do you think to lie

down on the right side is right, and the left is wrong? As far as I am concerned, this is my basic fundamental, that I synthesize both the sides."

He was eating only one time per day and he wanted, without saying a word, that I should do it also. He used to beg his food. He asked me,

"Where is my begging bowl?"

This evening exactly at six o'clock when I was taking my jacuzzi, he became very much disturbed--"Jacuzzi?" Taking a bath twice a day was again a luxury.

I said, "You have fulfilled your prophecy that you will be coming back.

Four days are enough--I say goodbye to you! And now you need not wander around the earth; you just disappear in the ultimate blue sky.

"You have seen for four days that I am doing the work that you wanted to do, and I am doing it according to the times and the needs. I am not in any way ready to be dictated to. I am a free individual. Out of my freedom and love I have received you as a guest, but don't try to become a host."

These four days I have been having a headache. I had not known it for thirty years, I had completely forgotten what it means to have a headache. Everything was impossible. He is so accustomed to his way, and that way is no longer relevant.

So now I make a far greater historical statement, that I am just myself.

You can continue to call me The Buddha, but it has nothing to do with Gautam the Buddha or Maitreya the Buddha. I am a buddha in my own

right. The word `buddha' simply means the awakened one.

It will be a great difficulty for poor Anando, because now I declare that my name should be Shree Rajneesh Zorba The Buddha.

I have to offer an apology to Katue Ishida, the seeress in an ancient Shinto shrine in Japan. I tried my hardest to accommodate a twenty-five centuries old, out-of-date individuality, but I am not ready to be in a self torture.

And Anando has to see me afterwards, to release the second story...because that makes me absolutely free from any kind of tradition.

I used to think that Gautam Buddha is an individual--and that is true, he is. But even against his desire a tradition has arisen in Tibet, in

China, in Japan, in Sri Lanka, and I don't want to struggle with these idiots. I want to work with my own people on my own authority. *nomind05*

Today, it is not only to come and sit silently for a few minutes, but also to dance because I have declared myself Zorba The Buddha, which has been my basic approach to all human problems. This evening is far more significant than the evening four days before. *nomind05*

My Beloved Ones,

Geeta had to inform Katue Ishida, the seeress and the prophetess of one of the most ancient shrines of the Shinto religion in Japan. Geeta was a little concerned that she would be disturbed and shocked, but on the contrary, Ishida was immensely happy.

She said, "I have not only prophesied that Gautam Buddha would be entering your master's being; I have also prophesied that, just as Buddha himself changed his name four times, your master would also do the same."

She said, "My only concern is your master's health and his work. It does not matter whether Buddha remains in his being or not."

I am immensely grateful to Ishida for understanding the situation with clarity.

Yes, it is true Gautam Buddha changed his name four times. And as I remember it, it was not worthy of him to do that. My change has taken me higher.

I found Buddha too old and too much fixed in his approach to life.

Finally I dropped all concern with anyone. I have chosen my own name: Zorba the Buddha.

It has meaning, it is not just a name. It is my whole *philosia;* it is my whole vision, in which the lowest will meet with the highest, in which materialism and spiritualism will not be two separate and antagonistic things. That division has killed human spirit immensely. It has made man a battlefield, and I want man to be a dance, a harmony, a balance.

But Gautam Buddha's changing of names is a little unworthy of him.

I have no concern to protect anybody; now I am going to be simply stating the truth. Whether it hurts, wounds, or heals, depends on you....

Katue Ishida is neither Buddhist nor has she any connection with me.

She seems to be a woman of immense understanding, love, and search for a man who has arrived home. She is poor, because she has lived along the lines of non-possessiveness. That's why she has been delayed; now she is collecting money to come here to pay her respects.

Geeta could not believe it. She was thinking that Ishida would be disturbed that her prophecy did not come true, or failed on the way. But an authentic seeker is not concerned with individuals. She told Geeta,

"Don't feel worried and concerned. With every change your master has reached a higher stage."

This series of talks I would like to be dedicated with love and blessings to Katue Ishida.

Just because of her prophecy about me she has suddenly become a world-famous name. Now the news media are approaching to her to ask about

the prophecy--on what grounds, and all kinds of questions. She has lived silently in a shrine deep in the forest, but just a single prophecy has brought her into the light. She needs to be brought into the light, she may be helpful in solving many problems that man is

encountering. *nomind06*

These five days have been of immense significance. It can be said that almost never in the history of man has such a phenomenon happened....

I would have never told you, but due to Katue Ishida...a woman who has not known me, has just seen my picture and my eyes, and a woman who is a well-known seer and prophetess but rarely speaks. Very rarely people come to her ancient Shinto temple in the forest to ask questions, about their destinies, their future. And most of the time she remains silent; she speaks only when she feels, "Now existence is taking possession of me. I am not speaking, I am only allowing the existence to speak through me."

My Japanese translator, Geeta, has been informing her of everything that has happened in these five tremendously meaningful days. Because of her prophecy that Gautam Buddha has taken possession of my body as a vehicle, I had to admit the truth. But I had also expressed to her that my individuality and Gautam Buddha's individuality are twenty-five centuries apart. He was an individualist--I am a greater individualist. I can be the host, but the guest has to remember that he is not my master.

I have never accepted anybody as my master. It has taken me very long to find out myself, but I am immensely happy that I don't have even to

say àthank you' to anyone. The search has been absolutely alone, tremendously dangerous.

And there are opinions in which I am bound to differ from Gautam Buddha. Four days he stayed with me, and saw clearly that there is no possibility of any compromise.

Compromise always leads you away from the truth. Truth cannot be a compromise--either you know it or you don't.

Geeta informed Ishida, and she was very much afraid: how will the woman feel? But the woman proved to be of tremendous power. She said,

"It does not matter. I love your master and I absolutely agree to whatsoever has happened." And then she suddenly started crying.

Geeta asked her, "Why are you crying?"

She said, "There are no words. For the first time...continuously, for five days, I have been speaking about your master, and I know nothing of him. I have not read his books, I have just seen his eyes, and a door within me has opened and almost like a flood I have been speaking. This is for the first time in my whole life..." She is in a hurry to come.

But the seven weeks' fire, the long night of the soul proved to be a blessing in disguise. It has purified me completely. And these five days of Gautam Buddha as Maitreya Buddha--that was his prophecy, that "My name after twenty-five centuries when I come back again, will be Maitreya the Buddha."

The Friend--Maitreya means "the friend."

It was significant on his part. He was saying, the world of the gurus has ended. The world of the masters and disciples will not be relevant anymore. The master can function only in the capacity of a loving friend.

And the disciple has not to be a disciple, has not to surrender to anybody, he has just to listen to the Friend. It is up to him to decide what to do or not. No discipline can be given, no dictation can be given.

In the world of religion this is the beginning of democracy; otherwise, all religions have been dictatorial, fascist, fundamentalist.

I would like you to remember because you have been the witness of all these seven weeks and five days--seven weeks of a constantly deepening darkness, and these five days of the rising sun, of the morning glories, of the birds singing. Again a new beginning, not only in my individuality

but also in the individualities of those who have taken the risk to be fellow-

travelers with me. *nomind07*

At the end of January 1989, Katue Ishida visits:

Ishida is here, sitting. She has come from Japan, from a Shinto temple. I will make her my ambassador in Japan--I have my ambassadors all over the world. Soon I will appoint an ambassador to the Soviet Union. *fire01*

Long discourses: Osho emphasises urgency; he has not long to live

At this time, Osho is giving very long discourses, up to four hours in length. The silences between his words lengthen. Leading the meditation, he emphasizes 'urgency'.

Now the sutra.... The sutra is long and the night is short. I hope that I will be able to finish it before sunrise! *yaku04*

Nivedano... (Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

Nivedano... (Drumbeat)

Be silent. Close your eyes and feel your body to be completely frozen.

This is the right moment to go inwards.

Gather all your energy, your total consciousness, and rush towards your center of being--with an urgency as if this moment is going to be the last moment of your life. Unless such urgency is there, nobody gets to the center of his being.

Faster and faster... Deeper and deeper...

It all depends on your intensity. The distance is not big.

As you start coming closer to your center, a great silence descends over you, almost like soft rain falling. The coolness you can feel.

A little closer, and you start being surrounded by a great peace, what

mystics have called the peace beyond understanding.

Just one step more, and you are at the center.

Suddenly you feel drunk with the divine. A great ecstasy arises in you; you become luminous, all darkness disappears. You are no more. You suddenly realize your original face.

In the East we have used Gautam Buddha's face as the original face of everyone. It is only symbolic. You are encountering Gautam Buddha, not from the outside but from his innermost source. You have become his very heart.

Just remember one thing, and that is witnessing. That constitutes Buddha's whole being. Call it awareness, call it total consciousness, call it what Buddha used to call *sammasati,* right remembering, but witnessing is the most important word out of all these.

Just be a witness that you are not the body. Be a witness that you are not the mind. And finally, be a witness that you are only a witness, nothing else.

At this moment you enter into the secretmost part of your center.

This is the beginning of a long pilgrimage, of disappearing into the cosmos. This is the door opening into the cosmos. We are one with the whole.

Just go on witnessing, and everything becomes deeper, deeper, deeper...

To make the witnessing more clear to you,

Nivedano... (Drumbeat)

Relax.

Let go. But go on being a witness.

As your witnessing becomes more and more clear, you start melting like ice in the ocean. Gautama the Buddha Auditorium is turning into an ocean of consciousness. Ten thousand buddhas have melted into one

consciousness, universal consciousness, eternal consciousness, immortal consciousness, consciousness beyond birth and death.

This is your authentic being.

What has disappeared was only a personality. Now, only the essential, existential, experiential has remained. And this existential consciousness

is not only yours, it belongs to the cosmos. You are just dewdrops who have fallen from the lotus leaf into the ocean.

Rejoice in it.

You are the most fortunate people in the world. At this moment, when everybody is concerned with trivia, you are exploring the most majestic, the most splendorous experience; the most divine, sacred space you are entering in.

Collect all these experiences--this blissfulness, this witnessing, this silence... This is it. Get hold of it. And persuade the buddha to come with you.

He is your nature, he is your *dharma,* he is your ultimate secret.

Bring him with you.

These are the three steps of enlightenment: First, the buddha will come behind you as a presence. You will feel it, it will surround you, it is an energy field; it will change your whole behavior, it will give you a new sense of direction in life. It will give you a new morality, of your own, a spontaneity in existence. It will give you a love for life, a cheerfulness you have not known, and courage. The moment you know you are eternal, all weakness disappears, all inferiority disappears.

On the second step, the buddha comes in front of you--you become the shadow.

On the third step, your shadow withers away. You are no more, only the buddha remains. He is your eternity, he is your truth, he is your beauty, he

is your godliness.

Nivedano... (Drumbeat)

Come back. But come back with the same grace, with the same silence, with the same peacefulness. And sit down for a few seconds just to remember the path you have followed inwards. It is a golden path.

The center that you have reached, it is not only your center, it is the center of the whole existence.

At the center we all meet. The birds, the trees, the rivers, the mountains, everyone at the center meets. We are different on the circumference but we are one at the center.

And to know this oneness is enlightenment.

This evening has been beautiful on its own, but your intensity, your search, your inward journey, has made it a magical evening--an evening of transformation, of metamorphosis. *gdead07*

The Buddha Auditorium suddenly has become a lake of consciousness; personalities have disappeared, there is not even a single ripple in the lake.

Collect as much oceanic experience as possible. You have to bring the buddha back with you. You have to live the buddha in your everyday experience. *nomind01*

Sit for a few moments just to recollect the golden path that you have traveled just now.

And in your day-to-day life remember as much as possible--without creating any tension and anxiety, in a relaxed and restful way--that your every act becomes the act of one who is awakened, of one who has tasted his innermost being.

I want thousands of buddhas around the world, and not a single Buddhist.

I teach you the buddha, but not Buddhism. I hate all ìsms', all religions.

My love is for your eternity, your immortal being.

I have called that immortal being within you, *"Mehre Mehbub"*-- My Love, My Friend, My Beloved One. *nomind10*

Meditation heralds the beginning of your buddhahood. Without meditation, you cannot taste anything of religion. You can believe, but belief is always of the ignorant.

I want you to understand absolutely: *Never* believe in anything.

Experiment. Take the belief as a hypothesis but never as a certainty.

Unless you experience, no belief can help you.

Can belief in water quench your thirst? Can belief in God herald the dawn? No belief system is of any help. You have to go inwards, alone, as deep as possible.

Meditation is the very essence of all religions.

Everything else is mere commentary. *1seed04*

On 7 January 1989, Osho changes his name to Shree Rajneesh, and indicates he has not long to live

I am living for only *my* people, whose hearts have melted with me.

These few breaths that are left to be here on the earth,

I have to devote to my own people,

with the hope that they will use this opportunity

to become aflame with joy and blissfulness,

to find their roots in eternity, immortality...

to become in their own right

one with the cosmos,

dancing with the stars

and the flowers and the rivers and the oceans. *nomind12*

Osho mentions his private life

I have never felt my age. I still feel like a child. As I close my eyes I don't see any difference in my innocence, in my mischievousness. I am the only rascal saint in the whole world.

I sometimes wonder whether I am aging or not. My beard has become white, but it is not because of my age. It is due to the courtesy of President Ronald Reagan's poison. One of the symptoms of the poison thallium that he has given to me is that it turns your hair white. It would have turned ten years later, but he helped me, he saved ten years. He has given me a beautiful beard. The whole credit goes to him!

When I look into the mirror, into my eyes, I see the same eyes I have always seen from my very childhood. I close my eyes, I look inside, and I am the same--just ageless.

That's why I go on forgetting how long I have been speaking to you. Last night, it was really too much! I have a watch, but I don't want to offend

you so I don't look at it. Looking at a watch means I am tired of you. I am never tired.

On the way back, Anando and Avesh said that "This was the record!" *christ04*

Anando comes to wake me up at 3:30 in the afternoon. It is a difficult task, to wake somebody who is awake. So poor Anando, as she opens the door I say, "Hello, Anando." She has never had a chance to wake me up to now. Just hiding behind my blanket, I say, "Hello, Anando!"

Just the other day she was asking, "It is strange--I open the door so silently and you are hiding in your blanket and you immediately respond."

Amrito knows that it is absolutely impossible for me to sleep. He tries every possible medicine and he brings all kinds of compact disks which create sleep, and the whole night I have to listen! But I am not at all tired. In the morning when I wake up from my whole night of awakening, I have lost the very sense of time.

That's why last night I went on and on. I would have gone on and on, just I remembered Sardar Gurudayal Singh; otherwise there was no question. Only in the car, Anando told me, "You know it is 11:05!"

I said, "My God, that is a record! If I had not remembered Sardar Gurudayal Singh, last night was going to be a marathon discourse. Only early in the morning when sun was rising, I would have allowed you to go for breakfast! Some day it is going to happen.... *fire07*

I myself cannot sleep at all--the whole night, not a wink....

That is my situation.

My personal physician, Amrito, has managed a CD player that plays music continuously the whole night so that I can at least enjoy music.

Otherwise I am just lying down. For thirty years I have not slept--but do you see my eyes tired or anything?

My own understanding is that sleep is a habit. It is not a necessity, it is a habit. For millions of years man remained in dark caves in the night with no fire, no light. There was no other alternative than to fall asleep. Those millions of years the habit has become so deeply rooted that we go on sleeping.

But my own understanding is that I have not slept for thirty years, not dreamt for thirty years--and it has not in any way disturbed anything in me. The whole sleep is a silent meditation, and with beautiful music in the background, the whole night is such a blissful, such an ecstatic experience! *christ02*

The man of enlightenment concentrates all the energy into one center. All other centers are no more moving wheels, they are stopped, just as a

wheel stops moving. But if he wants, the man of enlightenment can bring the energy down. He can bring it to the sixth center and he can see far and wide with clarity. That will not be possible at the seventh center.

The seventh center is beyond everything. You simply are no more. At the sixth, again you are. The energy comes, the circle, the wheel starts moving. You can bring it down to the fifth....

I have to bring it down to the fifth every day when I am talking to you.

Without the throat, I cannot talk. But when I stop talking the energy goes back to the seventh. *christ08*

Just now, as I was getting ready to come here, taking my bath, the cuckoos in my garden were really going cuckoo! But I wondered that every cuckoo has its own song to sing. I could make out clearly how many cuckoos there were. Their song was different, their sound was different.

Existence takes care of variety. *celebr03*

Controversy with Buddhists

Friends, The supreme commanding body of Indian Buddhists, Mahabodhi Sabha, has come with a very angry statement in the press against me. I used to think that Mahabodhi Sabha consists of wise people. I was absolutely wrong--it consists of otherwise guys!...

The Mahabodhi Society is saying that I am making statements as if I am the reincarnation of Gautam the Buddha. I have never said a single word about reincarnation. I have simply said that he wanted to use my body--

unfortunately I allowed him, but fortunately I was able to persuade him and to say goodbye to him.

Now as far as I am concerned the story is closed. If the Mahabodhi Society wants, it can file a court case against Gautam Buddha! Why did he knock on my doors?

It is not my fault. To be angry at me simply shows your stupidity. If you were

really lovers of Gautam Buddha, you would have come here and investigated the case. No one entered these gates to inquire! You could have phoned and inquired, "What is the situation?" But no inquiry has been made at all.

And you are not even up-to-date about the event. That guy you think so much of is no longer here! Next time, if he comes here he will be kicked out, I promise you--to your heart's content!...

But I am not claiming to be a reincarnation. I am not claiming anything except that the wandering soul of Gautam Buddha has visited me for four days.

Tathagat, who is the in-charge of this commune--please write underneath "Gautam the Buddha Auditorium," in brackets: "In the memory of his visitation for four days to this commune." Before it and after it, it is none of my concern. *nomind10*

Ishida phoned from Japan to say that I should not take any notice of these people; it is the fate of the giants and the geniuses to be condemned by the little man. She must have been feeling wounded that Buddhists can behave in such a way. She has issued to the Japanese newspapers and magazines a statement, that "It is I who have prophesied. If Indian Buddhists are angry, they should be angry at me."

And she has informed that she will be coming here soon to encounter the press, and to encounter the so-called Buddhists. A woman of tremendous courage.... *nomind11*

The Republican Party of India and the Dalit organization--both are organizations of the neo-Buddhists--have made a similar resolution to the government of India, that action should be taken against me because I have been comparing myself with Buddha.

In the first place, I have never compared myself with Buddha. I have always said definitively that he is life-negative, and I am absolutely life-affirmative. There is no possibility of any comparison.

He is a bullock cart, and you want it to be compared with my Rolls Royce? Of course, the basic principle of a bullock cart is the same--the four wheels--but still you cannot compare it with a Rolls Royce.

These organizations have told the government that their religious feelings are very much hurt. *poetry02*

Friends, I have never laughed in my life as much as I have laughed this last week. Every day something hilarious happens.

Today I have received a message from the Dalit Elevation Republic Party, that I have to prove my sanity by a certificate from a psychologist. Only then are they ready to discuss matters with me.

Under my guidance, almost one hundred psychologists are working, and hundreds more come and go to learn meditation here. Whom should I ask for the certificate?...

There are hundreds of psychoanalysts, psychologists, therapists, believers in other different schools of psychology, who have been here under me to learn meditation--because psychology itself has come to understand that it is incomplete. Without attaining a silent mind, all that you can do is analyze dreams. And analyzing dreams is not going to give you the essential being of the person.

Right now there are dozens of psychoanalysts, therapists present in this meeting--they have come from far away, well educated, trained, certified to practice psychoanalysis. But psychoanalysis itself is dying, because it has not cured a single person in the whole world. Twenty years of psychoanalysis...

It is strange, because the East has been working on the inner world of man, and they did not develop a psychology. They did not bother about analyzing dreams, because they knew this is just treating the symptoms, and treating the symptoms does not cure the disease.

The disease is deeper than the mind, and unless you give man a clear perception of his being, of his eternal soul, nothing can help humanity.

Only an experience of the eternity, the immortality of consciousness gives man wholeness--and I call this the only holiness also.

If these people whom I have been trying to help all my life... I have been in support of the oppressed, the suppressed, but they don't understand.

Neither have they read any book of mine, nor have they ever come to listen to me.

I have six hundred and fifty books--perhaps nobody in the whole world has written six hundred and fifty books--translated into thirty-four languages of the world. And this uneducated, uncultured Dalit

organization has some nerve to ask me that I should produce a certificate from a psychologist concerning my sanity.

England's greatest psychoanalyst, Ronnie Laing, has written just a few days ago. He has been sending his own patients, whom he could not cure in fourteen or sixteen years of work, to learn meditation. He wanted to come to be here for a few days. He wants to learn meditation--because mind is not enough; one needs something more of the eternity of existence....

And if these people want to know, they can come to the ashram office.

There are at least one thousand letters that were written to the American government when I was arrested there, from all kinds of prominent people around the world, condemning the criminal step of Ronald Reagan: arresting a man without any reason, without any arrest warrant.

They had no evidence at all against me.

I never go out of my room. I am not concerned with anybody's morality and religion and civilization.

According to me, all these things have not yet happened. Man has yet to wait. Man is still living in the darkness of the barbarious past. *1seed04*

Controversy with Hindus

Osho comments on topical issues which illustrate the hypocrisy of orthodox religions, who accuse him of being a danger to their morality.

The Shankaracharya of Puri--I'm an old, intimate enemy of his--asked the Indian government that the ancient *sati pratha* should be legalized!

For centuries Hinduism has been forcing women, when their husbands die, to jump into the funeral pyres, alive, to be burned and die.

This is called *sati.*

Calling a woman *sati* because she has jumped into the funeral pyre of her husband is saying that she has attained the truth. If this is true, then why has not a single man in the whole of history jumped into the funeral pyre of his wife? Such an easy way to become one with truth! At least the Shankaracharya of Puri should commit sati. That would make his name history, the only man in the whole of history...And he is such

an idiot, he can do it! It is good that he should; otherwise, he has no right to ask the government.

Hindus have been torturing women for centuries. If somebody, out of love, jumps into the funeral pyre--whether it is man or woman does not matter, if it comes out of love--then I have tremendous respect for it. But it was not coming out of love, it was being forced....

And this fellow, the Shankaracharya of Puri, was speaking on the occasion where a six-year-old girl--in fact it is illegal for her even to be married--was burned on the funeral pyre of her husband. Nor was she of an age to be married. Their marriage was invalid, illegal, unconstitutional and this murder is supported by the Shankaracharya of Puri.

On this occasion he was asking the government to make *sati pratha* legal. I am asking the Indian government to make it a law that every shankaracharya should commit sati first. There are eight

shankaracharyas in India. Only after that should any woman commit suicide and it should always be out of love, not because of a ritual. *quant11*

I have received a letter from the Shankaracharya of Puri saying that he wants a debate with me. I am perfectly willing, but on what grounds is he going to debate with me? He has said that if a woman is burned alive, becomes a *sati,* then in Hyderabad rains will come. Now on what grounds can we discuss it? The only way is that the Shankaracharya should become a *sati* in Hyderabad! And if rains come, I will accept that he was right. If rains don't come, everybody will know that he was wrong.

He thinks in terms of scriptures, not in terms of real life. He thinks that he can discuss with me because in the Hindu scriptures the idea is that a woman whose husband has died has to jump into his funeral pyre. To him, it proves that *sati pratha* is right. To me, it proves that the scripture has to be thrown into the fire! On what grounds can we discuss? *cuckoo08*

Untouchables, who are not allowed to enter Hindu temples, have been demonstrating at the Nath Dwara temple for the right to enter

Also the shankaracharya goes on insisting that the untouchables need not go to temples because they are God's only beloved people. If the beloved ones cannot enter into a temple, either God is wrong, or his love is a fallacy, a strategy. At least the Shankaracharya who is saying it, who is himself the head of one of the biggest and most ancient temples, with hundreds of priests there, should lead the harijans, the untouchables, into *his* temple first....

The government has arrested those two hundred harijans who were trying to enter the Nath Dwara temple. The government's act is absolutely unconstitutional. The constitution gives equality to everybody as a birthright. If the government wanted to be legal and constitutional, then the people who were preventing the entry of harijans, like the Shankaracharya and the priests of Nath Dwara, they should be arrested.

But what an irony! Those poor two hundred harijans have been arrested to protect the vested interests of the higher, richer Hindu society.

I am simply amazed that harijans go on remaining part of the Hindu society. For ten thousand years at least they have been exploited; they are the most exploited and oppressed part of humanity. They should get out of

Hinduism, there is no need of any ìsm'. They don't have to be Hindus. It is so undignified that the Hindu scriptures deny them the right even to read the scriptures; the Hindu scriptures forbid them to worship in the temples; they are even forbidden to touch Hindus. Not even their shadow should touch any Hindu; otherwise the Hindu has to take a bath to cleanse himself.

And still those poor people go on remaining part of Hindu society. It seems to be a certain conspiracy between the Hindu priests and the government, that the priests are out protecting their temples and the harijans, who were trying...what harm could they have done? Just worshipping in the temple...and if a Hindu temple is not allowing a certain section of society, then certainly that section should separate itself from such humiliation. *bolt03*

Controversy with Jainas

Just now one of the most organized Jaina sects, *terapanth,* is bombarded--particularly the head of the sect, Acharya Tulsi--with exposures upon exposures, almost in a chain.

Two disciples of Acharya Tulsi left the fold and exposed all the perversion, the sexual exploitation in the name of religion. Acharya Tulsi has more than seventeen hundred monks and double that number of nuns. It is a vast community of monks and nuns, and the exposures from these two--and since then others have joined--reveal all kinds of perverted practices, homosexuality, heterosexuality, and the nuns are being treated almost like prostitutes. The monks are either heterosexual, exploiting the nuns, or many of them are homosexual. And they all have taken the vow of celibacy!

Acharya Tulsi tried, through the government, to have the book banned.

But the publisher was very insistent, and he was ready to go to the court against the government. Seeing the situation, that to be in the court would mean more exposures, more dirt, Acharya Tulsi stopped the action. The books have been released.

One of these monks, Satish Kumar, had come to me when he left Acharya Tulsi's camp, thinking that I have been always against Acharya Tulsi and

his whole philosophy. But I told him, "It does not matter, I will not exploit the situation, because to me it is not a question of Acharya Tulsi. That's how for centuries we have been treating symptoms, and we never go deep to the roots."

Acharya Tulsi is not at fault. Neither are his monks and nuns at fault.

The fault is centuries old--as long as celibacy has been preached there has been sexual perversion.

I would like Acharya Tulsi to gather courage and come into the open, rather than trying to hide. It is not his fault, it is the fault of the society that imposes on their monks and nuns unnatural things like celibacy.

I will support Acharya Tulsi. I am always ready for any unpopular challenge! But he has to gather courage. Of course he will lose his respect, but it is better to lose your respect than to lose the truth....

It is good that Acharya Tulsi is exposed, but I don't think it is his fault.

He was ordained when he was only fourteen years old. Now what does a fourteen-year-old understand about celibacy?...

I want to challenge on this occasion the medical association of India to investigate the case of Tulsi and his followers. And that will be very definitive--because it will be the same with your shankaracharyas, your bishops and your popes.

Once and for all it has to be decided that fighting with sex is self-destructive. Use the sexual energy in a multi-dimensional way.

Everything is created by the same energy. It is not only for reproduction, it is also for the creation of music, painting, poetry....

I am absolutely with Acharya Tulsi. He should come out and expose the whole tradition: "It is not our fault. We have been forced to be unnatural, and the outcome is perversion." Rather than taking it personally, he should make it a point to indicate to the whole of humanity that being unnatural is almost equal to being unreligious. The only way to religion is to be more

and more natural. *nomind06*

Controversy with Christians

The man who has written the book is very rare, because he himself is a Christian but without any prejudice. He has been almost a witness while writing the book. He rates me above Jesus--his conclusions on every point are in my favor, against Jesus--and he himself is a Christian....

But Peter Priskil has shown such honesty in comparison that at first I felt perhaps he is not a Christian, because he goes on condemning Jesus when comparing him with me, and goes on praising me.

I liked his tremendous honesty, love of truth, his capacity to put his mind aside--his whole programming of being a Christian. He has not allowed it to come between me and Jesus. His unconscious would have liked to have put Jesus above me. That's why I say it is a rare phenomenon that he has not listened to the unconscious. He has been perfectly conscious, without any prejudice; he has been absolutely just.

But I want Peter Priskil to know that I don't like to be compared with anybody. *yaku02*

He writes in his book a few very revealing facts about why in Germany the whole news media is creating rumors and lies about me. And that's what people read, that's what people believe....

This man writes that all the magazines that go on propagating against me in Germany are owned by the Christians, Catholics or Protestants. So they cut out anything that will strike a sympathetic note in people's minds. They just go on creating antagonism; on any point, they invent something. And it is very easy to invent lies. *fire06*

Just a few days ago, the editor of *Illustrated Weekly* wrote an article about me in which he said a few significant things. He is not a religious person, neither does he believe in any spirituality. But in our commune, what he saw and felt he could say was his closest experience of spirituality.

Somebody from England wrote a very angry letter to him which was

published. The man said, "What has happened to you? Either you have been bribed or you have been hypnotized." Looking at his letter, it became something more important...Because if anybody says any lies about me, if anybody is against me, nobody will say to him, "You have

been bribed by the enemies of Shree Rajneesh." And nobody will say or even conceive that, "You have been hypnotized by the people who are against Shree Rajneesh."

Many people have told me, "We want to come, we want to understand.

But then people start saying, `You are being hypnotized. If you are not saying anything against Shree Rajneesh then certainly you are being hypnotized.'" *hari27*

Prem Hasya has been on a world tour with a project of creating the atmosphere amongst scientists, artists, painters, musicians, for a World Academy--which belongs to no race, to no religion, to no nation, and whose concern is absolutely the whole world.

Just today she is back, and she reported to me that she had gone to see the chief editor of the German newspaper, *Die Welt.* The journalist who had taken her was immensely interested in the project and wanted to write a detailed article about it. He could see the potential of a World Academy of Creative Science, Art and Consciousness as a defense against those who are preparing to destroy the whole world in nuclear warfare.

But the journalist, of course, wanted to ask the permission of the chief editor. Coming out of the chief editor's office he told Hasya that the man had thumped the table and shouted, "I am a Christian and I will protect the Fatherland!" when the journalist had said he wanted to write a positive article about Osho.

What kind of Christianity is this? Thumping on the table is showing your immense violence. It does not indicate any relationship with Jesus, who said, "Love your enemies...even love your neighbors." Unfortunately he forgot to say, "Love your tables." They are absolutely innocent....

Thumping the table and calling himself a Christian is contradictory.

Either start learning drum-beating or be a Christian. To be a Christian...in its essence, it is a message of love.

And unfortunately his famous newspaper is called *Die Welt;* in English it means "The World." And exactly for *that* purpose Hasya had gone there--

to save the world from the destructive politicians all around, all over the world. Right now there are five nations with nuclear weapons; by the end of this century there will be twenty-five members in the nuclear club.

Every day the possibility to save the world becomes less and less. He should resign immediately from his newspaper. He does not deserve to be the chief of a newspaper called "The World."

And he also seems stupid in saying, "I will protect my Fatherland." Only German stupidity calls their country "Fatherland." The whole world calls their country "Motherland," because every child is born out of the mother, not out of the father! The earth is our mother--that seems to be a more symbolic and sensible proclamation than to call one's country the fatherland. It is male chauvinistic. He is neither a Christian nor a gentleman, and he is the chief editor of the famous German newspaper,

"The World."

I am going to send Hasya again: go directly to the chief editor, and if he hits the table, hit on his head! He is fast asleep, he needs to be awakened.

These are the people who are going to destroy the world. He talks about protecting his fatherland and the whole purpose of the World Academy is to bring you to your senses that now nations are out of date--it is either the whole of humanity or no humanity. *cuckoo13*

Just the other day I received a letter from a man who works for *Time* magazine in America. He has asked two questions--one is important for you. He says, "Your effort is to save humanity; then why have you spoken against Jesus?"

In the first place, I am not making any effort to save anyone. And I have spoken against Jesus because he was giving consolations to people..."I will save you." That is the most dangerous and poisonous statement. It makes you relaxed--you need not worry, you simply believe in Jesus and he will save you. On the last day of judgment, Jesus will sort out his sheep and tell God, "These are my people." They will enter into paradise, and the remaining humanity will fall into the abysmal darkness of hell for eternity. I am against such consolations.

And the man seems to be a Jesus freak. He cannot even understand what question he is asking. Who is saved by Jesus? He could not save himself, and at the last moment on the cross he became utterly disillusioned. Very few people have lived in such deep illusions as Jesus Christ, because he believed he is the only begotten son of God....

This man from *Time* magazine says to me, "You have come to save humanity..." Who gave him that idea? I don't want to save anybody. It is your business, why should I interfere in your life? even if the interference is for the good. I can explain my own experiences, I can indicate possible ways, but I am not going to save anybody. You have to walk the path alone, without any illusions.

Yes, certainly if I find someone just on the borderline, I will push him. I am lazy, but that much I can do. *mani08*

Just the other day I received, from the same insane Catholic man from the staff of *Time* magazine, another question: "You teach love, you teach compassion; then why did the people of Oregon in America become enemies to you?" I don't ordinarily reply to people if I see that they are basically insane, and the question shows insanity absolutely clearly. If he were intelligent enough, first he should have asked, "Jesus has also preached love, has preached compassion, has preached forgiveness--then why was he crucified by the Jews?" If his question were relevant and had not come from a Catholic prejudice, he would have seen the contradiction. And certainly the people of Oregon have not crucified me yet. *mani12*

There is now a new profession arising in the West of deprogrammers.

And many of my sannyasins have been forced...just now one sannyasin is back from Canada. The parents had called her with great love, saying,

"Come here and visit because we have not seen you for so long." And when the sannyasin reached there, it was a totally different matter. They had two deprogrammers arranged and they started talking against me and telling her that I have brainwashed her. "You are living in a trance, in hypnosis, and we are here to take you out of your trance." But the reality is, *they* are brainwashing you!

I don't wash such dirty things. Only Christians do such dirty things: they are brainwashing you and forcing you back again into the old program.

They call themselves "deprogrammers." That is a wrong word they are using for themselves; they are *re* programmers. What has been thrown out by meditation, they are forcing back into your head.

You will be facing this, many of you, when you go back home. Parents have been known even to abduct their children--who are young people, adults, and keep them physically imprisoned in houses with deprogrammers who continuously harass them. And there is a certain stage when you become very weak. If you are not allowed to sleep for three days, on the fourth day you will become very vulnerable. If somebody says: "God is," you don't have enough strength to say no.

Perhaps in this weakness...God is born out of weakness, out of fear, out of dread, and they have created all the dread and fear and weakness and now they say, "God *is.* If you pray, everything will be alright."

These are reprogrammers. As far as I am concerned I have no interest in your mind at all, or in your brain. My concern is far more ultimate. It is beyond the mind. My function is to clean the space of no-mind.

Those deprogrammers or reprogrammers have not even heard about the no-mind. They are ordinary psychoanalysts turned into deprogrammers.

But they can do harm if you listen to them, so I have to tell you because I received the letter from the Canadian sannyasin. She said, "I have been treated very badly. I am still shaking. All the old stuff that has been dropped they have again forced into the mind."

So if you come across any deprogrammer, remember this. Rather than them deprogramming you, you should deprogram them! Never answer their questions. Whenever they ask you, answer with another question. If they ask you, "Is there God?"--you ask them, "Have you any proof? Give me the proof. I want absolute evidence of God. And if you cannot prove his existence, don't speak nonsense. Have you been to hell? Then how are you back?--because from the Christian hell nobody comes back, it is eternal. Do you know anything about hell?" If they say no then ask them:

"Do you know anything about heaven? Have you seen Socrates in heaven? Have you seen Gautam Buddha in heaven?--because these people did not believe in God." *fire03*

Just today I have received all the literature from the American Atheist Society. They have suffered immensely--you will not believe it--just as our commune suffered in America. Again, behind the government was the Christian church.

The woman who founded the Atheist Society has been jailed nineteen times without any reason--and the American Constitution gives the freedom to choose your religion or *not* to choose. It is your personal affair, the state cannot interfere in it.

Her house has been burnt down by an American government agency, the CIA. Her whole library has been destroyed. She has been beaten for no reason at all. She had to escape to Hawaii just to save her life.

Slowly slowly, more and more atheists started gathering, and finally they founded the Atheist Society of America. In their literature they also mention my name. They quote me as calling Jesus a nutcase....

My suggestion to the Atheist Society of America is to call your society the Agnostic Society of America. Agnostic means one who is searching for the truth; he is on the way, he is a seeker. He is not a believer. He does not believe in theism, he does not believe in atheism--because both are believers and both are wrong. All believers are ignorant. In what they believe does not matter. You believe in God, somebody believes in no God. *yaku03*

In his book, *In God's Name,* David Yallop exposes the corruption of the Vatican. He tells how Pope John Paul--the pope before this Polack pope--

had ordered an investigation of the Vatican Bank after reports that it was involved in money laundering.

The pope had also made it clear that under his direction the church would approve of birth control.

Suddenly, after these two radical moves, thirty-three days after being made pope, this healthy man died of a heart attack. His personal notes, will, and medicine bottles mysteriously disappeared. Before the cause of death

could be confirmed, his body was embalmed, a process which makes it impossible to detect the presence of poison. Many people feel he was murdered....

As far as I can see, he was certainly murdered because he was going against the criminal bank, and against the criminal attitude of the Christians--they go on being against abortion, against birth control pills, against any kind of method that can prevent the population explosion.

This is not a unique case. *1seed03*

The pope runs a bank in the Vatican. The Vatican is an independent sovereign state--although it is only eight square miles--and the Italian government has issued a warrant against the manager of the bank, because the bank is doing only one thing: it is turning all Italian mafia money into white money. That is its only source of income. Otherwise from where...?

The pope goes on getting the money and wasting it. Now he is going for a tour to America; estimated expenses will be twenty million dollars. When he went to Australia his expenses were more than Queen Elizabeth, who had visited just before him. All this money is heroin money.

Now rather than allowing the Italian government to arrest the man...they cannot enter into another country; they have to wait for whenever the manager comes out. The manager was only a bishop, but the pope has raised him into an archbishop, because he has been doing such good work! *pilgr18*

Just the other day I received the information that this (present) pope in his four years of office has made more than two thousand people saints.

It is a certificate. He goes on giving certificates to all kinds of people who can donate money. Now the Catholic church owns the biggest bank in the world--the Bank of America. The Catholic church owns the greatest amount of land in the world--more than any other country. *zenman11*

I am against America, Christianity, I am against President Ronald Reagan,

not because of personal hurts that they have done to me and to my commune. I am against them because Ronald Reagan made a tremendous wound in the whole intelligentsia of the world by trying to burn all Charles Darwin's books--in every library, in every college, in every school, in every university--because it teaches evolution, and Christianity teaches creation. *fire01*

Just today I have received a letter from England. The English postal department has started small advertisements on their envelopes; it costs fifty thousand pounds per advertisement. And this advertisement is really strange. It says, "Jesus is alive." I have told my secretary to write to the person: "Please inform us of his address, or at least his phone number. You have been idiots to do this advertisement--this simply means that he is *not* alive, because five billion people are alive and nobody is advertising that, Ì am alive.' Unless Jesus is dead there is no point in advertising." *yaahoo01*

At the end of January, a group of students from a local Christian seminary attend one discourse, and their questions are addressed throughout the series *: Christianity, The Greatest Poison and Zen, The Antidote to all Poisons.*

Just a few days ago there were twenty-one Christian missionaries here.

They have been at a seminary for seven years in Poona. Poona is one of the centers for creating missionaries for the whole of Asia.

For seven years they were not allowed by their principal even to come close to the ashram. That day when their course was finished, and they were ready to leave to their places, they did not miss at least one chance to hear me. And they have come here, but they must have been very much puzzled. I could see it on their faces: their seven years of seminary training was erased within three hours!

To one sannyasin they said, "Everything seems to be good, but your master is taking only the negative side of religion and condemning it.

There are many beautiful things that religion has done to humanity, and he is not taking them."

Now I am going to talk about "all the beautiful things that religion has done to humanity." *christ03*

Friends, First I have to answer the Christian monks who have sent many questions. Only twenty-one have come here, but now the whole seminary is agog and talking only about what I have said.

They have sent a monk here today asking for the video; the whole seminary wants to see it. I am sending it with Prasad, and he has to inform them that this is only the beginning. I have been speaking continually since then, answering their questions. If they have any more questions, he should collect them. He should not enter into any dialogue, he should only collect the questions. I am going to answer them. *christ05*

The whole seminary, which consists of five hundred missionaries being trained, and must be at least one hundred professors to teach them, was agog with only one thing: they wanted to hear what I have said. One student came here the next day, saying, "The whole seminary is talking about only one thing--so you bring the tape or the video." And I sent Prasad, because he had already been to the seminary to talk to them, to explain my philosophy to them, so he was acquainted with the authorities there. He went there but the authorities said, "We don't have equipment and it will take time to arrange for equipment, so we cannot do it."

Prasad said, "Don't be worried about the equipment. I will bring all the equipment with me."

Then they changed immediately. They said, "But first, permission from higher authorities is needed." It was not needed before. *Now* the permission from higher authorities is needed!

The next day he went again and asked, "Has permission been granted?"

They said, "We are waiting." And finally they phoned: "You don't have to come here. We hope that within two and a half weeks permission will be obtained."

I don't think permission will be obtained. It is just a delaying process; after

another two and a half weeks...and who are the higher authorities?

They live there in the campus! It takes two and a half weeks to reach their bungalow? And they go every day to the office.... *fire05*

Friends, you must have enjoyed the ten God-oriented people on the Gateless Gate, shouting pathologically, "Jesus is the only savior."

We used to have a motto in the commune in America: Moses earns, Jesus saves, Bhagwan spends. It is just utter stupidity--saving, earning.

I have never saved and never earned. I simply spend. When others are earning and saving, why bother?

But you will enjoy such processions more and more, because there are more idiots in the world than you can think of. Sooner or later they all have to come in processions.

I don't move out of my room, and the whole world is concerned about me.

Anando goes on bringing news from all over the world--such immense concern about a single man who has nothing to be afraid of. This proves that even nuclear weapons are weaker before the words of a man who has arrived at the ultimate home. What are they afraid of?

And they find excuses which make them just a laughingstock....

People's feelings are hurt... This is so sick, so pathological.

But you will have many such circuses coming here. Enjoy them, laugh and dance. And they all had long faces, sad. Anando was there; she told me that the man who was the leader, who was shouting, simply needed a girlfriend. It is just repressed sexuality, which becomes all kinds of perversions; Christianity is one of those perversions. *gdead06*

Controversy about Communism

A Russian TV crew are visiting, who are very positive; their film later receives wide popularity in the Soviet Union. On 30th January, Osho

begins a new discourse series, Communism and Zen Fire, Zen Wind

You have seen the Soviet crew which was here from Soviet television.

There have been all kinds of television crews, all kinds of journalists from all over the world, but it is only the Soviet crew who went with tears in their eyes. They loved you; they loved your commune so much, so deeply.

They have gone with the promise that when they have their holidays for ten days in June, they are not going anywhere else. They are going to come here for ten days to live in the commune as sannyasins, meditating, doing groups.

You can see the difference. When the American journalist comes, he starts looking immediately to find something sensational. If he cannot find it, he creates and invents it, because America is interested only in sensationalism. These people behaved in a totally different way. This was for the first time that a Russian crew has come. When you were doing your meditations, dancing, they forgot all about photographing. They dropped their cameras and started dancing! They loved the sannyasins.

Their questions were absolutely non-sensational. Significant, meaningful, but not sensational--utterly concerned with human welfare. And Anando told me that they had tears in their eyes when they left the gate; they did

not want to go. They wanted to stay for the whole series, but their office from Delhi called them, saying, "You come back, there are other assignments."

They will be back in June for ten days, to have more experience of what you have. They want to taste it. They want to be insiders, not outsiders.

And this is the state of the whole Soviet Union: the people have become like children. No church, no programming, no God, no prayer--they have become so innocent that meditation will go deep down in them, faster than in any other country. *fire04*

My concern is absolutely impartial. I have been interested in communism from my very childhood. The Soviet crew has been to my library, and they

were amazed to see the communist literature there--perhaps there is no book that is missing from my library. And they were amazed to see that I have signed and dated each book before 1950. I was absolutely concerned to know about communism, everything. For three years, 1948, 1949, and 1950, I had collected all the literature possible. And I stopped at 1950. I have not read anything after 1950 about communism, for or against.

It is very strange...I go on forgetting small things. I cannot count up to five--after the third finger I start hesitating, whether it is fourth or third.

But in these forty years I have not forgotten a single name of the communist revolutionaries. Small details are so vivid before me, because that was my first entry into the intellectual world. It got deeply rooted in me. But I never became a member of a communist party, because I could see something was missing.

It is a grand plan for humanity, but something central is missing: it has no soul, it is a corpse.

Because nothing new was happening, I stopped reading. And nothing new has happened since then, except Gorbachev. So I am talking about Gorbachev.

First I was deeply interested in communism, but finding that it is a corpse I became interested in anarchism--that was also a Russian phenomenon--Prince Kropotkin, Bakunin, Leo Tolstoy. All three were anarchists: no state, no government in the world. But I saw the point that they have a beautiful dream but with this criminal humanity, with this stupid mass, if there is no government and no court and no police there will be simply chaos, not anarchism.

I have been always very scientific in my approach, either outside or inside. Communism can be the base. Then spiritualism has to be its growth, to provide what is missing. Once a society is given equal opportunity--to be unequal, to be unique--and once that society becomes interested in meditation and spiritual growth, then there is a possibility of anarchism. That will be the very final stage, when there is nobody who is interested in committing crime. Only then can the state be removed, not before it.

Bakunin, Kropotkin, and Leo Tolstoy are perfectly right, but not relevant now. First communism has to be aided by spirituality. *fire04*

What would you do if you went to the Soviet Union?

A revolution!

It has been too long since the Soviet Union has seen revolution. Of course, my revolution will be of spirituality. I want the Soviet Union to add something more to its dignity: meditation. Just economic equality is not enough--a spiritual equality is needed.

Just being a body is so poor. I want the Soviet Union to become richer--

not only richer in objects but richer in consciousness, in enlightenment. I want the Soviet Union also to have awakened people like Gautam Buddha, or Lao Tzu, or Chuang Tzu.

I would like to introduce Zen to the Soviet Union. That is my revolution. *fire01*

I am a spiritual communist, and Comrade Gorbachev is a socialist.

Socialism is a compromise, a compromise with capitalism. Communism is a totally revolutionary step. The closer I have been looking at Gorbachev and his statements, the sadder I am feeling. He is not a revolutionary; he is a reactionary, he is going backwards.

Just today Anando has given me a small summary of his books. Just a few sentences I heard, and I told her, "Close it"--because he is talking about bringing private property back into the Soviet Union, and with private property capitalism comes in. He is saying that the communist motto was, "Each according to his need"--and what is his motto? "Each according to his work."

But that's exactly the motto of capitalism: each according to his work....

I am in absolute favor of communism because I think it is the foundation for spiritual growth. But I am against socialism. It is a compromise with

capitalism, and when you compromise with capitalism, capitalism will drown you....

Gorbachev is calling what he is doing a revolution. I say, absolutely no! If you want to be really a revolutionary, the only way is bring spiritualism to your country, not capitalism. That is going backwards in time, and destroying the whole effort of seventy years, and destroying the whole sacrifice of millions of people who died.

I am a spiritual communist--a spiritual terrorist! And I don't care either for George Bush or Comrade Gorbachev. His books have come into my hand just today--they are ugly. He is sabotaging his own people! And he has taken all the power into his hands, so there is no possibility.... *fire04*

Friends, First, a little bit of news.

The first failure of Comrade Gorbachev: The central committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union has declared that Gorbachev's first act of reform, to eradicate alcoholism, has failed. The party declared that Gorbachev's radical changes have not yet been achieved; on the contrary, the sale of illicit liquor has grown, state liquor revenues have fallen, and the masses have been constantly complaining about long queues to buy vodka.

Second: Over the past year Comrade Gorbachev has allowed the following symbols of capitalism to do business in Russia: Coca-Cola, MacDonald's, Kentucky Fried Chicken, and Fast Food Pizza.

This is all junk that America wants to pour on the very innocent people of the Soviet Union.

Third: Just today he has allowed the world's largest advertising agency, Saachi and Saachi, to begin advertising campaigns in Russia for western goods. Saachi's, who are advertising agents for Margaret Thatcher, said they would also like a contract "to polish Gorbachev's image, although he does not really need it at the moment."

On the one hand, he is saying that Russia's economy is failing, and on the

other hand, he is giving contracts to advertising companies to advertise western goods in Russia. Do you see the contradiction? *fire07*

Osho explains why he supports Stalin for consolidating the Soviet Union under communism, although he used violence as a means to this end. Many people are shocked, including Italian radical, Majid. Osho inspires him to start a real revolutionary party.

I cannot help feeling shocked at the idea that since people have to die anyway, there is no harm in them dying by the thousands to preserve communism. What is it that horrifies me about this?

It is not only you, there may be a few more who have been shocked.

Majid is sitting there--he must be shocked, and other Italians, because they have a political prejudice in their mind. They think they are radicals, and they don't understand even the ABC of radicalism....

It was worth it. And when I said anyway you have to die, I could immediately feel that you became very shocked. But still I repeat: Anyway you have to die. Don't die against revolution. If you have to die, die *for* revolution. Don't die for the status quo; if you have to die, die for rebellion....

My effort here is to bring you to a space of no-mind. And from no-mind, function--then you function directly, looking at the situation. Whatever is right immediately arises in you, and you do it. Neither is it a question of morality nor is it a question of religion; it is a question of immediate response to a situation. And immediate response comes only through meditation.

I shock your mind on purpose, and I go on finding ways. I will not leave anyone!...

But when I talk about Stalin, don't get worried. I have nothing to be concerned with Stalin. He is not my disciple, *you* are! And you are on your own--in spite of me. I am trying every possible way to throw you out, but you still go on coming.

You know perfectly well that my words should not be taken at face value.

They are strategies and devices. The whole problem is how to shock you and shatter your mind completely so you can enter into the inner room and see with your own eyes your vast sky. *fire05*

Majid belongs to a radical party in Italy. The head of that radical party wanted to come to me and discuss with me how things should to be done. Of course Majid was the mediator; he had persuaded the man to come to me. But I saw an interview he had given to a journalist, in which the journalist asks, "We hear that you are going to Poona. Are you interested in the philosophy, in the ideology of Osho?"

And he said, "I have nothing to do with his philosophy or with his meditations or with his ideology. My sole concern is that if he can give me ten thousand sannyasins in Italy to become members of the Radical Party, I will go and kiss his feet."

When I saw that interview, I could see that the man is bogus. And I informed Majid that "I don't want to see that man. His whole interest is that I should tell sannyasins in Italy to join the party."

It is not a radical party, Majid; it is not revolutionary. And you can see it, even though you are not so clear about things....

I refused. I said, "Don't bring him here because he is not a revolutionary.

He simply wants to have a great ego, become more powerful." Perhaps he hopes to become the prime minister of Italy.

I don't prevent my sannyasins. They are free to join anything, but I would always remind them: join something out of your meditativeness, out of your clarity. I am not in any way preventing anybody. Your freedom is absolutely sacred to me. I will not interfere--even if you are going wrong, I will not interfere. I will tell you that you are going wrong, but you are free to go.

Now I could not tell my people to belong to the Radical Party. It is *not* a radical party. Majid, I would like you to create a real, authentic revolutionary party....*

And I would like you to create a revolutionary party on your own. Why be a second-hand man in that Radical Party? Be the leader of a revolutionary party and I will support you! And more and more Italians are going to come; just all that we need is more spaghetti! *fire06*

*Note: in March The International Scientific Revolutionary Party is instigated by Sw Majid, in Italy

Controversy with Mohammedans

Author Salman Rushdie mentions in one of his books the fact that Mohammed had edited some verses from his Koran. Ayatollah Khomeini issues a death warrant against him, his publisher, printer, and agent. In connection with this, several people have been kil ed by fanatical Mohammedans. Rajiv Gandhi bans Rushdie's book.

Friends, I have been telling you that God has been the greatest poison to humanity and its evolution towards ultimate peaks of consciousness.

Ayatollah Khomeini has supported what I have been telling to you, by declaring a death sentence on Salman Rushdie and three others for simply publishing a factual statement. No law of any country supports it.

No constitution in the world supports it. But this has been the attitude of the priests all down history.

A second ayatollah-- *ayatollah* simply means a religious leader--not Khomeini, but another ayatollah, and there are two thousand ayatollahs in Iran, has come up with a better support to my argument. Now he has declared that if Salman Rushdie's head is presented to him, he is going to give two point six million dollars if the person who presents it happens to be an Iranian. If it is a non-Iranian, then one million dollars.

From every Mohammedan country, including Pakistan, death squads have moved into England to kill those four people--and if not four, at least Salman Rushdie for writing the novel--and to bring his head to Iran.

Now this will show you why I have been condemning all God-oriented religions, because finally the God-oriented religion is in the hands of the

priests. God does not exist, the priest exists. And the priest does not know any civilization, any culture. Murdering a man is not an argument, it is really accepting defeat. A cultured society needs dialogue. If you have something against Rushdie, you have every right to say it and criticize him--that is human. If you feel he is wrong, you have all the freedom to criticize him.

But religions don't believe in dialogues, they believe in murder, in the sword--that is their argument. To me, it is their defeat.

These people have been keeping the world retarded. A few people from India, and from other countries who have condemned Ayatollah Khomeini and the other ayatollah, have been receiving anonymous phone calls, that they will be killed also.

Here in India, one of my friends, Madhu Mehta, made a statement condemning Ayatollah Khomeini. He is a man of immense intelligence, culture, education....

Madhu Mehta has received an anonymous phone call that he also will be killed and that anybody who says anything against Ayatollah Khomeini will be murdered. Are we living in the twentieth century, or some thousand years back where only killing and murder was the argument?--

whoever kills, whoever wins in killing is the right person.

It is very easy to kill a Gautam Buddha. Any idiot can do it, in fact, only an idiot can do it. But that does not prove that the idiot's idea of religiousness is correct, nor does the death of a Gautam Buddha prove that his philosophy is wrong. In fact, it just does the opposite. It proves that the unconscious and retarded humanity, for which all the religions are responsible, have a tremendous poverty of philosophy, of argument,

of a cultural and civilized dialogue. And it goes back, as far back you can see....

You have to understand deeply. My whole work here is to make you declare freedom and total independence from all prisons--religious, national, racial. Only that is going to give you a life of celebration. Your

freedom will give you the space to dance, to sing, to celebrate. My vision of religiousness is that of sheer celebration, a tremendous joy in life, in love, in creative actions. This is my manifesto, the Manifesto of Zen.

Unless humanity is taken out of their prison cells--we are living in the dark ages--every vested interest is going to be against me, it is going to be against you. Every manifesto of freedom will be crushed....

Meditation is a rebellion, perhaps the most fundamental rebellion against all fictions, against all lies, and against all those who are living on those fictions and lies. *celebr05*

Just today one man has asked the government of India, "Just as you have banned Salman Rushdie's book, why don't you ban Osho's books which are far more dangerous?" It is true, they are far more dangerous.

Rushdie has not done anything, and is unnecessarily being harassed. If you harass me that will be absolutely right, because I am stating things against every religion.

But to ask the government to ban my books is to accept defeat. Why can't you argue with me? Why can't you bring a dialogue into existence?

If you think your religious ideology is right, I am ready for any challenge to discuss it. Why are you afraid? In a cultured society, in a democratic nation it is against the constitution to take away anybody's freedom of speech. I am ready to confront anybody--Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian, Jaina, Buddhist. Whoever they are, I am ready to confront them, but because they don't have any way to answer my questions they immediately take the course of asking the government.

The Indian government is secular, it has no way to defend any religion or anybody's religious feelings. And it is barbarous to ask the government; it simply shows you are primitive and you don't know how to behave in a civilized way.... *celebr07*

The Koran is one of the most strange books, because it has not been written in a continuity--one verse today, one verse ten days after...because

Mohammed was uneducated. He did not write it himself.

He used to dictate whenever he found something worth dictating. So-called holy scriptures are written by self-styled prophets and messiahs--

and they are called "holy"! I don't see anything holy in them.

So many Mohammedan friends have asked me, "You have spoken on many religions, why don't you speak on the Koran?"

I said, "Do you want me to be murdered?" I have something else to do meanwhile. Finally, when I think that it is time for me to leave the body, I will speak on the Koran. And I will manage to have one of my sannyasins kill me and get 2.6 million dollars for my work! While my work is incomplete, I am not going to speak on holy scriptures, because they are the most primitive kind of literature. *celebr05*

All these religions are gathering their whole energy--the last flare-up of life before they disappear forever with their God, with their priests, with their monks, with their churches, with their holy scriptures. That day will be the greatest day in the history of man. Man will become free.

Hence I say that the days for celebration are coming closer. Get ready! *celebr07*

Positive response to Osho around the world

An Australian film crew visit, who are among the very few journalists ever to participate in meditations and programs in the ashram, which they enjoy very much. The resulting film *The Spiritual Terrorist* is very positive, and well received in Australia, and networked around the world.

Friends, First, I am going to answer a few questions from the Australian TV crew. They have been here for almost one month. When they had come, they were very serious people, as Australians are supposed to be.

But this morning they filmed me, and they have completely changed.

They were smiling and laughing and enjoying.

Ecstasy is contagious. It is dangerous to enter this gateless gate! But they are very nice people and very perfectionist. They have been doing a film on the commune, its lifestyle, its philosophical approach to existence. And of course, on me, the spiritual terrorist behind the commune!--or in other words, the center of this cyclone which is going to grow every day bigger and bigger and is going to envelop the whole earth.

When they go back to their homes, their wives will be absolutely surprised--whatever happened to these guys? The very air of the commune changes personalities. Your joy, your laughter, your blissfulness, your silence, touches the very heart of anyone who is alive.

This morning I saw, these people are not dead. They are really alive! So now I can trust that their film and their program for television is going to be a real shock to the whole of Australia. If they can create the shock, I am coming! *fire05*

One of the most famous spiritualists of Europe, Francis Israel Regardie, a famous occult magician who was regarded as a great magus and scholar of the Golden Dawn Society, stated just prior to his death: "If I were to choose in what form I would come back in terms of reincarnation, I would like to continue the great work until I become a Rajneesh."

Just today I received his book, and I could not believe what kind of spiritualist this fellow Francis Israel Regardie was....

This man Francis Israel Regardie knows nothing of spirituality. But in the West it is very easy to befool people, because the West has no understanding of the inner world. So any idiot can manage to deceive them--occultism, esotericism, spiritualism, just big words without any experience supporting them.

Because if this man was really spiritual, he would not... *at the point of death* he wants a reincarnation! But he has a condition also: "I would like to continue the work until I become a Rajneesh." I was alive, he was alive, he could have come here. Rather than having the courage and guts to come here, he is thinking of becoming a Rajneesh after death--if there is a reincarnation. That is a big *if!*

He could have come here. Thousands of people come and go every day, and ten thousand people remain around me continuously. And I am not a leader, and I am not a priest, and I am not teaching any philosophy or any doctrine. I am simply helping them to enter inwards--how to turn your eyes inwards so you can see yourself. Once you have seen it, you are the buddha.

Then there is no birth, no death. You have gone beyond the circle of birth and death....

This man Regardie must have been a hocus-pocus. At least I hope that he does not become a Rajneesh! He can have reincarnation as whatever he wants. He can become a buffalo, he can become a donkey, there are so many species available--just please don't think about me! If you had courage, then...at the moment of death you talked about me; in your whole life you never talked about me. Such chickens! Talking about occultism, spiritualism...I have been here, he could have come. I could have turned him into a meditator.

And if your meditation starts blossoming you will not have any other birth in the body. You will simply disappear, like incense disappearing into the blue sky, or fragrance of roses disappearing into the blue sky.

You will become part of the cosmos. *fire01*

Just a few days ago, one of the most intellectual and experienced journalists of India, M.V.Kamath, wrote a review of my two books, *The Rebellious Spirit* and *The New Man.* In his review he said a few things that perhaps he himself was not aware of...the unconscious is very deep, and nine times bigger than your conscious. He said that I am the greatest intellectual giant of the second part of the twentieth century.

And at the same time, in the next sentence he said that if I were not always surrounded by controversy I would have more admirers in the world than I have today.

My secretary has written to him saying, "Can you give a single name of any intellectual giant in the whole history of man who was not surrounded by all

kinds of controversies while he was alive?" A little part he sees--that which comes to his conscious mind--but something unconscious erupts. Secondly, he has said in his statement that I do not have to be heard or seen: I am a master of words; just reading me is enough. He was thinking that he was praising me, calling me a master of words, telling his readers that "there are so many statements in his writings which are quotable and I feel a little jealous and think I would like to have written them."

My secretary wrote to him, "You have never seen Osho, you have never heard him. You seem to be an intelligent person; on what grounds are you saying that just reading him is enough? I have listened to him, I have listened to him speaking, and I can assure you that the spoken word has a life of its own, it is still warm. The printed word is dead. If you are so much influenced by the printed word, come at least once, on our invitation--Bombay is not far away from here, just a fifteen minute flight--and see the difference between the spoken word and the printed word."

You can also hear the spoken word on the radio or from the tape recorder, but if you see me speaking then something more is added to it.

Then your two senses are working, your ears and your eyes. Ears are not that sensitive; eyes have eighty percent of the sensitivity, and the remaining four senses have only twenty percent. To see is a totally different thing.

Seeing a master means feeling his presence, looking into his eyes, watching his grace. That is not possible from the written word. And if you are influenced so much by the written word that you declare the man as

the greatest intellectual giant, it seems to be absolutely necessary that you should listen to him, you should at least see him once. *satyam27*

Osho's books have sold over a half mil ion, and are on the bestseller nonfiction lists of Italy, Japan, and South Korea.

You can see me: I live in such a calculated way that all that I do is speak to you. I have saved all my breath just to give you a sense of the eternal and an experience of the ultimate. And mostly I am asleep. You cannot find a more lazy man in the world.

Just today my secretary, Hasya, was saying, "I am sending the information to *The Guinness Book of Records* that my master has four hundred books to his name." And she was asking me other things also. I wanted to tell her, but I thought it was better not to say, that the miracle is that this man sleeps almost twenty hours a day and has managed four hundred books...And he is the laziest man in the world--about that you can be certain; nobody can compete with me. You can send a challenge, to see if there is anybody. *hari16*

You will be surprised to know that my books are being taught in the Zen monasteries. Zen masters have written letters to me: "Perhaps now Zen will exist in India, in its original place. It is disappearing from Japan because people are more interested in technology, in science." *zenman11*

Just today, Hasya was telling me about some Korean master, Su. He is going to come soon. He has disciples. Lani has just come from Korea. In the Korean language they have published more than thirty-five books of mine. Hundreds of people are interested in coming. They were not even aware where I am, and whether I am still alive or some past master. *chit20*

One Japanese newspaper just wrote an article about me and wondered what is the matter: why are Indians coming to Japan to learn technology, particularly the latest discoveries in electronics? Japan has become now the most sophisticated technological country, the richest country in the world; even America is poorer now. Japan is four times richer than America, and it is four times smaller than America. So what Japan has done is a miracle. After the destruction of the second world war, suddenly a tremendous outburst of energy.

So Indians are going to Tokyo, and the article mentions that the Japanese are going to Poona. You are all coming from Western countries or from Eastern countries which have become rich enough. From Japan, Taiwan...soon people from Korea will be here. *zenman02*

There was an article a few months ago in a German magazine, asking,

"What is happening? German young people simply go to Poona and then they are never seen again." It is only because of the difficulties created by

the barriers of nations that you cannot stay more than three months, more than six months at the most, so you have to go and come back again. If these barriers disappear, Poona is going to become a country in itself. But it will be a foreign country to India; it will in itself be one of the most cosmopolitan worlds. *zenman02*

The intelligent young people have understood. My sannyasins...the greatest number are Germans, the second Japanese, the third Italians.

These were the three countries together with Adolf Hitler. It is not a coincidence, it is simply intelligence. They have understood that they are living in a mad society; it is better to get out of it, find some place where no such stupid ideas are maintained.

Their coming to me is coming to a saner place, where no distinctions are maintained. Nobody is superior, nobody is inferior. *yaku03*

Osho's Artwork

Throughout his life, Osho has signed the books he collected in his extensive library. To many of these signatures, he adds beautiful designs in colour. Japanese sannyasins photograph, enlarge, and silkscreen many of these, and an exhibition of them in Japan has great success. A further exhibition is shown in Germany.

Beloved Osho, I cannot put it into words how much I am always touched by the beauty of Your expressions--in Your words, Your gestures and now especially in Your paintings.

What exactly happens, when You are sitting in front of an empty paper? Is there still an urge for artistic creativity when one is enlightened? Could You please tell us about Zen and art and creativity?

Zen prevents you from nothing. It opens everything that is potential in you. If you have a potentiality of being a painter, Zen will open it--you may not have been aware of it. If there is a potentiality for poetry, Zen will open that potentiality, and for the first time you will start thinking in poetry, not in prose.

The same is true about music or dance, or scientific exploration. Any kind of original experiences, Zen allows you. It is not preventive of

anything. It is affirmative, the most affirmative experience in life. It simply makes you aware of all that is hidden in you, of all that you have never looked at. It not only makes you aware, it helps you to explore that potentiality.

Zen is not a dry, desertlike experience, it is very juicy, a beautiful garden--a spring in your life where flowers suddenly start opening up.

One never knows what is going to happen to him when he becomes aware. It is not a decision on your part, it is not a choice. It is a choiceless, simple experience--you start moving into a certain direction.

Suddenly that direction becomes so full of life, so attractive that you can devote everything to it.

Zen is a very creative experience; it is not like other religions. All the religions are non-creative. In fact, the so-called saints don't do anything.

They are not great poets, they are not great dancers, they are not great musicians. But the real and authentic saints, who are very few among the so-called saints...

Zen is an authentic religious experience. Its authenticity is in its opening of creativeness in human beings. Zen masters have never killed anyone.

They have not forced anyone to their path; on the contrary, you have to go to them. And it has been very difficult to be accepted; the masters have been very choosy. Unless you show an immense desire and longing, they will not initiate you; the question of conversion does not arise.

You have to go to the well, the well does not come to you. The well does not even invite you, it is simply there, available. *zenman11*

Osho's discourses:

God is Dead: Now Zen is the Only Living Truth

In February 1989, Osho introduces a new series: God is Dead: Now Zen is the Only Living Truth Friends, a new series of talks begins today: *God Is Dead, Now Zen Is the Only Living Truth.* The series is dedicated to Friedrich Nietzsche, who was the first man in the history of mankind to declare, "God is dead, therefore man is free."...

It is meditation that fulfills your inner being and takes away the vacuum that used to be filled by a great lie, God. And many lies have grown around him....

Drop the lies and make some effort to go inwards to find the truth. That is the whole science of Zen. That's why I have entitled the series, *"God Is Dead, Now Zen Is the Only Living Truth."* If God is dead and you don't come close to the experience of Zen, you will become insane. Your sanity depends now only on Zen, that is the *only* way to find the truth. Then you are absolutely related with existence, and you are no longer a puppet, you are a master.

I say unto you, that what I am teaching you is authentic existentialism, and what in the West is thought to be existentialism is only accidentalism. I am teaching you how to come in contact with existence, how to find out where you are connected, wired with existence. From where are you getting your life moment to moment? Where is your intelligence coming from? If existence is unintelligent, how can *you* be intelligent? Where will you get it from?...

Zen is the method to go beyond mind. So we will be discussing God and Zen together. God has to be negated, and Zen has to be planted deep in your being. The lie has to be destroyed and the truth has to be revealed.

That's why I have chosen God and Zen together. God is a lie, Zen is a truth....

It is absolutely necessary that God should be dead. But I want you to know *my* understanding. It was good of Friedrich Nietzsche to declare God dead. I declare that he has never been born. It is a created fiction, an invention, not a discovery. Do you understand the difference between invention and discovery? A discovery is about truth, an invention is manufactured by you.

It is man-manufactured fiction....

So I want to destroy all your belief systems, all your theologies, all your religions. I want to open all your wounds so they can be healed. The real medicine is not a belief system; the real medicine is meditation. Do you know that both the words come from the same root: medicine and meditation? Medicine heals the body, meditation heals your soul. But their function is the same, healing. *gdead01*

Religiousness without God simply means feeling yourself one with the whole universe. *gdead05*

Existence has multidimensional intelligence. We are only one section of this vast universe. Don't think for a single moment that I am putting

existence in place of God. No! God does not exist, existence exists. That's why we call it existence. *gdead04*

But enlightenment happens in silence. That's why my whole effort here is to make you as silent as possible. Then you don't need even a (Zen master) Seigen. Sitting anywhere--in your room, under a tree, in the garden, by the side of the river, anywhere--if your silence deepens, existence itself gives you the initiation into buddhahood. And when it comes directly from existence itself, it has a far greater beauty than when it comes through a master.

I teach you immediate, sudden enlightenment. The meditation that you are practicing is just preparing you for that great silence in which existence will become a flame inside you....

Just as flowers arise from the earth and go back to the earth for eternal rest, you come from existence and you return to existence if you have an easy heart. Then you will not be coming again into the imprisonment of a body. You will simply go back to the very source you have come from, to eternal rest.

That eternal rest is *nirvana,* that eternal rest is *moksha,* that eternal rest is liberation, that eternal rest is *samadhi,* truth, enlightenment--different

names for the same experience. You have come back home, and you have come back home dancing, with no regret, with no complaint, with easy hearts, peacefully and silently to disappear. This is the most exquisite experience, when you are on the verge of disappearing with an easy and relaxed heart, a simple and pure let-go. *gdead02*

You *have* to be a buddha; only that experience of the ultimate height and the ultimate depth will bring you home. The very source from where you have come is also the goal where you are going.

And I am immensely happy with you. You are doing so well, with such honesty that any master would have been proud of you.

God is dead, and Zen is the only living truth. *gdead03*

I Celebrate Myself: God is No Where, Life is Now Here

In mid-February 1989, Osho begins a new series: I Celebrate Myself: God is No Where, Life is Now Here

Good evening. And good news...!

This evening we are starting a new series of talks: *I Celebrate Myself: God is No where, Life is Now Here*

The statement of Friedrich Nietzsche that God is dead, is only symbolic because God has never been in the first place--not even born. How can he be dead? But it was a tremendously powerful symbol to declare that God is dead....

Hence, I celebrate myself and I celebrate you.

Friedrich Nietzsche's statement also includes another part: "God is dead, therefore man is free." God was the slavery of man, he was the bondage.

He was the prison that did not allow humanity to rise to its ultimate heights. He was keeping the whole of humanity reduced to subhuman beings, sinners. His death is a great moment to celebrate....

I have chosen this title, *I Celebrate Myself* from one of the most important poets of America, Walt Whitman. *celebr01*

In the three hundred years of America, there have not been many men who can be compared to the great mystics of the world. Only one man, a poet, comes very close to the mystics, Walt Whitman. One of his beautiful songs is: *I Celebrate Myself.* America has not paid much attention to Walt Whitman, but he is the only one in the three hundred years of America's life who has reached the highest peak possible.

When he says, "I celebrate myself," he is saying everything about love.

"And if you can rejoice in my celebration, you are welcome. If you can be my guest, I invite you to celebrate." Love celebrates, it is not a responsibility at all. *chit30*

I love the pagan.

I want the world back in the hands of the pagans.

All the religions have destroyed the pagans because they were the people without any judgment, without any God, without any morality--just simple, innocent, flowing with nature, in a deep let-go. So whatever was spontaneous they were doing, whatever was coming from their nature they were following. There was no question of guilt, there was no situation like a no-win situation.

The pagan was always victorious. Whatever he was doing or not doing, he had his dignity, his honor. I want you to be pagans, that is the first step

to being a buddha. I have chosen Zorba as an example of a pagan, and that is the very foundation. On that foundation you can make a shrine for the buddha. But without the foundation, the buddha is hanging in the air like a balloon. You can worship it, but you cannot be nourished by it unless your roots are deep into the earth. Your branches cannot grow into the sky, you cannot touch the stars without deep roots in the earth. First you have to be very earthly, earthbound, then only will you start growing towards the stars.

Without roots in the earth you become simply a star gazer, you don't grow

towards stars. You simply look at the buddha, you worship, you pray. But neither is worship going to help nor is prayer going to help.

What is going to help is a real foundation, and that real foundation is to be without God, to be without scriptures, to be without discipline, to be without any commandments. Be a free man, don't be a spiritually enslaved person....

People cannot accept themselves because they cannot accept others as they are. I have never judged in my life. I have loved all kinds of people; just their uniqueness makes them more loveable. And because I have loved all kinds of people without discrimination, I have no way of feeling guilt, I have no way of rejecting myself. I have loved myself immensely....

Don't postpone. Don't ask me how long it is going to take--it depends on you. If you are miserable and feeling caught in a no-win situation, then why carry it? If I could drop it, why can you not drop? I am not a messiah, or a prophet, or an incarnation of God. I don't have any miracle powers with me, I am just as human as you are. If I could do it, who is preventing you?
celebr03

I celebrate myself, and I hope soon the day will come you will be celebrating yourself. And when thousands and thousands of people around the earth are celebrating, singing, dancing, ecstatic, drunk with the divine, there is no possibility of any global suicide. With such festivity and with such laughter, with such sanity and health, with such naturalness and spontaneity, how can there be a war?

The third world war is not going to happen! I predict it! It is not going to happen, because of you, because of my people around the earth! They are the only hope. Only millions of buddhas are capable of creating the atmosphere for peace, for love, for compassion, for celebration.

Life is not given to you to murder, to destroy. Life has been given to you to create, and to rejoice, and to celebrate...

I want you to live intensely, totally, because only those who live intensely and totally are transformed. Only they know what is the ultimate secret of

life. *celebr04*

I am trying in every possible way to make you nonserious, non-tense.

Laugh, dance, sing, celebrate, because these are the people who will find immense power arising in themselves which is dormant. These are the people who will have power but will not harm anybody with their power.

Their power will be a blessing to the world. It will not be the power that destroys, it will be the power that creates. These will be the creators.

And these will be the people who know. These will be the people who have disappeared in joy, in dance, and are no more. Only a consciousness, a pure consciousness remains. That pure consciousness we have called the awakened consciousness, the enlightened consciousness; we have called it samadhi or satori...Gautam Buddha is just a name, representative of this ultimate blossoming. *celebr07*

The Zen Manifesto: Freedom from Oneself

On 20 February 1989, Osho begins a new series: *The Zen Manifesto: Freedom from Oneself* Friends, It is time, ripe time for a Zen manifesto.

The Western intelligentsia have become acquainted with Zen, have also fallen in love with Zen, but they are still trying to approach Zen from the mind. They have not yet come to the understanding that Zen has nothing to do with mind.

Its tremendous job is to get you out of the prison of mind. It is not an intellectual philosophy; it is not a philosophy at all. Nor is it a religion, because it has no fictions and no lies, no consolations. It is a lion's roar.

And the greatest thing that Zen has brought into the world is freedom from oneself. *zenman01*

The whole of the Western intelligentsia has become immensely interested in Zen, but their interest remains intellectual. They have written great books, and we will be discussing in this manifesto almost everyone who has written books on Zen.

My effort is to make you really clear that all these intellectuals may have written very beautiful books...I appreciate their scholarship, I appreciate

their articulateness of expression, but they are not men of Zen, to say nothing of masters of Zen. Hence this manifesto is absolutely needed to make the whole world clear that Zen is not a mind affair. It is a no-mind space....

I call Zen essentially freedom from oneself. You have heard about other freedoms, but freedom from oneself is the ultimate freedom--not to be, and allow the existence to express itself in all its spontaneity and grandeur. But it is existence, not you, not me. It is life itself dancing, not you, not me.

That is the Zen Manifesto: freedom from oneself.

And only Zen has refined, in these twenty-five centuries, methods, devices to make you aware that you are not, that you are only arbitrary, just an idea.

As you go beyond the mind, even the idea of "I am" disappears. When the

"I" also disappears and you start feeling a deep involvement in existence, with no boundaries, then only has Zen blossomed in you. In fact, that is the state, the space of the awakened consciousness. But it has no "I" at the center, no *atman,* no self.

To make it clear to you... Socrates says, "Know thyself." Gautam Buddha says, "Know--just know, and you will not find thyself." Enter deeper into your awareness, and the deeper you go, your self starts melting. Perhaps that is the reason why none of the religions except Zen have tried meditation--because meditation will destroy God, will destroy the ego, will destroy the self. It will leave you in absolute nothingness. It is just the mind which makes you afraid about nothingness....

This is only possible to experience by falling deeper, beyond the mind, to the very depth of your being, to the very source of life from where your life is flowing. Suddenly you realize the image of yourself was arbitrary.

You are imageless, you are infinite. You were living in a cage. The moment you realize your sources are infinite, suddenly the cage disappears and you

can open your wings into the blue sky and disappear. This disappearance is *anatta,* this disappearance is freedom from oneself. But this is possible not through intellect, it is possible only through meditation. Zen is another name for meditation...

Once you know meditation, you don't have to follow anybody. You have your own eyes open, and you have your light just ahead of you showing the path, and all that is right and all that is good happens choicelessly. It is not that you are doing it, you cannot do otherwise....

The Zen Manifesto is absolutely needed, because all old religions are falling apart, and before they fall apart and humanity goes completely bananas, Zen has to be spread wide around the whole earth. Before the old house falls down, you have to create a new house.

And this time don't commit the same mistake. You have been living in a house which was not there; hence you were suffering rain, winter, sun, because the house was only an imagination. This time really enter into your original home, not into any man-made temple, any man-made religion. Enter into your own existence. Why be continuously a carbon copy?

This time is very valuable. You are born in a very fortunate moment, when the old has lost its validity, its proof, when the old is simply hanging around you because you are not courageous enough to get out of the prison. Otherwise the doors are open--in fact, there have never been any doors, because the house you are living in is completely imaginary. Your gods are imaginary, your priests are imaginary, your holy scriptures are imaginary.

This time don't commit the same mistake. This time humanity has to take a quantum leap from the old rotten lies to the fresh, eternally fresh truth.

This is the Manifesto of Zen. *zenman01*

I offer you resurrection.

But in resurrection you will not be Christians, you will not be Hindus, you will not be Mohammedans.

In resurrection you will be men of Zen.

Hence the Zen Manifesto. The world needs it immediately, urgently. *zenman02*

Let this be the declaration of the Zen Manifesto:

You are enough unto yourself.

You are the whole universe. *zenman04*

Zazen is Zen. Sitting silently, doing nothing, an explosion comes to you.

Your own nature blossoms, your buddhahood comes to its ultimate peak. *zenman04*

Name-change to Osho

From 22 February 1989, Osho is sick for six weeks.

On 27 February, the disciples of Rajneesh collectively decided to call him Osho Rajneesh. Osho is a term derived from ancient Japanese, and was first used by Eka, to address his master, Bodhidharma. Òsho' means "with great respect, love and gratitude" as wel as "synchronicity"

and "harmony." `Sho' means "multidimensional expansion of consciousness" and "existence showering from all directions."

Osho is a very honorable word. There are many respectful words, but the sweetness of Osho, the love, the respect, the gratitude, all are together in it. It is just like Christians using `reverend', but that is no comparison to it. Just the very sound of Osho--even if we don't understand Japanese, the very sound is very sweet. *hyaku09*

William James has given this word, òceanic' to the world. The ocean has always been there, but once in a while a man of insight gives it a totally new dimension. He is the first man to use the word òceanic' in the sense of vastness, infinity, eternity, immortality. It is always there; waves upon waves go on coming. Just as in the ordinary ocean, so in the ocean of consciousness: waves upon waves, unending joy, unending dawns,

unending celebration....

And remember...I am not going to be here forever, so don't escape from the ocean. *invita16*

Osho's last discourse series: The Zen Manifesto

From 2-10 April 1989, Osho continues what is to be his last series of discourses.

Friends, It has been a long awaiting, but that is the very essence of Zen--

to wait, to wait for nothing.

There is no God, there is no ultimate meaning.

Life is all there is.

Those who have found, have found nothing but that there is nothing to be found.

Zen is the ultimate manifesto of non-finding, of rejoicing without any reason, of laughing and loving and dancing without any cause....

I said to you that you have to wait long for me, but it is part of the game.

Zen accepts both the presence and the absence, life and death--all the contradictions. Zen is vast enough to contain all contradictions.

Perhaps Zen is the only way that contains contradictions, and that does not disallow anything. It rejoices in everything without any conditions. It accepts everything as it is without making any demands on it. It has no commandments, "Thou shalt," or "Thou shalt not..."

Zen knows nothing about commandments.

Zen knows only a vast life which contains all kinds of contradictions in a deep harmony. The night is in harmony with the day, and life is in harmony with death, and the earth is harmony with the sky. The presence is in

harmony with the absence. This immense harmony, this synchronicity is the essential Manifesto of Zen. This is the only way of life which respects and loves, and denies nothing, condemns nothing....

Zen is a declaration of the organic unity of all contradictions of life. And because existence accepts everything, who are you to choose? Who are you to judge? Zen knows no judgment. Nobody is a sinner and nobody is a saint. Both are playing a game of their choice, and both will receive their rewards accordingly.

If you have done something wrong, something wrong will happen to you.

If you have been blissful to others, existence will be blissful to you...a simple arithmetic. Zen does not believe in complexities, it is a very simple acceptance of the totality that surrounds us.

These days I have been away from you, but I was aware of you, as you were aware of me. I heard your sound of joy, I heard your songs...and I was waiting for the right day to come. *zenman03*

About Reincarnation

Osho gives his unique insight on the process of reincarnation.

I heard You say that we sometimes carry other people's wounds. What does this mean? Is another person's wound simply their thought pattern that we adopt? If we can so easily accept someone else's wound then why is it so difficult to accept our own buddhahood?

It is a very complicated question, but if you are ready to understand I am willing to answer. Everybody is carrying other people's wounds. In the first place, you are living in a sick society where people are angry, full of hate, enjoy to hurt--that is the superficial level which can be understood easily. But there are subtle levels, there are so-called religious saints who are creating feelings of guilt in you, who are condemning you to be a sinner. They are giving you an idea which will create misery around you....

According to me, the whole foundation of life has to be changed. People should be sympathetic only when there is pleasure and joy and rejoicing,

because by your sympathy you are nourishing. Nourish people's joy, don't nourish their sadness and their misery. Be compassionate when they are miserable. Make it clear that this misery is chosen by yourself.

On a deeper level...perhaps the questioner has not asked me to go that deep, but the answer will remain incomplete if I don't go deep enough.

The very idea of reincarnation, which has arisen in all the Eastern religions, is that the self goes on moving from one body to another body, from one life to another life. This idea does not exist in the religions that have arisen out of Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism. But now even psychiatrists are finding that it seems to be true. People can remember their past lives; the idea of reincarnation is gaining ground.

But I want to say one thing to you: the whole idea of reincarnation is a misconception. It is true that when a person dies his being becomes part of the whole. Whether he was a sinner or a saint does not matter, but he had also something called the mind, the memory. In the past the information was not available to explain memory as a bundle of thoughts and thought waves, but now it is easier.

And that's where, on many points, I find Gautam Buddha far ahead of his time. He is the only man who would have agreed with my explanation. He has given hints, but he could not provide any evidence for it; there was nothing available to say. He has said that when a person dies, his memory travels into a new womb--not the self. And we now can understand it, that when you are dying, you will leave memories all around in the air. And if you have been miserable, all your miseries will

find some location; they will enter into some other memory system.

Either they will enter totally into a single womb--that's how somebody remembers one's past. It is not your past; it was somebody else's mind that you have inherited.

Most people don't remember because they have not got the whole lump, the whole heritage of a single individual's memory system. They may have got fragments from here and there, and those fragments create your misery

system. All those people who have died on the earth have died in misery. Very few people have died in joy. Very few people have died with the realization of no-mind. They don't leave a trace behind. They don't burden anybody else with their memory. They simply disperse into the universe. They don't have any mind and they don't have any memory system. They have already dissolved it in their meditations. That's why the enlightened person is never born.

But the unenlightened people go on throwing out, with every death, all kinds of misery patterns. Just as riches attract more riches, misery attracts more misery. If you are miserable, then from miles, misery will travel to you--you are the right vehicle. And this is a very invisible phenomenon, like radio waves. They are traveling around you; you don't hear them. Once you have the right instrument to receive them, immediately they become available. Even before the radio was there, they were traveling by your side.

There is no incarnation, but misery incarnates. Wounds of millions of people are moving around you, just in search of somebody who is willing to be miserable. Of course, the blissful does not leave any trace. The man of awakening dies the way a bird moves into the sky, without making a track or a path. The sky remains empty. Blissfulness moves without making any trace. That's why you don't get any inheritance from the buddhas; they simply disappear. And all kinds of idiots and retarded people go on reincarnating in their memories and it becomes every day thicker and thicker.

Today, perhaps, it has come to the point to be understood and to be dissolved; otherwise it is too thick to allow you to live, to allow you to laugh.

Your own consciousness has no wounds.

Your own consciousness knows nothing of misery.

Your own consciousness is innocent, utterly blissful. To bring you in touch with your own consciousness, every effort is being made to detract you from the mind. The mind contains all your misery, all your wounds.

And it goes on creating wounds in such a way that, unless you are aware,

you will not even find how it creates them....

All our miseries are so superficial--and most fundamentally, they are all borrowed.

And everybody is giving his misery to everybody else he comes in contact with. People are talking continuously about their miseries, about their troubles, about their conflicts. Have you ever heard anybody talking about his joyous moments? About his dances and songs? About his silences and blissfulness? No, nobody talks about these things. People go on sharing all their wounds, and whenever you are talking about your misery to somebody, without your knowing, you are transferring a miserable pattern. The person may be thinking that he is only listening to you, but he is also catching the vibe of misery, the wounds.

When I said that you carry other people's wounds, my statement meant that your own consciousness has no wounds. If everybody becomes alert, meditative, there will be no wounds in the world. They will simply disappear. They will not find any house, any shelter. This is possible. If it is possible for me, it is possible for everybody.

And in your question you also ask why "we can so easily accept someone else's wound," and why it is "so difficult to accept our own buddhahood."

You can accept somebody's wounds because you also have wounds. You understand the language of wounds, miseries, sufferings. *zenman05*

From what I heard You say last night about reincarnation, I understand that even individuality is superficial. Reincarnation was a consolation for me, that "my essence" or "soul" would continue. But now I understand that nothing of me will continue.

In witnessing, do we all "plug in" to the same witnessing energy? Don't I even have my own witness?

The ultimate truth hurts very much.

Finally, everything is gone, including me and you. What remains is a pure consciousness.

It is not that you are plugged into it, you are no more.

The dispersion is so intimate and so ultimate that first your personality has to disappear, then your individuality has to disappear, then what

remains is pure existence. It makes one feel a little worried and concerned, because you don't know the experience of not being.

Just think for a moment.... Before this life you were not. Was there any trouble? Any anxiety?

After this life you will not be again. What is the fear? There will be silence and peace, in the same space where anxiety, tensions and anguishes flourished. They all will have melted just the way a dewdrop disappears into the ocean.

Hence, Zen does not teach you self-realization. Self-realization is a much lower goal. Zen teaches you the ultimate: no-self realization, or realizing that disappearing into the whole is the final peace.

Your very being is an anxiety. At whatever level you are, some anxiety will remain. You *are* anxiety, and if you want anxiety to disappear, you have to be ready to disappear yourself. *zenman06*

Evolution is not something discovered by Charles Darwin. Evolution is an Eastern concept discovered by the mystics--and in the East they have really gone deeper. Charles Darwin is only superficial; he thought that man has come from the monkeys, and he was laughed at all over the world. The idea looks strange...but the mystic's idea does not look strange. He does not say that man has come from the monkeys; he says that the essence of consciousness has passed through many forms, and it has passed through the forms of monkeys too.

According to me, not every man has come to be a man from being a monkey; different people have traveled different lines of evolution. All are coming from different animals, and that is one of the reasons why they are so unequal. A man who is coming from monkeys is bound to carry some traits, some characteristics, of the monkeys. Another man coming from

horses will have different characteristics.

There are millions of animals in the world, and every person has moved through different forms. It is not a highway, with the whole of humanity coming from the same source. If that were the case, all people would have been equal. Somebody is a genius, somebody is a born idiot--

certainly they are coming from different sources.

Gautam Buddha himself remembers his past lives: in one life, he says, he was an elephant, and after the life of the elephant he was born as a man....

People are coming from different sources for different reasons. The theory of reincarnation is basically a more scientific approach to evolution than that of Charles Darwin. It is well known that different animals have different characters....

A person who is coming from the body of an elephant into the body of a man will have a tremendous memory. In the same way, all the animals have their own special talents. I am saying this for the first time--that every human being has come from a different animal. Charles Darwin's idea that all have come from the monkeys is wrong. If it was so, then all will show the same characteristics--which is not so.

A dog can be born as a human being, or may go through a few other life-forms--may become a lion, may become a deer and then come as a human being....

Charles Darwin's idea is right, but not in the details; in the details he has not been able to work it out. I agree with him on this essential point that man has evolved out of animals, but I don't agree with him that all human beings have evolved from the same animal--monkey, ape, or chimpanzee. Human beings have come from all different directions. It is a gathering of all kinds of animals, and if you watch people you can find from where each person is coming. Just a little watchfulness is needed, alertness, and you can feel that this man seems to be related to a certain species. *tahui18*

Osho gives advice about the Commune

On 6 April, Osho sets up the inner circle of 21 disciples who will take care of practical administration of the commune. Osho does not discuss it in discourse, but he does give advice about the commune.

You cannot avoid a tradition; it is beyond your hands. Once you are dead, what people will be doing you cannot prevent. Rather than leaving it in the hands of the ignorant, it is better you should give the right guidelines. *hari30*

Sarjano has written a letter in which he feels afraid that "perhaps the ghost of Rajneeshpuram will take possession of this commune also."...

A commune gives certain responsibilities and certain freedoms. A commune is not necessarily destructive of the individual. In fact, that is the very purpose of the commune: to preserve the individual, his integrity.

A commune is not an organization, but when thousands of people are involved, somebody has to cook, and somebody has to watch on the door, and somebody has to do small things. There are people who start thinking that even doing these things is destroying their freedom. This is sheer nonsense.

A certain responsibility is not against freedom; in fact, freedom can only exist with responsible people. Somebody has to take care of the gardens, otherwise there will be no flowers.

Sarjano's trouble may be the trouble of a few other sannyasins. It has to be made clear that a commune is not dictatorial, but it is not democratic either. It gives respect to the individual. With the respect it gives the responsibility also, that you have to be aware not to trespass on anybody, and that you have to contribute to the commune.

If you are taking from the well of the commune, you have to contribute something--whatever you can do.

When you are working with friends there should be no discussion about anything, only dialogues. There should be no need to impose anything on anybody. When intelligent people are there, they can see the reason themselves. They are not to be forced.

But there are a few people who think licentiousness is freedom. Sarjano, that is your attitude.

Licentiousness is not freedom.

We are sitting here--nobody is forcing you to be silent. It is according to your intelligence that you are silent, and this gives your individuality a tremendous grace....

Your silence is not democratic--you have not been asked to vote to be silent. It is not dictatorial--you have not been told that you have to be silent. This is the beauty and dignity of your silence: it is arising out of you. It is not imposed from outside; it is coming from within. And when something comes from within, it has a beauty and a grace, and a tremendous aliveness. This is not the silence of a graveyard; this is the silence of a garden. It is not dead; it is throbbing with life.

Sarjano, Zen teaches revolution in a graceful way. In the name of revolution much ugliness has happened in the world. Zen wants you to understand the implications of the inner revolution, and you have to go on your own way. Zen simply makes it clear that there is nothing to be

found, that there is no truth which is hidden--it is only your eyes which are closed.

Do you see the shift? All other mystery schools in the world have been teaching that the truth is hidden. If it is only a way of saying it, it can be forgiven. But the reality is, truth is not hidden. Truth is all over the place, only our eyes are closed....

It is a miracle that thousands of people can live here without any conflict, without any fight, without any violence. The whole world can live with such peace and silence if freedom is not misunderstood as licentiousness.

Freedom is a greater responsibility, it gives you dignity and pride. It makes you aware that you are living in a meaningful way. There is no other meaning to be found...

The whole effort of Zen is to bring you to your own consciousness, and then

there is no need of any scripture, and there is no need of any guide.

You have your own light and you can live accordingly, intensely, joyfully, dancingly. *zenman04*

This commune has to be a commune of understanding, awareness, looking into one's own mind patterns and remembering that they are not yours. You are simply the watcher, and the watcher is outside the mind.

I teach you the watcher.

The only way to get out of misery patterns, whether ancient or new, is witnessing. I say it is the only way, because nobody has escaped from the mind without becoming a witness. Just witness, and suddenly you will start laughing at your own misery. All our miseries are so superficial--

and most fundamentally, they are all borrowed. *zenman05*

And we are here only to learn that which cannot be destroyed even by death--the immortal, the eternal.

It is only a question of remembrance, a forgotten language remembered again.

And keep on remembering all the day along. Act the way a conscious person acts. Doing ordinary things: chopping wood or carrying water from the well, do it as if the buddha is doing it himself.

And what I am saying to you is not a philosophical statement, it is the experience of thousands of buddhas.

To find the essential in you is the Manifesto of Zen. *zenman04*

We are going to create new campuses around in the pyramid shape for meditators. Even people who live inside a pyramid find it very rejuvenating. The scientists could not believe it; they themselves found that they were more alive inside the pyramid than they were outside.

Something happens; just the shape of the pyramid is the thing.

Those pyramids were created by Egyptian mystics from very ancient scriptures from the continent, Atlantis, that drowned either by natural catastrophe or by man's stupidity. But in Alexandria in Egypt, they had saved everything worthwhile from the lost continents of Lemuria and Atlantis. The library of Alexandria was so big--perhaps the biggest library in the world. The Mohammedan, Khalif Omar, burned it down....

It had all the maps of the pyramids, and the reasoning why that particular shape is rejuvenating.

Pyramids can be called authentic creativity, but our so-called painters and our so-called musicians have no understanding of meditation. So it is just being busy without business, just doing something because the society does not accept you sitting silently....

So if your creativity comes out of your silence, out of your Zen, out of your meditations, then it is authentic, original. If it comes only as an occupation because you are feeling lost and there is nothing to do--a long holiday, so you start doing something.... That is not coming out of your silences, it is coming out of your crazy mind....

Anything that arises from your silences has a beauty, a truthfulness, an authenticity. And that which arises out of the mind is only a carbon copy. Howsoever beautiful it may appear to the ignorant, it cannot be called a creative phenomenon....

If you don't have to do anything, that is the greatest moment just to be.

Don't do anything. Be silent. Do only when things are necessary to be done. So much nonsense will be cut out and you will have much more energy to explore the inner. *zenman10*

I have been asked again and again why I declare people enlightened only when they die. This is simply to keep the peace of the commune. If I declare somebody to be enlightened, you will kill him. You will not be able to tolerate that this man has become enlightened. You will find a thousand faults in him, you will condemn him, and you will be very jealous.

I have made it a point that I will declare people enlightened only when you cannot be jealous, and you cannot quarrel, because they are already gone.

And when I leave the world, I will leave a note about the people who are enlightened, but in deep secrecy. The note will remain with Nirvano, so whenever somebody out of the list dies, declare it.

Declaring anybody enlightened while he is alive is certainly going to create great trouble for the man who is declared enlightened. Now he will feel very much embarrassed smoking cigarettes. And what to do with the girlfriends? Enlightened, and you have a girlfriend?

Only Sardar Gurudayal Singh is an exception.

But ordinarily you will feel very much in difficulty, drinking wine, going to the pub--even just ordinary beer. And particularly my Germans, what will they do without beer? For Germans I will have to make an exception.

I don't want you to be embarrassed. It is good that you are trying to be enlightened. On the way enjoy everything, and I will declare you enlightened when you are completely at rest in the grave. Nobody can disturb you--no beer, no cigarettes, no girlfriends, nothing. At the most you can toss and turn inside there. If you want, I can put some chewing-gum in every grave, so whenever you feel too much upset, just start chewing gum! *yaku04*

It's easy here, where miracles happen before breakfast and then never stop, but how to make it work the same way in everyday life and in society?

If it has really happened to you, the question will not arise. If you have imagined it, only then will the question arise.

Here, it is easy to imagine before breakfast that you are enlightened.

Here, there are so many enlightened people, so it is very easy. Nobody is against enlightenment, everybody is supportive; it is easy to imagine.

The test, the fire test, will be out there in the society. If your enlightenment disappears, it has never happened. If it has happened, no society, no

culture can destroy it. It is such a force, such an eternal life, nobody can even touch it, so don't be worried about society. Just let your enlightenment be a reality, not an imagination.

Once it is a reality you are no more, only enlightenment is--a flame, a fire which cannot be put out, put off. You can be killed, but your

enlightenment cannot be killed. You can be crucified and poisoned, but your enlightenment remains a witness even on the cross.

And when there are thousands of enlightened people, the society will not have the courage. Where are you going to have so many crosses? If enlightenment becomes a great phenomenon around the earth, then no enlightened man or master is in danger. He can have his life unhindered, unhampered, uncrippled by the society.

The society could manage to kill Socrates, because Socrates was alone.

The society could crucify Jesus because he was alone.

I am not teaching any cult here, any creed. I want you to taste the very life source. Then nobody can take it away. *zenman09*

Osho emphasizes Zen and meditation:

I heard You say that our energy is based in thèhara', and that it is expressed through the different chakras in the body.

Traditional Zen seems to emphasize Zazen as the way to come in touch with that energy, whereas You have allowed, even encouraged, Your disciples to have more freedom to explore the various avenues of expression.

I am not a traditional man at all. I am untraditional in every possible way. I am not confined to any technique.

Zen is confined, in a way, to Zazen. Zazen means just sitting and doing nothing. It is perfectly right, but my experience of the modern man is that the most difficult thing for him is just sitting and doing nothing. If you ask

him to go to the moon, he can go. If you ask him to go to Everest, he can go. But just sitting? That is the most difficult thing.

Finally, you will have to come to the point.

I have nothing to do with tradition. My Zen is absolutely untraditional.

First, I make you jump and shout and scream, and do all kinds of gibberish. Then finally, tired, you can sit for a few moments....

I am dealing with the contemporary man, who is the most restless being that has ever evolved on the earth. But people do become silent; you just have to allow them to throw out their madness, insanity, then they themselves become silent. They start waiting for the moment when I will

say, "Be silent." They become tired of their gibberish. They also become aware that this gibberish is there....

You have to be total, otherwise things remain inside you. You have to empty your continuous gibberish that goes on inside, "Yakkety-yak, yakkety-yak..." Don't do it partially. Don't be bothered about being seen, because nobody is looking at you; everybody is in his own insanity. This is a good time for you to say and do anything which ordinarily you will not say....

The contemporary man is the most restless man. And I am dealing with the contemporary man, not the dead of the past. I have to devise ways and methods so that you can become silent. Finally, that is the goal--

Zazen. But before that you have to throw out many things. Perhaps in the past when man was much more natural, unrepressed...

If it is possible for a single man, it is possible for the whole of humanity.

We have just to throw out all the garbage that comes up in our minds, in our dreams. And it affects our actions, our attitudes, our miseries, our angers, our despair. It is better to throw it before it affects your actions.

And that is the whole psychology behind meditation: emptying you, creating

a nothingness in you. Out of that nothingness blossoms the ultimate joy, the ultimate bliss. *zenman08*

When energy goes inward it turns into thoughts, feelings, emotions, and when energy goes outward it turns into relationships with beings and nature. But when energy does not move inward or outward, it is just there pulsating, vibrating. Then it is one with the existence, one with the whole.

Is this Zazen?

Exactly. When the energy is just there--not going anywhere, just pulsating at the original source, just radiating its light there, blossoming like a lotus, neither going out nor going in--it is simply here and now.

When I say go inward, I am simply saying don't go on moving in the head.

The whole society forces your energy to move in the head. All education consists of the basic technique of how to pulsate the energy only in the head--how to make you a great mathematician, how to make you a great physician. All the education in the world consists of taking the energy into the head.

Zen asks you to come out of the head and go to the basic source--from where the educational system around the world has been taking the

energy, putting it into the head, and turning it into thoughts, images, and creating thinking. It has its uses. It is not that Zen is not aware of the uses of energy in the head, but if all the energy is used in the head, you will never become aware of your eternity. You may become a very great thinker and philosopher, but you will never know, as an experience, what life is. You will never know as an experience, what it is to be one with the whole.

When the energy is just at the center, pulsating... When it is not moving anywhere, neither in the head nor in the heart, but it is at the very source from where the heart takes it, the head takes it...pulsating at the very source--that is the very meaning of Zazen.

Zazen means just sitting at the very source, not moving anywhere. A tremendous force arises, a transformation of energy into light and love, into

greater life, into compassion, into creativity. It can take many forms, but first you have to learn how to be at the source. Then the source will decide where your potential is. You can relax at the source, and it will take you to your very potential. It does not mean that you have to stop thinking forever, it simply means you should be aware and alert and capable of moving into the source. When you need the head you can move the energy into the head, and when you need to love, you can move the energy into the heart.

But you need not think twenty-four hours. When you are not thinking you have to relax back into your center--that keeps the Zen man constantly content, alert, joyful. A blissfulness surrounds him; it is not an act, it is simply radiation.

Zazen is the strategy of Zen. Literally it means just sitting. Sitting where?

Sitting at the very source. And once in a while, if you go on sitting in the source, you can manage all mental activities without any disturbance, you can manage all heart activities without any difficulty. And still, whenever you have time, you need not unnecessarily think, you need not unnecessarily feel, you can just be.

Just being is Zazen.

And if you can just be--only for a few minutes in twenty-four hours--that is enough to keep you alert of your buddhahood. *zenman11*

Zen is your very nature; there is no way of throwing it away. All that you can do with Zen is two things: you can remember, or you can forget. This is the only possibility. If you forget your nature, your buddhahood...this is the only sin in the world of Zen: forgetfulness.

Gautam Buddha's last words on the earth have to be remembered: *sammasati. Sammasati* means right remembrance. His whole life is condensed into a single word, remembrance, as if on dying, he is condensing all his teachings, all his scriptures into a single word.

Nobody has uttered a more significant word when dying. His last message, his whole message: sammasati, remember. And when you remember,

there is no way to throw your consciousness away.

Zen is not a meditation. Zen is exactly sammasati--remembrance of your ultimateness, remembrance of your immortality, remembrance of your divineness, of your sacredness. Remembering it, and rejoicing it, and dancing out of joy that you are rooted, so deeply rooted in existence that there is no way for you to be worried, to be concerned.

Existence is within you and without you--it is one whole. *zenman04*

Zen has taken a few steps, but hesitantly. I tell you, whether you want it or not, you *are* a buddha, you are not going to *become* a buddha. It is your very essentiality. And once this is recognized, the whole life becomes sacred, nothing is denied. This is the new man I want to introduce into the world--the new buddha. This manifesto is for the new buddhas. *zenman04*

Osho's Last Discourse

On 10 April 1989, Osho gives his last discourse. This is the first talk of a pre-scheduled series entitled 'The Awakening of the Buddha'. Later Osho requests that this talk be included in the book *The Zen Manifesto.*

In answer to a question, Osho explains how his Zen differs from the arduous practices in some contemporary Zen monasteries.

Gerta Ital was the first Western woman to enter a Zen monastery in Japan and work with an enlightened master. She wrote two books which give the impression of a hard and lonely path. Being with You is much more joyful and playful.

The traditional Zen is hard. It takes twenty to thirty years of constant meditation, withdrawing from everywhere all your energy and devoting it only to meditation.

That tradition comes from Gautam Buddha himself. He had to find his enlightenment after twelve years of hard work.

I am changing it completely from the traditional Zen, because I don't see that the contemporary man can devote twenty or thirty years to meditation

only. If Zen remains that hard, it will disappear from the world. It has already disappeared from China, it is disappearing from Japan, and it disappeared from India long ago. It remained in India for only five hundred years after Gautam Buddha. In the sixth century it reached China, remained there for only a few centuries, and moved to Japan. And now it is almost extinct from both China and Japan.

You will be surprised to know that my books are being taught in the Zen monasteries. Zen masters have written letters to me: "Perhaps now Zen will exist in India, in its original place. It is disappearing from Japan because people are more interested in technology, in science."

That is the situation in India too. Very few people are interested in the inner exploration. Here you can find a few people from every country, but these are so few compared to the five billion human beings on the earth.

Ten thousand is not a great number.

Zen has to be transformed in a way that the contemporary man can be interested in it. It has to be easy, relaxed, it has not to be hard. That old traditional type is no longer possible, nor is it needed. Once it has been explored, once a single man has become enlightened, the path becomes easy. You don't have to discover electricity again and again. Once discovered you start using it--you don't have to be great scientists.

The man who discovered electricity worked on it for almost twenty years.

Three hundred disciples started with him and nobody remained because it took so long; everybody became exhausted. But the original scientist continued....

Now, you don't have to work for thirty years to know about electricity.

Nor do you have to work thirty years for the Zen experience.

The awakening of the buddha is a very easy and relaxed phenomenon.

Now that so many people have awakened, the path has become clear-cut; it is no longer hard and arduous. You can playfully enter inside and joyously

experience the awakening of awareness. It is not as far away as it was for Gautam Buddha.

For Gautam Buddha it was an absolute unknown. He was searching for it like a blind man, knowing nothing about where he was going. But he was a man of tremendous courage, who for twelve years went on searching, exploring every method available in his time...all the teachers who were talking about philosophy and yoga. He went from one teacher to another, and every teacher finally said to him, "I can tell you only this

much. More than this I don't know myself." Finally, he remained alone, and he dropped all yoga disciplines....

But in that ordinariness, when he had dropped everything--just being tired and exhausted--that fullmoon night when the five disciples left him, he slept under the bodhi tree, completely free from this world and completely free from the very search for that world. For the first time he was utterly relaxed: no desire to find anything, no desire to become anything. And in that moment of non-desiring, he suddenly awakened and became a buddha. Buddhahood came to him in a relaxed state.

You don't have to work for twelve years, you can just start from the relaxed state. It was the last point in Gautam Buddha's journey. It can be the first point in your journey....

Enlightenment is such a transformation that you are a totally different person. The old person dies away, and a totally new awareness, a fresh bliss, a flowering, a spring which has never been there...

It took twelve years for Gautam Buddha. It need not take even twelve minutes for you. It is simply an art, to relax into yourself. In the traditional Zen they are still doing whatever Buddha did in his ignorance, and finally they drop it.

I am telling you, why not drop it right now? You can relax this very moment! And in that relaxation you will find the light, the awareness, the awakening.

What has happened to Gerta Ital, is not necessarily an introduction to Zen.

She has been in the company of old and traditional Zen masters. I understand Zen to be a very simple, innocent, joyful method. There is nothing ascetic in it, nothing life-negative--no need to renounce the world, no need to become a monk, no need to enter a monastery. You have to enter into yourself. That can be done anywhere.

We are doing it in the simplest way possible. And only if Zen becomes as simple as I am trying to make it, can the contemporary man be interested in it. Otherwise he has so much to do--so many things to do, so many paths to explore, so many things to distract him.

Zen has to become such a small playful thing, that while you are going to sleep--just before that--within five minutes you can enter into yourself, and you can remain at the very center of your being the whole night.

Your whole night can become a peaceful, silent awareness. Sleep will be in the body, but underneath it there will be a current of light from the evening till the morning.

And once you know that even in sleep a certain awareness can be present inside you, then the whole day, doing all kinds of things, you can remain alert, conscious. Buddhahood has to be a very normal, ordinary, simple and human affair. *zenman11*

Zen masters know how to live and also know how to die. They take neither life seriously nor death seriously. Seriousness is a sick way of looking at existence. A man of perfection will love to live, and will love to die. His life will be a dance, and his death will be a song. There will be no distinction between life and death. *zenman11*

Our search is for the immeasurable. The measurable can be left to the scientists. The mystics are concerned with the immeasurable. *zenman11*

It is time for Sardar Gurudayal Singh.

Put the lights on! I love to see my people laughing. I am absolutely against seriousness, but unfortunately I have to discuss serious things.

But it is good to make you first serious, then laughter comes more easily.

Then it gives a great relaxation. *zenman01*

Last meditation at the end of discourse:

It is time, Nivedano... (Drumbeat)

(Gibberish)

Nivedano... (Drumbeat)

Be silent... Close your eyes...and feel yourself completely frozen.

This is the right moment to enter inwards.

Gather all your energy, your total consciousness, and rush towards the inner center with deep intensity and urgency.

The center is just two inches below the navel, inside the body.

Faster...and faster... Deeper...and deeper...

As you come closer to the center of being, a great silence descends over you, and inside a peace, a blissfulness, a light that fills your whole interior. This is your original being. This is your buddha.

At this moment, witness that you are not the body, not the mind, not the heart, but just the pure witnessing self, the pure consciousness. This is

your buddhahood, your hidden nature, your meeting with the universe.

These are your roots.

Relax...

Nivedano... (Drumbeat)

Relax...and just be a silent witness.

You start melting like ice in the ocean. Gautama the Buddha Auditorium

becomes an oceanic field of consciousness. You are no longer separate--

this is your oneness with existence.

To be one with existence is to be a buddha, it is your very nature. It is not a question of searching and finding, *you are it*, right now.

Gather all the flowers, the fragrance, the flame and the fire, the immeasurable, and bring it with you as you come back.

Nivedano... (Drumbeat)

Come back peacefully, silently, as a buddha.

Just for a few seconds close your eyes and remember the path and the source you have found, and the buddha nature that you have experienced.

This moment you are the most blessed people on the earth.

Remembering yourself as a buddha is the most precious experience, because it is your eternity, it is your immortality.

It is not you, it is your very existence. You are one with the stars and the trees and the sky and the ocean. You are no longer separate.

The last word of Buddha was, *sammasati.*

Remember that you are a buddha-- *sammasati. zenman11*

On the evening of 10th Osho tells Anando that as he finished the discourse, his energy completely changed. He explains that in the same way one enters the world through nine months in the womb, nine months before dying the energy again enters an incubatory period for death.

Notes about Osho until

he leaves his body 19 Jan 1990

19 May: in a General Meeting in Buddha Hall it is announced that Osho wil not speak publicly again.

23 May: Announcement of message from Osho: he will come to darshan in the evenings.

When he arrives everyone can celebrate with him. This is followed by a period of silent meditation, after which Osho leaves. A video of one of Osho's discourses is then shown.

Osho also says that the Buddhafield energy is at a new and higher level.

June: Multiversity formed: the Centre for Transformation, Mystery School, Osho School of Creative Arts, Osho School of Martial Arts; Osho gives message about wearing white robes for darshan with him.

July: Gurupurnima Festival of Full Moon begins: Osho comes out for 7 minutes. This is the first appearance of the White Robe Brotherhood.

Three-day meditation camps on the second weekend of each month start, under Zareen's supervision.

Osho answers written questions from journalist Pritish Nandy which are read to him by Satya Vedant (last615)

August: Osho School of Music starts; Osho Global Connections starts; Osho dictates letter to Literaturnaya Gazeta (Russian paper); An electronic rooster, which emits a very loud 'cock-a-doodle-doo" every hour on the hour was sent to Osho as a gift, and he enjoys it so much he wants them installed in the ashram as an awareness device.

18 August: Message from Osho via Anando at the evening video: "Few have understood my words"

20 August: announcement that Osho wil be coming out every evening from tomorrow; Osho tells Anando of a vision of blue light Aum sign. According to tradition, this vision intimates that the person wil soon leave their body.

22 August: message from Osho that the poisoning in Oklahoma jail has weakened him but he wil be coming to the evening meeting, which is the highlight of whole day for the commune.

23 August: Osho talks to Anando about the mystical gathering of energy into white robes.

Maroon robes are to be worn in future for meditations and groups; black robes with white belt to be worn by group leaders during groups and sessions.

24 August: Anando announces about the 4 layers of energy, and about keeping the absolute silence during darshan with Osho.

25 August: announcement that maroon robes are to be worn by everyone in the ashram during work hours as wel as for meditations.

31 August: Osho moves into his new Chuang Tzu bedroom, which is lined with marble and lit by a large chandelier. The one-way floor to ceiling windows overlook the garden and newly landscaped white marble waterfall and rock pools.

September: Osho is sick for two weeks, he continues to have dental sessions nearly every day. He is not well. The dentist, Dr Modi, makes a statement regarding Osho being radiated.

12 September: Osho drops 'Rajneesh' from his name, and will from now on be known simply as 'Osho'

14 September: Osho moves back to his former bedroom, and the Chuang Tzu bedroom is used for Mystic Rose and No-Mind groups. The new glass walkway which has been built for Osho to take walks in the garden, will be used for Vipassana and Zazen-type groups. Several new groups are developed including a Women's Liberation Group, and the Neo-Zen group run by Avirbhava, whose new title of 'high priestess' is announced before darshan.

October: al the buildings in the Commune are painted black.

5 October: Osho creates "Born Again" group: one hour playing like a child, followed by one hour silent sitting.

15 October: the mantra salute Yaa-Hoo! which is shouted before darshan

is now changed to "O-sho!"

17 October: Osho sends a message that the commune is to be called a Multiversity Campus

22 October: Announcement that "Osho" can be used as a mantra

November: Osho begins the "Stop exercises to create silence": Osho dances with hands and stops suddenly with hands raised; everyone to stop with hands raised also.

17 November: Osho gives instructions about when he leaves his body; he asks for a group to be formed to translate his Hindi books into English; Osho says "Nobody wil be my successor; the Inner Circle wil be the successor." He gives further instructions on how the Inner Circle wil function.

23 November: Men's Liberation group created

28 November: there is a message from Osho that people buy and read his books. From now on the reading of Osho's books will become an integral part of the groundwork for all ashram groups.

29 November: Tan-san, the Japanese woman enlightened master, visits the ashram in order to give Osho healing energy as, she indicates, the world needs his continuing presence in the body. During darshan Osho showers her with rose petals.

1 December: Rev Ryoju Kikuchi, Japanese enlightened master, visits Throughout December, Osho repeatedly comments, to his attendants, on the silent meditation during darshan: "the silence is becoming so solid you can almost touch it."

5 December: Osho creates new group "Osho Reminding Yourself the Forgotten Language of Talking to Your Body", and gives instructions for the first group 9 December: Nirvano (Osho's long-time companion, also known as Gudiya and Vivek) leaves her body. Osho arranges a memorial for her: "Nirvano, who died an untimely death". This is placed on the new Osho House building.

12 December: Osho comments on the Birthday celebration: "The celebration went really well. It was the best celebration ever."

16 December: Osho requests a photo session with Videha and Veeresh, who have both been very active in helping Osho's work in Europe. Swami Veeresh is a long-time sannyasin therapist, and the founder of Humaniversity in Hol and. Swami Videha has translated into Italian and published many of Osho's books, which have been widely distributed in Italy and become best sellers in the non-fiction category of books. These photos are published in Osho Times International

24 December: The Sunday Mail, UK, prints an article about Cardinal Ratzinger and the Vatican being partly responsible for expulsion of Osho from the USA.

16 January 1990: Osho's last darshan in Buddha Hall which includes dancing followed by silent meditation. Osho has had severe pains in his arms for some time and wil not move his arms in future, but everyone should continue to celebrate and dance when he arrives.

Osho sends a message that during darshan someone is using black magic against him, Osho could defend himself, but since the attacker would thus be harmed, Osho will not do so. Steps are taken to discover who is involved, without success.

17 January: Dr Amrito announces Osho's message that Osho will only come and namaste from now on, "Now your meditation is going to go deeper than ever."

18 January: Osho remains in his room during darshan, but sends a message that his presence would be felt as if he was there.

19 January: Osho leaves his body at 5:00 pm. Dr Amrito makes the announcement after people have gathered for evening darshan. Before dying, Osho calls Jayesh and tel s him, "I leave you my dream." He also says, "Anando wil be my medium." Osho requests the same format of death celebration which he set up for sannyasins: His body is brought into the Hal

for ten minutes celebration, then carried in procession to the nearby burning ghats, where the celebration continues through the night.

21 January: Osho's ashes are brought to his samadhi, which is in the Chuang Tzu auditorium, which was renovated into a bedroom for him, and then used for groups. Now the samadhi room is used for silent meditations. The inscription over his ashes says: **Osho**

Never Born

Never Died

Only visited this planet earth between

1931 - 1990

PART XI

Epilogue

1. Osho talks about when he leaves the body

2. Osho talks about the continuation of his work

3. Osho talks about his vision and books

4. Advice to sannyasins who will miss him

END PIECES

5. Further Reading

6. Glossary

7. Sources of Text-extracts

PART XI

Epilogue

1990 onwards

Osho talks about when he leaves his body

I love the Himalayas. I wanted to die there. That is the most beautiful place to die--of course to live too, but as far as dying is concerned, that is the ultimate place. It is where Lao Tzu died. In the valleys of the Himalayas Buddha died, Jesus died, Moses died. No other mountains can claim Moses, Jesus, Lao Tzu, Buddha, Bodhidharma, Milarepa, Marpa, Tilopa, Naropa, and thousands of others....

I wanted to die there; and this morning, standing and looking at the sunrise, I felt relieved, knowing that if I die here, particularly on a day as beautiful as this, it is okay. And I will choose to die on a day when I feel I am part of the Himalayas. Death for me is not just an end, a full stop.

No, death for me is a celebration. *glimps01*

I am as absent as I will be when I will be dead, with only one difference...that right now my absence has a body, and then, my absence will not have a body. *psycho19*

When a buddha dies, a man who has attained, he simply dies with no thought. He enjoys the orgasm. It is so fulfilling, it is so totally fulfilling

that there is no need to come back. He disappears into the cosmos. There is no need to be embodied again....

When you die, you release your energy and with that energy your whole life's experience. Whatsoever you have been--sad, happy, loving, angry, passionate, compassionate--whatsoever you have been, that energy carries the vibrations of your whole life. Whenever a saint is dying, just being near him is a great gift; just to be showered with his energy is a great inspiration. You will be put in a totally different dimension. You will be

drugged by his energy, you will feel drunk.

Death can be a total fulfillment, but that is possible only if life has been lived. *nirvan09*

A master gives you his life as an opportunity to be awakened. He also gives you his death--a second, and the last opportunity for you to be awakened. *mess104*

It is not necessary...that I have to be on a funeral pyre before you can become enlightened. I can be if you need it. One day I will be, but it will be far more beautiful if the day I am on the funeral pyre, you are without tears. As I disappear from the body you know I have become more involved deeply within you, within the whole existence. *invita03*

Just to end up this beautiful moment.... I always like to leave you laughing, singing, dancing. This is just an indication that the day when I ultimately leave you, I would like you to sing, dance and celebrate.

In fact, no man in the whole of history would have received such a celebration when he dies as I am going to receive. A few have received celebration only from enemies, because when one dies, enemies celebrate. The friends mourn.

I am the only person...in my death my friends will celebrate, my enemies will celebrate. In my death they will come together in celebration. There has never been such a man before. *pilgr13*

In India bodies are burned, but you will be surprised to know that the remains left after burning a body are called "flowers". Ordinary people's ashes are thrown into holy rivers, but enlightened people's "flowers" are preserved in *samadhis*-- in beautiful marble memorials. Just to go and sit there is in itself a meditation. But the trouble is that the world is ruled by those who know nothing of this. *psycho34*

My own experience is, that wherever anybody has become enlightened there are certain vibrations still. Thousands of years may have passed

but those vibrations are still there--in the trees, in the earth, in the

mountains. You can still feel some strange kind of presence. The man is not there, the singer may have died, but his record is still there and you can hear the voice again. *mystic17*

You know that you will live in some form beyond this life?

Not in any form. I will live without form.

Eternally?

Eternally. I have been here eternally and I am going to be here eternally.

Will you have consciousness beyond death?

Yes, because death has nothing to do with consciousness.

Will you have identity beyond death?

No identity. *last312*

It is just like when a flower opens and the fragrance spreads. The flower remains attached to the tree, but not the fragrance. The fragrance is like a cloud moving with the wind in all the directions. The flower may die, but the fragrance will go on and on spreading to the very end of existence.

A person who has attained to love may die--his love continues. Buddha is dead, his love continues. I will be dead, my love will continue. And those who will be sympathetic, those who will be receptive, will be able to receive it any moment, anywhere. *getout02*

I may be gone, but I am creating a certain ripple that will remain. You may be gone, but you loved somebody and that love created a ripple that will remain and remain and remain. It can never disappear, it will have its own repercussions...it will go on vibrating. You throw a small pebble in the lake and ripples arise. The pebble settles very soon at the bottom, but the ripples continue. They go on moving towards the shore--and there is no shore to this existence.

I am talking to you.... In this moment something is transpiring between me

and you. I will be gone, you will be gone, but that which is transpiring will abide. So these words will go on echoing, re-echoing. The speaker will not be there, the listener will not be there, but what is transpiring between the two in this moment has become part of eternity.

And there is no shore, so these ripples will go on and on and on. *whip18*

So remember, when I am gone, you are not going to lose anything.

Perhaps you may gain something of which you are absolutely unaware.

Right now I am available to you only embodied, imprisoned in a certain shape and form. When I am gone, where can I go? I will be here in the winds, in the ocean; and if you have loved me, if you have trusted me, you will feel me in a thousand and one ways. In your silent moments you will suddenly feel my presence.

Once I am unembodied, my consciousness is universal. Right now you have to come to me.

Then, you will not need to seek and search for me. Wherever you are...your thirst, your love...and you will find me in your very heart, in your very heartbeat. *enligh11*

Those who have loved me, those who have received my love, I am committed to them. I will do everything to remain in the body, and I will do everything--even if I have to leave the body--to be continuously around you. You will not be able to see me, but I will be able to see you. *rebel27*

If you are here with me through the heart, then it is a totally different relationship. Then it is going to be eternal. Then I can die, you can die, but the relationship cannot die. *trans203*

Once I am dead, then this world cannot prevent me; no law, no parliament, no country can make barriers for me; then I will be all over the place, tickling people to wake up. Even now I am not doing anything nasty to anybody, just tickling. *quant05*

How then do you want to be remembered?

I don't want to be remembered.

But you will be--you can't do anything about that.

That is other people's problem.

What do you want set on your tombstone?

No. Nothing.

Nothing? No name?

No. Nothing. Once I am gone, I am gone. Then whatsoever my people want to do, they can do. *last130*

You have said you don't care about what happens to you after you leave your body, but for the poor historians who will be struggling with the impossible--to capture the phenomenon which is Osho--can you say something about the impact of your presence and your teachings in a future historical context? Also, how would you like to be remembered?

I would simply like to be forgiven and forgotten. There is no need to remember me. The need is to remember yourself! People have remembered Gautam Buddha and Jesus Christ and Confucius and Krishna. That does not help. So what I would like: forget me completely, and forgive me too--because it will be difficult to forget me. That's why I am asking you to forgive me for giving you the trouble.

Remember yourself.

And don't be bothered about historians and all kinds of neurotic people--

they will do their thing. It is none of our concern at all. *transm29*

You said in an interview that when you die you wanted to be forgotten.

That's true. That simply means my whole approach to life is that the past should not be a burden on the present. The past is like dust covering a mirror. It distorts the vision and it becomes heavier and heavier and does

not allow you to live in freedom in the present and the same is true about the future.

If you think too much of the future, while you are thinking of the future the present is slipping by from your hands which is the only reality.

If this is my approach about others, that the past should be forgotten, I don't want to be a burden for anybody in the future, because then I will be a past. I would like to be forgotten completely as if I had never been here. Just the way a bird flies in the sky and leaves no footprints in the sky, I would like to disappear like those footprints. So that I am no more a burden on anybody.

This is simply part of my philosophy and the very logical conclusion of it. *last502*

When I am gone, please remember me as a poet, not as a philosopher.

Poetry has to be understood in a different way--you have to love poetry, not interpret. You have to repeat the poetry many times so it mixes with

your blood, with your bones, with your very marrow. You have to chant poetry many times so that you can feel all the nuances, subtle shades of it. You have to simply sit and let the poetry move within you so it becomes a live force. You digest it, and then you forget about it; it moves deeper and deeper and deeper and changes you.

Let me be remembered as a poet. Of course, I am not writing poetry in words. I am writing poetry in a more alive medium--in you. And that's what the whole existence is doing. *harmon10*

When I am gone I hope there may still be courageous people in the world to criticize me, so that I don't become a hindrance on anybody's path.

And those who will criticize me will not be my enemies; neither am I the enemy of those whom I have criticized. The working of the enlightened masters just has to be understood.

You should remember only one word, and that is compassion--

compassion for you, compassion for all those who are still not centered in their being, who are still far away from themselves, who have to be called back home. *satyam06*

I am part of the eternal evolution of man. The search for truth is neither new nor old. The search for your own being has nothing to do with time.

It is non-temporal.

I may be gone, but what I am doing is going to continue. Somebody else will be doing it. I was not here and somebody else was doing it. Nobody is a founder in it, nobody is a leader in it. It is such a vast phenomenon that many enlightened people have appeared, helped and disappeared.

But their help has brought humanity a little higher, made humanity a little better, a little more human. They have left the world a little more beautiful than they had found it.

It is a great contentment to leave the world a little better. More than that is asking too much. The world is too big; a single human individual is too small. If he can leave just a few touches to the painting, which for millions of years has been made by evolution, that's enough. Just a few touches...a little more perfection, a little more clarity. *socrat11*

Remember it--some day, after a few centuries, Poona will claim that Poona is spiritual because of me. And I have nothing to do with Poona and Poona has nothing to do with me. Just the same was the case with Buddha. India had nothing to do with him. He was alone and solitary, and people were criticising him as cruelly as they are criticising me. They have always done that. They were throwing stones at Mahavir, they are

throwing stones at me. They have always done that. And not only here.

everywhere in the world they have done that. *isay202*

I do not ordinarily make prophecies, but about this I am absolutely prophetic: the coming hundred years are going to be more and more irrational, and more and more mystical.

The second thing: After a hundred years people will be perfectly able to understand why I was misunderstood--because I am the beginning of the mystical, the irrational.

I am a discontinuity with the past.

The past cannot understand me; only the future will understand.

The past can only condemn me. It cannot understand me, it cannot answer me, it cannot argue with me; it can only condemn me. Only the future...as man becomes more and more available to the mysterious, to the meaningless yet significant....

After a hundred years they will understand. Because the more man becomes aware of the mysterious side of life, the less he is political; the less he is a Hindu, a Mohammedan, a Christian; the less is the possibility for his being a fanatic. A man in tune with the mysterious is humble, loving, caring, accepting the uniqueness of everybody. He is rejoicing in the freedom of each individual, because only with freedom can this garden of humanity be a rich place.

Each individual should have his own song.

But right now it is the crowd, the mob, that decides everything. And it is the mob that is condemning me because I am asserting the rights of the individual--and I am alone in asserting the rights of the individual. *upan16*

If you were to die tomorrow, what would you like the world to remember you most for? What would you like your obituary to be?

Just a simple man, an innocent man, who was always

misunderstood. *last412*

Osho talks about the continuation of his work

Nobody is going to be a successor to me. The very idea of succeeding was an idea borrowed from the royal families. Just as kings were succeeded by their eldest sons, it reflected on the tradition of masters also that somebody

would become their successor.

I want to make a complete break. As far as I am concerned, you are all intimate to me. I can afford the intimacy of all of you, because there is no question of any succeeding. Nobody is going to be my successor. I want everybody to be a master unto himself.

To be a successor is a little humiliating. It is against the dignity of an enlightened man. Neither has he anybody before him as his predecessor nor has he anybody after him who is his successor. He is alone, standing like an Everest; no one precedes him, no one succeeds him.

His aloneness is a message to all who fall in love with him, that they also have to be alone. In your aloneness you are beautiful, pure. It does not mean that you have to renounce the world. It simply means that you don't have to belong to the world. You can remain in the marketplace, but just be a mirror, a witness, watching whatever is going on.

But traditionally they never understood that it is against the freedom of the individual to be a successor. It makes a spiritual experience almost like a treasury or a kingdom. It is neither. Nobody can succeed.

Everybody has to be on his own, and that independence and the taste of that independence is so valuable that I want to bring a new kind of master and a new kind of disciple into the world. They are intimate in their love, in their trust, but they are not bound in any way--by any thread, visible or invisible. The master is himself, the disciple is also himself. And the function of the master is to prove to the disciple that to be oneself is the greatest glory in the world, the most splendorous thing. *matzu05*

You have often said you will have no successors. But won't all those who love you be your successors in that we carry you in our blood and bones and so you are part of us forever?

The concept of the successor is bureaucratic. The very idea of succession is not the right idea in the world of consciousness. That's why I have said, I will not have successors. But you are right in saying that you will carry in your bones and in your blood my love, my insight. But don't use the word

`successor', rather use the words `you will be me'. Why be so far away, a successor, when you can be me? Be so empty that I can make a home in you, that your emptiness can absorb my emptiness, that your heart can have the same dance as my heart. It is not succession; it is transmission.

The very idea of succession is political. Only one person can be a successor, so there is bound to be competition, ambition. There is bound to be a subtle struggle to be closer to the master, to force others away. It may not be on the surface but, underneath, the problem will remain in the disciples: "Who is going to be the successor?"

I destroy the whole conception. Every disciple who has loved has become one with the master. There is no need of any competition, nor *one* successor. It is for everybody who has offered himself in deep gratitude, who has become one in a certain sense with the master's presence. There is no need of any competition. Thousands can have the same experience, millions can have the same experience.

To avoid politics in religion, I have said that I will not have successors. I want religion to be absolutely devoid of ambition, competition, being higher than another, putting everybody lower than oneself. With me you are all equal. And I trust and love you, that you will prove this equality.

In equals there is no competition; there is a combined effort. You will all carry my message, but nobody will be higher or lower, nobody will be a successor. All will be my lovers and they will carry me....

If the disciple loves the master, if there is trust, and trust founded on experience, he will carry spontaneously the master's message. There is no need to say anything, he will be his master's message. *nansen02*

This always happens: when I say something, I create two groups of people around me. One group will be exoteric. They will organize, they will do many things concerned with society, with the world that is without; they will help preserve whatsoever I am saying. The other group will be more concerned with the inner world. Sooner or later the two groups are bound to come in conflict with one another because their emphasis is different. The inner group, the esoteric mind, is concerned with something quite different

from the exoteric group. And, ultimately, the outer group will win, because they can work as a group. The esoteric ones cannot work as a group; they go on working as individuals. When one individual is lost, something is lost forever.

This happens with every teacher. Ultimately the outer group becomes more and more influential; it becomes an establishment. The first thing an establishment has to do is to kill its own esoteric part, because the esoteric group is always a disturbance. Because of "heresy," Christianity has been destroying all that is esoteric.

And now the pope is at the opposite extreme to Jesus: this is the ultimate schism between the exoteric and the esoteric. The pope is more like the priests who crucified Jesus than like Jesus himself. If Jesus

comes again, he will be crucified in Rome this time--by the Vatican. The Vatican is the exoteric, organizational part, the establishment.

These are intrinsic problems--they happen, and you cannot do anything about it. *gchall09*

Around you a community is created and with it the seeds of establishment.

That's true! Whenever there is communion there will be a community. It cannot be avoided--and there is no need to avoid it. I invite it! I have invited you all. I have called you all to be with me, to share the joy that I have found, to share the truth. But there is no establishment.

Establishment happens only when the Master is dead. Establishment is when the community no longer has any center, only a circumference. A *dead* community is what an establishment is. I know that whenever a community is born, sooner or later there will be an establishment, but that does not mean that the community has to be prevented from being born. That will be like killing a child because if the child survives then sooner or later he will have to die--so better kill him now. Why let him live just to die? Everybody knows that everybody is going to die; that does not mean that every child has to be killed. When death comes it is perfectly okay. The only thing to be remembered is that when the Master is dead, the community

should start dispersing; it should start seeking and searching for new Masters.

Either the Master will leave many Masters behind him, alive, enlightened...then the community can still remain a community, it will not become an establishment. If one enlightened person is there then the community is still a community; it does not matter who the enlightened person is.

And I can assure you that I am going to leave many more enlightened people in my commune than has ever been done before. *ultima08*

You asked me what I am thinking about these people after I am gone. I am not even thinking now, when I am here.

I am giving them total freedom. I have not enforced anything on them that will make me afraid that once I am gone these celibates are going to create trouble. I have not repressed anything. If they want to smoke, I tell them to smoke the best cigar possible--don't go for anything second rate.

If you want to love, find out the best man, the best woman, and go into it as totally as possible. I am in support of *expression* and all the so-called religions were in support of *repression*. When you repress people you are certainly afraid that when you are gone there is going to be chaos.

That problem does not exist for me. When I am gone there is going to be no chaos because chaos was all that I have been training my people for.

My commune *is* a chaos and yet a very organic chaos, a very creative chaos, a chaos out of which stars are born. That's why that kind of question becomes very difficult for me to answer. I am not giving them any discipline, any rules of conduct. I am simply teaching them to be aware, alert, to be independent. Take your responsibility and do whatsoever you want to do. Don't bother about Moses, or Jesus, or Buddha, or me.

Jesus lived his way; he never bothered about others. If he had bothered about others; the Jews would never have crucified him. Buddha never bothered about anybody. I don't accept anybody as my master or my

leader. I am nobody's shadow, nobody's carbon copy, and that's what I am teaching to my people: Don't be anybody's carbon copy, including me.

So, alive, dance with me, rejoice with me. When I am gone continue to dance and rejoice in remembrance of a man who gave you freedom, who gave you individuality. What else is there to bother about the future?

Wherever I am--somewhere I must be--I will go on showering my love on my people and I know they will find ways to respond. But that is something very private; I cannot reveal it to a non-sannyasin. *last123*

I would like that what I am doing is not lost. So I am trying in every possible way to drop all those things which in the past have been barriers for the revolution to continue and grow. I don't want anybody to stand between the individual and existence. No prayer, no priest...you alone are enough to face the sunrise, you don't need somebody to interpret for you what a beautiful sunrise it is....

And this is my attitude: you are here, every individual is here, the whole existence is available. All that you need is just to be silent and listen to existence. There is no need of any religion, there is no need of any God, there is no need of any priesthood, there is no need of any organization.

I trust in the individual categorically. Nobody up to now has trusted in the individual in such a way.

So all things can be removed. Now all that has been left to you is a state of meditation which simply means a state of utter silence. The word meditation makes it look heavier. It is better to call it just a simple, innocent silence and existence opens all its beauties to you.

And as it goes on growing you go on growing, and there comes a moment when you have reached the very peak of your potentiality--you can call it

Buddhahood, enlightenment, bhagwatta, godliness, whatever...it has no name, so any name will do. *last516*

Osho talks about his vision, and his books

I am not creating any religion. It is only a religiousness, a diffused kind of religiousness, not very tangible. You cannot make a creed out of it, you cannot make a church out of it--impossible! I am not leaving a single Bible or Koran or Gita so you can make a church out of it. When I will leave the world I will leave at least one thousand books, so contradictory to each other that anybody trying to make out any dogma out of them will go crazy.

It is impossible to make any dogma out of my ideas, but you can transform your being through them. *ggate210*

I have been constantly inconsistent so that you will never be able to make a dogma out of me. You will simply go nuts if you try. I am leaving something really terrible for scholars. They will not be able to make any sense out of it. They will go nuts; and they deserve it, they should go nuts. But nobody can create an orthodoxy out of me, it is impossible....

From my words you can get burned, but you will not be able to find any kind of theology, dogmatism.

You can find a way to live but not a dogma to preach.

You can find a rebellious quality to be imbibed, but you will not find a revolutionary theme to be organized.

My words are not only on fire. I am putting gunpowder also here and there, which will go on exploding for centuries. I am putting more than needed--I never take any chances. Almost each sentence is going to create trouble for anybody who wants to organize a religion around me.

Yes, you can have a loose community, a commune. Remember the word loose: everybody independent, everybody free to live his own way, to

interpret me in his own way, to find whatsoever he wants to find. He can find the way he wants to live--and everybody unto himself.

There is no need for somebody to decide what my religion is. I am leaving it open-ended. You can work out a definition for yourself, but it is only for yourself; and that too you will have to continuously change. As you understand me more and more, you will have to change it. You cannot go

on holding it like a dead thing in your hand. You will have to change it, and it will go on changing you simultaneously. *person08*

Do you want me to say that I bring you the last message? I am not going to say it. I am not going to be in the company of all these fools who have been trying somehow to make their religion look bigger, higher, truer.

I say to you that I am not bringing anybody's message--because there *is* nobody! I want you to understand that I am simply trying to share my experience with you. It is always fresh, always young; it is always in the now, in the here. That is a fundamental quality of truth.

And I'm not saying that after me there will be nobody who will experience it. On the contrary, I am saying to you that if you understand me, there are going to be millions of people after me who will go on and on and on discovering more and more. Even if they have to contradict me, don't bother about it--let them contradict. Who am I? I am not closing the doors. I am not putting a lock on the door and taking the keys with me.

My house is without doors. It is open from everywhere--and I want it to remain always open.

Naturally, people who will be coming will make new arrangements of the furniture in the house. They may plan a new architecture for the house, they may make new plans for the garden. I leave it to them, but the process will be the same. *false21*

One of the most important things to be remembered by all is the way you have started your question. The question is, "I have heard You say."

Usually, people drop the first part. They simply say, "You have said this."

And there is such a great difference between the two, such an immense difference that it is unbridgeable, and needs a great understanding.

Whatever you hear is not necessarily the thing said; what is said is not necessarily what you hear. The obvious reason is that I am speaking from a different space of being, and you are hearing from a totally different space. In the transmission, many things change.

It is always a sign of understanding to remember that whatever I have said may be totally different than what you have heard. Your question

should be about what you have heard, because how can you ask a question about something which you have not heard? *golden11*

So the greatest work for sannyasins is to keep the message pure, unpolluted by you or by others--and wait. The future is bound to be more receptive, more welcoming. We may not be here but we can manage to change the consciousness for centuries to come. And my interest is not only in *this* humanity; my interest is in humanity as such.

Keep the message pure, twenty-four carat gold. And soon those people will be coming for whom you have made a temple--although it is sad when you are making the temple; nobody comes. And when people start coming, you will not be here. But one has to understand one thing: we are part of a flowing river of consciousness.

You may not be here in this form, you may be here in another form, but keep it in mind never to ask such a question that I should be more acceptable, more respectable, more in agreement with the masses. I cannot be. And it is not stubbornness on my part. It is just that truth cannot compromise. It has never done it; it would be the greatest sin. *sermon12*

The Masters have always believed in the spoken word; there are reasons for it. The Masters have never written books. The spoken word has a lively quality to it; the written word is dead, it is a corpse.

When I am speaking to you it is a totally different thing than when you will be reading it in a book, because when you are reading in a book it is only a word; when you are listening to the Master it is more than the word. The presence of the Master is overpowering! Before the word reaches you, the Master has already reached; he is already overflooding you. Your heart is breathing with the Master, beating with the Master in the same rhythm. You are breathing in the same rhythm. There is a communion, an invisible link. the presence of the Master, his gestures, his eyes...the words spoken by him are ordinary words, but when spoken by a Master they carry something

of the beyond; they carry some silence, some meditativeness, some of his experience, because they come from his innermost core.

It is like passing through a garden: even though you have not touched a single flower, but when you reach home you can still feel the fragrance of the garden; your clothes have caught it, your hairs have caught it. The pollen of the flowers was in the wind. You have not touched anything, but the fragrance was in the air; it has become something part of you. *ithat09*

Jesus' recorded life was very poor because his followers were obsessed with history. They could not write anything that was beyond history.

The eastern mind could see that we cannot do justice to Krishna or Buddha if we limit ourselves to bare events. This will be an injustice because the real has happened somewhere else. Then how to record the real? It cannot be recorded. But, we can create a myth. And that myth can indicate, can show something about it. Those who will read the myth will not read a bare statement of events. They will go deep into the poetry of the myth, deep into the imagination. And it may be possible that somewhere, from their own imagination not from the facts--very far from the facts, from somewhere deep in their own unconscious minds, from what Jung calls 'archetypes'--they might get a glimpse; they may be able to know what has happened beyond history. They may be able to know, from deep down within themselves.

History cannot go deep inside you. Only poetry can. But only from within you can something happen which will be in sympathy with the nontemporal, which can be in communion with the nonhistorical.

Krishna's life and Buddha's life are only jumping points to enable you to go deeply inside yourself. If you read Tulsidas, a western historian will say that this is not history; this is imagination. It is. But I still say that Tulsidas does more justice to Ram than Luke can ever do to Christ because he knows the secret. By going deeply into what Tulsidas has written, you will again relive the whole phenomenon. Time will be transcended; you will again be in the time of Ram. Now there are no space/time relationships. Deep within yourself, you are in Ram's milieu--

as if Ram was present, as if he was somewhere nearby....

This is a mythological approach to the nontemporal. Re-enacting it.

Reviving it. Resurrecting it. History cannot do this; only myth can do this. Myth is helpful but not substantial: A creative imagination is needed to fill in the substance....

When we live in time, in the world of events, if someone is not doing anything it seems as if he is not. Doing is everything. Doing is in the realm of history, but being is in the realm of the spirit. You are; you just are. You are not doing anything, not even mentally. Nothing either physical or mental is happening There is no doing at all, no ripple of action at all you are in an absolute nondoing state. But you are!

This beingness is the vertical dimension. Through this beingness, you jump into the unknown, into the divine. And unless one jumps into this non-historical, non-temporal moment, one has not known what life is. *quest06*

The first thing you have to understand is the difference between the fact and the truth. Ordinary history takes care about the facts--what actually happens in the world of matter, the incidents. It does not take care about the truth, because it does not happen in the world of matter; it happens in consciousness. And man is not yet mature enough to take care about the events of consciousness.

He surely takes care about events happening in time and in space; those are the facts. But he is not mature enough, not insightful enough to take care about what happens beyond time and beyond space--in other words, what happens beyond mind, what happens in consciousness. One day we will have to write the whole of history with a totally different orientation, because the facts are trivia--although they are material, they don't matter. And the truths are immaterial but they matter.

The new orientation for a future history will take care about what happened inside Gautam Buddha when he became enlightened, what went on happening while he was in the body for forty-two years after his enlightenment. And what was happening in those forty-two years is not

going to be discontinued just because the body drops dead. It had no concern with the body. It was a phenomenon in consciousness, and consciousness continues. The pilgrimage of the consciousness is endless.

So what was happening in the consciousness inside the body, will go on happening outside the body. That is a simple understanding.

So this story is a story of inner happenings. *rebel27*

Lao Tzu, one of the most important figures in the history of non-doing....

If history is to be written rightly then there should be two kinds of histories: the history of doers--Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Nadirshah, Alexander, Napoleon Bonaparte, Ivan the Terrible, Joseph Stalin, Adolf Hitler, Benito Mussolini; these are the people who belong to the world of doing. There should be another history, a higher history, a *real* history--

of human consciousness, of human evolution: the history of Lao Tzu, Chuang Tzu, Lieh Tzu, Gautam Buddha, Mahavira, Bodhidharma; a totally different kind. *upan28*

It is one of my deep desires that when our mystery schools are functioning, slowly slowly, we will bring from all over the world the great mystical scriptures, without any consideration of to whom they belong, and publish them with the latest commentaries, so that mysticism does not remain just a word but becomes a vast literature, and anybody can devote his whole life to understanding what the mystics have given to the world. *transm25*

What I am doing here is play--it is not work. When I am gone, my work is to be known as play, never as work. So take it non-seriously.

Seriousness is a disease and through seriousness no one has ever gone beyond. Seriousness is so heavy that it makes you rooted in the gravitation. One needs to be very playful, then one can go beyond gravitation--one can fly!

A great unburdening is needed, so just be playful about it. When I say,

'when walking, watch,' I mean be playful. If sometimes you forget, nothing

is wrong in it. Watch that too--you have forgotten, good! Then again you remember, good! Both are good. In fact there is a rhythm. You cannot constantly watch; it is just like breathing in, breathing out. *whip08*

Life is love and love is celebration. Celebration is the very core of religion, the soul. Without celebration religion becomes a corpse. And that's what has happened to religions in the past again and again: they become serious. And the moment they become. serious, only the dead body is there.

Religion remains alive only through celebration. When Buddha is there, there is celebration. When Krishna is there, there is celebration. When Jesus is there, there is celebration. The moment the Master leaves the body the disciples become very serious, they become fanatics, and they start becoming missionaries: they want to convert the whole world. They start arguing, proving, disproving; they create theology. And slowly slowly the soul dies--they become too engaged with other things. Religion lives only through celebration, as celebration. But this point has been missed again and again; that's why so many religions were born but they all died, and they all died a premature death. It was not necessary to die; they could have lived and served humanity.

I want to make it very conscious in my sannyasins not to be serious; be sincere but don't be serious. And remember continuously that existence is in a constant celebration. When you are in celebration you are in tune with existence, in tune with God, in tune with Tao. When you become serious you fall apart.

The old proverb is right: When you laugh the whole world laughs with you, but when you cry, when you weep, you weep alone. People are ready to share with you if you are happy. They themselves are in enough misery--who wants to be with a serious man? The serious man is heavy.

It is said that you cannot live with a saint twentyfour hours a day: you will die of boredom. But of course, these are not saints about whom that is said; otherwise you can live with a saint for eternity and you can go on

celebrating. But then the saint has to have a different taste, a different

flavor to him. That flavor is called *utsavo.*

My sannyasins have to be laughing, dancing, singing. That is their prayer. If you can laugh a heartful laugh, it is prayer. If you can dance to abandon, it is prayer. If you can sing your being, that is prayer. And there is no need to take religion seriously. Seriousness is pathological.

Children are not serious, because they are very close to the source of life.

The birds are not serious; nobody has ever come across a bird who is serious. The trees are not serious; nobody has ever seen a tree serious. It is all joy...it is continuous celebration.

Even when a flower is dying and the petals are falling there is no seriousness at all; even in the dying flower you will see joy and beauty and thankfulness. And that's how a man should live and should die.

Dancing one should live, and dancing one should die. I teach the dancing God. *athing05*

Osho gives advice to sannyasins who will miss him

All your so-called religious leaders have been promising--after your death, after two hundred or two thousand years they will be coming back. And none of them has shown up. It is enough proof that those people were lying. But you go on waiting for them. You are simply wasting your time, your life. I cannot do that.

I cannot promise you anything.

I trust in the moment, in the present.

For me there is no tomorrow.

For me there is no future.

And I want you to understand that existence is always now and here. If you want to live it authentically, intensely, then be now and here. Use this moment to its totality. Squeeze the whole juice out of it. Don't wait for the

next moment, because who knows about the next moment. And you are waiting for centuries, for thousands of years. This is simply wasting the great opportunity that existence has given to you.

Life is a school. You have to learn something. Don't postpone it till tomorrow--tomorrow may never come. Use this moment to learn. And the only thing life wants you to learn is to know yourself, to be yourself. Then

whatever comes, you will be joyful. Whatever happens, you will find ecstasy in it. Don't think in terms of the future; the future is nonexistential. Only the present is.

My whole approach is rooted in the present. Hence I don't have anything to promise you. You have to learn to live now, this very moment, as totally, as intensely as possible. Burn your life torch from both the ends together. That very intensity will make you afire, aflame. And to be aflame with the intensity of life is to know what godliness is, is to know what religion is, is to know all that spirituality has in it, the whole mystery. There is nothing more to it. *sword16*

Does a Master's responsibility towards his disciples cease upon the physical death of the Master?

Even while he was alive he was not burdened by any responsibility. But the disciple's mind always creates such kinds of bondages. The disciple would like the Master to be responsible so that the Master becomes answerable, so that the disciple can claim. 'If I am not redeemed yet you are responsible!' This is a trick of the disciple to protect himself and to throw the responsibility on the Master's head. And then you can go on living the way you want to live, because what else can you do? You have accepted Jesus as your Master, now it is *his* responsibility.

This is not the way to become free. This is not the way towards *nirvana* or *moksha.* This is not the way towards liberation. You are playing tricks even with your Master. And the disciple would like that the Master remain in a kind of contract--even when he is dead he has to look after you. And what have you done? What have you done on your part? You have not done anything. In fact, you are trying to do everything to hinder, to obstruct. You

are clinging to the prison, and the responsibility is the Master's.

Don't befool yourself.

The question is from Chintana. She has been a nun and that mind goes on lingering around her. Christians have done that. Millions of Christians are thinking in their minds that they can do all kinds of things, whatsoever they want, and finally Jesus is going to redeem them.

On the Day of Judgement he will he standing there, and he will call to all his Christians 'These are my children. Come and stand behind me.' And all the Christians will be standing behind Christ, and will enter into heaven with flying flags. And all others will go into hell...obviously. Those who are not with Christ--they will go to hell.

And that is the idea of everybody. The Mohammedan thinks the same: that only those who are Mohammedans will be saved--the prophet will come and save them. These are stupid ideas. If you go on living the way you are living, nobody can save you--no Jesus, no Mohammed.

You will have to change your quality of life, you will have to change your vision, and then you are saved. You can learn the art of changing your vision from Jesus, from Mohammed, from Krishna, from Buddha; from any source you can learn how to change your vision. But you will have to learn the art and you will have to practise the art. Nobody else is going to transform you--nobody can do that. And that is beautiful that nobody can do it. If it were possible for somebody to transform your being, then you would have been a thing, not a person. Then you wouldn't have any soul.

That is the difference: A thing can be made. You can make furniture out of wood, you can make a statue out of stone, but you cannot make a soul out of a man. You cannot create enlightenment out of a man. If somebody from the outside can do it, that will be very very insulting; it will be below human dignity. And what kind of freedom will it be which has been created by somebody else? If that somebody else changes his mind, then he can create your slavery again. It won't be much of a freedom.

Freedom is freedom only when you have attained it!

So the first thing to be understood is: Learn from Jesus, learn from me, learn from any other source that appeals to you. But remember, *you are responsible* for your life, nobody else is responsible. And don't go on befooling and kidding yourself. Don't go on believing in such beautiful dreams and consolations. *isay108*

Just look silently and deeply and you will find your master everywhere.

The whole existence will become suffused with your master. And of course the moment a master dies, he makes the whole existence sacred for his disciples. In the stones they will touch him, in the flowers they will see his colors, in the rainbows they will see his beauty. A disciple becomes so deeply immersed in the consciousness of the master, that when the master's consciousness spreads all over existence, the disciple at least can see it. That's why in Zen when a master dies the disciples dance; they make a ceremony of it, because their master is freed from all boundaries of body and mind. This freedom of their master is an indication of their own freedom. This freedom has to be respected, recognized, through their ceremony, through their songs and dances. *bolt09*

Even if I leave the body I am not going to leave my sannyasins. I will be as much available as I am right now. But the only thing to remember is--

are you available to me?

I am available to you, and I will remain as available forever. If you are available to me then there is no need to be afraid, then a link exists. And with my sannyasins I am individually linked. It is not a question that you belong to an organization, it is not an organization at all. It is a personal relationship, it is a love affair.

If you are open to me, even if this body disappears, it is not going to make any difference. I will be available to you. *trans106*

The question is not of the master's life and death, the question basically is of your response. So don't be worried about when I am gone. Those who are missing me now will be missing me then too--no loss. Those who are living my message now, they will go on living it. And if they go on living it,

they cannot help but spread it. I am not depending on books--all the religions have depended on books--I am depending on *you!*

George Gurdjieff used to say--very sadly, of course--that if even two hundred people are enlightened, they can make the whole world full of light, full of life. Just two hundred people can transform the whole character of humanity. He could not manage it, but what he said is true.

I am going to manage it! I will not leave you unless I have made enough people enlightened so that they can make the whole world afire, alive. I am depending on you, not on any books. Those books may be helpful in some way to bring people to you, but my word will be throbbing in your heart; only then can you help anybody who comes to you.

And it is so simple. I have more than half a million sannyasins in the world, and more than one million people who are just on the borderline--

a little push and they will be sannyasins. One million more who are lovers but cannot drop their camelhood....

On this big a scale, a worldwide scale, nobody has worked before.

Gautam Buddha remained confined to the small state of Bihar in India--

not even the whole of India. India has thirty states; Buddha remained confined to one space, one state. He did great work, but it was impossible to transform the whole quality of consciousness on the earth. The same is true about Jesus, Moses--anybody who has been trying.

For a simple reason I have been able to contact millions of people around the world: I am not confined to any tradition. I am not burdened by the past, I am completely weightless. So anybody who is burdened--and who

is not burdened?--becomes interested in me, particularly the young people who are fed up with all the nonsense that is being taught in the churches and the synagogues, in the temples, in the mosques....

They are trying hard, but it is just foolishness. They cannot catch hold of the new spirit of man.

I don't give you any tradition.

I don't give you any scripture.

I don't give you any discipline.

Those are all non-essentials. I simply concentrate my whole work on making you more conscious. Consciousness is the key to transform the whole of humanity.

And yes, Gurdjieff *is* right: if even two hundred people are aflame, enlightened, the whole world will become enlightened, because these two hundred torches can give fire to millions of people. Those people are also carrying torches, but without any fire. They have everything, just the fire is missing. And when fire passes from one torch to another, the first torch is not losing anything at all.

The enlightened consciousness is an infinite reservoir: it can give to you and yet it remains the same. Its quantity does not decrease, because it is not a question of quantity at all; it is a question of quality. Qualities can be shared without losing anything.

You can love as many people as you want--that does not mean one day you will go bankrupt, and you will have to declare, "Now I have no love."

You cannot go bankrupt as far as love is concerned. Yes, you can go bankrupt as far as money is concerned. Money is a quantity; love is a quality. What to say of enlightened consciousness? It is the highest quality possible; there is nothing higher than that.

Don't be afraid, worried that if I am gone, then what will happen to my words. I will not be gone before I have sown the seeds of those words in you. They are not mine! They are nobody's. They are coming out of existence itself--I am simply a vehicle. *You* can become a vehicle.

Everybody is capable of becoming a vehicle. Hence, I am not depending on old strategies; they have all failed. I am depending on living human beings.

And that is the only way to save humanity without becoming a savior, to

save humanity without creating in them greed for heaven and fear of hell.

The only way to save humanity is to give them some taste of what it means to be enlightened, a little fragrance, so they can feel the invisible.

And I am absolutely certain, utterly happy, that I have got the right people: people who are going to be my books, my temples, my synagogues. This is the reason I call this the first religion, because it depends on living human beings, not on dead holy scriptures, traditions, beliefs.

I am giving you the taste of my being, and preparing you to do the same, on your part, to others. It all depends on you, whether my words will remain living or will die. As far as I am concerned, I do not care.

While I am here, I am pouring myself into you. And I am grateful that you are allowing it to happen. Who bothers about the future? There is nobody in me who can care about the future. If existence can find me as a vehicle, I can remain assured that it can find thousands of people to be its vehicle.

I am simply giving you a little opportunity to become vehicles of the whole. *false16*

I have been asked again and again, "What about the future? What will happen to sannyasins, their children, when you are gone? You should write the discipline, the code, the morals; you should give them the ideals."

But I will be dead--and I am against the dead ruling the living. The living should find their own life, their own discipline, their own morals. And they will be living in a different time, in a different age, in a different atmosphere. Nobody should look backwards, and nobody should try to control even those who are not born.

Just live your life with as much joy and celebration, as a gift of God.

Dance with the trees in the sun, in the rain, in the wind. Neither do the trees have any scriptures, nor do the animals have any scriptures; neither do the stars have any scriptures, nor do they have any saints.

Except man, nobody is obsessed with the dead. This obsession I call one

of the greatest mistakes which has been committed over thousands of years. It is time it should be stopped completely.

For each new generation, leave the space open to search, to find the truth, because finding the truth is less blissful than searching for it. The pilgrimage is the real thing, not the reaching to the temple. *mess202*

My approach to your growth is basically to make you independent of me.

Any kind of dependence is a slavery, and the spiritual dependence is the worst slavery of all.

I have been making every effort to make you aware of your individuality, your freedom, your absolute capacity to grow without any help from anybody. Your growth is something intrinsic to your being. It does not come from outside; it is not an imposition, it is an unfolding.

All the meditation techniques that I have given to you are not dependent on me--my presence or absence will not make any difference--they are dependent on you. It is not *my* presence, but *your* presence that is needed for them to work.

It is not my being here but *your* being here, *your* being in the present, *your* being alert and aware that is going to help. *enligh11*

What to do when you die? Stay together and run the risk that the movement will turn into a stale sort of religion, or dissolve and be open for the call of another living Master?

If you have heard me there is no need to worry. If you have not heard me then there is every need to escape from here. Then I am not for you.

But think of this moment. Don't be worried about the future--that is none of your concern.

The second thing: each religion becomes a Church by and by. It has to, by the very nature of things. While the Master is alive it is one thing; when the Master has gone it is quite another. But for those who loved the Master, the Master is always there. For the people who loved Raman Maharshi, the

Master is there. They still have the same feeling, when they go to Arunachal, his place, his mountain, and when they sit near his samadhi, it still has the same fragrance, the same freshness, the same presence, the same radiance. And Raman still answers and Raman still instructs and Raman still comes into their dreams, into their visions.

For them there is no need to go anywhere; they have found their Master.

There are others also who go to Raman's place--but he is no longer present there. They think that he is dead, they know that he is dead. It is only a graveyard now, an old temple, relics. They cling to the sect. They still cherish the idea that they are followers of Raman. They are the dead people. It is good if they find some new Master--because with the old they missed. They should find a new Master.

So I cannot make a categorical statement about what you are to do when I am gone. For those who have contacted me I will never be gone and for those who have not contacted me I am already gone. They should leave right now. They should not wait for my death. Yes, after death they have to leave--but I am saying they should leave right now. Don't waste your time.

It depends on you whether my religion will remain alive or not when I am gone. It depends on you. To a few it will be dead...to them it is dead now.

To a few it will remain alive...to them it is alive now and it will be alive forever. So each one has to decide for himself. If when I am gone you feel that I am there to help you, I will be there to help you. If you feel I am no longer there to help you, naturally you have to choose another Master.

And I am saying that you have to choose right now. Why wait for that moment? I may not die so soon. People like me are unpredictable. I may die tomorrow or I may not die so soon. So don't depend on that. You just listen to your own heart. If your heart is growing with me, blooming, new foliage is coming, new buds are opening, then I am your Master. If it is not happening, then seek and search somewhere else with all my blessings.
sufis116

Soon I will not be here either. And remember, I would like to remind my

disciples especially: if you really love me, when I am gone I will direct you to people who will be still alive. So don't be afraid of that. If I send you to Tibet or if I send you to China or if I send you to Japan or to Iran--go.

And don't say that because you belong to me you cannot belong to another real Master. Just look in the eyes and you will find my eyes again. The body will not be the same but the eyes will be the same.

If your journey is not complete with me while I am here, if something is still to be done, completed, then don't be afraid. By dropping me you will not be betraying me. In fact, by not dropping me and by not following the real, the alive Master, you will be betraying me. Keep it in mind. *sufis103*

I am with you, but there are a few people who pretend they are my mediums. And they tell people that, whatsoever they are saying, I am speaking through them. I am fully alive--I can speak on my own! Wait a little. Let me die, then you can do your business. You will do it, but not now.

But I can forgive these people because they earn a little money and they exploit a few people. I cannot understand the people who become victims of these persons. They can't see the point. I am here: what is the need of somebody to function as a medium, to tell them what I want to tell them?

I will tell you myself. Am I not telling you enough? Do you want more?

Year in and year out I go on speaking to you every day.

But there are a few people...they don't come to listen, they don't come here. They avoid the commune, but they go on sitting in the Blue Diamond,* and a few foolish people go on meeting them there. And they roll up their eyes and they pretend to go in a trance, and then they start talking nonsense. The more nonsense it is, the more philosophical it seems, the more metaphysical it seems. And they always get a few people to listen to them, to follow them. It is a strange phenomenon, but somehow the pseudo has an appeal. *dh0905*

*Note:the Blue Diamond: a nearby 5-star hotel

I am trying to help them to be masters of themselves. I am just a catalytic

agent. I am master of myself, so I know how one becomes a master of oneself. I am simply sharing my experience with these people.

They are not my followers, they are my fellow travelers. And they are absolutely free to do anything they want. No restrictions, no inhibitions, no repressions.

What can they do? The moment I am gone, they will also go on their way separately, because their connection with me is direct. They are not interconnected like Christians or Hindus or Mohammedans. They are connected to me directly. Each sannyasin has a direct communication line with me. The moment I am gone, his last barrier is also finished.

Other barriers I had finished before--now the last barrier, the love towards me, is also finished.

He is now totally free. Utterly free--to be himself. *last121*

Once you are ready, you will be thrown into the open sky. A Master's house is just a training place where you get ready, but it is not the final home. It is where you get ready, and then the Master throws you into the sky because there is the final home, in total freedom--in *moksha.* A Master is helpful just on the way. Before the temple of the Divine, he will suddenly leave you. Before the temple of the Divine, he will push you in, and if you look back you will not find him any more, he will not be there-

-because with the Divine you have to be alone. The work of the Master is completed. *until04*

What do you foresee as the future of your sannyas movement? Do you see it as prospering, even when you're not here?

Sannyas movement is not mine. It is not yours. It was here when I was not here. It will be here when I will not be here. Sannyas movement

simply means the movement of the seekers of truth. They have always been here.

Of course, they have been always tortured by the ignorant masses: killed,

murdered, crucified, or worshipped. Remember: it is the same whether you crucify or you worship. Both are the ways how to get rid of those people. One is crucifixion, another is worship. Worship is more cultured.

We say you are an incarnation of God, we will worship you. But we will not do what you say. How can we do? We are ordinary human beings.

You were extraordinary--either you were a prophet sent by God, or a messenger, or the only begotten son of God, or you were a reincarnation of God--you could do miracles. We have created all kinds of miracles, only for one reason. To create a distance between us and the people who have been seeking the truth and the people who have ultimately found the truth. We were not ready to go with them. There were only two ways: either to kill them, destroy them, so we can forget them and forgive them.

They were a disturbing element, a nuisance. We were asleep and having such beautiful dreams and a Gautam Buddha comes and starts shaking you and tells, "Wake up!" Naturally you get angry.

There have always been a line of seekers of truth... I call it sannyas. It is eternal. It is *sanatan.* It has nothing to do with me. Millions of people have contributed to it. I have also contributed my own share. It will go on becoming more and more richer. When I am gone there will be more and more people coming and making it richer. The old sannyas was serious. I have contributed to it a sense of humor. The old sannyas was sad. I have contributed to it singing, dancing, laughing... I have made it more human. The old sannyas was somehow life-negative. I have made it life-affirmative. But it is the same sannyas. It is the same search. I have made it more rich. I have made it more grounded in the world because my whole teaching is `be in the world, but don't be of the world.' There is no need to renounce the world. Only cowards renounce it.

Live in the world, experience it. It is a school. You cannot grow in the Himalayas. You can only grow in the world. Each step is an examination.

Each step you are passing through a test. Life is an opportunity.

I will be gone. That does not mean that the sannyas movement will be

gone. It does not belong to anybody. Just as science does not belong to Albert Einstein. Why the search for truth should belong to somebody? To Gautam Buddha? To J Krishnamurti? Or to me? Or to you?

Just as science goes on growing and every scientific genius goes on contributing to it and the Ganges goes on becoming bigger and wider--

oceanic; in the same way the inner world needs a science. The objective world has a science. The inner world needs a science and I call sannyas

the science of the inner world. It has been growing but because it goes against humanities attachments, ignorance, superstitions, so-called religions, churches, priests, popes, shankaracharyas... these are the enemies of the inner search because the inner search needs no organization.

Sannyas movement is not an organization: that is why I call it

`movement'. It is individual. People join. I had started alone and then people started coming and joining me and slowly, slowly the caravan became bigger and bigger. But it is not an organization. I am nobody's leader. Nobody has to follow me. I am grateful that you have allowed me to share my bliss, my love, my ecstasy. I am grateful to you. Nobody is my follower, nobody is lower. There is no hierarchy. It is not a religion. It is pure religiousness. The very essence. Not a flower, but only a fragrance. You cannot catch hold of it.

You can have the experience of it, you can be surrounded by the perfume, but you cannot catch hold of it.

Religions are like dead flowers you can find in Bibles, in Gitas... When they were put in the Bible they were living, they were fragrant, but now it is only a corpse. All holy books are corpses, dead flowers and nothing else.

Truth, the living truth, has to be discovered by each individual by himself. Nobody can give it to you. Yes, somebody who has achieved it can transpire a thirst in you, a tremendous desire for it. I cannot give you the truth, but I can give you the desire for it. I cannot give you the truth, but I

can show you the moon... please don't get attached to my finger which is indicating the moon. This finger will disappear. The moon will remain and the search will continue.

As long as there is a single human being on the earth the flowers of sannyas will go on blossoming. *last614*

Existence knows only one tense--the present. It neither knows the past, because it is no more, nor does it know the future, because it is not yet.

But the mind is always concerned either with the past or with the future, never with the present. Do you see?

Existence is only in the present. Mind is never in the present. In fact, the moment you are in the present, there is no mind in you, there is great silence. The whole sky of your inner being is without thoughts, without clouds. I call this the state of no-mind.

Only in this state of no-mind do you meet existence. And that meeting is the ultimate ecstasy. Once you have tasted it, you will never bother about the future. You know how to live in the present, so in the future also--it will be coming as the present, it will not come as the future--you will know the art.

And it is not that my presence is making people happy here; it is their own presence. Certainly they have learned the art of being in the present, but now they are absolutely independent of me. They are not my followers, I am nobody's leader--I hate such words!

To me, the most beautiful word in the human language is "friend." And the most beautiful experience in life is that of being friendly with someone who is authentically herenow. Because to be friendly with him, you will have to be here and now; otherwise, you cannot shake hands with the man, you cannot converse with the man, you cannot be with the man. The distance between you and him will be unbridgeable.

But once you have tasted the beauty, the benediction of the present moment, its eternity, its deathlessness, you simply forget all about the past, all about the future. You have the master key. Whatever door comes before

you, you will be able to unlock it....

To me, unless you feel full of joy, bursting with happiness, you will not be able to have that great quality of gratitude towards existence.

That quality is authentic religiousness.

So rather than thinking about the future, about what will happen to this commune, think about your present. This time, just be here and don't go anywhere. Enjoy risking--it is great excitement--risking all for nothing, because we have nothing to offer to you except what you already have. *bond35*

A mystery school comes into existence with a master,

and disappears.

And that's how it should be.

In nature, in existence,

everything that is real....

A roseflower opens itself in the morning and

by the evening it is gone. *upan01*

Further Reading: Books about Osho and His Work

(in the English lanuage)

Lead Kindly Light: Some Enlightened Moments with Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh by Ma Yoga Kranti (Jeevan Jagruti Kendra 1972)

One Hundred Tales for Ten Thousand Buddhas by Ma Dharma Jyoti (Shamsunder Singh, Bombay 1994) **The Awakened One: The Life and Work of Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh** by Vasant Joshi (Harper & Row, USA 1982) **The Sound of Running Water: A Photobiography of Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh and His Work 1974-1984** (Rajneesh

Foundation, India 1980)

The Very Place The Lotus Paradise: A Photobiography of Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh And His Work 1978-1984 (Rajneesh Foundation International, USA 1984)

Dying for Enlightenment: Living with Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh by Bernard Gunther (Harper & Row, USA 1979) **The Way of The Heart: The Rajneesh Movement** by Judith Thompson and Paul Heelas (Aquarian Press, UK 1986) **Bhagwan: The Most Godless Yet The Most Godly Man** by George Meredith (Rebel Publishing 1987) **Hellbent for Enlightenment: Unmasking Sex, Power, and Death with a Notorious Master** by Rosemary Hamilton (White Cloud Press, OR. USA 1998)

The Rajneesh Story: The Bhagwan's Garden by Dell Murphy (Lindwood Press, OR. USA 1986)

Rajneeshpuram: Who were its People? An Oregon Documentary by Bert Webber (Webb Research Group, Or. USA 1990) **The Golden Guru: The Strange Journey of Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh** by James S. Gordon (Stephen Green Press, Mass.

USA 1987)

Rajneeshpuram and The Abuse of Power by T.L. Schay (Scott Creek Press, USA 1985) **Cities on a Hill** by Francis Fitzgerald (Simon & Schuster 1987) **A Passage to America** by Max Brecher (Book Quest, Bombay 1993) **Bhagwan: Twelve Days That Shook The World** by Juliet Forman (Rebel) Publishing 1989

Bhagwan: One Man Against the Whole Ugly Past of Humanity: The World Tour and Back Home to Poona by Juliet Forman (Rebel Publishing 1991)

Bhagwan: The Buddha for the Future by Juli

et Forman (Rebel Publishing 1987)

Was Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh Poisoned by Ronald Reagan's

America? by Sue Appleton (Rebel Publishing 1988) **Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh: The Most Dangerous Man Since Jesus Christ** by Sue Appleton (Rebel Publishing 1987) **Diamond Days With Osho: The New Diamond Sutra** by Ma Prem Shunyo (Motilal Banarsidas, India 1993) **G**

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Note: This glossary contains *only* uncommon words and names which are *not* obvious in the context in which they first appear acharya

spiritual guide or teacher, title affixed to learned men like Doctor, Ph.D.

Adler, Alfred

(1870-1937) Austrian psychiatrist; pupil of Freud

aes dhammo sanantano

Pali: 'this is the eternal law', often spoken by Gautama the Buddha Aga Khan, the

(b.1936) head of the Ismaili sect of Mohammedans

Ajanta

Buddhist caves, tourist attraction in Maharashtra

Ambedkar, Dr. Babasaheb

(1893-1956) untouchable (sudra) educated in England, became a lawyer, wrote Indian Constitution Amritsar

city in Punjab, site of the Golden Temple, holy place of the Sikhs asana

yoga posture

Assagioli

Italian psychologist

ayurveda

Indian science of medicine; adj. ayurvedic

Bahauddin

Sufi mystic, a.k.a. Bahauddin Shah, Bahauddin Naqshband

Basho

(1644-1694) Matsuo Basho, pseudonym of Zen master and famed haiku poet, originally called Matsuo Munefusa

Baul

independent ecstatic religion, generally known as wandering minstrels Beelzebub

devil, of the Christian religion

Benares

see *Varanasi*

Berkeley, George

(1689-1753) idealist philosopher, Bishop of Cloyne

Bertrand Russell

(1872-1970) English mathematician and philosopher, author of *Principia Mathematica* Bhagavadgita, Shrimad

Hindu scripture, lit. 'the divine song'

Bhagwan

'blessed one'; Osho was known as Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh between 1970 and 1988, when he changed his name

bhajan

devotional song

bhikkhu

Pali word for beggar, monk, one who has renounced; common word for a Buddhist monk Bodhgaya

place in Bihar where Buddha became enlightened

Bodhidharma

(d.532) Indian master who went to China and became the first patriarch of Zen Bodhisattva

enlightened being who helps others towards enlightenment

Boehme, Jakob

1575-1624 German mystic

Bradley F.H.

(1846-1924) English philosopher

brahmin

Hindu priest, member of the highest Hindu caste

buddha

enlightened person

Buddha

founder of Buddhist religion, a.k.a. Gautama the Buddha

Buddha Hall

name given to main meditation hall in Osho's commune

Castaneda, Carlos

anthropologist who wrote about his apprenticeship to a Mexican sorceror
chakra

energy center in the human body

chapatti

small, flat, unleavened bread, staple of North Indian diet

charansparsh

traditional Hindu practice of bowing and touching the feet of the master
Charvaka

atheistic sect, before Gautama the Buddha, founded by Brihaspati
Chinmaya, Swami Yoga

Osho's disciple, and former secretary

Chuang Tzu

Taoist master

Confucius

(c. 551-479 BC) Chinese philosopher

crore

Indian term for 10 million

Dadaji

Osho's father, aka Swami Devateerth Bharti

Dadu

Indian enlightened master

darshan

literally 'to see', refers to sitting with a holy person

Desai, Morarji

prime minister of India, 1977-79

dhal

spicy lentil or bean dish, part of staple Indian diet

dhamma

Pali word for Buddha's teaching, translated as 'law, religion'; Sanskrit version is dharma Dhammapada

a Buddhist scripture

dharma

see *dhamma*

Diogenes

(412-322 BC) Greek mystic

Dokuon

Zen master

Dwarka

town in Gujarat

Einstein, Albert

(1879-1955) German-Swiss author of *The Theory of Relativity*

Ellora

Buddhist caves, tourist attraction in Maharashtra

Emerson, Ralph Waldo

American writer

Epicurus

(342-270 BC) Greek mystic

Esalen

pioneer psychotherapy center in California

Farid

enlightened contemporary of Kabir, wrote love songs of the divine in Punjabi Francis of Assisi

(1181-1226) founder of Franciscan order of monks, canonized in 1228

Freud, Sigmund

(1856-1939) Austrian neurologist, founder of psychoanalysis

Ganges

the Ganges river, also Mother Ganges, Ganga, thought to be holy and

worshipped by Hindus Gautama Siddhartha

(c. 563-483 BC) original name of the Buddha, a.k.a. Sakyamuni, Sakya, Tathagata etc.

Gautama the Buddha

(c. 563-483 BC) name of the Buddha, a.k.a. Sakyamuni, Sakya, Tathagata etc.

gayatri mantra

famous Hindu mantra addressed to the sun

Gita

'song'; common abbreviation for Shrimad Bhagavadgita

Godot

Waiting for Godot, play by Samuel Beckett

Gurdjieff

enlightened mystic of 20th century

gurudwara

Sikh temple

haiku

small poem in Japanese tradition

hara

lit. abdoment, Osho uses this word for the energy center below the navel Harrappur

ancient city in Pakistan

Hassid

member of sect founded in Poland, 1750's, in opposition to rationalism and ritual laxity Hillary, Edmund

mountaineer who climbed Everest

Hippocrates

one of the founders of Western medicine

homeopathy

system of medicine, estb. by Hahnneman, C19th

I-Ching

Chinese book of divination

Ikkyu

(1394-1481) Ikkyu Sojun, Japanese Zen master, disciple of Kaso Sodon Indira Gandhi

Prime Minister of India, and daughter of Jawaharlal Nehru, first Prime Minister of India Jabalpur

city in Madhya Pradesh, where Osho lived from 1957 to 1970

Jaina

member of religion founded by Mahavira

Jalaluddin Rumi

great Sufi master

Jamnagar

town in Gujarat

Janov, Arthur

psychotherapist and founder of primal therapy

japa

prayer, mantra, telling of beads

Jawaharlal Nehru

first Prime Minister of India after Independence in 1947

Jayantibhai

Osho's main host in Gujarat, sponsor to all Osho's Mt. Abu Camps Juhu

suburb and beach in Bombay

Jung, Carl Gustav

(1875-l961) Swiss psychologist, pupil of Freud

Kaaba, the

building in Mecca, Saudi Arabia, which houses the sacred stone, of extraterrestrial origin, towards which Mohammedans turn in prayer

Kabir

Indian mystic from Kashi (Varanasi), his poems and songs are well-loved
Kashi

sacred city where Kabir lived; now Varanasi

Kazantzakis, Nikos

(1885-1955) author of *Zorba the Greek*

Khajuraho

place with tantric temple carvings in Madhya Pradesh

khanjhari

tambourine type drum

Kierkegaard, Soren

(1813-1855) Danish philosopher and theologian

kirtan

devotional music, singing, and dance, in the Hindu tradition

kohinoor

famous diamond, now in British crown jewels

Konark

city in Orissa with temples, famous for their erotic carvings

Koregaon Park

exclusive residential suburb of Poona, where Osho lives from 1974-1981, and 1987-1990

Krishnamurti, Jiddu

(1895-1986) Indian enlightened master

kshatriya

member of the warrior caste, the 2nd highest in the Hindu caste system
Kulu Manali

town in India, in foothills of Himalayas

kundalini

untranslatable word used in the Yogic tradition, approximately: the 'vital life force'

Kutch

an area in the extreme West of Gujarat and India

lakh

Indian term for 100,000;100 lakhs are equal to one crore

Lao Tzu

enlightened master of China; Taoist

Laxmi, Ma Yoga

Osho's disciple, and former secretary

Lohia, Ram Manohar, Dr.

Indian politician and journalist

mahaparanirvana

death of an enlightened person

Maharashtra

state in which Poona situated, and of which Bombay is the capital
Maharishi, Shree Ramana

enlightened man, lived in the hills of Arunachal, in S. India; taught the meditation technique 'Who am I?'

Mahavira

enlightened master of Jainas, last tirthankara

Mahayana

lit. great vessel; a sect of Buddhism, main religion of Tibet

Maidan

public open area in city, used for meetings, parades, recreation, etc.

mala

rosary, usually with 108 beads

mandir

Hindu temple

Manjushree

enlightened disciple of Buddha

Mataji

Osho's mother

Matheran

hill resort in Maharashtra

matric

Abbr. for matriculation

Maulvi

teacher, Mohammedan priest

Mehta, Ashok

Indian socialist leader

Mevlana

title of love and respect

Mohammed Ali

world-champion boxer

Mohenjo Daro

ancient city in Pakistan, also known as Mohenjo-Daro, Mohenjodro, Mohenjodaro or Mohanjodaro moksha

Indian word for the ultimate, 'absolute freedom'

mudra

gesture

muni

final stage of Jaina monkhood

namaste

traditional Hindu greeting with palms together

Nanak

Indian enlightened master, a.k.a. Guru Nanak; his followers are called Sikhs Narayan, Jayaprakash

late Indian socialist leader (a.k.a. J.P.)

Narendra

childhood friend, and later disciple of Osho

Nargol

place where Osho held meditation camp, in the state of Gujarat

Nathuram Godse

Mahatma Gandhi's assassin

neem

tree with bitter medicinal leaves, margosa tree

Nerudas, Pablo

Chilean poet C20th

Nestorians

small sect of Christians in Central Asia

Nietzsche, Friedrich

(1844-1900) German philosopher, author of *Thus spake Zarathustra*

Nijinsky, Vaslav F.

(1890-1950) Russian dancer

Nizam

ruler, e.g. the Nizam of Hyderabad

omkar

divine sound mantra

Ouspensky, P.D.

Russian mathematician, disciple of Gurdjieff

pai, paise

money: 100 paise to one Rupee

pan

mild stimulant, usually containing betel nut, common throughout India
panwallah

person who prepares and sells pan

Parsi

one of a small community of Persian origin, prominent in Bombay and Gujarat, adherents of Zoroastrianism, the religion of Zarathustra

Patanjali

creator of the science of Yoga (namely 'Yoga Sutra')

Poona

town in Maharashtra, where Osho's ashram is situated in Koregaon Park
Prakrit

vernacular language spoken by Mahavira

prasad

blessed food, also a common first name

Puri

city in Orissa, home of the Jagannath temple, seat of the Shankaracharya of Puri Raidas

a mystic, a shoemaker, fellow disciple of Kabir, master of Meera Rajasthan

state in West India

Rajiv Gandhi

Prime Minister of India, and son of Indira Gandhi

Rajkot

town in Gujarat

Rajneesh

name Osho was known by, until he changed it in 1988; first as Acharya Rajneesh until 1970; then as Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh

Rajneeshpuram

city developed in Rancho Rajneesh

Ramakrishna

enlightened mystic of Bengal

Rancho Rajneesh

ranch where a commune was established by Osho's disciples 1981-1985

Rasputin, Grigori Y.

(1871-1916) Russian peasant who was powerful in the court of Tsar Nicholas II Reich, Wilhelm

psychotherapist and inventor, founder of 'bio-energetics'

Rishikesh

holy city in Uttar Pradesh, North India

Rolf, Ida

psychotherapist and founder of deep-tissue manipulation technique, Rolfing Rotarian

member of Rotary Club, originally a group of businessmen dedicated to helping their community rup, rupa

form

sadhana

spiritual discipline, spiritual endeavor, spiritual practices

Sai Baba

term of respect for a holy man, eg. Sai Baba of Bangalore famous for his 'miracles', manifesting holy ash, Swiss watches, etc

samadhi

lit. 'going beyond all sickness'; Patanjali's word for enlightenment

sammasati

'right remembrance'; Buddha's word for witnessing

samsara

see *sansara*

Sanatan dharma

'eternal religion', another name for Hinduism

sannyasin

renunciant, ascetic of the Hindu religion; in 1970 Osho created his own neo-sannyasin movement which combines celebration with meditation, not renunciation

sansara

Hindi for 'the world', also samsara

Sanskrit

ancient language of India, ancestor of European languages

satori

glimpse of enlightenment

satsang

sitting in the presence of an enlightened person

Satyuga

age of truth, first of the four aeons, the 'four-legged' age

shakti

energy

Shankaracharya

(b. 788) brahmin philosopher, mystic, Hindu reformer, a.k.a. Shankara, Adi Shankara; also title for leader in Hindu religion

Shiva

a God in the Hindu religion

shivalinga

representation of the phallus of Lord Shiva

Shivir

Meditation Camp

Sikh

member of Sikh religion, mainly found in the Punjab

sirod

Indian musical stringed instrument

sitar

Indian musical stringed instrument (also: bina)

Socrates

(470-399) Greek philosopher

sudra

untouchable; means 'impure by birth';

Sufi

member of esoteric sect of Mohammedanism, many of whom use music, dance, and poetry as a way to commune with God

Surat

city in Gujarat

sutra

religious scripture, originally transmitted orally

Sw Krishna Mohammed

Osho's disciple

Swedenborg, Emanuel

Swedish visionary, 19th Century

T'ai Chi

system of exercises, once connected with martial arts in China; now used for health

tabla

pair of small drums used in North Indian classical music

Tagore, Rabindranath

(1861-1941) Bengali poet, novelist, dramatist, composer, painter, winner of 1913 Nobel prize for literature on his book of poems *Gitanjali*

tambura

Indian musical stringed instrument

tantra

non-duality; no division between material and spiritual

tantrika

adherent of tantric way

Tao Te Ching

small book attributed to Lao Tzu, containing the essence of Taoism Tao, Taoism

religion, originally in China; 'Tao' can also refer to the state of enlightenment Tathagata

another name of Buddha

The Dalles

main town of Wasco County

Tirthankara

one of the 24 enlightened masters of the Jainas, (not 'teerthankara') Vaishya

businessman caste (third in Hindu caste system)

Varanasi

city in Uttar Pradesh on the Ganges; ancient Hindu holy place. Formerly spelt Benares by the British, now sometimes called Banaras

veena

Indian musical stringed instrument (also: bina)

Vimalkirti

enlightened disciple of Gautama the Buddha; also disciple of Osho who became enlightened at the time of his death, formerly Prince Welf of Hanover

Vipassana

Buddha's meditation of insight, and watching the breath

Vivekananda

Ramakrishna's chief disciple

Yehudi Menuhin

violinist in the Western classical tradition

Zarathustra

founder of the Zoroastrian religion, known as Parsi religion in India zazen

Zen practice of sitting in meditation

Zen

Japanese word for *dhyan*, meditation

Zorba the Buddha

Osho's name for a person who is spiritual and can enjoy the material world

SOURCES OF TEXT EXTRACTS

The book source is given at the end of each text extract, eg. *glimps05: glimps* is the shortened name for the book *Glimpses of a Golden Childhood;* 05 refers to the chapter number: *Chapter 5.* Where three digits are given, the first refers to the volume number, eg. *tvis109 is The Tantra Vision, Volume 1, Chapter 9.*

All books are by Osho (mostly verbatim transcripts of his discourses), and are available from Osho Commune International, 17 Koregaon Park, Pune 411001, MS, India; and from www.Osho.com

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One Seed Makes The Whole Earth Green

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The Heartbeat Of The Absolute

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Ah, This!

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The New Alchemy To Turn You On

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Discourse From Amravati Meditation Camp

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Christianity: The Deadliest Poison And Zen: The Antidote To All Poisons
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The Sound Of One Hand Clapping

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My Way: The Way Of The White Clouds

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Come, Come, Yet Again Come

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Just Around The Corner

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cypres

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Dance Your Way To God

dang

Dang Dang Doko Dang

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From Darkness To Light

dawn

The New Dawn

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Death Is Divine

dekh

Dekh Kabira Roya

dh0

The Dhammapada (12 Vols)

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The Diamond Sutra

diseas

The Buddha Disease

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From Death To Deathlessness

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The Supreme Doctrine

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Dogen, The Zen Master: A Search And A Fulfillment

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Hari-Om-Tat-Sat

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